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AND MIDLAND

V. 14 No. 4  
May 1934  
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Volume XIV

MAY, 1934

Number 4

## CONTENTS

|   |                               |     |
|---|-------------------------------|-----|
| Harvest Moon, <i>story</i> .....  | H. E. Bates.....              | 259 |
| Dusty Answer, <i>poem</i> .....   | Richard Warner Borst.....     | 262 |
| Lament of the White Peak Men, <i>poem</i> .....   | Howard McKinley Corning.....  | 263 |
| Two Nigerian Songs.....   | Witter Bynner.....            | 264 |
| Two American Prophets, Henry Adams and Lincoln Steffens.....                                  | J. B. Harrison.....           | 265 |
| Wild Nigger, <i>story</i> .....   | Elma Godchaux.....            | 277 |
| Poems—Jazz.....   | James Morgan.....             | 287 |
| Three Poems.....  | G. Frank Goodpasture.....     | 288 |
| The Scarecrow, <i>story</i> .....   | Vardis Fisher.....            | 289 |
| Adagio, <i>poem</i> .....   | C. E. Burklund.....           | 293 |
| Questing, <i>poem</i> .....   | Joseph T. Shipley.....        | 294 |
| Advocate and Guardian, <i>story</i> .....   | Grace Stone Coates.....       | 296 |
| Paper Mill Community, <i>eleven sonnets</i> .....   | Laurence Pratt.....           | 301 |
| Movie Technique and Eugene O'Neill.....   | Lewis Worthington Smith.....  | 305 |
| Poems—Truck Garden.....   | Alberta Quinn.....            | 308 |
| Woman, Woman.....   | Howard Nutt.....              | 309 |
| "I Have Been Building Houses".....  | Margaret Trusler.....         | 309 |
| Sun Dance, <i>story</i> .....   | Robert Tod Struckman.....     | 310 |
| The Glory Hole, <i>story</i> .....  | Arthur Mayse.....             | 316 |
| Four Sketches.....  | Robert O. Erisman.....        | 321 |
| OPEN RANGE.....   |                               |     |
| Rock Boy, <i>Indian tale</i> .....  | Margaret Margrave.....        | 325 |
| The Secret of Keep Cool, <i>anecdote</i> .....  | Frank B. Linderman.....       | 328 |
| HISTORICAL SECTION.....   |                               |     |
| The Journal of Francois Antoine Larocque, 1805, Translated and<br>Edited by Ruth Hazlitt..... | Second Installment.....       | 332 |
| BOOKSHELF.....  |                               | 340 |
| LITERARY NEWS—COVERED WAGON.....  | Back Advertising Section..... |     |

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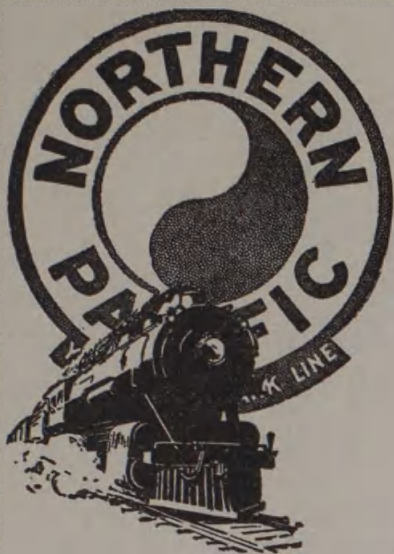
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# EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES —OF— MISSOULA, MONTANA

## *Schools, University, Summer Session*

A. L. STONE

Dean of the School of Journalism, State University of Montana

Previously in these sketches attempt has been made to present a picture of Missoula and its unusual environment—to suggest something of the dramatic history which flavors the growth of the City Different—to hint, at least, at the romance which adds interest and charm to the rare background of scenic beauty against which the city is placed.

Words may encourage that interest but they can only feebly suggest that charm. Appreciation of it must come from personal contact, from intimate acquaintance. The mountain ranges—their rugged peaks and their deep canyons—the sloping foothills—rolling like great seas—the rushing streams—the sparkling lakes—the thrilling dawn and the glorious twilight—tints of sky reflected by snowy summits—hues of forest, foothill, plateau and plain—these form a panorama which is always beautiful but never twice the same. Through these scenes wind broad highways and narrow trails. On journeys along these paths one may find his night rest in modern hostelry or upon the velvet floor of the ancient woods.

But always along these thoroughfares there is adventure and there is the lure which gives to this region what is its greatest fascination. Combined with the grandeur and beauty of the scenic setting is the story which has been written by those who first trod these trails, by those who broadened them into highways, by those who builded towns in a wilderness, by those who determined that these towns should be worthy of their setting.

It is an experience of a lifetime to gain this intimate touch with these scenes, to learn really to know this Western Montana. Opportunity for this close acquaintance is afforded by the summer session of the State University of Montana in Missoula. The program of this summer session is unique. It combines with the academic curriculum a schedule of week-end jaunts which lead into the very heart of this marvelously beautiful region and take the travelers to spots which are pre-eminently important in the dra-



matic history of the Northwest. The delightful summer climate of Missoula makes pleasant the pursuit of studies here and these weekly trips add a touch of recreational enjoyment as well as unequalled opportunity for field work in science, history, forestry and sociology. Nothing quite like it can be found elsewhere.

The development of Missoula as an educational center was, perhaps, only natural. Earlier it has been stated that the first permanent white settlement in what is now Montana was made not far from where Missoula lies at the head of the sloping valley which bears its name. The efforts of the early missionary priests in this region were conspicuously along educational lines. Then, too, early secular immigrants brought children with them—there were schools in the pioneer settlements. Long before Montana became a civic entity there had been schools established for these youngsters, and when the territory was formally established early provision was made for the education of its children under a definitely organized system. So there was a public school in Missoula in the first years of its existence, prior to 1870.

From this modest beginning, keeping pace with the development of the rest of the state and sometimes setting the pace itself, has grown an elementary school system which has attracted favorable notice in the school world. There are about three thousand children in the city schools. They are housed, with one exception, in excellent buildings, well equipped. That one exception is to be replaced this year by a new structure.

Missoula county maintains a high school, located in the city. Its enrollment is nearly thirteen hundred. Its building and equipment are new. Its administration places it in the front rank of secondary schools; its graduates are accorded admission to the leading universities of the country, upon certificate. The list of achievements of its students is long and noteworthy.

Not long after Montana became a state, its legislature located the State University in Missoula. The institution opened its doors in 1895. The growth of the University has been impressive. Its standards are high and its physical plant is well maintained, though there is need for more buildings. Its enrollment is more than fifteen hundred; its faculty numbers more than one hundred. The campus is one of the most beautiful in the country—unique in that it includes a mountain which rises nearly two thousand feet above the level of the buildings.

Missoula has, too, an excellent system of Catholic parochial schools of elementary and secondary rank. There is one on the north and one on the south side of the river which flows through the city.

This group of schools adds an important asset to Missoula as a residence city. Not a few families have made their homes in

the city to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the University—most of these families have children younger than university age and these are admirably provided for by the excellent secondary and elementary schools which have been mentioned.

Beauty of location, salubrity of climate, purity of water supply, excellence of educational institutions—these form a combination which makes Missoula an ideal place for residence; it is the prime reason why it is veritably a city of homes—more than two-thirds of its families are home-owners.

The State University is organized for instruction in these subdivisions: College of Arts and Sciences, School of Business Administration, School of Education, School of Forestry, School of Journalism, School of Law, School of Music, School of Pharmacy. The university year is divided into four quarters, including the summer session. There is a graduate division and a department of correspondence study offers courses in practically all of the work of the college of arts and sciences.

Situated just south of the picturesque portal of Hell Gate canyon—that remarkable pass through the Continental Divide, at the head of the Missoula valley which stretches westward to the base of the rugged Bitter Root range—the University campus forms a pleasing picture for the landscape artist. It is densely shaded by elms and maples with wide reaches of lawn amongst them. The buildings have the impressive background of Mount Sentinel, almost two thousand feet higher than the main hall steps and itself a part of the campus. Here is an ideal place for summer study, restful and at the same time inspiring.

The summer session of 1934 begins June 11. The six-weeks term closes July 20; the nine-weeks term, August 10. There is also a six-weeks term which begins July 2 and ends August 10. Registration may be for any of these terms. Courses are offered for collegiate undergraduate and graduate credit; there are specified courses for those who are studying for teachers' certificates. Living costs are low and the Montana combination of study and recreation makes this summer session thoroughly pleasant.

Notable in the summer program is the annual conference of writers, conducted by the English department in connection with its school of creative writing. The 1934 conference of writers is the fourth yearly gathering of men and women who have achieved distinction in the field of literature. It will bring to the Montana campus July 15, 16 and 17, authors whose names are prominent in the writing world. At this conference there is, each year, a genuine exchange of ideas concerning the nature of writing and the problems and difficulties encountered. Students registered in the school of creative writing will receive the benefit of this con-



ference, which in the past has been considerable and which promises this year to be even better than ever before.

The term of the school of creative writing is from June 11 to July 20. Opportunity will be afforded for writing stories, novels or verse. Criticism of manuscripts will be offered to students in this course during the conference of writers and, when the writings warrant it, possible markets will be suggested. This is one of the high lights of the summer session work.

Another important feature of the Montana summer program is the educational conference which, this year, will be held July 9, 10, 11. This conference brings, in addition to the regular faculty of the School of Education, men and women conspicuously successful in administrative and instructional work in schools and colleges. It is a session which is invaluable to those engaged in any phase of educational work.

Interesting, entertaining and unique in the Montana summer program is the opportunity which is afforded by the week-end trips. There are seven of these. One of them, into the lake region of the Blackfoot country, is scheduled for two days and one night. Another, into Glacier park, will take four days and three nights. Each of the others is a one-day jaunt. All of them are interesting and pleasurable. The cost of these trips is nominal—covering the actual expense of transportation and sustenance. The meals provided on the trips have become a happy by-word with those who have participated in these jaunts in past years. The trips are directed by experienced out-door men and on each trip there are experts in the geology, flora, fauna and history of the region traversed.

These journeys supplement admirably the work in classroom, lecture room and laboratory. They afford delightful recreation—boating, swimming, hiking. Best of all, they bring the summer students into an intimate friendship with Western Montana. They, all of them, follow trails which have interesting historical associations. One of them is along the route followed in 1841 by the missionary priests who established the first permanent white settlement in what is now Montana. Another follows the trail of Lewis and Clark in 1805-6. One of these expeditions will be along the line of march of gallant Chief Joseph in 1877. On yet another may be heard the sound of the bell which more than 90 years ago rang vespers which were heard only by the aborigines of this region and the little group of missionaries who ministered to them.

The scientific interest of these trips is no less intense than their historical charm. There are new flowers to be studied, new forms of animal life, peculiar phases of mountain structure and glacial action. Everywhere, all the time, there is something new

and alluring. These trips are an important feature of the Montana summer.

Nor is the campus side of social and recreational life neglected. There are general and group gatherings; there are tennis and swimming; there are field games and gym sports. These enliven nine weeks of rather intensive study and make the Montana summer pass all too quickly. There are skilled and interested directors for these activities and there is something to the liking of every student.

For the summer session, the Montana faculty is supplemented by eminent instructors and lecturers from east and west. The courses of study are carefully arranged.

The University's summer session adds much to Missoula's reputation as an educational center.

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Details as to courses, fees, accommodations and other desired information may be obtained by addressing the Director of the Summer Session, State University, Missoula, Montana.

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# THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. XIV, No. 4

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May, 1934

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

## HARVEST MOON

H. E. BATES

THE barley-field lay white in the full moonlight, cleared of its crop except for a cluster of shocks standing like dwarf tents under an old hawthorn hedge. The cart was making its last journey. The moon, rising fast and growing whiter every moment, was turning the black mare to roan with its radiance, and the men's pitch-forks to silver. For miles the land lay visible, quiet and stark, not even the shadow of a bird flickering across it and its windless silence broken only by the clack of cart-wheels in the stubble-ruts and the voices of the two children urging on and stopping the horse.

Alexander was nine and the girl, Cathy, was fourteen. The boy had the bridle in his right hand, his fingers boldly close to the mare's wet mouth. The girl, dark-haired, tall for her age and too big for her tight cotton dress, was holding the bridle also, in her left hand, though there was no need for it. Up on the cart the boy's uncle was loading the sheaves that the girl's father picked and tossed lightly up to him with a single flick of his fork. The girl, tall enough to rest her head against the mare's neck, would sometimes hold the bridle in both hands, her fingers casually stretched under the mare's silky mouth, as though by accident, to touch the boy's fingers. Impatient of it, he would snatch at the bridle, half to frighten the horse and half to frighten her into taking her hand away, and if the horse started

on he would seize the chance of a swager and would lug at the bridle and would lift his voice in manful anger:

"Whoa! damn you. Stan' still."

"Here! What the nation you saying?" His uncle would growl the reprimand. "By God, if your father heard that talk."

"Stan' still," the boy would say as though in soft correction of himself. "Stan' still, mare, stan' still."

Then he would walk round to the back of the cart ostensibly to see if the load were sitting right but in reality to see if his bow, made of green willow, and his arrows, made of horned wheat-straws tipped with soft-pithed stems of young elder, were still where he had hidden them secretly in a slot above the cart-springs.

"Alexander," the girl would say entreatingly as she followed him. "Alexander."

The boy in disgust would go back to the mare, and the girl, following, would hold the bridle again and caress the mare's nose, murmuring softly.

Suddenly, as they were loading the last of the sheaves by the hedge-side, the men shouted: "A leveret! After it, boy! After it! A leveret!"

In the bright moonlight the leveret was clearly visible leaping across the stubble and then doubling to hide in the few remaining shocks. The boy let go the horse's bridle and a second later was hunting the young hare between the barley shocks, urged on and taunted by the men: "After it, after

it Ah! you ain't quick enough. There it is, after it! Ah! you lost it."

When the leveret disappeared the boy stopped, at a loss.

"It went in the last shock," said Cathy.

She had followed him in the hunt, and now she followed him as he ran to the shock and began swishing it and beating it with his hands and rustling the sheaves in order to scare the leveret. Then when he began to unbuild the shock she also helped to throw the sheaves aside, and at last the leveret bolted again, scurrying wildly across the moonlit stubble for the hedge.

"In the ditch!" the men called. "You'll have him. He'll skulk! You'll have him."

Alexander, tearing across the stubble, flung himself into the ditch. He heard the soft rustle of the girl's dress slipping into the dry grass behind him, and a moment later she was beside him, panting quietly.

"You go that way," he said.

"He went your way," she said.

"Listen!" he whispered, "listen!"

In the ditch there was the faintest rustling. They lay still together, the girl touching him.

"Behind you!" he shouted. "Behind you!"

Springing up, he scrambled past the girl and ran back up the ditch, kicking the dry grasses with both feet as he ran. There was a mad scuttling as the leveret broke loose again, and struggled among the dead thorn stumps of the hedge to make its wild escape into the field beyond. Flinging himself down in a last attempt to catch it, Alexander lay deep among the dry grasses in an attitude of listening and watching. There was no sound except

the girl's breathing as she too lay listening. But in the blaze of the moonlight the stubble, seen from the ditch, seemed like a vast white plain with the barley-sheaves like an encampment of tents upon it and the loaded cart like a covered wagon being unhitched for the night.

The girl had crept along the ditch to lie beside him and for the first time he was glad that she was so near.

"We're Indians," he whispered.

Without speaking she lay very close to him and put one hand across his shoulders, but he was so absorbed in watching the plain, the tents and the wagon in the moonlight that he was hardly aware of it.

"Don't move," he said. "They mustn't see us. Don't move."

"Let's stay here," she said.

"Be quiet! They'll hear us."

They lay very quiet and motionless together, watching and listening, the girl so close to him that her long hair touched his face and her soft stockinged legs his own. He felt a fine intensity of excitement, as though he were really an Indian stalking the white tents of a strange enemy. The girl, too, seemed to be excited and before long he could feel her trembling.

"You're frightened," he accused her softly.

"A bit," she said.

Rustling her hand in the grass she found one of his and held it. Her fingers were hot and tremulous.

"Alexander," she began.

But at that moment he became aware of a calamity. He, an Indian, had left his bow and arrows in their secret hiding-place by the cart-springs; and since the men were his enemies and the barley-sheaves the enemy tents he must



recover them. Without heeding the girl, except to silence her with a soft "sssh!" he squirmed up from the ditch and began to draw himself along the sun-baked stubble towards the cart, scratching his bare flesh on the stubble and thistles and the harsh dock-stems without heeding the pain. Now and then he would squirm and swerve in his course and slip snaking back into the ditch, the girl following him all the time as surely as though she were obeying his commands. Out on the stubble, in the radiance of the high moon, the faces of the two men loading the last sheaves were as clear as though it were a midsummer day. Whenever the cart and the men halted, the field was hushed and the boy lay motionless in these silent pauses, not even breathing.

At last only two shocks remained to be loaded, and the boy, unseen, had crept level with the cart, with the girl close behind him. In another moment, as soon as the sheaves had been loaded and the cart was going up the field, he would break from hiding and capture the bow and arrows and the wagon and be triumphant.

"Alexander," the girl entreated in a loud whisper. Her hand was trembling more than ever as she touched him and her face was so warm and soft as she pressed it to his that he felt impatient and embarrassed.

"We're Indians," he reminded her savagely.

"I don't want to be an Indian," she said.

He silenced her with a whisper of abrupt scorn. He was an Indian, a man, powerful. Why couldn't she keep quiet? Why was she trembling all the time?

"You're only a squaw," he said. "Keep quiet."

With that devastating flash of scorn he dismissed her and in another moment forgot her. Out on the prairie, in the moonlight, his enemies had taken up their tents. It was the critical moment. He crouched on his toes and on one knee, like a runner. He saw the load-rope tossed high and wriggle like a stricken snake above the cart in the moonlight. Then he heard the tinkle of hooks as the rope was fastened and the men's repeated "Get up, get up" to the horse and at last the clack of wheels as the cart moved off across the empty field.

It was his moment. "Alexander," the girl was saying. "Don't let's be Indians." Her hand was softly warm and quivering on his neck and she was leaning her face to his as though to be kissed.

He shook her off with a gesture and a growl of impatience. A moment later he was fleeing across the stubble at a stooping run, an Indian. The two men, his enemies, were walking by the mare's head, oblivious of him. But he hardly heeded them and he forgot the girl in his excitement at reaching the cart and finding his bow and arrows in the secrecy of its black shadow.

He rested his arrow on his bow-string in readiness to shoot. Then he had another thought. The load, being the last, was only half a load. He would climb up and lie there, on top of it, invincible and unseen.

Tucking his arrows in his shirt and holding his bow in his teeth and catching the load-rope, he pulled himself up, the barley-stubs jabbing and scratching at his face, and in a second

or two he lay triumphant on the white sheaves in the white moonlight.

Fixing an arrow again, he looked back down the field. Cathy was walking up the stubble, ten yards behind the cart. He had forgotten her. And now, with his face pressed close over a sheaf edge he called to her in a whisper, an Indian whisper, of excited entreaty:

"Come on, come on!"

But she walked as though she saw neither him nor the cart, her face tense with distant pride.

"Come on," he insisted. "You're my squaw. Come on."

But now she was rustling her feet in the stubble and staring down at them with intent indifference. Why did she look like that? What was the matter with her? He called her again, "Cathy, Cathy, come on." Couldn't she hear him? "It's grand up here," he called softly. "It's grand. Come on."

In the bright moonlight he could see the set stillness of proud indifference on her face grow more intense. He couldn't understand it. He thought again that perhaps she couldn't hear. And he gave one more whisper of entreaty and then, half-lying on his back, shot a straw arrow in the air towards

her, hoping it would curve short and drop at her feet and make her understand.

Sitting up, he saw the arrow, pale yellow, dropping towards the girl in the moonlight. It fell very near her, but she neither looked nor paused and the look of injury and pride on her face seemed to have turned to anger.

He lay back on the sheaves, his body flat and his head in a rough sweet nest of barley-ears. Pulling the bow hard he shot an arrow straight into the moonlight, and then another and another, watching them soar and curve and fall like lightless rockets.

At last he lay and listened. Nothing had happened. There was no sound. He listened for the girl, but she did not come. He gave it up. It was beyond him. And almost arrogantly he fired another arrow into the sky and watched and listened for its fall, shrugging his shoulders a little when nothing happened. In another moment, forgetting the girl and half-forgetting he was an Indian, he lay back in the fragrant barley with a sense of great elation, very happy.

Far above him the sky seemed to be traveling backwards into space and the moon was so bright that it outshone the stars.

### DUSTY ANSWER

RICHARD WARNER BORST

When I asked  
The old man  
Why he sat  
For so long  
In the sun,  
He replied:

"I shall be  
A long time  
Out of it."



## LAMENT OF THE WHITE PEAK MEN

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

We stand in the ages now. Tell them  
We cannot come back to the trails  
Level on earth,  
Nor go again to our birth.  
The tune in the willow stem  
Is high and harsh and given to the ledge,  
The heart is winter's and the frost assails  
The Arctic minds we bear. Tell them our pledge  
Invokes the jasper scarp, the frozen vein,  
The colder blue, the night  
Pouring its astral rain.

Say, we shall not be young again—  
So long has icy light  
Impaled our vision and our boundaries  
Exceeded trees.

Early among the junipers we slept  
On cool bookmosses,  
But the restless foot, the quick  
Blood in the body quenched the dawdling wick.  
From snow to higher snow our blue trail crosses,  
Our breath empearls upon the clouds of winter,  
Our candle but a crystal splinter.

On levels long below us march the files  
Of tamarack, and hemlocks on their knees  
Reach down where rivers lie  
In dwarfed unease,  
Jagged as lightning down the colored miles.  
There lie the countries where we shall not die  
Among our native trees.

As rock bereft of moss, are we who ply  
Our errand toward the everlasting sky.  
Who measure all our days  
From snow to snow. Harvests of grain we gave  
To hearts content with care  
Plowing their summer praise  
In ambient air.  
Gave houses for the mountain's huddled cave.  
Foreswore the smile, the breast  
Easing the storm—we left  
These for the north star's cleft,

To follow a mountain's wave,  
To sleep in the blizzard's nest.

We stand in the ages now.  
Never for us  
The green field at the brow,  
The homely dooryard or the friendly street,  
The bed of rapture or the altar's bread.  
Never our graves up in a granite row,  
Neighboring with the dead.

Crystal and tumultuous  
The iron winters rage upon our tread,  
And where our lost trails go  
Look for us in the snow.

## TWO NIGERIAN SONGS

WITTER BYNNER

### I. LOVE DANCE

The moon was rising when she picked her man.  
How pretty his bright, black body looked  
When they danced and he was her husband!  
But he is dead now and she sits quiet.

It is different with me when the moon rises;  
I know who my boy is when the moon rises.  
You may dance with me, for the moon rises.

And now that we have danced and the drum calls us,  
You may walk over me and I shall know  
What you have in your mind, you may walk over me  
While the singer is singing your mind.

We are growing up to the sky.  
We are as high as the sky,  
And as low as a baby.

### II. PEACOCK DANCE

You are the king's wife,  
You can do as you like.  
Spread all your wings for the people to see,  
You are the king's wife.



## TWO AMERICAN PROPHETS

Henry Adams and Lincoln Steffens

JOSEPH B. HARRISON

### I.

THE man who in any period of crisis can say to his fellows, "I told you so," will not immediately become the object of their ungrudging good will, but he has a fair chance to win their fresh attention. There is something dramatic about a fulfilled prophecy. Whether it be a forewarning of snow from Pilchuck Julia, the Siwash meteorologist, or the quite fantastic reading of the markings on an Egyptian pyramid, it will lure the most preoccupied among us from problems as varied as meeting the next mortgage payment or understanding the Einstein theory.

Though neither of the two writers with whom this essay is concerned, Henry Adams and Lincoln Steffens, was immodest enough to assume the role of prophet, there are in their work anticipations striking enough to give them a new significance in the midst of our discussion of the existing social impasse. And they have, surprisingly, enough in common to make it profitable to consider them together.

Henry Adams, historian and man of letters, is of course a very different subspecies from Lincoln Steffens, journalist and Don Quixote of the muck-heap. Adams wrote with an economy, an implication, and a distinction that Steffens has not achieved; while Steffens, in that he has fought a thousand hand-to-hand battles of a sort which Adams but observed from afar, gives to his readers a shock of impact that Adams would have envied but could neither experience nor impart. Adams was an

eighteenth century aristocrat peering enviously into the modern machine-shop; Steffens is a twentieth century pragmatist with a metaphysical itch.

### II.

Henry Adams was a child of a distinguished succession. When as a boy he sat in the family pew on Sundays and saw over the bald head of a President grandfather a tablet in memory of a President great-grandfather, it would have been little short of impertinent, it would have been almost blasphemous, to entertain doubts about churches or presidents, about the certainty of his being himself destined for the White House, or about the permanency of a system of society which having "lasted since Adam would outlast one Adams more." It is therefore natural enough that when he grew older and doubted all these things he should do so with enough self-consciousness to make such doubts exciting and should give his statement of them a bravado none the less real for being expressed in so cultivated an accent. Henry Adams the intellectual never wearied of his role as a vagabond, just as Steffens the vagabond has not wearied of his as an intellectual.

The evolution of the Adams mind, so interestingly described by Brooks Adams in his introduction to the three of Henry's writings that he gathered under the title, *The Degradation of Democratic Dogma*, need not hold us here. But the three essays themselves are an invaluable aid to an understanding of *The Education of Henry Adams*, and

the last in particular is pertinent to this discussion.

The first two are a statement of history's necessity of becoming a science. The Second Law of Thermodynamics, the Law of the Dissipation of Mechanical Energy, has, according to this thesis, swept the field of thought, including that of history. All work is accomplished by the conversion of one energy, or intensity, into another, and a lower. Vitalism, which seeks to set aside vital energy from the workings of the law, is no refuge; for thought itself, the highest product of vital energy, instead of reversing nature's processes by raising her dissipated energies to higher intensities, is the most effective of all degradationists. Sufficient examples are the speed with which it has enabled man to get rid of his forests and his coal, and what it has taught him to do with his armies and armaments. Reason, that substitute for will or instinct, that symptom of helplessness, is a low rather than a high tension energy. The unpopular task of the historian becomes that of disabusing the mind of its aspiration toward an ultimate social equilibrium of high potential and informing it of its actual status as the low potential of a degraded crowd of social units, "a dust of isolated individuals," soon to be incapable of doing any significant work. He can only describe democracy, for example, as a levelling out of aggregates of social energy into uncoordinated and undifferentiated units of the lowest possible intensity.

The third essay, "The Rule of Phase Applied to History," is a trial balloon sent up to test the rarity of the new historical atmosphere. The physical scientist, beginning cheerfully with the harmless admission of the solubility of

every solid into a liquid, of every liquid into a gas, and of every gas into an electricity vanishing into something (call it ether or not as you like), has been pushed "vehemently resisting" into non-experimental regions where supersensual forces alone have play. Static electricity he was able to stomach, and possibly the ether, but already at that stage he was ceasing to be a scientist and was becoming a higher mathematician and metaphysicist. After infinities and hyper-spaces and hyper-infinities and hierarchies of hyper-spaces there remains only the hyper-hyper-space of thought, till the last conceivable phase of matter and motion is pure mathematical thought. Translating such scientific variables as Pressure, Temperature, and Volume into historical terms as Attraction, Acceleration, and Volume, we may suggest a Rule of Phase for history, not as valid but merely as illustrative of what a science of history might do. If we take thought as our substance and follow through its phases, we must look first for some particular and unquestioned change of Direction or Form in its development. The Renaissance may well be agreed upon for one (date 1600) and the year 1900 for another. Thought was in its religious phase before 1600, in its mechanical phase from 1600 to 1900, and in its electrical phase after the latter date. In calculating the acceleration during the known period, 1600-1900, a plausible case can be made for a curve suggesting the familiar law of squares. This law, projected backward and forward from the mechanical phase of 300 years (1600-1900), will give us a religious phase of about 90,000 years and an electrical phase of about  $17\frac{1}{2}$  years. In 1917, with the full incidence of the ideas of elec-



tro-magnetism and radiant matter, a final or ethereal phase will begin and this will bring thought in another four years to the limit of its possibilities in the year 1921. (In which case the disillusionment, ineptitude, and despair of the world since the Treaty of Versailles until This Year of Our Depression, The Fifth, would have its sufficient explanation. We would be not merely "a lost generation;" we would be a lost race.)

This whole gloomy curve can, writes Adams, be suggestively compared with that of such a comet as the one of 1843, which fell miraculously from space on a straight line, swept round the sun at an appalling speed without collision or skidding, and disappeared miraculously into space on a straight line parallel with the one by which it came. Placing the date 1600 at the point on the graph where the comet's deflection is first clearly noticed, and progressively accenting the curve through the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, we can picture human thought as already having passed perihelion and flattening out for its return to chaos.

From his present abode among the hyper-spaces Henry Adams may be looking down with at least a partial benignity upon the attempts of some of today's technologists to deal with historical and social problems through a mathematics of energy. If, as we have been told, the available energy control of the human individual has within the last century and a quarter been multiplied many millions of times, with some ninety-seven per cent of the increase falling within the last thirty years, we have an acceleration ratio which, though he only guessed at it, would have delighted Henry Adams much. If he were alive to read that our daily per capita

energy consumption never until a century ago went above 2,000 K. G. calories, but is now 150,000 K. G. calories, he would probably write another letter to American teachers of history.

Whether these very contemporary analysts would go on to derive some of Adams's broader conclusions I do not know. Their vision seems to be mundane rather than cosmic, their concern to be for the immediately ensuing order. Adams's profound pessimism plots a curve that would flatten out, I should think, into anything but a social millenium. But perhaps the technologists, in inviting us into their earthly paradise, are themselves offering us only a strange interlude. Possibly technology is approaching its apogee as the first part of a transition that will finally take us out of the phase of technological progress and into a—shall we call it?—social phase, itself impermanent. This would not mean, of course, that technologists would cease to exist, nor that they might not continue to appropriate certain goods for us from solar energy or radioactivity or other sources yet unimagined. It would only mean that the human mind, having sufficiently caught up with nature to provide us with the physical basis for the good life, would be free to direct its major energies elsewhere, would indeed have no human incentive or justification for not so re-directing them.

It is even possible that man has already developed his technical control over power as far as, perhaps further than it at present needs to go. If in a sane technical order we could now, at a few hours a day for a few days a week, produce all that man could use, further movement along that line might have some technical but could have little hu-

man interest. We ought probably to cling to the remaining fraction of labor as a partial refuge from boredom. Unless the average man can make a sudden and immense advance in the arts of leisure we might well declare a moratorium on technical progress for an indefinite period. And whether, the technical and economic questions answered, we could turn our excess energies into social or intellectual or aesthetic channels is at least problematical. Having attained the democratic objective of economic privileges for all, should we be able to teach demos to substitute for the struggle for subsistence a struggle for less tangible goods? Or should we have a general breakdown of morale that would presently spell finis for this particular experiment in civilization?

At any rate it is quite arguable that the present rate of technological acceleration can scarcely be maintained, or that if it could it would be without human objective. It is likewise arguable that we confront a change of phase in human energy and the prospect of a levelling out into approximate technological equilibrium, with the possibilities for the immediate future of either a high level or a low. If a natural evolution is presently to put a brake on technical progress we may for a while watch the distant approach of the death of the race in comparative comfort; but if nature fails us in this emergency we may slide rapidly back into barbarism by the road of diminished productivity in industry and agriculture, with the accompaniment of doles and beggary, banditry and crime, and a handwork motivated by desperate need rather than the passion for beauty that was made so alluring in William Morris's *Nowhere*. The latter road might eventually bring

us to an equilibrium, but not an equilibrium to which we could apply many flattering adjectives.

I can fancy Adams here interposing that in either case the creative function of thinking would have come to an end. Thinkers might go on thinking, but their activity would be like that of marathon dancers and flagpole sitters, indulged in for its own sake. In the happier of the two alternatives the most constructive role for thinkers would be to make sure that the thinking of other thinkers was prevented from doing any work. Thought would have reached its thermodynamic end and Henry Adams would be satisfied.

In his *The Education of Henry Adams* the autobiographer describes his purpose as being the study of man as a force, and the reader is reminded that a force must be measured by motion from a fixed point. The point which the writer settles upon is the period 1150-1250 A. D., the century expressed in Amiens Cathedral and the works of Thomas Aquinas, "the point in history when man held the highest ideal of himself as a unit in a unified universe." With a second point in the Twentieth Century, the work becomes the study of a movement from Thirteenth Century Unity to Twentieth Century Multiplicity, of the breaking up of a universe into a multiverse. The effective symbols of these two extremes are the Virgin and the Dynamo. Both are symbols of force, neither less so than the other; for though the Virgin could by no means have created the Gallery of Machines at the Paris Exposition of 1900 neither could the Dynamo have created the Cathedral of Chartres. As a channel of force the former is no more surprising when it anticipates the skyscraper with



an ecclesiastical tower than is the latter when it moves one to something disturbingly like prayer in the Hall of the Dynamos. But the Virgin is the symbol of a force that is comprehensive and purposive and unified, of one that presumes a sufficient cause and a significant goal; while the Dynamo is the symbol of only one force selected from a multitude, a multitude of competing rather than cooperating forces, with a goal which probably does not exist but which if it does exist will, by the admissions that science has already made, forever remain concealed in supersensual chaos. Man as a force may channel himself through either Virgin or Dynamo, but such behavior is successive rather than causally sequential, and there is no more relation between love and electricity than there is between electricity and gravitation. When Adams, at the Paris Exposition, with a scientist as his Virgil, was conducted from the steam engine to the dynamo and then to the X-ray, he appealed to his guide for some principle common to all three and was directed to wait for a "larger synthesis." It was only thus that wholly new forces like the ray could be disposed of. But physics does not have to go very far in that direction to become "stark mad in metaphysics," and Adams for one was willing to confess that he found himself flat on his back with "his historical neck broken" in the Gallery of Machines in 1900.

It is therefore not surprising that at this point he should be ready to abandon his quest for "education," for a philosophy that should explain, by unifying, reality. The role of the historian, like that of the priest or the philosopher or the scientist or the technician, then becomes that of the student and econo-

mist of a welter of forces. At best man can but immerse himself in the sea of his supersensual multiverse and try to keep afloat. Though he may think, and incorrigibly has thought, that this is a commanding position, a dynamic theory of history recognizes him not as the captor but as the captive of forces, as nothing more than the sum of all the forces that attract him.

If the historian should turn from physics to biology he would arrive at much the same conclusion. Evolution, as Darwinism, was being developed in the latter half of the nineteenth century into a substitute for the Christian epic. But though this new theology, with its doctrines of unity and uniformity, should have been quite satisfactory to a young man who had lately aided in imposing unity and uniformity on American secessionists, it left him disturbed by its inability to explain glaciation; or to explain the *Terabratula*, which appeared to have been identical from the beginning to the end of geological time; or to explain the *Pteraspis*, a very respectable fossil fish, as complete a vertebrate as Adams himself, beginning its evolution, though found in the Ludlow shale, at the top of the evolutionary column! Evolution did not evolve; Uniformity was not uniform; and Natural Selection did not select. The new trinity was no better than the old.

On the plane of human affairs the lessons to be learned were similar. An Adams was necessarily a Puritan, taught to sacrifice personal advantage to principle—a conduct praiseworthy enough, except that he had nothing but authority to sanction his principles and that the principles were useless in a day subsequent to the arrival of the railroad, the steamship, and the telegraph. One

of the least questioned dogmas of his political environment was, for instance, the wickedness of slavery; yet, when young Adams first visited slave territory, he found, at the end of a bad road which meant bad morals, Mount Vernon, a place to which good people made pilgrimages. George Washington, the epitome of virtues, had to be deduced from the sum of all wickedness.

When he went to the universities, too, Adams only added to his confusion. Harvard, for all its passionless objectivity, did not introduce him to either Auguste Comte or Karl Marx, the two writers of their time who most influenced its thought. Thereafter, on his way to Berlin, he passed through the English Black District, whence he might have derived some education if he had known how to look for it. But he never even suspected the grim visage of Marx peering over the shoulder of "his Satanic Majesty John Stuart Mill." Both were hidden behind the impenetrable smoke screen that hung over Birmingham and Manchester. Then, at the University of Berlin, he encountered the German lecture system, with its mumbling professors and its students who seemed to take notes. He turned his back and consoled himself with German music and German beer. The objective of the universities was to polarize the mind, and Henry's mind was already sufficiently polarized before he left Mount Vernon Street.

Rome he found filled with monuments of human failure. He met Garibaldi, the greatest success of the moment, only to be reminded of Tiberius Gracchus and Rienzi. It was the same Garibaldi who later declared in his *Autobiography* that he had been the blind instrument of the class whose purposes he least wanted to

serve. And it was in Rome that Adams encountered Robert Browning, "a middle-aged gentlemanly Pippa Passes," naively excited over having discovered a guillotine in the vicinity of the Circus Maximus. Surely too many civilizations had waxed and waned in Rome to make it a fitting school for the study of unity and progress. The energies of Rome were beyond dispute; their direction was dubious.

In politics, studied in England, the lessons were equally strange. About the only orderly thing Henry found in London, during the years of the American Civil War, was the mind of his father, Minister Adams; if the son had been asked at any moment what was going on in Lord Russell's mind or in Palmerston's he would inevitably have guessed wrong, though he could never understand to the end of his life why his guess should not have been right. The Adamses' own mission was disorderly enough, seeking as it did a disapproval of secession in behalf of a power which had itself seceded from the very power whose support it now besought. Perhaps the soundest instruction received by the young student of affairs was shaped in the words of Thurlow Weed, who, when asked whether he thought any politician could be trusted, replied cautiously, "I never advise a young man to begin by thinking so." Young diplomatists could not be equipped with a formula; and old diplomatists did not need one—they played the game and watched for the chances.

If the impressions gained from English politics had been corrected by those from English taste and manners, Henry might have tried to balance his educational ledger. But the best that English taste, as practiced by its connoisseurs,



could tell him was that the drawing he had picked up at a sale was by Raphael and was not by Raphael, was good and was bad; while the perfection of human society, which Lothrop Motley told him he would find at the English dinner and in the English country house, seemed to consist in staring a famous beauty out of countenance at Devonshire House, or in entering a drawing-room as a total stranger and placing oneself expectantly and benevolently upon the hearthrug, with the kindly disposition to applaud good performers and overlook mistakes. After deciding that he could only measure English taste by the square-room, and after abandoning the attempt to measure English manners by any standard whatever, he left the country wondering whether the English method might not after all be right, and art and literature and science and history be nothing but "a field of scraps, like the refuse about a Staffordshire iron-furnace." Both an iron-furnace and the human mind are forces, and outside the door of the latter as of the former lies a rubble of rejected formulations.

It is rather obvious that the America to which he returned in 1869 could scarcely put Humpty Dumpty Adams back on the wall again. Grant was being elected President, and Adams climbed on the band-wagon. The sequel was anarchic, for as a force Grant was pre-intellectual, an energy that did not waste itself in thought. His existence was a defiance of first principles—he should, like the *Terebratula*, have been extinct for centuries. Worse yet, his accession marked a turning point, not so much of objective as of mental realities. The presumptions of 1789 had broken down. The Eighteenth Century fabric of *a priori*, or moral forces was tacitly

given up. Perhaps the system had never existed as a fact; henceforth it could hardly exist as an illusion. Statesmen and reforming journalists like Adams might as well retire from Washington for good. They did retire, and the center of political gravity shifted from Washington to the power-house. There it remains fixed, but the creatures who have massed themselves in and about the central power stations are still primitive, still blind. Though government seeks to direct the score or more of men who know enough about steam and electricity to manage them but who know nothing whatever about political values, it is power itself that really controls. The motor drives the man, who has at last succumbed to his own creation.

### III.

It is this conception of politics as a struggle not of men but of forces that constitutes the chief connecting link between Henry Adams and Lincoln Steffens. For Steffens, too, the human scene is a conflict of forces which men cannot so much control as merely channel in the direction of their flow. Let the forces be moral, political, mechanical or economic—man's attempts to impound them or set up his diversion dams against them are petty and largely vain. The best he can do is to recognize them and ride them, if he can and dare. His long astonishing record of folly and confusion, of waste and disaster, is the result of his stubborn refusal to accept his limitations and direct his efforts toward the attainable.

We human beings have educated ourselves to believe what is untrue and to do what cannot be done. We have pettifogged in political reform while egregiously stimulating all the causes of corruption. We have given lip service to a

set of moral dogmas that are hourly in conflict with our necessary behavior in an economy that we refuse to relinquish. We have gone into war to prevent war by preserving a system that makes wars inevitable. We have concluded peace by dividing the loot until somebody should recover strength enough to go to war again in the hope of getting a larger share of it. We have produced goods to increase profits by selling more and more goods to consumers who could buy less and less because their proportional purchasing power was progressively decreased by greater and greater profits. We have passed a Prohibition Law in order to force morality on persons who didn't want it, through the agency of a policeman who could get a bigger income by neglecting his duty than by observing it. We have sowed dragon's teeth by baiting labor until it has replied through such dynamiters as the McNamara brothers, or by executing Sacco and Vanzetti and keeping Tom Mooney in jail on evidence that would not have convicted a member of a major political party. We have sent to Europe enormous quantities of war supplies and consumption goods on credit (thus establishing the war debts) and are now seeking to correct this imbalance (collect the war debts) without ceasing to throw more and more goods into the depressed side of the scales. We have piled on our backs such a budget of internal obligations, in order to carry the profits system, that our fixed charges now threaten to engulf our income, and we are strangely proposing to help ourselves out of the hole of depression by steadily increasing the weight of our burden. And all these things we have done because we are trying to swim up the thermodynamic stream, to do work by

changing energy from a lower to a higher potential. Momentarily we may seem to have accomplished something, as we do when we consume a thousand million tons or more of coal a year in order to convert a small percentage of it into usable energy, but periodically we come to payday and find ourselves bankrupt.

Lincoln Steffens got his first lesson in the ethics of a competitive civilization at an early age. It was when he was hanging about the race-track and his friend, Smoke, the little negro jockey, was required to "throw" a race. Smoke and all his higher-ups made money on the betting, but the horse that he had "pulled" gave Smoke a reproachful glance that he did not meet. And nobody seemed to realize that the racing game was one point off, headed straight toward static equilibrium at  $1^{\circ}$  Centigrade above absolute zero. Lennie's friend, the bridge-tender, consoled him with the thought that there was something worth hanging on to in racing—Smoke had only done what he had to and the horse at least was a gentleman. The horse was like the bridge-tender's railroad, under corrupt controls but innocent in itself and still able to carry its passengers, after a fashion.

Lennie presently added to his experience of a "fixed" horse race an experience with a "fixed" legislature. He discovered that a legislature viewed from within was not at all what he had been told it was by his father, his teachers, or his history books. Puzzled by the empty benches which greeted the speakers in the legislative chambers at Sacramento, he was invited—by his friend, Charlie, a page—into the mysteries of the hotel apartments and committee rooms where legislators were being allowed to win at poker the price



of their votes, from lobbyists and leaders. And the astonishing thing about all this was not so much the corruption as the disparity between the facts and the pretenses. It was his second item in what was to become a long list of the self-hypnotisms which enable society to ride merrily to its fall; or, by way of varying the figure, to get an illusion of advantage by swimming at a one-mile pace against a ten-mile stream.

At Berkeley young Steffens learned that it is possible to get some education in college, but that this could be accomplished only by disregarding the routine and discarding the objectives that were officially approved. By discovering that courses were unrelated he learned to slight those for which he could not make a satisfactory relation of his own; by observing that fraternity mysteries were empty and by demonstrating his ineptitude in sports he escaped two coercions toward collegiate standardization; by snooping about among unassigned sources in American history he came to suspect what his professor did not tell him but what J. Allen Smith and Charles A. Beard later confirmed, that the Fathers of the Constitution had not indulged in a democratic orgy in framing that document; by watching the dispensers of knowledge on the faculty he learned that even scientists were in disagreement on their basic assumptions, and that there was no scientific basis for ethics at all. Students were urged not to think but to learn what was known, and that, philosophically speaking, was nothing. He left the university a complete relativist, convinced that everything in the world remains to be done, or done over. He graduated at the bottom of his class.

In Berlin and Heidelberg he was fur-

ther disappointed by the professors, who like those at Berkeley could not agree on what was knowledge, nor on what was good and what evil, nor why. So that by the time he had also sampled both Munich and Leipsig and was ready to go on to the Sorbonne he had begun to change his subject from ethics to morals, "from what ought to be done to what is done, and why." A scientific ethics could only be built on a scientific biology, sociology, and psychology, none of which existed. He would have to go home and take a job, and turn his attention from the vagaries of thinkers to the conduct of practical men.

Back in New York he found a job was hard to get from business men who had a prejudice against college trained men, perhaps especially against so many-colleged a man as one from Berkeley, Berlin, Heidelberg, and the Sorbonne. But he did finally get a position on Mr. Godkin's *Evening Post*, which sent him to cover Wall Street in the depression of 1893. The first discovery made there by this questing young man, who had in his search for light turned from professors to practical men, was that the practical men of Wall Street were chiefly concerned with exposing each other's ignorance and with denying the obvious fact of the depression. The only person he could find who was intelligent as well as sincere—"almost everybody was sincere"—was James B. Dill, author of the criminal New Jersey trust laws which made that state the center of corporate corruption in America. If Henry Adams had happened along to tell Dill about the Rule of Phase, the latter would quickly have agreed that economic legislation is incapable of reversing it. "Trusts," he said, "are natural, inevit-

able growths out of social and economic conditions. You cannot stop them by force, by laws. They will sweep down like glaciers upon your police, courts, and states and wash them into flowing rivers." Corruption was the necessary answer to society's attempt to block natural processes with statutes and *a priori* ethics. Lincoln Steffens had at last got to first principles.

His career as a muckraker, the record of which covers hundreds of pages in his book, was a continuous confirmation. It is worth a page of sampling: "Clubber" Williams solving labor problems by night-sticking strikers; Dr. Parkhurst, the reformer, "hurting business" by closing up saloons; Boss Croker representing the political grafters in order that the business grafters might contact an identifiable responsible agent; Joseph W. Folk learning that it was good business and leading citizens that caused bad government in St. Louis, and that the reform racket, whether municipal or state-wide, works only until the shoe begins to pinch; Mayor Jones of Minneapolis discovering that no honest police force, unaided, could deal with crime, that it could neither function without the cooperation of criminals nor expect to get the cooperation of property owners; Iz Durham of Philadelphia agreeing that "reform was over" in his city because it had been tried out and found wanting, political corruption being only "a natural process by which a democracy is made gradually over into a plutocracy;" Bob LaFollette committing the crime of Wisconsin by insisting on representing the people; Tom Johnson of Cleveland giving the vice elements extra-legal privileges in order that they might not corrupt his police and thus make him unable to deal with the busi-

ness grafters; Ben Lindsey in Denver receiving the countercheck because he would not content himself with judging children after they had done evil but sought to interfere with the conditions which led them into evil; and finally, Steffens himself, then part owner of *The American Magazine*, observing to his shame, pain, and confusion that he was beginning to go easy, bought off by his own money.

Tom Johnson had said that it was privilege that caused evil in the world, not wickedness and not men. Lincoln Steffens reached a similar conclusion: "Political corruption is not a matter of men or classes or education or character of any sort; it is a matter of pressure. Wherever the pressure is brought to bear, society and government will cave in. The problem, then, is one of dealing with the pressure, of discovering and dealing with the cause or the source of the pressure to buy and corrupt."

Henry Adams responds from the past: "Modern politics is, at bottom, a struggle not of men but of forces."

What is perhaps the most effective page in Steffens's book reproduces two photographs, one of the Russian Revolutionary Army with bayonets uplifted, a wilderness of parallel lines of force; the other of the Peace Conference at Versailles, four old men (Orlando, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Wilson) sitting gestureless and flaccid, though they are bidding the tides to stand still. The pathos of this latter picture is exceeded only by its irony; four old men patching up a shattered world, making scraps of paper with which to chain forces that have never been chained since they were released by the last contraction of the sun.

Steffens had seen the Russian Revo-



lution and believed that to fight for the right under our system, however heroic, was useless, if not positively wrong. Intelligent men had only a choice between a practical and an intellectual escape, between striving to change the social order and striving to free their minds from the delusion that such an order was any order at all.

When he returned to America it seemed to Steffens that big business had won for the moment in the long struggle of which the muckrakers had reported only the superficial aspects. With the election of Hoover business and politics became one, and bribers bribed no longer, because their aims were at last openly approved. Food, shelter, clothing, car, radio—Prosperity: the cycle was complete. “Good business is all the good we need.”

Then came 1929. But Steffens’s story ends before that affair was well started, and he concludes with no higher vision than one of Henry Ford, “a prophet without words,” seeking to meet the depression by raising wages, and thus at least glimpsing the principle that mass production requires mass consumption.

#### IV.

Whether the current technological diagnoses will help us to discover a cure is by no means certain. What the technologists have to offer as a method of distribution is vague; though it seems evident that while Dearborn will remain Henry Ford as “rugged individualist” must go. The Henry Fords have supplied the method and the plant that will make a new era physically possible, but their economic systems must go. Competition, we are told, has produced technological acceleration, which in turn has produced unemployment, to the point of

stoppage of consumption, thus bringing us to the end of an economic phase. We are about to choke ourselves to death. Already competitive industry is being forced to subsist by the degradation or the deliberate prevention of improvement in the quality of its product. It is only half succeeding by this method, and will not do even that well for long. As competition in quantity gives way, competition in quality breaks through. But we cannot go onto a quality basis without causing a further reduction in quantity and a corresponding increase in leisure. That leisure will have to be distributed, for unemployment as we know it is about at the breaking-point. The distribution will not take place under an uncontrolled competitive profits system.

In Samuel Butler’s *Erewhon*, when a disputant arose to warn his countrymen that machines were threatening to become a dominant race, to the enslavement of men, the answer was made that machines are really only extra-corporeal limbs, extensions of personality. Though the latter argument did not prevail in *Erewhon*, it has won by default in our own industrial economy. That the machine is an instrument for the expression of human forces has been our foregone conclusion. It seems scarcely to have occurred to us that forces, like personalities, may frustrate themselves and each other. If Adams and Steffens are right, forces once released are permanently at large. We can do nothing about that. But we can help the modicum of power that falls within our technics to limit its own wastes, and ours. The tragedy of human life lies less in the coercions it suffers from without than in its own lost potentialities, and so long as man deludes himself with

ends that have no origins in causes just so long will he neglect ends that can really be approached. Those giants of the earth, war and profiteering, are amok in the world not because the forces they comprise are indestructible (though they are) but precisely because we have sought to destroy them. The forces that make for war are the frustrated energies of peace; those that make for profiteering are cardinal virtues run to earth.

Henry Adams and Lincoln Steffens alike challenged the folly that seeks for man a destiny apart. Man lives within the structure of a universe of forces, and it is a spacious mansion. If he wishes to avoid turning his hitherto expanding portion of it into a sty or a shambles he must live according to the laws of that mansion. Those laws are in the last analysis scientific, and no humanism that denies them is sound.

It seems quite clear, at any rate, that Adams and Steffens would both deny the "humanism" that has recently been current in American criticism. Perhaps, too, they have also denied God, if God be thought of as the guarantor of a permanent special significance for our race. Adams, indeed, did not even envisage any such pleasant way-station on the highway of Entropy as an earthly millenium. He merely surveyed the road and calculated the acceleration.

But perhaps he died too soon. The requisite physical energies have been commandeered; he himself described the necessary education. Time, and possibly not very much of it now, will tell us whether we are being coerced into any so propitious an interlude as some of our later prophets have pictured.

Let us hope at any rate that our racketeering civilization is approaching its period. For truly we are all racketeers. A "racket" is to my understanding a private game at the public expense. The most astonishing thing about professional racketeering is our very astonishment at this thoroughly logical outcome of our entire social system. Whether I throw acids in a dyer's shop, or hurl "pineapples" in Chicago, or talk nonsense in my classroom to hold my job, I am alike a racketeer. Perhaps the solemn antics of presidents, plutocrats, pineappleers, and professors are to be accredited to human nature merely. In my more optimistic moments I like to think that they are the concomitants of a remediable ignorance and fear. As a member of the human race I indulge a wistful hope that we may yet express ourselves in an aeon or two of order and equity and beauty before we cease to exist as an aggregate of energy temporarily indulged by nature on her grand pilgrimage to static equilibrium.



## WILD NIGGER

ELMA GODCHAUX

ZULA, the little hump back nigger girl, was screaming in the rain. She ran along the top of the levee and flung her long thin arms to the sky. Water slid down her fingers to her armpits. "Wet me, rain! I ain't had bath in a million years. Oh, Gawd. Wet me." The rain coming down in silvery sheets appeared trying to blot her out but always, little, crooked, bright, she cavorted in and out the silver lines. Lightning flashes made her laugh and shout. "What dat you tryin' to show me? My man? Light de light again." She ran along balancing easily on high heels. Wind and rain lashed her skirt about her. She looked naked, painted and let loose for the dance she did; legs and arms were ebon colored and polished; torso was bright pink. For her background were the willows on the batture. Goaded by the wind they bent and tossed to the same dance that Zula did. Thunder rumbled and the river's rushing was a groaning done in time. Zula leaped forward. Now she had to halt, and pouted as she halted to steady the basket covered in black oilcloth she toted on her head. She rushed again, screamed and laughed to hear her voice amid the tumult of the storm and the river's going; it seemed to her her shouts were storm's noises. "Me an' river," she giggled, "we sho' is some case. Man! Where is you? Blue-gummed me an' big river wants to know. Man, don't you hear me? Where is you?" She slipped and splashed mud, giggled and peered through the bars of rain. She had to stop again for her burden. A second she stood still as a carving, neck

stiff and high, eyes half closed as if still eyes helped balance her load. Lowered eyes but only half closed caught a gleam at her feet, the same shine as a quick snake makes. Still as hunter watching the hunted she watched the thing in her path. Then stooping quickly, but with neck erect for her burden, she picked up an open razor. She brought it up close to her eyes as though she couldn't believe it, her negro-long fingers turning it over. It was washed clean. She giggled and nearly cut herself feeling its sharp edges. "Ain't dat's luck finding something right across my path disaway! Some ole nigger dat's just gone by ain't so lucky as blue-gummed me. Heh, Lawd, blue gums is lucky! A bran' new razor an' I ain't been lookin' for one neither." She wiped it off between her wet fingers, closed it carefully and tucked it down between her breasts. It was cold as ice there. It tickled her and she had to laugh. "Gonna play like I ain't lookin' for no man," she told herself as she went on. But there was no more time for fooling. She was home. She slid down the levee. The big oak tree by her door made the sky dark as night sky there. The cabin was nearly out of sight under the tree as if purposely hid. Oak tree was hung all over with moss that looked like crepe hung out for the dead. Zula hurried under it with eyes cast down as if she tried not to see it. It made her sad and lonesome, made her forget she was lucky and had blue gums.

Old Duley stood at the open door and shouted out at her before she could set foot on the steps. "Where you

been at? I ain't gonna rest, me, until I know where you been at."

Zula giggled. "It takes a mighty time comin' through de rain." She stepped inside the door and set her basket on the floor and stood there looking up at Duley and giggling.

Duley grabbed her and shook her. "You is a sight. Where you been at?"

"At de store," she explained easily. "Ain't you done tole me to get you things for de party?"

Duley gave her a shove. "You is a sight to shame Gawd. Make haste now an' get off my clean floor. You jus' a'drippin' puddles. I got a good mind to chastise you good for screamin' an' carryin' on in de rain. You better pray Gawd to save you from de storm steada standin' drippin' puddles on my clean floor. Here is me an' Tootsie been hackin' up hog meat all de day an' mixin' pancake dough."

Fat Tootsie stood over by the kitchen table but she wasn't doing anything now; hog meat could wait while she watched the fight. "Crazy nigger," she muttered to encourage Duley.

Tootsie's words drove Zula mad. She didn't take anything from any old nigger standing round. She rushed for Tootsie; she flung herself against the table; she wanted to do Tootsie something so she would know who Zula was, wild nigger Zula who could fix any of them. "Don't you be crazy-niggerin' me, you hear me, fat woman." And stretched across the table to get at Tootsie.

But Tootsie held her ground and spoke, as lightning flashed into the room, "Duley's sho' right. Gawd gonna kill you if you don't beg to be saved from de storm." Behind the

table, fat and planted squarely on the floor, she looked immovable as oak tree.

Zula couldn't reach her. She turned and rushed to the window; shoved it up; threw the blinds wide. "Look, fat nigger, I ain't scared. He ain't gonna do me nothin'. You is my friend, ain't You, Gawd," she yelled above the thunder. The rain beat against her again and lightning made her bright. Wind shook the cabin.

Tootsie fell on her knees. "Oh Gawd," she cried. "All of us here ain't sinners. Ain't sinners, Gawd, ain't sinners. Ain't sinners. Save us, Lawd Jesus, Gawd, us as ain't sinners, save. Save us. Oh, save us. Gawd, save us. Turn de storm away. Please, Gawd, take it away. Take it to New Orleans. Take it clear out of Louisiana. Please, Gawd, take it. Save us, Gawd! Lawd Jesus, Gawd, save us!"

Zula still faced the storm. "Look, ole screechin' nigger, Gawd ain't doin' me nothing. I ain't scared. Oh Gawd," she screamed. And forgot Tootsie. The rain slapping against earth and her sounded like drums beating. "Oh, Lawd, Lawd Jesus, beat. Beat me some more."

Duley stood in the middle of the floor quiet, watching the two of them screaming and carrying on. She looked clean and decent with hair plaited smooth and calico dress starched. Tootsie on her knees under the table kept bowing her head and banging her hands against the floor and shouting. When she moved her fat body shook. Sweat made her face shine. Zula at the window stood in shoes big with mud. Her wet dress stretched over her hump. Like all the niggers said, she didn't look right. Arms and legs were too awfully



long for that little body and her hair never plaited stuck out in spikes. Now bright beads of rain spangled the kinks. Folks were right to call her wild nigger. Standing there screaming and reaching out into the storm she scared Duley. Devil was in her sure; Duley knew it. She had to do something to save the child like God meant her to do. But devil in Zula and the storm scared her so she could hardly move. At last she shook herself free of fear and God filled her, old as she was, full of quickness. She told folks afterwards how He gave her the power to grab Zula and throw her down and He put the might in her arms to close the blinds against the storm. It was against her God-given might that the storm spent itself for now it no longer pounded the cabin and at once the wind was lulled.

Tootsie's eyes stared. "Gawd done lashed de storm," she cried and rolling on to her back lay panting. "But Zula gonna burn in hell fire," she went on when she had breath, "an' that ole hump gonna make a mighty blaze."

"Ain't gonna burn no better'n dat black fat on you," Zula yelled while Duley tried to shove her from the room. "I ain't got but one hump. You has got more. Gawd, you ain't nothin' but hump. Befo' an' behind. Look at your legs an' your sides an' your breas's. One big hump!"

Duley slid her away. "You ain't goin' to no Shrove Tuesday pancake eatin'," Duley told her, "because you ain't fit to go inside church let 'lone church where a eatin' is goin' on. You ain't goin'." She slammed the shed room door in Zula's face. And went back to Tootsie mournfully. "Reckon I ain't brought de chile up good," she sighed. "Chile acts dat bad I'm

'shamed. 'Shamed like I ain't brought her up good."

Zula could hear her and later when she and Tootsie were straightening up and shooting the bolts when they went out. Zula wasn't worried. She sang as soon as she knew they were gone. She wasn't worried. She knew a church eating was just the place for her. Eatings drew strange niggers like cheese did rats. She didn't listen to anybody. She wanted a man. She was lonesome. Rain sliding down her skin felt like caressing hands, but she wanted a man. She began getting herself ready; pulled off her dress and kicked it into a heap, laughing. A church eating was fun. If she only had a dress of spangles and could make all those niggers stare. But she didn't worry much. Skin was smooth and hair stiff. She brushed out her kinks until they bristled around her head, a black halo. Hair made her think of lightning. The other girls could smooth down their kinks if they wanted to. She liked to be the wildest looking nigger on the place.

When she was ready she walked out of her room. Duley was always talking about having that door fixed so she could lock it from the outside, but she hadn't ever fixed it. The kitchen was clean, Zula's tracks and the rain wiped from the floor. The table was scrubbed so that only a dark spot showed where the greasy pork had been. Duley was that decent she couldn't stand dirt; she was like white folks, Zula thought. Zula sang and shook her hips going across the floor. But door was padlocked. Shucks, she didn't care. You couldn't keep a blue-gummed nigger down. Padlocks weren't nothing to her. There was that swollen

blind. It was easy to get her slim fingers through the crack and work up the wooden bolt, bolt that was made especially for her. She laughed. She didn't even hurry. She sat awhile straddling the window sill. She watched the quiet world. The storm had passed; the world was still as if spent. She could hear the twitterings of sparrows become important and the splash of drops of water. She sat quiet as if listening hushed maybe by the world's hush, but her small breasts moved with her deep breaths and her eyes were wide. At last with a sigh she jumped down and tucked her dress high, fixed shoes and stockings under her arm, and so waded into the mud on the levee. Across the mild sky a rainbow arched. It seemed to touch the levee and cross the river like a bridge. Zula looked at it, and there was a man. Blurred by slouching walk and flapping clothes he came surrounded by the rainbow.

Zula rushed forward moving her arms and legs quickly like her heart was moving, shaking her hips and shouting. "Dancin' in de bright moonshine, flinging up de head, kickin' up behind." He saw that she was that wild Zula and she that he was the new yellow nigger. "Look, mister, disaway flinging up de head, disaway kickin' up behind."

He slapped his sides laughing, "Dat right, honey, dat de way."

She wanted to know if he wasn't going to the eating at the church. "My Gawd, you ain't! Where you gonna get pancakes tonight? Ain't nobody done tole you tonight is Shrove Tuesday? You know as well as me if you don't eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday night you gonna be scratchin' wid de mange befo' morning." She pitied him

with no kinfolks or nobody else to bother with him and tell him what was what. She would take him under her wing. "Mange ain't gonna get you, chere, you comin' to de eatin' wid me." When he looked doubtful she pursued, "De mange or pancakes drippin' wid cane syrup. I ain't gonna love you if de ole mange get you."

He turned with her and she went along beside him moving like a monkey on a string. "I'm lookin' at you," he told her, "but you don't look so mighty church like you sounds."

"Who? Me? I ain't nothin', me. But my tante is. I lives wid her, in de cabin under de big ole oak tree, de one drippin' wid de most moss. But you don't have to be scared if you go to church wid me. Ain't nobody gonna do you nothin'. Can't you see I got blue gums?" And she bared her gums for him to see. He looked at her and they both laughed. Heh Lawd, blue gums were lucky.

The clapboard church stood in a yard that was a slough of mud. Two pigs grunted and rooted in front of it. A pair of chickens roosted in the china-berry tree by the door. Wagons and a mildewed gig were tied under the shed that leaned against the fence. A negro climbed the stile into the yard. Inside negroes were crowded to the door. Zula took the yellow nigger by the hand and shoved her way in. Benches were strung around the walls turning church into a dance hall, but preacher was in sight in the pulpit eating. The heavy smells of grease, fried pork, cooked brown sugar, sweat crowded with the people in the room. Tallow candles made dull pools of light along the walls and one-fly-stained coal-oil lamp hung from a rafter. A layer of



smoke swung near the ceiling. Masses of black heads moved. Sometimes white teeth showed quick lights. Spats of tobacco juice went swiftly out open windows at regular intervals. Loud laughs and shouts punctuated the rumble of talk. Zula hung on the edge of the crowd near the door. She didn't want Duley to see her and send her home. She had to be careful. She stayed where she was and saw big old Ginny with her head above the crowd. Ginny was good.

"Gawd, I can't move," Zula yelled, "I'm stuck here like I can't move. Ginny, you looks like you is most to de place where dey is dishing out. Get me my pancakes. One for a man here an' me."

"What de matter wid you? You got legs." Ginny called back.

"Who? Me? My little ole legs ain't nothin' for dis big ole crowd. Ginny, ain't you gonna go 'cause if you is I gonna do somethin' for you. Please. Make haste. Gawd, I feels de itch of de mange already." As Ginny turned to go Zula added, "Don't you tell Tante I is here 'cause she ain't gonna like it if I feels itchy right dis minute. Don't you tell Tante nothin'. Heh Lawd, I got de mange right dis minute, I is."

She laughed and shouted out to everybody. Her face was black and shiny; eyes with whites brown splotched hardly showed in the inky blackness of her face. She turned to the yellow nigger to whisper intimately, the way women did with their own men. She grabbed him and tried to dance, but folks were so jammed together she could only stand close to him and sway in her tracks. She forgot about pancakes until she had the plate in her hand. She and the yellow nigger shoved

their way to places on a bench. It was safe, because Duley would still be minding the pots. Zula knew how to manage. She felt safe. There wasn't anything on earth to worry about.

"Darlin' sugar, ain't dat's a plate-ful?" she asked the yellow nigger. Then they ate in silence.

He sighed at last. "Gawd, I wish I could'a left my dinner at home."

"Go ahead," she giggled, "make haste an' eat de pancakes first. You can bust open after dat."

Flat feet shuffled tattoos on the floor. Zula pressed close to the yellow nigger. The excitement in her was his excitement; she felt the keen edge of it against her body wherever he touched her. She looked up to see him admire her. But he wasn't looking at her. For him she wasn't there. She watched his eyes wander about looking for something. They found a girl and stayed on her. Girl's big eyes and his seemed locked together. Zula grabbed him, calling to him. She shook him. But it was no use. She couldn't reach that look of his that still went beyond her to the girl. It wasn't fair. Hadn't she brought him and stuffed him full of pancakes? He was hers. Big-eyed had a man. It wasn't fair. She felt her wildness die within her. The yellow nigger shouted out to Big-eyed and Big-eyed answered with giggles.

Zula pressed against Yellow Nigger's arm trying to call him to herself. "Look at me, honey. I is a wild nigger sho' enough." She got her arms around his neck.

"Baby, what you wants," he asked and looked at her. Tiny face under the shelf of her hair was blue black so black shadowed by her hair; she was ugly as a witch, but the yellow nigger

didn't mind. "Baby, my mamma was a witch," he told her and they laughed.

"Let's get out of here," Zula said. "Eatin's done finished."

And Yellow Nigger followed her like she held him in a trance.

Outside the moon seemed to lay a paralyzing hand. The hogs lay in the mud motionless and the chickens didn't stir. On the levee mules slept with hanging heads. Except for Zula and the yellow nigger the road was bare; they looked tiny on its blankness, dark spots on the clean white ribbon of a road that wound the way the river ran. They didn't talk. She watched him with wide eyes and her long arms swinging were black polished pendulums. They turned off the main road and passed through a whitewashed gate that led through cane fields to the woods. The young cane leaves were pale in the moonlight, silk streamers in gleaming rows stretching far to the woods' dark line. The shine sure made the yellow nigger bright. He stood out beside her blackness as if he were something better than a nigger. He led her slowly, stopping sometimes to pass his hands over her and to kiss her. They walked beyond the ruins of the old sugarhouse where the great wheel of the sugarmill partly covered with creeper stood out above the field. They went through cane brake and bramble where the wood swallowed the road. They were swallowed too by the dark wood. They were hid like a secret. She lay still in his arms at last as if he'd tamed her. Not even mosquitoes bothered her. But now she moved to slap at them and when an animal call way off yonder among the trees broke the quiet sounding fearful in so still a wood. Then she pressed close as she

could to the yellow nigger. His body against hers made fear delicious. Bats swung low in shapes of heavy blackness and mosquitoes kept up their thin monotonous whining.

"I ain't gonna last long," she giggled. "Mosquitoes gonna eat me up."

"Yes you is," he assured her, "but you is sweet as de cane juice. Wish ole mosquitoes gonna let me have a bite."

"You an' ole mosquitoes let me be," she laughed.

She pretended to run away. She liked to have him following. She heard him heavy-footed among the trunks and palms and Spanish Daggers. He could see her when the moonlight sifted on her through the leaves. She was low as a child with her back hunched forward as if she hunted something. She reached for orange tiger lilies in the swamp and a water moccasin slid between her fingers into the water. She laughed to feel its coldness. Sharp as a razor blade it cleaved through the green scum on the water. The yellow nigger moved away from her and pouted; he was mad. He told her she'd stirred up bad luck. She scoffed at that. He was crazy talking to a blue-gummed nigger about bad luck. All hoodoo niggers had blue gums, she said. She could hoodoo up good luck for him and her, bad luck for some folks, too. And snakes weren't nothing to her. Yellow Nigger stared at her hard. God, she sure did look like a witch standing there between two tall cypress trees. Trees were naked except for the moss that shrouded them in ghostly whiteness. The moon made winding sheets of the moss.

Zula was giggling like nothing could scare her. "Darlin' sugar, your girl is lucky sho' enough." And came close



to him. She was smooth and cool to his touch and he kissed her.

Day came too soon. They didn't want day and work. But they followed the road from the wood as if they couldn't help themselves, routine-held.

They stood together at the gate that gave on the main road. "You is my man, dat de truth, ain't it, chere? You don't pay no attention to ole hump away off yonder on de back of my back, such a little ole hump stuck between my shoulder blades. If I stands just so, look, it don't show. You gonna come to Zula mighty soon. It de truth, ain't it, chere?"

"Sho'. Dat's de Gawd's truth. Baby, you don't have to worry none 'cause sho' I'm gonna come."

She watched him shuffle off. When he was out of sight she turned slowly towards the quarters. Tiptoeed into the perpetual night under the oak tree; she didn't want to wake Duley. She'd get killed she reckoned if Duley woke and learned she'd been out all night. But she didn't care. She didn't care for anything but the yellow nigger and herself.

Days were not the same to Zula now. They were sweet. Any time of day Duley would catch Zula doing nothing, sitting in the doorway in attitudes she would like the yellow nigger to see her in. It was as though his eyes were always on her and when she sat quiet she felt his hands as if he touched her. Lazying around the cabin oak tree didn't bother her; seemed like now its shadows couldn't reach her. But nights were better than days because nights he came prowling round. If Duley were home he slunk off back to the nigger boardinghouse. But Zula managed to get out and go after him. She wasn't

letting any sweet hours pass her by. She found him and they went to the woods or sporting on the levee. They would stay on the levee until nearly morning. She would fling herself into angular shapes in the moonlight. Her body against the light screen of the sky looked like the shadow cast by a gymnastic dancer. She had a wonderful time. The people in the quarters would hear her carrying on. That shrill laugh of hers floated out over the river. Folks reckoned you could hear her clear across the river. She sang out and hugged the yellow nigger. She never walked out of the path for other folks to get by. She went right up to them shouting, "'Gangway, catfish, cross dat bar. We'se a'comin' on de Guidin' Star.'" And she and the other girl's man scuffled playfully before a passage was effected. Yes, she had a grand time at night and she never minded how Duley scolded when she came home at all hours. She showed her little white teeth and shrugged her shoulders while Duley raved. She went about with swaggering hips. All the niggers knew that that little old wild Zula had got herself a man. They said Yellow Nigger was the easiest man they ever saw, but Zula didn't pay them any mind. Life was wonderful. Days and nights.

Saturday nights she went to the store and sat alongside of her man. She did what other girls did. She felt proud. She loved to have the folks crowding in the store notice her. "Hi," to those who didn't see her. "Guiot, hi." "Look who here. Hi, Bull." And they went by laughing at her. She sure was a case screaming out to everybody and loving the yellow nigger at the same time. Big-eyed passed close to where

they sat and Francine came up swinging her hips, but Yellow Nigger didn't seem to notice any of them. "Heh Lawd, Blue-gums is wild tonight sho' enough," Zula shouted. Folks got their pay-checks cashed and then pushed back to see what she was doing.

"Man, you sho' is occupied," somebody called to the yellow nigger.

"Ain't dat's so," cried Zula, "I got glue to stick me wid my man." And turning to the yellow nigger, "Darlin' sugar, I is your rightful owner."

"Sho'," laughed the yellow nigger.

His eyes slid over her. She wanted to fasten his eyes to her. He was hers; not even humps mattered when Blue-gums had them.

Nights followed days quickly, but Saturday nights never came too soon for Zula. She knew to a minute when Yellow Nigger would pass for her. She sat down on the step to wait for him. He'd be along mighty soon now, slouching along like he was weary. The world was growing dark as that part shadowed by oak tree. She crouched down hugging her knees. Yellow nigger was late. Chill under oak tree bit into her. Folks passing on the road caught the gleam of her dress. "Man done forget you," they shouted, going by. Tootsie next door called from her gallery, "You gonna freeze crouchin' dere." Zula knew how fat Tootsie shook with her laughter, but Zula wouldn't answer a thing. She couldn't. She was busy waiting for the yellow nigger. Something must have happened to him. But she couldn't move; heart was paralyzed; she felt it in her throat heavy and immovable; she couldn't do a thing. But blue gums were charm against evil. Blue gums, go on, do your work now! She shut her eyes praying.

Gawd, let blue gums work. Gawd, please. You done Yourself give me blue gums for luck. Gawd, let 'em work now! Please! Face was screwed up to keep her eyes shut. She would keep them shut like this until the yellow nigger came. Oh please, Jesus. She sat there hugging her knees and rocking herself as if motion eased distress. Please, Jesus, Lawd. Please. Feet dragging just so took her breath; then opened her eyes; released her heart. Yes, sir, when Blue-gums prayed Gawd heard.

She rushed out to meet him. "Darlin' honey! At last you is here. Gawd, I is weary lovin' you by myself. For lovin' I needs you." She reached up to kiss him.

He was stiff as a steel rod. He held himself from her. His quick hand shoved her. The blow knocked her down. She couldn't raise herself even when she heard him running. His feet pounded, pounded away. She felt his feet pounding the earth as if they pounded her. Feet stunned her. She lay sprawled in the dusty road. People came crowding round her, touching her and talking. Then she got up and shoved the helping hands away as if they made her mad. She brushed the dust from her dress and laughed. Dust rose to her eyes and made them smart with tears. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she laughed.

When the cabins were empty and moon and stars were in their places she started down the road. The store's festive lights teased her with loneliness as she padded softly, but firmly on the hard path. Her footfalls hardly disturbed the quiet. Nothing stirred, not even the willows on the batture. They were silvered by moon light and shone,



but all was still as breathless pause. Zula knew that everybody was crowded in the store and only she was left out in the lonesome darkness. She went quickly on murmuring to herself and sighing. Lawd Jesus, Gawd. But she knew she didn't have to worry; she was lucky. Sure she was lucky, but tonight she felt strange, like she wasn't herself. Her sighing made hardly the sound of a deep breath. It seemed to her she made no headway though she moved so quickly. She felt emptied of herself as if Yellow Nigger had taken her heart when he left her. Now she was a wraith moving in a void.

At last she came close to the store. It leaked niggers, but she didn't see her nigger. Niggers overflowed on to the gallery, the steps and the road. They made the noise of a big time, payday night. Men chewed and spat and smoked; the women, too; they called out and laughed. Zula charged into the mob, pushing folks aside with her strong hands. The people looked down at her and chuckled. "Look who here; wild nigger Zula." They couldn't help laughing at her. She was so busy shoving herself through she didn't see anybody. She sure was funny with her kinks sticking out in crazy ways and her dress above her knees. She went pushing folks aside, but nobody cared—old wild Zula. Nobody got mad. "Heh Lawd, Zula, why you pouting? Ain't you got paid off?" "Sho' is paid off." They laughed. But she didn't pay them any mind; just pushed on intent on her business. "Your nigger ain't here," somebody giggled. "He done got swallowed up." "Heh Lawd." Chuckles rippled through the crowd after her. She was funny when she pouted; looked like a clown frowning.

She went turning this way and that as if she didn't know where she was hurrying to. But she knew she was going to the yellow nigger. Yes Gawd, and she had only to see him and let her blue gums work. She didn't have blue gums for nothing. They were for luck. Just lead her to him, Blue-Gums. She shoved her way between big Ginny and Peg. And there the yellow nigger was. The sight of him came as a surprise as if she hadn't expected to see him. He sat dangling his legs from the counter and he had a girl in her place. He had his arms around Big-eyed. Zula stood arrested before him panting. Sight of him sitting there froze her. She forgot to swing her hips. But that's what he liked, swinging hips and blue gums showing.

"Heh Lawd, sugar," she called, "look who here."

When he looked he would see something. She cut capers like nobody ever saw, shuddering and shaking and grinning so that blue gums showed. But he didn't look. He didn't see her.

She had to call him again. "Sugar! Oh, sugar! Look who here! Ole Blue-gums. Darlin' sugar, ole Blue-gums." She shook herself and waved her arms. Head was bowed now watching her feet shuffling quick and kicking high. Lips were sealed over her lucky gums. She frowned, moving in an agony of motion. "Oh Lawd, sugar! Blue-gums! Your woman done come for you. Look, sugar! Blue-gums!" She panted moving the way he liked to see her, hands waving, black flags in a gale, hips jerking, breasts shaking. Sweat ran down her cheeks in tears. "Darlin' sugar."

But it was just like she wasn't there. He didn't look at her; looked this way and that like he couldn't find a place

for his eyes, looking at Big-eyed, at his hands, but not at Zula. Zula felt mad. She kept telling herself she didn't have to feel mad because now Blue-gums had started to work, look out, Yellow Nigger.

"Here I is, wild Zula! I is full to the gullet with wildness." She moved closer to him. "I is a witch for wildness. You better look at me, nigger."

Yellow Nigger shifted in his seat. But he didn't look at her; kept looking at his hands like he was ashamed of something. Then he whispered to Big-eyed. Acted like he was Big-eyed's man. Zula had to stand still at last to watch him. She watched him as if she couldn't see him right sitting up there making out like she didn't stand before him. Big-eyed pressed close to him and giggled. Folks crowded up laughing and made a circle round Zula and Yellow Nigger and Big-eyed. Zula didn't know the people were there. She only saw Yellow Nigger and the girl in her place beside him. She stood watching with her head thrust forward and her hands reaching out like she was struck inanimate in the act of grabbing something. People nearly died laughing. She looked funny standing still like that, like a clown who'd forgot her part. Yellow Nigger didn't laugh. He sat pouting and moving his eyes about like he hunted for a place to rest them.

But Big-eyed wasn't nervous. "A nigger with a hump on her back and blue gums—lots of niggers has blue gums. Ain't nothing to be scared of," she giggled to the yellow nigger.

Yellow Nigger had to giggle with her. But he didn't giggle much. Zula didn't move watching him. She was still as a statue and eyes watched him with a statue's stare. He moved nerv-

ously like he didn't know how to endure her eyes any longer. But Zula didn't move. Big-eyed kept laughing. She slapped Yellow Nigger on the back and hollered with laughter. Then Yellow Nigger looked at her and laughed, too. They laughed together and rocked their bodies, even.

"Heh Lawd, Baby Big-eyes," he shouted looking at her, "who is scared of who?" They sure were having a good time laughing and rocking with their bodies locked together. "Heh Lawd, Baby." He felt Big-eyed's shoulders under his arm heaving with laughter and he wasn't afraid and raised his eyes to Zula's. "Sho', Zula," he called to her, "you ain't nobody to be scared of. Say, Humped-back," and he laughed, "stop a'lookin' at me that-away." He had to laugh a lot. He felt big sitting up with Big-eyed and hollering down at Zula.

Zula watched him hollering. His voice yelling at her made her hot. She burned. She had to stop him hollering like that words that burnt her. "Stop it! Stop a' hollerin', nigger!" But she couldn't yell above his voice. She tried again. He had to hear her. "Nigger! Stop it!"

He kept laughing and hollering like she hadn't made a sound. She knew she hadn't made a sound; she only thought she spoke.

He hollered and laughed. His mouth was open wide. "Zula, go on. Can't you see I is occupied?"

She made the motions of speaking, "Stop it, nigger." But she knew her voice was lost in her mouth.

He sat there hugging Big-eyed and hollering at her and she couldn't speak. She moved. Yellow Nigger saw her coming with her head sticking out like



she meant to butt him. The bare razor blade caught the light and flashed as she raised it and was out of sight in the yellow nigger. Yellow Nigger wore it now between the breasts in the place where Zula used to carry it. He slumped against Big-eyed and she screamed. She screamed and screamed. Zula didn't know what made her scream like that and slink away, in and out among the people. People pressed up to where Zula sat in Big-

eyed's place. They stared and touched the yellow nigger. "Lawd Jesus." "Gawd." But Zula didn't pay them any mind. She held the yellow nigger in her arms. He lay in her arms without moving. He didn't make a sound. She rocked him, bent over him and sighed. "Darlin' sugar," comforting him as if he were sick. When commotion died to a rustling and the niggers began to clear out she sat rocking him and moaning.

## JAZZ

JAMES MORGAN

This metallic thing has broken in pieces,  
Has been scattered into the street gutters;  
And the ghosts still sit on the curbstones  
And talk of the glitter. Alicia,  
Darling, the indecorous amoeba  
Stretches watery toward infinity  
Today as yesterday and tomorrow  
Eternal. Pretty chatter of women  
Poured out of coke-glasses like a thin syrup  
Has soaked into carpets, Alicia;  
The clarinet has been broken. The cosmic  
Shadows spattered on the dance-hall walls whirled  
To the music of the reeds of silver,  
(Spingle-spangle of piano chords), reeled  
With bottle necks out of their hind pockets;  
But the shadows have gone. The tin pans clatter  
In the heavens no more. So go all gods,  
All glitter, with memory making silver  
Out of tin cans.

## THREE POEMS

G. FRANK GOODPASTURE

### BARS MAY TIRE

Last night the tide rose up the shore  
And washed about old logs long dried.  
Fresh weeds came in; the sea wind bore  
Loud threats of doom; a curlew cried.  
  
And now at daybreak mists inspire  
Live fancies round each sudden form,  
For well I know that bars may tire  
Of toys they took that last, great storm!

### UNCOVERED

There is one tide in winter, Indians say,  
That ebbs beyond the shore-line's outmost mark.  
Always it comes at midnight, at the dark  
Of moon, and then but once a century.  
Such times and when the lagoon's shelf goes dry  
Sleek ruttings may be seen, pathways that run  
Into the sleeping waves where monsters shun  
The glare, yet sense the mystery of sky.  
  
The tale is one, I take it, born of mind  
That shrinks within itself . . . bondage of souls  
That hide within the gloom, dismayed by trolls . . .  
That dreads to leave effacing shades behind,  
Yet ever makes short reaches toward the light  
To sense the warmth that penetrates its night!

### AN INVITATION

#### At the Entrance to a Wood Cemetery

You know these wooded acres . . . why not choose  
Their shade to rest you in? You love the smell  
Of spring's first trilliums, could always tell  
The hour the wood-hare feeds! I may not lose  
The sure, sweet faith that we shall meet again;  
For this is certain, you will never find  
More symmetry in ferns, so spiced a wind.  
So I shall wait beneath this spruce; and when  
Your truant feet come lightly down the glade  
I'll watch remembrance light your eager eyes  
At each frail bud, at feathery moss that lies  
On velvet couch; then forth into the shade  
Of empyrean pattern-tracings we will roam  
As thrushes fly, yet deem this wood our home.



# THE SCARECROW

VARDIS FISHER

WE were threshing on the ranch of Jon Weeg and when we went to the machine one morning we discovered that a stray animal had been to the piled sacks of grain and had ripped several of them wide open. Around the pile were the hoof-prints of a horse. We searched the yard and the outlying land, expecting to find the beast foundered; but there was no trace of it. In the evening of this day we built around the stacks of wheat a fence of barbed wire. "That'll hold him," we said.

But on the next morning we found another half-dozen sacks torn open; for the prowler had returned during the night, had leapt our three-wire fence, and had gone. In this evening we added two wires to the fence. It was now chin-high and we didn't think that even an elk could jump it. Our astonishment on the third morning left us speechless. The beast had come again, had vaulted our five-wire fence, and had plundered another half-dozen sacks. On the top wire was a little hair but that was all. And it was at this point that the matter began to be a little unreal for all of us. For Joe Burt, a huge and feeble-witted youth, it was nothing less than a miracle. Because ordinarily, as in turn we declared to one another, an animal does not gorge itself upon grain without foundering; does not come slyly under cover of darkness and vanish before daylight; and does not leap a five-wire fence.

"Mebbe it's a mule," said Curt Obbing. We searched and found tracks but they were not the tracks of a mule.

"I'm going to sleep out here," I said. "I'll find out."

And on the third night I laid my bed in the grain-yard and waited for the thief. I fell asleep; and later I was awakened by a terrific screeching of wire; and upon looking up, I saw a very tall gaunt horse caught on the fence. In the moonlight it seemed to be nothing but hide and bones and eyes. It had jumped and now stood with its front legs over the wire and with the taut wire under its belly; and a more forlorn and helpless creature I had never seen. I rose and went over to it, intending to flog the ungainly beast off the place, but something in its eyes made me pause. It was a kind of sad resignation, a hopeless surrender, mixed with shame for having got into such a predicament. And instead of flogging the thief I patted its gaunt and ancient head and looked at its eyes. "You old fool," I said. "Don't you know enough to keep off a wire fence?" I went over and stirred the torn sacks of wheat and watched the beast's eyes, but it gave no sign. It did not even lift an ear or turn its eyes to watch me. Then I put a halter on it and cut the wires to get it off the fence and tied it to a post.

On the next morning the men walked around the drooping skeleton and wondered what should be done. There was no agreement among us. Joe Burt wanted to tie tin cans to its tail and set the dogs on it; Curt wanted to turpentine it; and Jack Brody wanted to put a girth around it, with sharp nails set to the flesh and turn it loose. And as they spoke, the men smote the beast

or cuffed its ears, but it did not flinch. It seemed to be a dead horse, tied to a post. I persuaded the men to let me take it down the road and point its nose valleyward. "It's a good Christian practice," I said, "to give all pests to your neighbors."

And I took the creature a mile down the road and threw clubs at it and as far as I could see that horse, it was going patiently westward and out of sight. But on the next morning, there that beast was, stuffed and contented, before those bags of grain. Even my patience was gone now.

"I suppose," Curt said, "you wanta play with it some more."

"Let me fix him," said Jack Brody. "Put a spiked cinch around him and then give him all the water he'n drink. He'll move plenty fast."

"No, if we're going to do anything we'll kill it."

We talked of the matter and decided it would be best to kill it; and in this night, which was very dark, we got Jon Weeg's double-barreled shotgun and led the horse into a patch of timber. And now all of us, I observed, were very quiet and mysterious, as if we plotted some crime. Joe Burt laughed queerly a time or two but none of us said a word. Curt took the horse and we followed in single file. The old beast led easily, never drawing back or turning aside, as if he had spent all his years on the end of a rope. I think it was his dumb surrender to our wish, the almost eager way in which he went with us, that explains what happened later.

Because after Curt stopped in a dark recess of the woods none of us wanted to be the executioner. This in itself was rather unusual; for we had all

slain animals before and none of us thought anything of twisting the head off a rooster or putting pups into a sack with stones and throwing them into water. This execution was different somehow, and I am still at a loss to explain the difference. I don't know why we hesitated as if there would be guilt on our souls. We seemed to share a common friendliness for this old vagabond that had outraged our fence and another's property. Or perhaps it was because Joe began to whimper and put his hands to his ears.

No matter: I am convinced now that none of us would have slain this animal if there had been a protest. If Curt had led him back to the yard, I imagine we would have set food and drink to the thief. But we had brought this horse out to murder and none of us would confess any weakness or any change of mind. We were men and we were doing a man's job. And when Curt said, "Who's got the gun?" we all stepped forward, as though eager to slay the beast; but we did not look at one another.

One of the men stepped forward with the gun and there was another pause. We were waiting for a volunteer.

"Well," said Curt, "who's to blow his head off?"

"It don't make any difference," Jack Brody said.

But Joe Burt, shaking from head to feet, put his hands to his ears and chattered:

"It's—it's a cinch I don't want to!"

This declaration made us hesitate again. Then Curt swore a mighty oath and said we were a fine bunch of men.

"What's the matter you guys? Give me that gun!"

We all stepped back and Curt loaded



both barrels. He took the halter off and threw it at our feet and then dug into a pocket for his tobacco and bit off a huge quid. He tongued the tobacco for a moment and looked at us and then raised the gun to his shoulder. We all stepped farther back and Joe, with fingers thrust into his ears, began to babble.

"I can't see the sights!" Curt shouted. "Someone light a match."

"You don't have to see," said Jack. "Just put it again his head."

"Light a match!"

I struck a match and in its feeble light we saw the horse like a gaunt shadow, waiting patiently with his head drooping. The match sputtered and went out. I struck another. We could all see the gleaming barrel of the gun and Curt squinting along the sights. Then there was a thundering roar, the match went out, and we stood in overwhelming darkness. I struck another match and we saw the beast, standing there as if propped, with blood running down its face. I stepped forward quickly with the light and Curt fired the other barrel. The horse squealed and dropped to earth.

On our way back we said nothing. Curt went ahead, with gun smoking on his shoulder; and as before, we followed him in single file. After we had gone fifty yards I stopped and listened but could hear no sound. We took our several ways to bed and I lay sleepless for a long while, thinking of that dead beast out in the woods.

What happened later is very strange and a little incredible and I am not sure that I can make it clear. On the next morning we went to the yard and found that horse again within our fence, standing forlornly before the

bags of wheat. Still, this is not exactly the way it happened. As a matter of fact, Joe Burt went out first and made the discovery. He came running to the house, pale and gibbering; and like a frenzied fellow he tried to tell us what he had seen. "He's been dreaming," we said; and we jested with him and did not believe his story at all.

"You're cracked," Curt said. "You big simple lubber, stop that shakun around!" And Joe babbled at us and his teeth chattered.

And when we did go out, still unconvinced, we saw that creature before the grain. We all stopped and looked at him and looked at one another. He had not torn any sacks or eaten any wheat. Blood from his skull had run down to the bags, suggesting that he had been here most of the night; and the upper part of his head seemed to be a mass of clotted blood. One eye had been shot out and one ear had been blown off.

It is of what happened next that I cannot be certain, because it all seemed strange to me then and it seems very strange to me now. None of us ate much breakfast and none of us said anything after our first amazement. I went to the timber to be sure that this was the horse we had shot. I found signs of a terrific struggle, as if it had taken the beast a long while to recover its legs; and I found the bloody trail back to the yard. I also found the halter which in our excitement we had forgotten.

On this day we did not work and for hours we did not talk. We sat in the yard, smoking cigarettes one after another; or looking with fresh astonishment at the horse; or with shame at the world around us. For it seemed to

be a new world and we did not understand it. And all the while the animal stood there without moving, and apparently without pain, like a horrible apparition from the dead. More than his return, I think, was the way he stood that filled us with strange emotion. He had possessed the yard and the pile of grain in spite of all our opposition. He seemed to have a serene, an almost unearthly, unconcern about his victory; and he looked as if he would stand there forever, having by some privilege unknown to us claimed his heritage and his rights.

Harold Dow sat on the doorstep with his chin in his hands. It occurred to me, time and again while walking around, that the whole situation was more comic than tragic; but Dow would not look at me, nor would Curt or Jack, when I passed them. Curt, in fact, pretended to be very busy tinkering with machinery in the yard. Jack lay in the sun with his hands under his head. But it was Joe Burt who acted most queerly and who made us all feel queer. During the whole forenoon he hid behind the bags of wheat and peered at that horse, his big round face like a moon against the sky. The big lubber with his stricken eyes and gibbering tongue made us all feel disembodied and lost. I have wondered since if what took place later would have happened if Joe had not been with us. I don't know. I do know that something persistent and inexplicable was busy in our minds and hearts; a notion which slowly took hold of us; the same thought. And when at last I said, "Fellows, let's get busy," they all knew what I meant. They all rose and followed me as if we had talked of the matter and planned what to do;

and we went to the horse and looked at it. For a long moment we did not speak, but I knew that every one of us was thinking the same thing. And it is this part of the experience that most baffles me. I've no idea why we wanted to save that creature's life; for it was worthless and homeless and a nuisance to everybody. But here we were, who had suggested one torture and another, who had tried to blow its head off, now resolved to save its life. It may be that our experience—the attempt to kill the beast and then fetch it back to health—became in some strange way symbolic: a struggle between ourselves and all the blind forces of life which we did not understand. Death was our enemy, too, and against it we matched all our cunning and all our skill. And the fight we made here was more than a fight on the Antelope Hills. It was infinitely more than that to every one of us.

For three days and three nights we labored to save that horse's life. Not one of us suggested that we should call a veterinarian: this was our fight, our small epic of cunning and devotion, and we did not want professional skill. If a doctor had come the matter would not have been the same at all. There would not have been those tremendous implications that made silent men of us and chastened our hearts and hands. And so we devoted ourselves to this struggle and everything else in our lives stood aside and waited. With a pile of empty sacks we made a bed and forced the horse to lie; and we put liniments and salves on the wound and bandaged it; and hunted in coves for tender grass. We took turns sitting up with the creature, as if it were a human being, as if our whole life and



happiness depended on it. And in everything that we did we moved and felt in common and were driven by the same overwhelming desire. In these three days we achieved the deepest kinship that I have ever known to exist among men.

On my night with the horse I did not sleep at all. I sat by it and looked at the sick eye and wondered what else I could do to relieve the pain and bring healing blood to the wound. Early in the morning Jack called to me from the bunkhouse where the men slept.

"How is he?"

"Better, I think."

"Does he—seem to be in much pain?"

"No, he's resting easily."

And then Curt appeared. "You say he's all right?"

"Yes, I think so."

At break of day they all left the bunkhouse and came to the yard. They looked at the horse and patted his lean hide or studied the sick eye. Jack went away and returned with an armful of grass, though the beast had not in forty-eight hours eaten a mouthful; and Curt warmed a pail of water. The

horse drank on this morning and we were sure it was better. We smiled at one another and said the horse would be well soon; and when we sat to breakfast we ate with a little of our former appetites.

But in spite of all our efforts the animal died on the fourth day. Joe Burt wept; and the eyes of the other men, I observed, were as misty as my own. We ate no breakfast on this morning. Upon all of us there fell a depressing sadness; a great loneliness that ached in our throats, as if everything good and beautiful had been taken from life. Out in the woods we searched for a spot to dig a grave; and Curt said, "Here," and upon the ground where we had shot the horse we dug a grave. We did not drag it to the grave, as is the custom, with a log-chain around its neck. We rolled it to some planks and hauled it to the grave; and over the unsightly skull we placed a box, so that nothing would strike the wound; and upon the carcass we let the earth fall gently . . .

And then as one man we returned to the yard and tore the fence down.

## ADAGIO

CARL EDWIN BURKLUND

Over the loud-crying avenues  
harsh with impermanence the serene  
night settles imperious arms silencing  
the unclean

laughter, the certitudes brawling  
skyward in pigmy and perpetual wars.  
Deep is the silence

over the midnight falling  
from the orbited calm  
of the impersonal stars.

## QUESTING

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

On the spires of morn  
Beauty arose to walk upon the hills  
Clad in green buskins, crested with a cloud,  
Holding a frightened star caught fast  
In twilight's last grey quills,  
The pallid lonely star by whom I vowed  
Eternal love, the day my love was born.  
I ran across the hillside to the sun,  
Beauty before, and hailed him in your name,  
Equalled your glory with the gold he came  
Tossing to earth, that widened to receive.  
I caught it to my breast  
That now may learn no rest,  
Felt pressed to me the fibres by which the light was spun;  
I savored all its warmth and all its glow,  
I reached their hidden source; attuned, I know  
Its glory and your beauty are as one,  
Two mating joys that in my heart make nest,  
Both best.

Clear as the storm-swept sky  
Over the greensward after rain  
Where the spruce robin peers again,  
There is a beauty that has taught my eye  
New power of vision, that with subtle stain  
Has tinged desire with a heart of pain  
That quickens all my senses to aspire,  
Blows the spark of love to fire,  
Bids body lunge and legs ascend and muscles never tire.  
Glimpse of your beauty is my rest  
On its far quest.

On the hillside I have lain  
Sheltered by a wave of flowers  
Watching the moon drift through a sea of stars;  
I have heard her song to the glimmering hours,  
Her plaintive monody through the spars  
Of lifted poplars tense with dawn.  
Laughing narcissus that loves the rain  
Shakes over my quivering counterpane  
(Grasses that trembled with burden of dew  
Poising their spears in dawn's domain),



Wakes me with the upward lilt of sun-enchanted bowers,  
Breaks upon my revery with sudden light that dowers  
Beauty of morn and you.

The second day, dawn held a secret gift  
Fashioned with cunning art—  
The poppies have learned it, that burst and lift  
Their deep heart-offering to the sun;  
The swallows hide it; they flicker and dart  
Lest the gossip leaves flutter the joy they have seen,  
But the forest has dressed it in dapple-green.  
Across the forty winds I run  
Until my searching shall be done  
And I have learned what all these knew  
At sight of dawn and you.

Unhesitant as dawn you came  
Clad in the flame of beauty, your blown hair  
The fire-trail behind  
(My world at once illumed  
And I consumed);  
Dipped to the grass of April, feeling there  
Cool fingers dight with pearls of rainbow dew,  
Fingers forever reaching (as my mind  
Seeks ever), upward groping till they find  
Beauty of dawn and you.

Past all return the fragrance of your gift  
Dowers my days with fantasied surprise  
And sheds upon the uplands of the skies  
New-colored harmonies that melt and shift  
Across eternal beauty's volant range.  
Dawn is conceived of beauty such as yours  
And rippled wonder on white-crested shores  
With rosy-fingered sky and soft sea-change;  
Therefore I rise at dawn, and breast the bay  
Where east is building her triumphal arch  
With herald lancet leapings fire-new  
Against the golden conquest of the day;  
Therefore at sunbirth I arise and march  
To find the beauty of the dawn and you.

# ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN

GRACE STONE COATES

**K**EPT in the Family Bible was something Etta liked to look at. She had seen it often before she noticed that it was interesting. It was not a picture, precisely, for it had lettering arched across the top and was not colored, but it was stiffer and thicker than ordinary paper. Etta had seen it many times when her mother sat with the Bible in her lap, reading.

Etta liked to stand beside her mother and lean against her elbow as she read. She liked the smell of the Bible's leather covers, and the smooth feeling as she ran her fingers along their deep grooves and over the gilded edges of the leaves. She liked the wide columns of big print, with fancy letters at the beginning of each chapter; and the small columns at their outer edges, that she sometimes pretended were babies—colts running beside their mothers, and sometimes secrets being whispered in the grown-up column's ear.

She liked the color of the ribbon bookmark. It was neither red nor pink, but where it stayed shut in the book the deepest shade of a wild rose petal, and silvery yellowish where it hung outside. Etta always asked her mother to put the ribbon where the book was open. Her mother would laugh, and say one didn't use a bookmark after he had found his place; but she would straighten it along the page where Etta could look at it.

Whenever Etta's mother came to the loose sheet in the Bible she would move it, face up, to the page she wasn't reading; and when she was ready to read that page she would turn it, face down, over the page she had just read.

The first time Etta really noticed the picture her mother moved it while she was still looking at it. Etta walked around to the opposite side of her mother. She put one finger under the edge of the sheet where it lay face down, lifted it, and bent her head to look at it again. Although she had remembered to go behind her mother's chair, not in front, her mother frowned a little. She did not like to be disturbed when she was reading.

"There is nothing there to interest you," she said, "nothing whatever."

"What is it?" Etta asked.

"Nothing. Just a certificate. A certificate of Life Membership in The Advocate and Female Guardian Society."

Etta lifted the sheet higher. She had not known a certificate before.

"Is that the *Advocate and Guardian*?" she asked.

The *Advocate and Guardian* was a paper that came every Saturday, so that her mother could read it Sunday afternoon. When Etta had been small she had wondered how the paper knew her mother could read it only on Sunday, but her mother told her the paper was mailed to everyone on the same day, just as to her.

Her mother looked serious when she read the *Advocate and Guardian*, as though she were in church. She changed her clothes, and sat down in the rocking chair, and finished every word in the paper before she put it down. Etta's father did not read it. Sometimes he looked at her mother when she was reading, and said there was in prospect not even the natural relief of a lapsed subscription.



"Is that the same as the *Advocate and Guardian*?" Etta repeated.

"*The Advocate and Guardian* comes to me," her mother answered, "because I am a life member of the Society."

She was interrupted, now, and not reading. She took the certificate from Etta's fingers and turned it over, and both looked at it.

At the top in opposite corners above the lettering were two small pictures. Only one was interesting. In the corner farthest from Etta, a woman sat in a chair on the sidewalk in front of an open door. It surprised Etta that she sat so comfortably outside the door instead of in the house. She was a fat, pleasant looking woman, with large breasts partly bare, and bare arms. A boy running past her was making up a face at her with his fingers to his nose, and a man who had been drinking until he stumbled was coming toward her. The woman seemed good-natured, and did not look annoyed, even at the boy.

"Who is she?" Etta asked, putting her finger on the pleasant lady.

"Ssh! Ssssh!" said her mother, pushing her finger away. "She is a Bad Woman." Her mother looked severe, and closed her lips firmly after she had spoken.

Etta was not sure she had understood her mother.

"The *boy* is bad?" she asked.

"The woman is a Bad Woman," her mother said, even more sternly. "To be sure, the boy might better mind his own business and pay no attention to her," she added after a moment, "but the creature deserves whatever happens to her."

"Her dress is pretty," Etta said.

"It is the badge of her shame," her mother answered, "the badge and price

of her shame." She seemed angry at the woman in the picture.

Etta thought the words over in her mind. When the hired man wanted to be left alone he said, "Don't badger me." She looked into her mother's face, wanting her to say more.

Mrs. Adams started to close the covers of the Bible.

"The other picture is like you," said Etta.

"Is it, dear?" Her mother smiled down at Etta, and swung the sides of the book open again.

In the corner opposite the fat lady, a slender woman in bonnet and shawl was leading two children, a boy and a girl, up the steps of a church. Mrs. Adams looked at the church woman while Etta studied the other picture. When Etta looked at her mother's face again it looked pleased.

"A dear friend gave me my membership in the society," she said quietly, looking at the picture, not at Etta. ". . . the Reverend Asa Colby." Her eyes were still on the woman and the church.

"Why?"

"He wanted to give me something . . . I could have always . . . when I was leaving home."

"Because you were being married?" Etta knew about wedding presents when people married.

Her mother's look changed. "No. Before then. When I entered college." Her voice changed, too. "When I married your father *he* became my guardian." Her voice sounded as it did when she told Etta not to eat cucumbers before they had turned into pickles . . . *not fit to eat, yet—they're just out of the brine . . .*

Her father was a guardian. Etta put

this away in her mind to think about when she was through looking at the picture.

Her mother's face looked sad, now. She made sure the certificate was pushed well back into the crease between the leaves of the Bible, closed the book, and rose to put it away. When no one was reading it, the Bible lay on the marble center table in the front room. Etta knew where the picture was, because it was close to the rose bookmark.

Whenever Etta thought about the picture she opened the Bible to look at it. If she kneeled on a chair she was tall enough to rest her elbows on the open book. The Bad Woman's dress was not like a nightgown, and not exactly like a chemise. Because her breasts were heavy she had her hand under one to hold it up. She looked as though she would be pleasant to everybody.

The cane seat of the chair hurt Etta's knees, and squeezed red bumps into them like the pattern of the chair seat. She shut the picture back into the Bible, and went to the pantry to ask for a drink. Her mother had made cookies, and was putting crust on a pie for dinner. Etta did not drink. She went back to the parlor, opened the Bible at the rosy marker, and took out the picture. She laid it on the floor, and propped herself on her elbows above it to consider the Bad Woman.

She tried to think what the Woman might have done to make her Bad. She might have kicked a kitten. When Etta thought of that she could see a lean yellow kitten that was hungry, and mewed. She tried to make herself imagine that the Bad Woman stepped on it with all her weight and stood there, but she couldn't entirely suppose that. Thinking of it made tickles of pain run up and

down the inside of her legs. Perhaps the Bad Woman pushed the kitten's milk dish out of the way into a corner with her foot, instead of picking it up in her hands and emptying it ready for next time.

She tried to think of the worst thing a person could do. Mrs. Thompson didn't iron her husband's shirts. Etta could see the rough shirting with its faint threads of white in the blue, and the red line that ran along the plaid. Thinking the Bad Woman didn't iron shirts seemed more real than supposing she hurt kittens. It seemed more like her. The more Etta looked at her, the more she decided that the Bad Woman sat outdoors where everything was interesting, leaving her husband's shirts unironed; and the more she looked at her dress, the more she believed that by turning in the neck of her mother's basque and rolling up the sleeves, she could make a dress much like it.

She tiptoed to the rosewood wardrobe. She knew she must not touch her mother's clothes, but she wanted to look at the basque as it hung above her, and think whether she could turn the neck in.

By putting the footstool in the wardrobe, she could just lift the basque off its bronze hook.

The basque was large for her. When the front was turned in she could roll the neck clear off her shoulders. The sleeves were the hardest. She rolled them under and under until they were tight enough on her arms not to come unrolled. She worked fast, now, because her stomach shook. Her mother had said, *the prize of her shame*. The basque was the prize of her shame. Shame meant being afraid some one would come in and stop you before you were through with what you were doing.



She went to her own bed and got her crib pillow to fill out the front of the basque. It didn't make satisfactory breasts because it was not in two parts. It needed to be tied in the middle. Since she was in a hurry her hair ribbon seemed best to use. She removed the pillow, tied it tightly—adding a red bow to the front, replaced it in the basque, rolled down the sides of the garment until the doubly bulging pillow was liberally exposed, and looked at herself in the glass. She seemed almost right, except that she looked anxious instead of good-natured, and her arms were too much covered. She tried to look more inviting, but there was nothing she could do about the sleeves.

She grew excited. Now that she saw her plans would work she had other things to do. She pulled out the pillow and, reluctant to untie it, thrust it for the moment out of sight in the wardrobe. She took off the black basque and hung it by the neck on its hook. She worked fast gathering what she needed: her best doll and her sailor doll; two hair ribbons—not her nicest ones; and as many pins as she dared take from the cushion on her mother's bureau. She placed them in her small rocking-chair.

Softly she unlocked the front door, turned the knob, opened the door, and carried the chair to the front porch. The porch was almost like a sidewalk except that there wasn't so much of it. She must prepare everything else before she dressed, because the basque was the thing she must be most careful about.

She removed her belongings to the floor beside the chair, and began to undress the larger doll. It must be undressed, so it would have legs like a man. She tied one hair ribbon around its waist, pinning it somewhat to one side

to make the doll stand crooked when it was suspended from the porch post. She spent some time arranging it. She could make the doll bend its legs and stand one-sided like a drunken man, but there was no way to make it droop its head, or give its face a different expression. It smiled straight at her, emptily proper above its satisfying staggers.

A hat might improve it. She glanced at her properties, wondering whether she dared leave them, and darted around the corner of the house. She returned with a pieplant leaf and some bits of twigs. She shaped a hurried hat—the twigs broke, and she replaced them with pins, although her mother had told her she mustn't. She put the ragged hat on the side of the doll's head over one eye, and achieved an almost perfect drunken man.

The sailor doll was of cloth. It was easy to pin his thumb to his nose, and the head of the pin scarcely showed unless one looked close. It was harder to tie his leg up so he would be running.

She hurried because she wanted everything finished by the time her father came from the barn. He would see her from the path, and walk over to her and say, "Hello, hello! What new foolishness have we here?" He would stand and look at her and laugh, and call her mother to come.

When the boy and the drunken man satisfied her, Etta went into the house for the basque. She wanted the skirt of the dress, but didn't dare take it. It was too long for her to wear. The basque didn't touch the floor, but the skirt would, and might get dusty. She thought of taking the sleeves out of the basque, but knew she mustn't. Even to keep thinking how to do it would be naughty. She adjusted the pillow

until it looked larger and better than before.

Back on the porch, she sat down in her chair to practice being the Bad Woman. She wanted to be her perfectly, once, and then stop being her until she saw her father coming up the path.

She saw him coming.

She swallowed quick, and moved one knee a little farther from the other. She put her right hand under one side of the pillow, lifted it, and sat waiting. Her father looked up, saw her, and left the path to come toward her. She smiled up at him invitingly.

Usually her father greeted her and she answered. This time he stood looking down at her so wordlessly that she spoke first. Her voice was not wholly assured:

"I am being a Bad Woman."

The red in her father's face deepened. His eyes swept the drunken doll, the sailor boy with his knowing gesture, and rested again on her. He turned without speaking and went to the kitchen.

Etta felt uncomfortable. The prize of her shame was more disconcerting than she had supposed it would be. She heard voices, low at first, then sharper. Some one touched the door knob, but the door did not open . . . "*purveying filth in the name of piety*," she heard her father say. She could not hear the words of her mother's answer. Her father said again, ". . . *filth in the name of piety*." When something he said sounded smooth, like lines from poetry, he said it over sometimes more than twice, instead of saying something else.

Her mother opened the door and stepped out. Her face had a single look. It looked exasperated. As she glanced

at Etta, around at the dolls, and again at Etta, her expression changed. Etta was not sure what her look meant.

"Why did you touch my clothes without permission?" she asked.

Without waiting for Etta to answer, she bent over and began unrolling the sleeves of the basque. She removed the pillow and unbuttoned the basque, turning Etta around to draw it from her arms. She moved about, untying the dolls. As she worked, she talked . . . Etta had wasted pins—after being told not to. She had taken her mother's clothes without permission . . . She had rolled the sleeves of her mother's best dress, so that now her mother must press out the wrinkles. If her mother hadn't happened to notice it . . .

Mrs. Adams talked more and more.

Etta wondered why her mother told her these things. She knew she had done them. She had known about her doing them before her mother had. What she didn't know was why she shouldn't have—except about the sleeves. She understood, now, about rolling them and making wrinkles.

Mrs. Adams led Etta to a corner beside the wardrobe, and turned her with her face toward the wall.

"Stand there," she said, "until you can be a good girl. Until you can remember for all your life not to touch other people's things without asking permission. Meddling with another person's clothes is the worst thing one can do."

She set Etta firmly in the corner, drew the curtains, and left her alone in the silent room. But for Etta the dark place was luminous. She knew, now, why the Bad Woman was bad. She had gone outdoors wearing someone else's dress.



# PAPER MILL COMMUNITY

LAURENCE PRATT

## WHITE WATER

As foam-bright day flows into caverned night,  
so white mill-waters seek the river's side,  
their spendthrift currents bearing countless light  
fugitive particles of wood that ride  
to no good use—lost in the river's cold  
unthrift—lost in burying drifts of sand—  
and what was needy man's potential gold  
become the wastrel water's contraband.  
So in the mill. And in the low-roofed town  
white waste of hearts—of souls and bodies sunk  
as fortune's surging hours and ills thrust down  
her slaves where waters of dismay are drunk—  
where fall the visionary shining spires—  
water of waste, to quench creation's fires.

## ASA GILPIN, CAPITALIST

A scrawny rat of a man, with pale moustache,  
a wet blue eye, sharp nose, and narrow lip,  
too spiritless to squander ready cash,  
too much the squirrel to let a nut-coin slip—  
thus Asa Gilpin gets and keeps and gets,  
while every mortgage, deed of sale, release,  
has scrutiny. Each page to which he sets  
his signature makes Asa's hoard increase.  
The merchant begs a loan; the farmer turns  
his way when crops go bad; the banker feels  
his power. At Asa's altar incense burns,  
and at his feet a row of suppliants kneels.  
Two of the town ignore him—two can dare:  
a starveling poet and a millionaire.

## LESTER MOTT, SCHOOL TEACHER

Where western forests ache with loveliness  
and hills surge up in beauty, it is strange  
we mortals who aspire must know duress  
of prejudice and minds of narrow range;  
till each of us who think and tell and teach  
must murder his best thoughts lest he offend,  
and every one of us who pray and preach  
must shape his lips so truth and untruth blend.  
It is not wickedness that shuts man's mind,  
nor an ungenerous urge that bars the light.

The ancient tribal dictum makes him blind:  
 "The thing that is and has been must be right."  
 So every one who speaks in church or school  
 is godly hypocrite or brilliant fool.

### THE REVEREND CLIFTON LOMER

Sometimes when I ascend the altar stair  
 and hear the organ's angel-choiring note,  
 my stainless collar and my saintly coat  
 make me so sanctified and self-aware  
 before idolatrous women bowing there  
 adoring God—and me—I almost gloat  
 upon my purity, abhor the goat,  
 revere the lamb, melt in ecstatic prayer.  
 But let some hearty rascal whistle past,  
 I feel the impact of blunt fellowship  
 with stream and storm and beasts of stallion strength,  
 and hate my scrupulous hands, and long to cast  
 my cloth—to sin some healthy sins—to strip  
 and run the green earth's lusty pagan length.

### DOCTOR ALLISON

Yes, I am closer to both life and death  
 than preachers are. And yet I cannot find  
 the truth of them. I know this form has breath,  
 that corpse has none. I know this has a mind  
 while that is mindless. Here the blood-stream leaps  
 purposefully. There it lies and rots.  
 I cannot tell why this face smiles or weeps,  
 when that cold eye holds neither dreams nor thoughts.  
 But though the preacher talks so fluently  
 of life and death, I know them better far.  
 He never cut a leg off at the knee  
 or thrust his hand in where men's vitals are.  
 He hunts vague souls with his word-woven mesh;  
 I know the verities of bone and flesh.

### BOURGEOIS

V. Whiteside is a man of ample girth,  
 conservative, devout, self-made, secure,  
 accepting all good fetishes—quite sure  
 of Rotary and Ford, a sin-drenched earth,  
 of Aimee Semple and the virgin birth;  
 flesh must be hid, he cries, to stop its lure,  
 and people must be legislated pure;  
 he is a citizen of solid worth.



The corollary: Certain he is right,  
he knows all others should accept his way.  
So he condemns the wickedness of youth,  
deplores the nonconformist, strains to fight  
things new or wrong. He lives to work and pray,  
a strong and virtuous enemy of truth.

#### EDITOR OF THE CLARION

He was a tempest-man, who leapt to fight  
in quick and violent mood, for any cause  
that he approved; until there fell the blight  
when nature's retribution made him pause.  
For raging spasms of his temper drew  
retaliation of a fevered brain,  
and tortured nerves divined the fact anew  
that all excess is father of all pain.  
Then came awareness of the cooling touch  
of spaded earth, the healing breath of flowers  
his own hands husbanded. He marveled much  
how growing leaves brought calmness to his hours.  
And twilight gardens made vexations cease  
where beds of cabbages lay white with peace.

#### ORIS, THE POET

Oris, the poet, is ever wondering:  
"They say that I mimic God when I create.  
But is it true? For men are derivate  
from all their ancestry. Not any thing  
in man is God-selected. All's by chance.  
But I select and synthesize and plot  
through intellect, not blindly. Am I not  
the greater artist, shaping circumstance?  
For every one of God's melodious birds  
each hour a myriad intricate forms must die  
in cruel ecstasy so the bird can sing;  
but I form nightingales of mellow words  
all gentle song. Is God so great as I?"  
Oris, the poet, is ever wondering.

#### THE JEWESS

Where Miriam, the Jewess, lives the sward  
and garden laugh with flowers and clustered vines,  
as once to Abraham life richly poured  
children and cattle, wives and concubines.

The earth-tinged flames that Hebrew tales inspire  
 glow yet in her voluptuous modesty;  
 did David wish and Bathsheba desire?  
 now Miriam burgeons as a blossoming tree.  
 Her bosom is ripe fruit. If she but sighs  
 once more the stricken soul of Rachel grieves.  
 Her lips are sacred Thummim. In her eyes  
 Ruth garners love among abundant sheaves.  
 Look, where the Jewess walks with cadenced feet  
 again the songs of Solomon are sweet.

### CHINESE LABORERS

Out of the golden Orient they came  
 far from the dragon haunts, the sphere of pearl,  
 across jade seas and the white, impetuous whirl  
 of foam-fast waters, on their lips the name  
 of sage Confucius, in their eyes the dream  
 of soon returning where the nascent sun  
 laughs through red poppy fields, and rivers run  
 in languor like some fabled lotus stream.  
 With slender yellow hands they wielded tools:  
 they dug a sullen ditch from the muddy lake,  
 and gouged a scowling tunnel by rough toil.  
 A falling roof of earth can bury fools  
 or sages. Dreams are lost. Suns cannot wake  
 white bones forever smothered in black soil.

### A MILL AND YET ANOTHER MILL

The low gray town surrounds the long gray mill;  
 in town and mill unfathomed days flow on.  
 As waters fall, the years and decades spill  
 a flood of life—and quickly they are gone.  
 Low voices grumble in the market place;  
 high voices sing where tapered altars shine.  
 Sad feet go stumbling at a surly pace;  
 gay feet climb upward to a mountain shrine.  
 Within the town harsh wheels of travail drive,  
 where hearts are ground to pulp or acid-burned;  
 and souls are swept to death or saved alive,  
 where days like waterbrooks are dashed and churned.  
 While from the mill, forever lost from sight,  
 white wasty waters beat into the night.



# MOVIE TECHNIQUE AND EUGENE O'NEILL

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

NOT long ago one of the successful playwrights of the day declared in a group of people talking together that the legitimate drama and the moving picture were two entirely different arts. That has been more or less the judgment of the stage since the moving picture came into existence. There have been reasons for such a way of feeling about it, but those reasons are not so many or so valid as they were only a short time ago. At this time it seems highly probable that some of the younger group of playwrights will keep their heads, write plays for the stage achieving the effect of the moving-picture, and at the same time preserve the distinctive quality of the acted drama.

At its best the stage play is not a thing for the mob. It needs, however, the support of a substantial body of patrons. It can do something to secure that support by observing how things are done on the new stage that has come into existence, a flat wall with a smooth surface where nothing more than shadows come and go.

It was the French critic Brunetiere, as my memory goes, who said, "No conflict, no play." That goes to the heart of what constitutes the legitimate drama. It is a sound doctrine with relation to the feeling that marks the theatergoer. Whether in Athens with Euripides, in London with Shakespeare, or in New York with some master of the stage yet to be, it represents the state of mind of the man watching the play. Fundamentally and naturally we go to the theater to see something fought out. The stage action, at a

higher level of course, should satisfy a feeling of the same sort as that which finds its gratification in a game of baseball. For this clash of opposing wills the moving-picture substituted a succession of incidents, things merely happening in sequence, so that those watching the movement of the action must enjoy it as movement only, not as the give-and-take of battle. It was panoramic or processional. It was not assault, withdrawal, and counter-assault. It had more of the character of an extremely lively ceremonial than that of the flash and flare of a bull-fight.

No dramatist of the present so astonishingly illustrates this break-down of the drama into loose story-telling as Eugene O'Neill. It is not too much to say that his plays are not drama at all, but simply stories unrolled on the stage. Probably it would not do to say that he has been influenced by the cinema to the employment of cinema technique. None the less his management of the structure of the play is that of the talking-picture, not that of the legitimate stage. He has been working in the atmosphere of the picture and has not escaped one of its prime weaknesses.

Perhaps *Marco Millions* is not so representative as some of O'Neill's other plays, but it will serve satisfactorily as a point of departure. There are twelve scenes and eleven different settings. They are all of them a mass of such multifarious objects and persons as the stage could not well represent until the cinema made such representation possible on the screen. They fill the eyes, and we observe peoples and places with

a curiosity like that of a traveler seeing new things every moment and forgetting each as he passes to another. Marco Polo is always before us, it is true, but he is always the same man under his changing trappings. It is the externals that are varied. And that is the fatal thing about this play.

If we ignore the little question whether Marco Polo will or will not be faithful to Donata, whom he has left behind in Venice, there is no issue at stake in the development of the plot. In the legitimate drama some such issue is essential. The play goes forward through the reaction of character upon character, that is, through the emotional changes that come about from the clash of personality upon personality until the issue is settled. External circumstances may have a part in effecting these alterations of feeling and setting may have its share; it is only incidentally that they will be influential in any drama having the quality of literature. On the screen they are a greater factor; no doubt legitimately so. To transfer this technique of descriptive narrative to the drama acted by real people on a real stage before a real audience is to degrade and cheapen a great art.

That O'Neill does so reduce his plays to the level of pictorial story-telling can be shown to be the case in practically all of his dramas—in *The Hairy Ape*, in *Welded*, in *Lazarus Laughed*, and even in the more legitimately dramatic *Annie Christie*.

Probably it is *Strange Interlude* that more than anything else of O'Neill's has taken public attention. It also is story and it is as story that it succeeds on the screen. Its popular acceptance, however, is probably not to be credited to its technique or lack of technique. It offers

a unique motivation for adultery, with the study of a conflictingly complex feminine personality, and then shows the heroine caught in the coil of her own hypocritical self-deception. The story unfolds relentlessly, tragic in its possibilities, wearisomely lacking in tragedy in its progress from melodramatic incident to debate to introspective cogitation, and from these on and on to a limping finale on the stage. Based on a quadrangle instead of the familiar triangle, there might be double-edged conflict in it. Instead we have only a scattering fire of cross-purposes on the part of characters who in real life would either pull down the roof over their heads or open the door and run. This assumes that the characters are sane, or supposed to be, not to have preserved their adenoids in excess, and not to be color-blind in the presence of the many charming fish that go flapping their fins in the sea.

It is quite natural that in a period haunted by memories of the most astounding mass hysteria of which we have any knowledge there should be a widespread appreciation of hysteria on the stage. This situation has been O'Neill's opportunity. It has made possible the wide response to emotional abandon, as of a camp-meeting revival in the backwoods, that has been given to *Strange Interlude*. A world habituated to the sight of distresses temporarily accepts the abnormal as normal, and so it totters up to the mourner's bench in submissive acknowledgment of its sins. In this mood it has seemingly been unconscious of the reversion to primitivism in the movie technique shaping the plays of O'Neill.

As a link between the legitimate stage and the screen O'Neill has no doubt been



a disaster to the theater. At the same time it is to be recognized that the stage dramatist must accept some of the teaching of the cinema. He must add variety and yet keep that variety within the compass of a unified struggle. He must be an artist and achieve a harmony within the body of his work without—however much crooning may be the distressing fashion of the hour—dropping to the low note of interminable moan.

It can be done. That it should be done is a demand not alone of the critic or the scholar or tradition: it is the demand of human nature. However much the theatergoer may deceive himself in the matter, he will not ultimately be satisfied with the presentation of a mere string of happenings on the stage. For the intelligent auditor that we should assume him to be they must at least drive toward some unifying end. They must not stop with the showing of such things as may or do happen in the world: they must further show the rationale of the happening. The activities of the play must touch somehow upon so much of the nature of the world itself as makes occasion for their happening. The chaos of existence is observable on the street. Action that in the mass has no motivation may be discovered abundantly in the lobby of a hotel. If such things are sufficiently interesting, inconclusive and artless as they are, why should one stand at the ticket-window of a theater to secure permission to see the same thing on the stage?

In illustration of the manner in which the art of the cinema may contribute to and strengthen the art of the stage I glance at Kaufman and Connelly's *Beggar on Horseback*. The struggle of the play is clear and unmistakable. It

has a beginning that is not blurred or left for a moment uncertain; it develops a series of illuminating complications; and it comes to a decisive resolution. It is unequivocally a play in the great tradition of the theater. This tradition expands and takes to itself new means and new methods and yet does not cast aside what, for cultivated audiences, is fundamental to dramatic stage art.

What is peculiarly interesting and instructive in *Beggar on Horseback* is that somewhat more than a dozen shifting scenes are presented with a fullness of pictorial show that rivals the cinema. An adroit managing of the lighting permits one scene to dim into darkness and another to take its place in a growing brightness, after the fashion of the fade-outs on the screen. Various as these are—spectacular, pantomimic, farcical, satiric—they maintain the oppositions upon which the play is founded. A dozen butlers parading, all alike, are on the stage, not simply to be seen, but to be realized as part of the empty machinery of existence under which Neil, the protagonist of the drama, has been crushed and broken. The same is true of the four waiters at the restaurant who circle the table clanking the covers of dishes on which they bring in the food. They are part of the routine from which it seems now that Neil can never extricate himself. He has sold himself to a rich man's daughter in the hope of securing freedom to do the thing that he wants to do. Instead of winning that emancipation he finds himself more deeply involved in and enslaved to a mode of existence in which the things that money can buy are supposed to be enjoyed primarily because they are the things that money can buy.

This is satire, not story-telling. It has a theme, an issue. Whether the theme is important or unimportant is not here germane. What is to be considered is that it is really a play, not simply the showing of happenings in sequence having chiefly the interest that may come from their occurring in sequence. As a play it makes such transitional art as *Annie Christie* and *Desire Under the Elms* more or less negligible. In the run of the years it is safe to believe that in no long time O'Neill's dramatic fumbling will be as little a part

of what is going on on the stage as Clyde Fitch's showman skill is now. Clyde Fitch may then even prove to be more enduring, much as it may be necessary to look upon him as no more than a clever craftsman. Craftsmanship is, after all, of no small moment in art. The experimentalist is always interesting, perhaps, but when his experiments assume false premises they have a way of failing. O'Neill's writing is composed almost entirely of experiments in false premises. The end seems to be now not far away.

### TRUCK GARDENERS

ALBERTA QUINN

They are weeding spinach today in the Italian gardens,  
 The farmer, his wife and her children.  
 Bare headed, bare footed.  
 The wife keeps the youngest child in the row next to her;  
 Next spring he will be five and given a row of his own.  
 The woman's black hair shines in the sun.  
 She pushes it back with her dirty fingers,  
 And goes on with her weeding  
 Down the long even rows of spinach;  
 Row after row, acre after acre.

They are irrigating tonight in the Italian gardens,  
 The farmer, his wife and her children.  
 Bare headed, bare footed.  
 They start the water down each row with their hoes.  
 The soft mud is cool on their bare feet after the long hot day.  
 The woman's hair gleams in the moonlight.  
 The child clutches at her skirts as she goes  
 Down the long even rows of spinach.  
 Row after row, acre after acre.

The moon is shining in the Italian gardens.  
 Each stream of water reflects the moon.  
 The long rows of spinach throw shadows in the water.  
 The moonlight glimmers among the shadows  
 Down the long even rows of water,  
 Row after row, acre after acre.



## WOMAN, WOMAN

HOWARD NUTT

See how her eye's soulseining lash  
has caught the woman-wisdom from the night,

now night comes to her as a little thing  
to stroke and pet and finger  
till it purrs:

listen awhile to the persuasive  
rhythm of sleep, then touch each closing lid  
(and lips are best for this) before tonight  
be folded there with some night out of Egypt,  
or lips quite part with an old burden of meaning  
to let the star-burs glisten on her teeth.

## "I HAVE BEEN BUILDING HOUSES . . ."

MARGARET TRUSLER

I have been building houses, year by year,  
Abandoning the old one in this spot  
Or that, because it was too dark or hot,  
Too small or large for any shelter here;  
And you who try to tell me that I rear  
New failures to decay and leave their rot  
Upon the zest of striving have forgot  
The restless surge of blood in full career.

But when the years have worn my fingers tired,  
And I no longer feel the urge to build  
A greater house than that I last desired,  
I shall go where the old ones used to stand,  
And clothe with all that life leaves unfulfilled  
Their ruins lying frustrate on the sand.

# SUN-DANCE

ROBERT TOD STRUCKMAN

AS soon as I heard there was going to be a Sun Dance and that Johnny Quillfinder was going to be in it, I told my father I wanted to be one of the dancers. My mother went wild, and said No, but my father was glad and said he would ask the Old Man. I rode out to my uncle's place on the day the Old Man picked the dancers. When he was through he came out and said to me: "John Azure, only Indians will dance. You must become a man by your own means."

That meant I was out. I was born next neighbor to the Old Man and I didn't like to have him say "only Indians." No one ever said it to me before. I don't know what I will do now; there is no war, and I will probably have to wait until I am thirty years old and then anyone can look at me and call me a man. I am seventeen now and that means thirteen years to wait. I may get married, because if I don't I will be lonesome.

Anyway, I had never seen a Sun Dance and I didn't see how it could mean anything real. If Johnny Quillfinder hadn't been in it I wouldn't have cared so much, but he was my best friend and I hated to lose him. After the dance he couldn't go around with me. He would be a man then, and go around with men. If it had been like the old times I would have been sorry to see Johnny in the dance. He couldn't have stood it; he has something the matter with his bones. But things have changed and don't amount to very much any more. Only it seems undignified for the old men to pretend;

it seems comical, as if they were fooling themselves and no one else.

Joe Warrior wanted to have the dance. There had been no rain the last part of May nor all through June and the hills were dry and the grass was dusty. Some Indians coming through from the mountains said they were planning a Sun Dance but it had to be different from old times. For many years the government has been against these dances on account of the brave-showing part that used to be in them. The boys who wanted to become men and be in the tribe had tabs cut in their back-muscles, and at the dance green buffalo heads were tied to the tabs with strips of buckskin. The boys ran out over the prairie dragging the heads until they jerked themselves loose. That was just part of it, and everybody was proud of the boys, but it was the part the government didn't like.

No rain came for us and the water holes were drying up. Every time a bunch of clouds came along old Joe Warrior ran out of his house and shook a rattle at them, but the wind blew the clouds over and no rain fell. Warrior, and Little White Bear, who is the chief of our nation, and my father went to see the agent, and got permission to have a Sun Dance to make it rain. They had to promise to leave the buffalo part out, but I don't know where they could have found a buffalo anyway. I never did see one.

They decided the dance would be held about a mile from the agency, and Joe Warrior, who is my uncle, took a stick and traced a twenty-five foot ring



on the prairie where the Sun Dance lodge was to be built. The Old Man had his tepee brought over and set up right away, and they left him alone to make medicine for the dance. Five other nations were invited to watch the dancing. There would be Blackfeet, Crees, Gros Ventres, Bloods from Canada, Assinaboines, and our own people. I say "our own people" but my folks don't live on the reservation. We live about five miles from the agency. My mother doesn't like Indians so very well except my father.

I rode down to where my uncle, Joe Warrior, lives, and watched the old men sitting around the pipe. I had to be friends with a bunch of kids younger than I because most of those my own age were going to be in the dance. Three of us sneaked out into the woods by the river and hid ourselves up in a tree, and about an hour later I saw Warrior come running, all alone, dressed in his feathers and some long underwear. To do it right he should have been almost naked, but the agent made them wear long underwear and just pretend they were naked. If they wanted to paint themselves they had to paint on the underwear. That's what I mean when I say there was too much pretending to the Sun Dance. But there is never anything comical about my uncle, Joe Warrior. He is six feet tall and has never married anyone.

When he got into the trees he stopped and took the underwear off, and sure enough, he had his body painted with circles underneath. I could see the scars on his back from an old-time Sun Dance. He ran through the woods as fast as he could go, striking trees now and then with a hatchet. He hit one that he must have located before, be-

cause that was the one with the big fork, and it must have taken a lot of choosing to pick it out. He was supposed to be guided by the Spirit to the right trees. I kind of doubt it. He came back after while and put the underwear on again and went back to the house.

As soon as he got out of sight we crawled down from the tree and sneaked out of the woods. Then we followed the young men who did the chopping back in again. There were fifteen of them, dressed in underwear, and some bold ones without underwear. They had axes and they found the trees my uncle had struck with the hatchet, and chopped them down.

That was the last day of June, and it should have taken five days to build the Sun Dance lodge, but they had to hurry and get it ready before sundown of July second. That was because the Fourth of July is a celebration day, and a Sun Dance is not a celebration. The time to be happy is when a Sun Dance is finished.

I couldn't watch them build the lodge because I have a job at a filling station and can get off only when I sneak away. But my father stayed at Warrior's place and helped with the ceremony, and that made my mother angry because she doesn't want him to act like an Indian. My mother is very pretty and has blonde hair, and so has one of my sisters and one of my brothers. It is something about Mendel's law. My sister doesn't like it but my brother does.

My sister told me how they did; they left the fallen trees in the woods that night and all the men prayed and took baths. The next day the tops and limbs were cut off, and the notched log for

the center-pole was carved by the Old Man. It was about twenty feet long with a big fork in the top. He cut the bark out just below the fork to make the shape of an eagle. Then he peeled a long strip out in the shape of an arrow. Just below that he carved the head of a buffalo. The idea was that the Sun Dance should continue until rain flowed down that arrow-groove to the ground. Of course that depended on the rain because the agent only allowed the dance to last twenty-four hours.

The boys who were to be in the dance carried the forked log on their backs, running more than two miles with it, to the circle my uncle had marked on the prairie. They set it in a deep post-hole and tamped the dirt in around it. It stood about fourteen feet high. Smaller posts were set up around the circle, and poles along the top of them, with poles from there up to the fork in the center log. The walls and roof were laid over with cottonwood boughs, and one wide doorway was left open facing the south. All around the back of the inside there was a partition about half the height of the boys, woven of small boughs. The dancers were to stand behind that. In front of it were logs for the old men to sit on.

The Indians were coming by the time that was done; from all directions and with all kinds of outfits. Our own people mostly came in wagons so their dogs could come along. We could see them coming for miles around, driving along beside the gravelled highway and some coming right over the hills. The other nations came in cars and trucks, and in school buses that belonged to their reservations. There is no timber nor oil on our reservation and the peo-

ple are poor. They try to be farmers.

There was a fine ring of tepees east of the lodge when everybody got there. More than a hundred tepees, and a string of wall-tents to the west. All the dogs running around, and the children, and women visiting, and the horses being herded around on the hills made me want to sneak away from the filling station. We didn't move out to the camp because my mother wouldn't live in a tepee, and my father, in his position, could hardly live in a wall-tent. He stayed with my Uncle Joe, and was busy most of the time anyway.

The Sun Dance started at sundown on the second of July, to continue, in the old days, until it brought a rain. This one had to be finished before the Agency Independence Day celebration. I couldn't get away to see the dance begin, but I went out at night after the filling station closed.

The encampment was all dark except for the headlights of cars coming in and swinging around. The tepees were fine. I was surely proud of them. The Sun Dance lodge was big and black with its newly-cut cottonwood boughs, and I could hear the drums and singers above the noise of the cars. There was a crowd around the opening at the south side of the lodge. People of our own nation were coming out and going in, and whites from the agency and Indians of the other nations were looking in and talking to each other. No one could go inside but full-blooded, or nearly full-blooded people of our own nation.

I got through the crowd and leaned against the door post. It was much darker inside. There was a small fire going just back of the center-pole;



hardly enough to light up the faces of the people. The singers were sitting around the drums on one side, singing things I had never heard before. A lot of squaws and children were beside them, helping with the songs. Some starlight came through the holes in the roof and my eyes got more used to the darkness so I could see dimly the line of dancers against the wall. They were standing behind the low partition, dancing up and down in one place and peep-peeping on little wooden whistles up toward the center. There was a long medicine bundle up there, tied in the fork of the center pole. It was the medicine bundle of willows, and I don't know what-else, that my uncle and the Old Man had made and put there. I couldn't see my father but he must have been with the old men in front of the partition sitting with their backs to the dancers.

My sister, the blonde one, came along and stood with me. She called to a friend of hers who was sitting with the squaws. This girl came out; it was Mary Velvet, who went to high school with us in town although she is a full-blood. She is my sister's best friend, and a very nice girl. I would like to marry her, and I think she would like it.

The three of us stood and watched for a while but we could see very little because it was dark inside. The fire flared up a bit once in a while and we could see the faces of the old men, and we could see that the dancers wore no underwear. They were painted all over, and the sound of all their whistles peeping together was like a flock of birds that was going somewhere. Mary said she had never seen Indians painted all over in solid colors like that,

and neither had I. My sister said the dancers had been taught secrets of the tribe, and of the Sun Dance pattern, which as far as she could find out, was something about destiny.

We stood at the door for a long time, and if the Indians crowded against us hadn't been strangers, it would have been very nice and comforting to be packed so close together.

We got out of the crowd and decided to wait until later when the white people would go away. Homer Jones, a white kid, asked me why I wasn't in the Sun Dance.

We went around to the side of the lodge and listened to the singing a while. We couldn't understand the words and had never heard the songs before, but it wasn't hard to let go and sing along with them. Indian singing is all in falsetto and is very intricate. I never knew of a white man who could sing Indian songs, but those who yodel might be able to learn. If you don't understand the words it sounds a little like bagpipes because they always come back to the same note.

Someone called my name from one of the cars. My sister told me not to answer, but I went over to see who it was. My brother was in the car with some white kids from town and he wanted me to go with them to a dance. He had Lois Myers, and wanted me to go with Lola, her sister. He gave me a drink and I said I would go. Lola Myers was no bargain; she went out with everybody, and she claimed to hate full-blood Indians. My brother, the blonde one, went steady with Lois, so I went along with Lola to oblige him. Anyway, I did like to dance, and I surely felt like having a drink after the Old Man wouldn't let me be in the

Sun Dance. I used to go out with Lola because I thought it was smart to go with a white girl. My brother says I ought to marry her and forget about the reservation. She would do it, too, because I have a job.

We went about fifty miles to a town where this dance was held, and during the evening I fell down and hit my head on a bench and spent the rest of the time in the car.

Going back very late I woke up as we passed near the Sun Dance camp, and I made them stop and let me out. I walked over the prairie to the lodge and found the crowd of watchers much smaller. The dance was still going on of course; that doesn't stop at all except when the dancers are down behind the partition for talk to the Spirit. It was still dark in the lodge although a small moon had come up. There were no more car lights flashing around outside and there were no sounds but Indian sounds. The tepees were fine in the moonlight.

My sister had gone home but I found Mary Velvet and tried to be nice to her. She didn't like me when I had been drinking, and pushed me away. I went around to the side of the lodge and sang by myself. I tried to do a Sun Dance but I didn't know how. I felt like taking off my clothes and jumping and yelling. Mary Velvet found someone who was driving in to town and they came and hit me twice and took me home.

The next day my mother and my boss made me work at the filling station. I learned to be a mechanic when I was away at reform school, and I am quick at changing tires. I managed to sneak away in the afternoon though, and

caught a ride out to the Sun Dance. I was feeling very tough after such a bad night, and I thought I must be as tired as the Sun Dancers.

The place looked very gay, with lots of dust and dogs and children all around. When I got through the crowd at the opening to the lodge, one old man who was a dance-leader, was standing up giving the first part of a song. The old men were still sitting on their logs in front of the low partition, looking hollow-eyed and tired, and none of the dancers were in sight. My father was sitting next to Uncle Joe, who had on his ordinary clothes and a big war-bonnet. A few of the others wore beads or bonnets, but all had on their ordinary white-man's clothes. A new bunch of singers were coming in and changing places with those around the drums. Finally they started the new song. The sight of fat old Harry Pretty sitting there, wearing his colored horn-rim glasses, and singing songs that he didn't know the meaning of, made me feel self-conscious and ashamed of the whole business. I wished the white people weren't there. The dance began to seem like a lot of hocus-pocus to me. I hate it when I begin to think that way; that the old men are silly and only pretending that things mean a lot. They had Spirit flags tied to the poles of the Sun Dance lodge, and they were nothing but dirty old red and blue rags. I had to laugh.

Then the dancers started coming up from behind their partition. The first one was Harry Newman but it took me a while to recognize him. He was naked and was painted all over with bright orange color. His head was draped with braids and wisps of blue sage, and there was one of those small,



## *The Frontier and Midland*

downy eagle feathers, called breath-feathers, stuck to each cheek.

They came up slowly by twos and threes all around the back of the lodge. There were twenty-four of them altogether, all painted, and all different. John Deer Hunter was painted the most vivid purple I have ever seen. It was show-card purple, and so intense that it seemed to float out away from him. They were all hung with things that didn't seem to be for ornament. It all seemed to mean something but I didn't know what. Each one had the wings of a hawk or an eagle in his hands. Sometimes when the song was finished they stood still and covered their faces with those wings until another song started.

The way they danced, standing in one place, made me remember how I tried to dance the night before and didn't know how. I had never seen a dance like it; they stood in one place, bending their knees and jogging down and up with a one-two motion as if they were riding a trotting horse. Each one had in his mouth a willow whistle about three inches long with a breath-feather tied to it. They pointed those whistles up, and looked up steadily at the medicine bundle in the center-pole fork, and peeped with the whistle at every jog. It was peep-peep, peep-peep, along with a steady jog-jog, jog-jog, and their eyes never moving from the medicine bundle.

My uncle, Joe Warrior, was the fire tender. He carried a big thick braid of prairie grass in his hand and broke off a little now and then to sprinkle on the fire. He picked up embers with a carved stick and put some at each side of the center pole; on the south and on the east and west. The fire

itself was on the north and he added sticks of cottonwood now and then to keep it going. He was very dignified; there is nothing comical about my Uncle Joe.

Some of the cottonwood smoke drifted around to me. It had a smell that was like supper cooking in a tepee. It was like the sound of the drums and the singing, and it made me feel lonesome. Although we talk in either our own language, or in French, or in English, I was sure no one knew what the words meant that were in the songs. A word stood out now and then; all of it sounded familiar and still it didn't. It was like hearing plain talk from far away.

The smell of that cottonwood smoke made me very lonesome. My sister and Mary Velvet came along, hanging on each other's necks. They said the dancers hadn't stopped all night or all day, and had eaten nothing. I took a look at the sky and there was no sign of rain; the Sun Dance didn't seem to be working. I thought it ought to rain the next day because it always rains on the Fourth of July.

I watched the dancers again. Several of them wore their colored glasses, but Johnny Quillfinder, whose eyes are very weak, had left his off. He was painted brown, and wore a small folded blue cloth on his shoulders, like a shawl. It was a clean blue cloth with the store creases still in it, and it looked very nice on his shoulders. He had squares marked out with white dots around his eyes, and the inside of the squares were painted dark. He kept looking up steadily at the medicine bundle while he danced, and the solemn, sober look in his eyes didn't seem comical to me any more. His face

looked tired and his eyes were big and hollow-looking. The eyes of all of them were religious and tired-looking; I could see it now. That was what made me lonesome—they looked so tired, and yet they looked satisfied. They looked as if they had been told something that was true and they believed it. I could see now that if the dance lasted long enough it would bring rain.

One of my little sisters tried to get in to my father, but Uncle Joe made her go out again. Harry Pretty's little boy was in there, and all the full-blood kids, but my sister had to go out, and she was less than two years old. Her eyes and hair were as black as any-

body's and her face was as dark as mine, but Uncle Joe wouldn't let her stay. It made me lonesome again to think of Johnny Quillfinder's eyes, and of my own sister being chased out of the lodge by her own uncle.

The dancing and the singing went on and I walked away by myself. I couldn't think what to do. I felt like telling them all to go to hell. I can get a job in any garage. I can get along without any of them. What difference does it make if you have been in a Sun Dance? What can you do when you get to be a man? Really, for myself, I wish to God there would be a war.

## THE GLORY HOLE

ARTHUR MAYSE

I was walkin' down Granville street when the agency scout stops me.

"Sonny," he says, "you want a job?"

"Sure," I answers 'im. "What kind of job?"

"In the woods. Three a day and found."

"Sure!" I says again.

"All right," he tells me. "Come along an' we'll sign you up."

So I goes with him to the agency, where I signs myself "Rusty Martin, parents deceased," an' that same evening I steps aboard the Loggers' Hearse with a brand-new outfit in my pack-sack an' my cork-boots in my hand.

Now this was in the Good Times, when Vancouver was a logger's town, an' the boys from the woods walked wide an' free while they had money in their pockets. Then when they was broke—same as me—they borrowed

enough for one last party an' boarded the old Chelhosin or the Comox, the Loggers' Hearse, bound for the woods again.

Me, I thought I was pretty tough, but when I seen them fellas on deck an' below, I changed my mind. They was laughin' an' drinkin', and talkin' one with the other in God knows how many languages. There was blond Swedes an' black Hunkies, an' big red Norwegians. There was men from twenty countries, an' hardly a one of 'em that couldn't have bust me over his knee. I sits me down in a chair an' watches 'em, lookin' for another Irishman in the crowd, an' feelin' dam' lonely.

Of a sudden I sees my Irishman, off to the side. No older than me, but taller. He was standin' slack an' cool, coat pushed back an' hands in his belt. Fine hands he had, with long, thin fingers, an' the blackest hair I ever



seen. An' his face was beautiful, with somethin' about it that seemed to stab out at you. He was watchin' like I was, only he didn't look scared at all. Didn't even seem interested.

Then a big Swede goes by with a girl on his arm—that was Blondy Ericsson an' his new wife, bound for Clydes', where we're goin'.

The punk, he gives the woman a look as she goes by, an odd, hard stare like he was searchin' for somethin' in her face. A habit of his, I found later; one that got 'im into plenty fights. She stares back, an' Blondy stares, too. He always was a short-tempered dude.

"Fella," he says, "I'm gonna slap the can off you!" An' reaches for 'im.

The punk stops one drive on the shoulder. He shakes his head an' shifts his feet; when Blondy swings again he has 'im by the coat-front. Tosses him across his hip, an' bumps 'im on his behind, all gentle an' easy-like.

That was only the start. Someone laughs—Blondy jumps up an' onto him. Another dude dives in; first thing I knew I was outa my chair an' under-foot. The lad that started it yanks me clear, an' since everyone else seems to be fightin', we wades in together. It was the first time I'd seen anythin' like this. Two of 'em—both old enough to be my father—was goin' at it like the mill-tails of hell. The littler one had the other by the whiskers an' was lacin' him in the belly with his free hand, whilst whiskers did his best to strangle 'im. I seen their faces, an' dam' if they weren't enjoyin' themselves!

It broke off quick an' peaceable. The punk goes to Blondy. "I'm sorry," he says. Then to the woman: "It wasn't that I meant to offend you."

So Blondy shakes his hand, an' she smiles on 'im an' everything was swell.

We goes away to clean up, the punk an' I, for we'd both been knocked around considerable. I tells 'im my name; he tells me his, Shan O'Connor. His first trip. He was bound for Gustavsons' like me, so we shared a state-room an' stepped off the boat together.

We had our breakfast at the beach camp, with the locies snortin' on the rails outside, an' the logs splashin' like thunder into the salt-chuck. Four kinds of cereal to pick from, but we takes mush like most of 'em did. There was hot-cakes, too, an' good coffee—you'll find they feed you well in the woods, punk. An' it was all real friendly: "please pass the bacon," an' "milk for you?" up an' down the table, with the boys kiddin' us or askin' questions about town.

We'd signed on to blow whistles, so the push sends Shan out with one crew an' me with another. I sees my first spar-tree then, near two hundred feet high, with the donkey-engine puffin' at the butt, an' the lines saggin' off through the blocks. I sees the loaders swingin' the tongs that hoist the logs to the flat-cars on the grade, an' the chokermen busy in the triangle.

"Holy Mother!" I thinks. "Have I got to work like that? I won't last a day."

But I kept my mouth shut, an' I was soon onto the game. I learned how to be out of the path of the logs when they was comin' in, an' where I could stand safe an' where not. In two days I'd quit callin' lines cables, an' in a week I could name the riggin' from the bull-block at the top of the tree to the strawline at the butt.

How do they log? Take too long to

give you the details, but it's like this: The fallers bring the trees down. The buckers saw 'em up. A month or two later comes the bull-gang to get the spar-tree ready. That's where you find the high-riggers, the lads that monkey up the stick with climbing-belt an' spurs, top 'er, an' like as not stand on their heads on the flat surface. Showy, but safer'n loading.

The donkey supplies the power. The lines lead from drums on the donkey up to the tree blocks an' through them to the tail blocks, makin' a bight of runnin' steel with sides maybe a quarter mile long. The mainline, one side of this triangle, brings the logs in to the foot of the tree by the chokers, a pair of short lines that hold 'em like in a noose; the haulback, formin' the other two sides, drags the main with the chokers attached out to the woods for another turn.

An' the whole dam' widow-makin' works is called the haul-back bight.

The chokermen puts the chokers on the logs picked by the riggin'-slinger for the turn. They work a long ways from the donkey, right out of sight sometimes. The hooker, who knows everything, mooches around with a wise expression. He's boss of the crew. An' the whistle punk, he blows a whistle on the donkey by a jerk-line or an electric bug, passin' on the signals yelled by the riggin'-slinger to the engineer on the unit, which is what you call a donkey that loads the logs as well as yards 'em in.

Me, I was a good signalman if I do say it myself. Kept my ears flappin' for signals, an' blew 'em sharp an' snappy—an' correct. That's important, because one false squeeze has wiped out

a whole crew before now. You'll get wise quick enough, though.

It's a hard life, but it gets in your blood. The lines hummin', the whistles tootin', an' the old bull ravens that go "hi—hi—!" like a riggin'-slinger, an' drift down outa the timber to steal your lunch; then the nights in the bunkhouse an' the card games for big money—they all have a part. An' the fun of hittin' town after ten months' loggin'!

Shan an' I went down together. Vancouver looked like heaven; we'd our pay checks in our pockets, an' was tough an' hard as a coupla bears. Shan didn't seem to care for town, though. Nothin' seemed to matter much to him, an' there was still that burnin', searchin' look on his face that made one want to ask questions. Then you glimpsed somethin' in his eyes, an' decided not to. A soft-spoken dude, an' polite—he was from college like you—but he never backed out of a fight, an' without pickin' 'em he found plenty. That odd trick of starin' into women's faces made lots of trouble for 'im. But he didn't care; he knew he could handle anythin' that came along, an' wasn't worried.

I still remember that return to Vancouver. We come down, four hundred of us, on the First of July, crazy for excitement, an' with money to burn. I mean that last, punk. I've seen Bill Childs, the dude that got a million on logs, lost it on logs, an' is now makin' logs again, light his cigar with a ten-dollar bill. So there was wine, women an' song, lots of all three. I buys me a sixty-dollar suit an' some eighteen-dollar silk shirts. I gets drunk frequent, an' visits half the sportin' houses in town.



Not so Shan O'Connor. Song he'd little to do with, an' women nothing. But he stayed drunk most of the time. He drunk like he had a purpose, although what that was nobody guessed till after.

So it would go for a month or two. Then Shan would root me out.

"Ready for the woods, Rusty?" he'd ask.

An' we'd sign up an' be off again to a new job in another camp.

At the end of the first year we was rated as chokermen. In three years we was pullin' riggin', an' when at last we lands a berth with the L. L. C., Shan was a hooker. Loggin' was our trade by now. We'd got the riggin' man's cat walk an' swagger, an' we was burned tawny-dark by the sun. I'd collected them scars you see on my face, too; got 'em when a passline snapped back on me. Shan broke an arm once, but for the chances he took, he was pretty lucky. A strange fella, moody an' reckless, an' not much for talkin'.

The L. L. C. is the key claim of the Glory Hole. You never heard of the Glory Hole, of course; she's the very heart of the Vancouver Island loggin' country, an' every claim on 'er is a highball one. The timber runs big there, bigger than anywheres else on the Coast, an' two-log loads is common. Wherever loggers get together, punk, you'll hear of the Glory Hole—an' the L. L. C.

Now even in the Good Times it was an honor to work for the L. L. C. They used picked crews, an' they treated their men like kings. Also, they'd held the Coast record for years, until the old I. T. (it's the E. R. T. now) took it away from 'em. This was just after

we came into camp. They wanted that record back, an' they sure aimed on gettin' it. An' six months later, the super picks a crew to go after it.

The loaders he picks was hard an' lithe as haulback line. The chokermen was Swedes every man of 'em, huskies that could toss a tail block in either hand. An' he picks me, Rusty Martin, as riggin'-slinger, an' Shan O'Connor to tend hook.

We'd got somethin' of a reputation by then, you see, especially Shan. He'd been a good loader an' a better high-rigger, but the triangle seemed to have a spell on 'im. I asks 'im why once, me an' him bein' partners, kind of.

"Rusty," he says to me, "don't you figure that more men gets killed in the haulback bight than anywheres else?"

"Yeah," I answers 'im.

"Yeah!" he laughs, with his steel-colored eyes mockin' me. "An' that's why I'm here."

Oh, but we was a highball crew! There wasn't a weak link anywhere, except maybe Flash Macdonald, the whistle punk. Flash was a little old man of near seventy. Been in the Glory Hole for years, an' is still there. A good signalman, but a mite old for the woods.

"Boys," says the super the morning we goes out to hang up the new record, "if you do it, the company stakes you to all the beer you can drink!"

That was good, but we didn't need no encouragement. We was proud of our skill in the game we played, an' nothin' on earth could have stopped us. The speeder shot us off at our donkey on Branch Seven; the fireman an' engineer was there already, over-haulin', gettin' up steam.

The startin' whistle gives its long-an'-short blast, an' we flies at 'er.

Work! You'll know what I mean when you've set inch-and-an-eighth chokers on big timber. Even Flash began to get stiff fingers from shootin' his signals in, an' the spark-catcher was rushin' back an' forth between the tail blocks, dousin' water around 'em so they wouldn't start a blaze. The sun was comin' down an' the logs was comin' in. Us boys in the triangle had our shirts off; our minds was set on the record, an' the cold beer waitin' for us in camp.

We takes a short noonin'.

"Fifty loads," the engineer tells us. "If my old fakealoo don't blow her boiler out, we'll raise it another fifty before quittin' time."

We'd logged hard in the mornin', but it was nothin' to the way we hit the ball that long, scorchin' afternoon. I was yellin' signals before the choker-men was in the clear, an' the way the loaders at the donkey swung their sixty-pound tongs wasn't hardly human.

The one cool person on the claim was Shan O'Connor. He stood on a little rise, watchin' the chokers as they yarded the logs in, or sailed out to the woods, bells slashin' an' clangin' through the tangles.

Now there was two logs close together, butt logs both of 'em. We put the chokers on 'em; I yelled to Flash, an' we sprinted for the clear. Down the hill they went, crushin' the young growth flat. They smashed a big spruce to kindling wood, they hit the swamp in a cloud of spray, an' lifted their wet snouts on the other side like black bulls.

Then came a hangup, with the logs criss-crossed like my fingers here

against a snag, an' the mainline strainin'. Shan comes down the slope, cursin' at every jump. The chokermen was cursin', too, all in a row outside the lines, like sweaty apes. The boys wanted the record, an' by now they sure was ready for their beer!

It's the hooker's job to clean out a hangup, so I drops back for a smoke with the spark-catcher.

Shan was all by himself in the haul-back bight. He'd a red bandana round his head. His dark body shone in the sunlight, an' one leg of his pants was ripped from boottop to thigh. Funny, I can still remember the look of 'im like it was today.

Lord, but it was quiet there in the sun, after all that tearin' din! You could hear the muddy creek gurglin' down below, an' the fireman singin' to himself on the donkey. The smell of the slashings came up to me like hyacinth-flowers, or them big white lilies of a funeral parlor.

"Snap out of it, dude," I warns myself. "Them's no thoughts for a logger that may get bumped off on the next turn."

Shan was the only movin' thing. He was on the logs now, an' over 'em, runnin' quick an' certain like a cat, sizin' 'er up.

I'd let my eyes drift away to the green timber, thinkin' how cool it would be, an' wishin' I was there, when sparkie catches his breath, an' the next minute I feels his fingers diggin' into my shoulder.

"My God," he says, "a woman!"

"You're snaky, punk," I tells 'im. "You been drinkin' too much homebrew. Go stick your face in a bucket."

Then I turns my head, an' by the Christ, I sees 'er, right there in the



triangle. Now she was golden an' slim an' tall, an' she walked the logs daintily, like a queen o' women. But when she stops before Shan O'Connor I seen that she was only a child, tired like she'd come a long way in the heat.

A woman from the married quarters, I thinks for a minute, but then I knew they'd have more sense than to be loose on the claim when a highball crew's hangin' up a record.

Shan kisses her.

"You've come," he says.

Then he throws back his head an' barks one short, sharp "Hi!" to the signalman. Flash, behind a tangle an' no more to blame than fate, squeezes his bug.

I sets myself for a yell, but she stands like a child with her grey eyes on me, an' all I could think of was somethin' about "what God has joined together . . ."

The lines tightened. The hangup broke at a jump, an' the logs rode 'em down.

Oh, sure, we found *him* all right—what was left of 'im. But there wasn't any woman.

We forgot the record an' we forgot our beer. We drew our time, the whole crew, an' got off the claim as fast as a speeder could wheel us.

Tamahous Bay, punk! Grab your pack-sack an' cork-boots. You'll be wearin' them boots before noon.

## FOUR SKETCHES

ROBERT O. ERISMAN

### I

**H**IS eyes complacently on the floor ahead of him, Neil went through the bakery department. Besides manufacturing ice cream, his company also maintained a small bakery shop, an as yet unsuspended leftover from the days when the firm dispensed but a small quantity of home-made ice cream and baked goods over one counter.

It was a fine fresh morning outside and the latter had coincided with one of the days (of which there were proportionately many) on Neil's cycle of humors on which his mentality was equable to the point of neutralization. Riding along on the way to the office he had whistled a few tuneless notes even.

Past the shelves of white-plastered buns he went complacently. Emma, arranging the buns in wide flat pans, turned to smile a good morning to him.

"Working hard?" Neil said, feeling fine.

He had said that a thousand times before, but its dismissal from his mental records was invariably subsequent, so that there was no effect of accumulation, so that the phrase was left ever fresh for the next occasion. Each time before another voicing he would seem to delay as if he might be trying to think up a variation of it, but the result of this delay was non-variant. He would use the same expression, and regularly with the same relish.

"Oh, sure," Emma said.

Neil smiled cleanly, apparently trying to think up something else to say. He strode on smiling cleanly, without saying anything else. Emma aligned buns. Neil went on out into the plant with the orders in one hand. He passed Tony, who was swabbing the floors. He smiled cleanly.

"Push 'em up," he said to Tony.

Tony smiled broadly, not necessarily understanding the greeting but knowing that it was a greeting. Neil went into the booth where the orders were handled, where the orders arrived from the office and were passed on to the truck drivers. Several truck drivers were sitting or standing around in the small compartment. As men are apt to receive a familiar co-worker the first thing in the morning, they eyed Neil with concealed, intermittently malicious, mischievousness.

"Well," one of the truck drivers said.

Another noticed Neil's red sun-burnt face.

"Where'd you get the face?"

"How do you like that face?" Neil smiled cleanly.

The drivers eyed Neil's face with cruelly critical amusement. Neil had put the orders down on the desk and was checking over them leaning down to them, his lips moving with his figuring. One of the truck drivers looked at another one.

"He's too interested in those orders to talk about faces."

Still figuring, Neil smiled cleanly, as a friendly recognition of the joke.

"He wants to get us out in a hurry."

The truck driver looked down at Neil's head.

"What you say you deliver all the orders today and we'll sit up in the office and talk to Hazel?"

Neil smiled cleanly, figuring.

"Yeah, how 'bout that," another truck driver said, looking with serious mischievousness at the back of Neil's head.

They looked at his head for several moments. The first driver turned to the second.

"He can't hear. He didn't get all the water out of his ears yet."

They looked at Neil's head.

"I think he's thinking of that girl friend," the third truck driver said.

"Yeah, how is the girl friend, boy?" the second truck driver said.

"Fine," Neil said, smiling figuring.

"I saw her down at the Food Show the other night. She was looking pretty good."

"He probably keeps her in good trim," the first truck driver said.

Neil smiled cleanly, still leaning to the orders.

"How do you keep her in such good trim?" the second truck driver said.

They looked mischievously at his head. Neil shook his head figuring, smiling cleanly.

## II

As the driver brought the taxi to the curb, Myra Sherman leaned forward chewing a little piece of skin with her front teeth and bobbed her head with self-satisfaction around the neighborhood. In such surveys she did not actually see very much but she felt very clever and sharp in them. Now and then her eye would critically drop to some object or feature of an object, usually something disgusting or stupid; it was in remarking such unexpectedly that she highly amused less clever friends who thought her consequently sophistication itself.

The cab touched the curb and Myra put one foot forward. She raised an eyebrow at the entrance of the apartment house they were in front of. She did so primarily as part of her sophistication, but secondarily her eye touched on a young man in glasses, dark dress coat with very evident silk scarf, and derby angled back from a fresh haircut.



An accountant going to church, she said to herself, and had a cynical smile to herself partly in amusement at her own facility, partly at the amusement she knew the characterization would have caused her friends.

Her long capable fingers with their too-red long narrow finger nails pecked among the coins in her purse. Similarly to a person who gets as close as possible to the brink of a sharp cliff to peer down it she held her face above the coins. She appeared to be trying to find the thinnest coin in her purse.

This was 116th Street. Down the steep hill across and below the Drive was the Hudson misty in the bright Sunday morning sunshine. Back up the hill was clear shade like water in a square glass jar. Across the street was the building like a generous segment of cake.

Myra Sherman in the Sunday morning light was pallor dark-lined cast in a sharply good profile. She was dark sophistication in Sunday morning light that found dandruff on coat-suit collars and made unnew turbans very shabby.

She indicated her bags on the pavement to the uniformed negro porter easily and put her purse under her arm. She always handled porters and similar accessories easily; this was because she didn't wonder what they thought of her, nor did she fear lest in making accessories feel their place she would stir rebellion in their soul against her kind.

The elevator's ironwork had recently been regilded. In its open design there were balking lions with their paws up at each other. A gold bolt-head was in one of them. Chewing a little piece of skin with her front teeth, Myra pettily watched each floor come standing in the center of the elevator.

She unlocked her door and said just set them there and the elevator boy leaned the bags in and then handed her the bulky folded New York Times that had been at the marble door sill. Her room after the sunshine outside was like seeing an ordinary motion picture follow one in full color.

When she unpacked and got into a lounging robe she took a cigarette at the bureau, a lighter at a little round table bearing an ashtray and several books, and lowered one shoulder to tap the cigarette on the little table. She lit the cigarette and took the theatre section from the Times and settled back into the overstuffed chair at the window with her legs folded high out in front of her. Thereafter she was abandoned to squinting through her smoke, picking an occasional tobacco crumb off the very pointed tip of her tongue, hesitatingly tapping a forefinger on her cigarette over an ashtray on the stuffed arm of the chair squinting at what she was reading, and holding the paper with her cigarette hand probing a finger of the other hand musingly around in the side of one of her slippers.

Once she lowered the paper and looked at the clock on the bureau.

### III

As they came into the lunch wagon she was half turned to him alternately talking and laughing something at him. He came in with an indolent smile back of his sleepy poker face. He wore spectacles with silver rims and had a long nose that appeared to have been pulled a great deal, so that it was a long amorphous hooked nose. Under its hook was a very tiny mustache. His thin grey felt hat with its narrow black ribbon was sportily turned up on one side.

They took stools at the counter and

the counter man came up and questioned their faces. She finished adjusting herself on her stool with her palms pushed against the edge of the counter.

"Coffee." She was a brunette with red lips; simply an impression of black and red.

The counter man started for the urn. The man with the nose and mustache had his elbows on the counter rocking in a last scrooch onto the stool.

"Put a hamburger on for me, bud."

She looked at his mouth.

"I thought you weren't eating meat any more," she joked quietly.

He hitched one corner of his mouth watching the counter man at the urn. The latter brought her coffee and put it in front of her. The man with the nose watched it put there. He raised his eyes indolently to her mouth.

"What about yourself?"

She looked at his mouth. They always spoke to each other's mouths, letting their eyes occasionally roam up the other's face but returning them always to the mouth.

"What do you mean?"

He had picked up the menu and was scanning it. He looked on the other side of it which was blank and then dropped it back between the sugar jar and the catsup bottle.

He raised his eyes and looked around at the various signs on the wall. She lowered her head to sip her coffee raising her eyes once to the signs too and then lowering them contentedly again to the coffee in her cup as she sipped it.

He sniffed and lowered his eyes indolently almost sleepily from the signs to the frying hamburger. He watched it fry. More lively with her forefinger crooked in the handle of her cup she

watched it too. You could see they were perfectly mated.

#### IV

The young minister didn't quite know what to do about starting the game of croquet but he smiled confidently at the three young ladies that taught at the public schools as they prodded around in the wooden box that contained the mallets and balls. Standing in the middle of the lawn on which sun and shade were divided he drew himself up and smiled narrow-eyedly down at the young ladies with a sort of fanatic defiance. For no discoverable reason he occasionally assumed this napoleonic pose.

From his vantage point he suddenly looked around the yard at the wickets. He looked rapidly, haughtily, from one wicket to the other.

"Shall I hit a ball through the wicket?" he inquired supremely.

The young ladies that taught at the public schools leaning over the wooden box looked at each other. They all wore shoes that fit badly.

"Well; we have to get the balls and mallets out first," one of the young ladies said rising boredly and effortfully from stooping.

The young minister looked around a little insanelly. He would get a queer silly expression in his eyes and survey the yard and the girls mistily without quite seeing them, without quite lowering his eyes to them.

One of the old ladies that also lived in the boarding house was moving up the gravel driveway. She was coming back to watch them play. The young minister apprehended her with smiling superciliousness.

"Mrs. Anvers. You have come to watch us play croquet."

Mrs. Anvers smiled twistedly, com-



placently, her attention tentatively on the driveway in the care of moving her old cramped body.

"Yes," she said. "I wanted to see you beat the girls."

He smiled more broadly, but still haughtily and mistily. He held himself drawn up thus watching Mrs. Anvers try her way into a rocker. He turned to the young ladies.

"Mrs. Anvers is going to watch us play croquet," he said to them.

They didn't answer, busy sorting the balls and mallets by color. He smiled down mistily at them, and then up and narrow-eyedly out the driveway as if staring off into space reminiscing, and then back directly at the croquet post cross-striped in bright paints.

"What is the post used for?" he asked. He went to it and tested its firmness. "What is this post used for, Miss Cantwell?" He was able to turn it in its hole. He did this experimentally. He fell into a stare at it, turning it with his finger tips more slowly and less radically.

Mrs. Anvers was watching the base of the post as it turned in the grass. She raised her eyes to the young minister. "That's where you start," she said. She noticed that he was preoccupied.

"All right, Charlie," Miss Cantwell said. "Here's your mallet and ball."

He turned happily and accepted the ball and mallet.

"I shall play with the green ball, Mrs. Anvers," he said.

## THE OPEN RANGE

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

### INYAN-HOKSILA: ROCK-BOY

TOLD TO MARGARET MARGRAVE

**Note:** The story of Rock-Boy, Inyan Hoksila to the Sioux, is, I believe, rather common among the tribes of Plains Indians, though I have yet to see it in the exact form in which it is reproduced here. A culture hero story of ancient days, it is dear to the old story-tellers. Rock-Boy, as it is here presented, is in the words of the Sioux Indian, Wasicu Taninyan Natin. Natin is an educated Indian, who has some white blood. Throughout the story are earmarks of white association and influence. The story has received no editorial touch.

AT one time, there lived a woman with four brothers. This woman was very handy, she made everything in porcupine quilting in all colors, as there was no beading in those days, Buffalo robes with porcupine quiltings made on it, moccasins, leggings, etc., so all her four brothers were always dressed up in fine clothes. One day the oldest brother said, he was going out to hunt, and left camp, and as he was going he saw a tipi way down in the valley, on

the direction he was headed for, so when he arrived there he discovered that an old lady lived there. When she saw him, she said, my grandson, I am glad you have come, I have an awful pain in my back, I wish you would stand on my back to quite the pain. So he consent to do so, when he stepped on the old woman's back a sharp bone stuck him through the foot, and it pain him so bad, that he died, when he died the old woman bundle him up and put him in her tipi, so when he did not come home that night, the next day, one of the brothers said, he was going out in search of his brother and went away. After a long search he came upon this old woman's tipi, the old woman said, she was very sick and wanted him to stand on her back to ease the pain. She said, your brother done me that favor

yesterday before he went his way. So he did, and the same thing happen to him also, a sharp bone stuck him through the foot, and the awful pain killed him too, and she bundle him up and stored him away in her tipi, so when he did not returned also, the next brother said, he would go and look for the two missing brothers.

The next day bright and early he started, after a long search he too, came upon the old woman's tipi, and she told him how sick she was, that his brothers both help her before they went on they way, so he also did what his brothers done, and was stuck through the foot with a sharp bone and died, so she bundle him up and stored him away in her tipi, so when the third brother did not returned, the sister and her youngest brother were very much worried, finally the brother said, I will go tomorrow and try to find them, so the next day he went and after a long search, he came to the old woman's tipi, she was sick as usual and wanted him to put his weight on her back to drive away the pain, she told him that his brothers helped her the previous days so he did, and in so doing, he also stuck his foot through with a sharp bone, and the pain was so terrible, that he died on the spot and she bundle him up and stored him away in her tipi. When her fourth brother did not returned, she was very much afraid, and she cried, she was so lonesome, she walked the hills weeping. She was very tired, so she sit down, she notice in front of her layed a small, smooth, very pretty rock, she picked it up in her hand and examine it, rolled it between her hands, and more she handled it, the prettier it was, so finally she put it in her mouth, and was thinking about, what become of her brothers, she was tired and sleepy, so she layed down to take a nap. When she awoke she missed the pretty little stone she had in her mouth, she search for it but she couldn't find it, she didn't know if she swallowed it or not. So she came back to her camp and was weeping for her lost brothers, she waited and waited for them, expecting them to come back any day. One day she discovered that she was going to be a mother soon. and so it came to pass that she became a mother,

she soon found out it was a little boy she had, but since she lost all her brothers, she did not care for anything in this world, and for that reason she didn't care for her baby, she took it and intend to throw it outside, but it fell in the doorway, the child immediately crawled back to it's mother, but she took it again and throwed it towards the door, this time the child almost walk back to it's mother, she throwed him back the third time, the child now walk straight back to its mother, she took him and throwed him towards the door the fourth time, the child run right back to his mother. So she took him back, and decided to raise him with the best of care, The child grew fast in less than no time, the child was talking and one day he asked, his mother why it was that she was living all alone, so she told her son all about how his uncles went away looking for one another and they never returned, that is the reason, she was left alone, Whereupon he said, "Mother, if you will make me a bow and some arrows, I will go and look for my uncles." So she made him a nice bow and some arrows and a quiver, with porcupine quillings on it, so he shouldered that and went away in search for his uncles, after some time he discovered the old woman's tipi so he went there, and the old woman said, "Grandson, I have an awful pain in my back I must have weight on it to ease the pain, I wish, you would stand on my back." Your uncles all favored me with my request before they went their way. So he told her he would, he stood on her back and with all the weights of the rocks, he crushed her to death, breaking the sharp bone she killed his uncles with in to pieces. Then he built a fire over her and burnt her, then he went inside and found bundles after bundles stack up on top one another, so he open one, and there was one of his uncles, so he open all of them, and carried them outside, in a hurry he build a sweat hut and brought some rocks, and heated them in a fire in preparation for his ceremony. he finish his bed of sage inside the sweat hut and carried his uncles inside, then he brought the sacred hot rocks inside and went inside and closed up the sweat hut, went on with his ceremony. after a



little bit, they was groaning and soon one of them said, "We are very thankful to you, but wish you would hasten little more" so he poured more water on the hot rocks and soon had all of them back to life again. When the sweat hut ceremony was over and all were made well again, his uncles were so thankful to him that they carried him home in their arms, and named him "Rock Boy" or "Inyan-hoksila" so when his mother saw all her brothers back safe she was very glad, and there was great rejoicing by all. That is the reason, why we have the Ini kagapi "Make life" (the name in Sioux for sweat butts). After this Rock Boy, one day, he said, he was going out scouting, so he left camp and after some time of traveling, he saw four children sliding down the hill, so he transform himself into a homely boy, his hair was all bushy, face dirty, hardly no clothes on, and went that way to where the four children were playing, and he arrived there, one of them said, here comes a poor boy, let him ride in front, but he refused, so then they said, ride next to the first one, but again he refused, so then they said, ride next to the second, but he refused, again they said, ride next to the third one, again he refused, so then they said ride last then, so he said, I will, and when they started to slide down the hill, he look at them, and they were all buffalo calves, so he transform himself into a huge round rock and rolled over them and killed them all, then he took their tongues and came home he brought the tongues into camp and gave them to his uncles to eat, and told them to make many arrows and a very good bow as he was going to make a long trip, so they did, and he packed all the arrows on his back and left camp. While he was going he saw a buffalo at a cut bank, sharpening his horns on the bank, so he went up to it and said, "Grandfather, what does this mean, you sharpening your horns against this bank, if as though you was going to war?" Yes, the buffalo said, "the news came that Rock Boy has killed four beloved ones and we are preparing to wage war on him, and I am going to, at least, hook one of his tipi poles if I do not do anything else" whereupon he said, "Why, that's me," and he shot one of his

arrows through him, and killed him he took his tongue and went on, the next thing he saw was two buffaloes, at a cut bank, busy sharpening their horns, so he went up to them and asked them what they was doing, and they told him that Rock Boy has killed four of their beloved ones and that they was going to get revenge so he said, Thats me and again he killed them both, and took their tongues and went on, next he saw three buffaloes at a cut bank sharpening their horns, so he went to them and asked them again and they repeat the same thing as the others did, so he told that he was Rock Boy and killed them again and went on, next he saw four, same thing happen to them again, next he saw five, he killed them again, and every time he has taken their tongues, so he was carrying quite a load of tongues, next he saw six, same thing happen, next seven, then eight, then nine all repeat the same thing and met the same fate, until he saw ten buffaloes all sharpening their horns against the cut bank, so he went up to them and asked them, what it was all about, and they said, they was going to challenge Rock Boy in revenge for killing their loved ones, so he said, When this going to take place, and they told him that "when ever there is brown clouds floating by." So he said, I am Rock Boy, and he killed all of them, took their tongues and started back to camp, when he arrived home he brought all the tongues, and then he told them that he killed over half a hundred buffaloes, that he must go back with his uncles and get the meat and hides as they will need all of them, so they all went and worked hard and brought all the beef and hides, and they dried all the meat and with the hides, they made long rawhide ropes. One day, Rock Boy, took his best arrow, together with ten he selected, first the best one, he point it towards the sky and shot up in the air, the arrow went so high they couldn't see it, when it came down it hit beside their tipi, when it struck the earth, the arrow turned into a stone House, then he shot another arrow up in the air and when it came down near the stone house, it turned into a stone wall encircle the stone house, then the second arrow he shot up in the air, and that

made another stone wall on the outside of the first stone wall, then the third arrow, the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and the tenth arrow, all made complete circle stone walls, then all of a sudden there rose clouds of dust in the horizon and soon the buffaloes were coming towards Rock Boy and his uncles climbed on top of the stone house with their bows and arrows and fought back, the buffaloes with their mighty horns and backs knock down the first wall, then the second, then the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth when a slick horn (meaning old bull) got on top of a hill, announced to the others to stampede as Rock Boy was about to exterminate them, so they left, but they killed very many, they butchered buffaloes for many days, as they killed so many that they laid on top each other, but they saved every bit of the meat Rock Boy's mother made jerked meat, dried beef and the man made two raw hide boats large enough to hold all their meats and supplies, and they made more rawhide ropes coils and coils of it, all fasten to one another. One day they saw

dark brown clouds floating low, and Rock Boy remember what the ten buffaloes said, that is the day he is to be challenged, so Rock Boy and his uncles, loaded all their belongings in the boats and they tied one end of a rope to the rock house, by this time, the clouds got heavier and it started to rain, rain and rain and finally the country was all covered with water. Rock Boy and his mother, uncles were safe in the boats, floating on top the waters, as the water got deeper and deeper they let out more rope, to stay on top of the water one end anchored tied to the rock house way down below, they floated on top of the waters for many days and days, they were glad they made plenty of dried beef. Finally the rain ceased, and they was very thankful, but they still had to float there for many days, at last, they notice this water was going away slowly and slowly and at last their boats rested on land. So they look over the boats sides, and they saw their stone house still standing solid, with beautiful colors of all kinds circle above it. They knowed they was safe and gave thanks.

## THE SECRET OF KEEP COOL

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

THERE was an air of instability about most mining camps, something in their pretentious frame buildings, with high, false fronts, and no foundations, that was like hope established without faith. Marysville was different. Her big, English-owned gold mine, the Drum Lummon, had paid fabulously for years; and that it would go on paying forever became a camp tradition. The thunderous booming of its huge 110-stamp mill was music so continuous and contenting that if it ceased for a minute at night all Marysville sat up in bed to wonder and wait for its resumption. There was a satisfying air of permanency about Marysville. Her miners and millmen were not drifters. They were largely family men, and mostly Cornish, with children in the public school. Besides its big Drum Lummon the camp was surrounded with other famous gold mines, so

that Marysville felt established, rich, not only in her mines, but in her traditions; and she generously cherished the little mysteries in her surrounding hills.

For instance there was the *Secret of Keep Cool*, a small gulch with a placer pay-streak. Dick Lewis and Tom Benton had struck Keep Cool in the sixties, and had stuck to their gulch ever since, sluicing its gravel each season. They had come up from the gold diggings in California, prospecting all the way to this district; and in those days the Blackfeet were hostile here. "Keep cool, Tom," Dick admonished when Tom cheered lustily at the sight of heavy colors of gold in his first pan of gravel. "You'll fetch the Injins down on us first you know." And so they named the gulch KEEP COOL. But civilization followed them. It grew up around them, and yet the partners, old men now,



were mining in Keep Cool. Nobody knew if their diggings were rich or poor; and nobody cared, so long as the partners paid for their small needs in gold dust. But everybody did know that old Dick and old Tom never came to Marysville together, never left Keep Cool alone. This made talk. There must be a reason; and this was the secret of Keep Cool.

I had not been long in Marysville when old Dick came alone to the camp. I saw him, a sharp-featured old fellow with white hair and beard, leading a white pack-horse down the gulch. He did his trading promptly, visited here and there with friends, got a little tight, and then left for Keep Cool, setting the camp to wondering afresh. Knowing that I was a newcomer in Marysville a gambler stopped beside me. Pointing at old Dick and his white pack-horse he said, "Old Tom'll come in next time. Funny they never come in together, ain't it?" he asked, as though he wished me to ask him the reason; but I did not gratify him. There could be but one inference drawn from all this wondering—old Dick and old Tom must have a large cache of gold dust in Keep Cool, and did not dare to leave the gulch unguarded. I think all Marysville believed this. I know that I did; and that when, one morning I heard that old Tom was dead I thought instantly of murder. But it was pneumonia that carried him off. All Marysville turned out for the funeral, and I shall always remember poor old Dick standing in the snow beside his partner's grave, his face drawn with grief. Friends tried to keep him in Marysville that night, but he would not stay. A livery team and sled took him back to Keep Cool.

"What will old Dick do now?" I asked the Doctor two days after the funeral.

"Oh, he'll stay on," he said, after speaking to his team whose restlessness kept their bells jingling. "They all stay on. He'll mine a little. But he's growing feeble. Old Tom's going has upset him terribly. I'm going up past Keep Cool. Better get your coat and come along," he added, pushing bottles of medicine into the pockets of his long coonskin overcoat. I had not yet seen Keep Cool. "All right," I said; and within a few min-

utes we were off behind a frisky team and singing sleighbells.

Storms never stopped the Doctor, nor the poverty of his patients. He would always go day or night, pay or no pay. And so the people, the miners in the Drum Lummon, and the lone prospectors in the gulches far outside the camp itself came to love him. He was inclined to stoutness even then. His jovial face, reddened by exposure to all kinds of mountain weather was always smiling. How I admired him for his gentle kindness!

"There are the cabins." He pointed with his whip to two snowy hummocks among green fir trees. "That's Keep Cool."

A rushing mountain stream with snowy banks barred with lances of sunlight and deep shadows separated the cabins. A plume of blue smoke was curling from the fireplace chimney of one; the other was white and still. Not a track marked the deeply piled snow about it. I saw a bluejay flash down from a treetop in the gulch the blue and black of his plumage bright in the sunlight. I even heard his rasping call above the jingling of our bells as we passed the mouth of Keep Cool. Its loneliness depressed me.

"Do you believe they had a cache of gold dust in the gulch, Doctor?" I asked, because I wished him to talk.

"No," he answered positively, handing me the reins so that he might light a cigar. "You've been listening to idle talk," he said, again taking the reins. "Their spare money went to relations back in the States. Keep Cool isn't rich. Besides its pay is pockety. It wasn't a cache of gold dust in Keep Cool that prevented Dick and Tom from coming to Marysville together. I stumbled onto the reason for this. But because I've learned that talking doesn't help in the practice of medicine I didn't peddle my discovery.

"Four years ago last October I came up this way alone. I had a little time to spare that day so I tied my team and went over to visit with Dick and Tom for a few minutes. Both cabins were empty. However, I knew about where they were mining, and went up there. I didn't like to walk in the gulch itself, so I kept up on the mountain-side in the timber until I knew I was abreast of their diggings. But there was nobody

there. The route I had traveled had been rough. I decided I'd cross the gulch and strike the road about where we are now. But the gulch was rather steep just where I was. Nevertheless I slid down, displacing a lot of gravel that went rattling down to the sluiceboxes below me. And when I reached the boxes myself I saw that the water had been turned out of them, and that they were still wet. By this I guessed that old Dick and Tom had quit work for the season, and that they had just finished making their cleanup that afternoon.

"Then, because the water was out of the sluices, and because I didn't like the idea of scrambling up the other side of the gulch just there, I started to walk down Keep Cool in the sluice-boxes, looking for a good place to climb out of the gulch. And I nearly stepped into a gold-pan about half full of gold. It was in the third box from the head. Of course I knew it must be Dick's and Tom's cleanup; but why had it been left there?

"I sat down to look at the gold. It was fine, no nuggets. I don't suppose there was a color in the whole lot that would have weighed four-bits. And the gold had been smoothed down to a nicety. Then I saw that a fine line had been drawn with a knife straight across the gold in the pan.

"Keep Cool made a turn just there. The wind was blowing, and yet I thought I heard somebody coming. It made me feel panicky. I didn't want Dick and Tom to find me there with their gold. Without considering just what I was doing I stepped out of the sluice, and ducked into a clump of willows, wondering if Dick and Tom had seen my team. In a minute I realized what I had done, how my hiding must look if I should be discovered. But it was too late now to move.

"Old Tom, carrying a gold-pan, was coming up the gulch. He came straight to the pan of gold. When he lifted it out of the sluice-box and set it down on a level place he wasn't twenty feet from me. He filled and lighted his pipe, drew a tin tablespoon from his hip pocket, and began to scoop the gold from one side of the line into his own pan. I could see it all, every move he made.

If a little of the gold caved near the line he put it back, and patted it down carefully until he had transferred half the gold dust, all of it on one side of the line, to his own pan. Then he put the first pan back into the sluice-box, picked up his own, and went down the gulch, the smoke from his pipe blowing over his shoulder.

"I wondered if I ought to get out of there now, and more than ever I hoped that Dick and Tom had not seen my team. Before I could make up my mind what to do I heard old Dick coming. He was talking to himself, though I couldn't hear what he was saying. He must have passed old Tom just below in the gulch. He came straight to the pan in the sluice, and without even glancing at the gold left in the pan, picked it up, and followed Tom toward the cabins.

"By now I had guessed the secret of Keep Cool. Old Dick and Tom had quarreled. Having known them a long time I believed I could make peace between them, so I followed them to the cabins. Dick talked the most, and besides I felt that I knew him best. I decided to go first to Dick's. He was kindling a fire. The pan, with the gold dust yet in it, was on the table near the window. I didn't know how to begin; and I'm afraid I bungled things. Anyhow, I told him straight out what I had seen, and what I surmised.

"I never got such a thorough cussing in my life. Old Dick was beside himself with anger. 'Get out of here, you damned pilgrim,' he ordered, pointing to the open door, his arm rigid. But when I started to go out the old man sat down on his bunk, weak and shaken. I sat beside him, tried to steady him, tried to make him see that I wasn't just a meddler.

"When he grew calmer he told me that he and old Tom had quarreled. He said they hadn't spoken to each other in twenty years. He told me that they took turns cleaning up, that the one who made the cleanup put the gold into a pan, divided it with a knife, and left it on the spot until the other had taken his share. It was an awful story. I couldn't imagine two men shoveling gravel into jointly owned sluice-boxes from morning till night throughout the long summer months without



speaking to each other. I couldn't believe that these two friends of mine, old partners, living alone in their separate cabins like mortal enemies, could hibernate during the winter months like two ugly bears, nursing their hatred for each other until spring. But it was all true.

"And what do you suppose brought on the quarrel? A *ham of venison*. The weather being wet and warm Dick was afraid the meat would spoil before they could eat it. He wanted to salt and smoke the ham. Tom said the meat would keep as it was, that they could eat it *fresh*. And the ham *spoiled*.

"I tried to get them together. But old Dick wouldn't listen. Tom told me to mind my own damned business if I had any, said he would have nothing to do with the old *cariboo* across the creek. And so it ended. I couldn't do a thing.

"That was four years ago. I'm about the only man who ever visited old Dick and Tom; and my calls were far apart, because I'm busy. The other day after I had called on Tommy Broderick up the gulch I remembered that I hadn't seen Dick and Tom for nearly a year. I went over to Keep Cool to talk with them for a few minutes. The weather was bitterly cold, the snow about the same as now.

"No smoke was coming out of old Tom's chimney. I could see that Dick had a good fire, and because I was cold went first to his cabin. He was reading a New York newspaper spread out on the table by the window. I sat down at the table myself, and we talked for nearly half an hour. When I felt that I ought to be moving I said, 'There doesn't seem to be anybody at home over at Tom's.'

"I ain't seen him for several days,' Dick said, glancing out of the window across the deep snow. 'He went down to Marysville last week. He's likely in bed. He's too damned lazy to keep a fire goin' anyway.'

"Well,' I told him, 'I'll just run over there and see if he's home, and then I shall have to be going down the gulch.'

"I wallowed through the deep snow to Tom's cabin, and opened the door. A clammy dampness stopped me short. It was dark inside the cabin. There was only one tiny window. Two of its panes were missing. The holes had been stopped with old flour-sacks, so that but little light could enter. 'Oh, Tom,' I called, groping my way toward the table.

"A groan answered me. I went to the bunk. And there he was, in the last stages of pneumonia, nearly dead even then. 'I'm goin' under, Doc. But don't tell Dick,' he murmured when I took hold of his wrist. He died before I got the fire going.

"I ran, stumbling through the snow, to Dick's. 'Dick!' I called when I got to his door, 'old Tom is dead!'

"Yes, he is. Dead drunk, you mean.'

"I shall never forget the awfulness of his laughing. It made me shudder. 'No, no, Dick,' I said, sternly, my hand on his shoulder, 'old Tom is *dead*, died just a minute ago.'

"He brushed his face with a hand that was shaking like a leaf in the wind. His face went white; I saw his knees bend under him; and then down he went to the floor. 'No, no, Doc. My God, don't say that,' he sobbed.

"Yes, Dick, old Tom is dead,' I told him, as gently as I could. But he broke completely down, and cried like a woman. I helped him to his bunk and then went back to Tom's cabin. I knew that a cry would do old Dick good, that he needed to cry. He had mastered himself by the time I got back. I wanted to take him in to Marysville with me. But he wouldn't go. 'No, sir, by God. I'll stay with my partner as long as he's on top of the ground,' he told me. And I left them there in Keep Cool until I could send them help."

## 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 HAZLETT

**Note:** The first installment of Larocque's Journal was printed in the March *Frontier and Midland*. This described the journey from the Assiniboine to the Indian villages on the Missouri River where this river turns abruptly west in the central part of the present North Dakota. The first installment covered the period from June 2 to June 28, 1805.

Saturday, 29. After having saddled our horses, we left the Big Bellies' village. We remained about a half hour at the camp of the Rocky mountains while the latter folded their tents, after which we all set out on the way. We followed the Knife river about a distance of eight miles when we halted and camped. Borgne and many other Big Bellies came to spend the night with us.

Sunday, 30. We traveled in the direction of south when we halted to eat, then we set going in the direction of south-southwest, and camped for the night. There where there were not any hills we could perceive at our right the Knife river six miles of distance. Storm accompanied by thunder in the evening.

Monday, July 1. We set out at eight o'clock in the morning and camped at noon after having traveled in the direction of southwest and having crossed three little streams of water which flow from north to northeast and empty into the Knife river. Rain began to fall immediately after the tents were set up and it rained during the whole day. The savages hunted and killed a few buffaloes. I made them a present of a few articles such as knives, beads for a necklace.

Tuesday, 2. We set out at nine o'clock

and camped at two o'clock in the afternoon after having traveled in the direction of south. It thundered a great deal during the whole afternoon and at sunset there was a storm of such great violence that I have seen nothing similar before, the pieces of hail were of the size of the yolk of a hen's egg and some were as large as the egg even; they fell with such violence that many tents were overturned. The wind was in the west during the tornado, then it turned to the north and blew during the whole night.

Wednesday, 3. We have traveled during nearly four hours across a very mountainous region and we camped at the foot of a very high mountain. I climbed up to its summit but I was not able to perceive anything at a great distance because a range of mountains surrounded us on all sides. I lost my telescope while descending and it has been impossible to find it. We have traveled in the direction of south.

Thursday, 4. After moving forward in the direction of south, we halted for the night on the slope of a little hill near a river which empties into the Missouri above the village of the Panis<sup>11</sup> at a distance of nearly five leagues from our last encampment. We crossed a little stream of water which empties into the Missouri about a mile below the Mandan village. The scouts reported that there were some buffalo in the neighborhood.

Friday, 5. We discovered a robber yesterday evening at the moment in which he seized a gun from among our baggage when

<sup>11</sup> The party camped on one of the sources of the Heart river near the mouth of which was the village of Panis or Pawnees.



he believed us sleeping. The chief sent two young men to spend the night near our tent and to look after our goods. After having traveled during three hours and a half in the direction of south, we perceived some buffalo and we all halted. The chief delivered a harangue and the young men set out on the hunt after which we covered about a league and a half and camped. There was neither brook nor river to furnish us with water; we found only a few stagnant puddles which the horses and dogs had made so thick and so muddy that it was not drinkable.

Saturday, 6. A savage Big Belly found my telescope and restored it to me. We left at eight o'clock; and at eleven o'clock the scouts reported that they had seen enemies. We all halted, the men armed themselves and mounting their horses very rapidly, rushed in pursuit of the last. They returned a few hours after, for the scouts had taken for enemies a part of their own men who had gone hunting.

After we were started on the way we camped at one o'clock on the bank of a little river which flows to the west and which empties in the little Missouri.<sup>12</sup> The wind blew into a tempest in the evening. Covered four leagues in the direction of south.

Sunday, 7. We raised camp at ten o'clock and at three o'clock we saw some buffalo. Some harangues were delivered to urge the young men to make the hunt, while a part of these last who made a guard of soldiers paraded before the body of people in order to prevent anyone from escaping before the departure of the hunters, after which we set out on the way again and camped at the foot of a mountain that we had in sight since the day before yesterday.<sup>13</sup> Covered eighteen miles in the direction of southwest.

Monday, 8. Before raising camp a general enumeration of guns was made of which the total reached the figure of two hundred and four to the exclusion of ours. That day we covered nearly seven miles in the direction of south.

Tuesday, 9. The region covered since the village of the Big Bellies up to the place

where I lost my telescope is very mountainous, then the ground without being entirely level is less hilly. The grass grows plentifully in the plains. While proceeding with our journey that day we passed between two great mountains on the summit of which we perceived buffalo in great numbers as far as the sight could reach. We camped on the edge of a little stream of water which flowed toward the west and empties into the little Missouri.<sup>14</sup> The savages hunted the buffalo and killed a great number. Nine miles covered in the direction of south-southwest and of southwest. The wind blew with violence during the night but we have not had any rain. Many tents are overturned although solidly attached to stakes.

Wednesday, 10. We passed the greatest part of the day where we camped the day before in order to dry the meat and bury a woman who died. We set out on the way at four o'clock in the afternoon and we set up the tents near a little stream of water which flows toward the west, after having covered five miles in the direction of southwest and of west. The region is mountainous but grass grows there abundantly and there are countless quantities of flowers of all kinds there.

Thursday, 11. We have crossed a chain of mountains of a width of nearly three miles and on their summits lies a pile of stones which appear to have been burned; a part of rock broken off from the mountains. We then crossed a plain level enough, then we camped near a little stream of water which flowed toward the northwest; we had covered about twelve miles and at this place we perceived the little Missouri at the right, nearly four miles in the direction of southwest. We have seen a few rattlesnakes during the journey, but we have not encountered any of great size. These are the first that I have seen in the region of the savages and one does not find them moreover in the north.

Wednesday, 12. We have crossed a pleasant plain today and have set up our tents near a little course of water five miles southwest of our last encampment.

<sup>12</sup> Probably Sand Creek in southwestern North Dakota.

<sup>13</sup> Black Butte or HT. Butte.

<sup>14</sup> Probably Deep Creek.

Saturday, 13. We set out at nine o'clock and after having crossed a region mountainous and dry, and crossed over two little streams of water, we arrived at noon on the banks of the Little Missouri. After having crossed it, we went to camp two miles higher on the edge of this stream of water. The width of this river, from one bank to the other, is nearly three-fourths of an acre;<sup>15</sup> very little water passes there and in many places one sees the bottom which is made up of sand and gravel. A few sparse cotton-woods grow here and there on the edges. The elevations have a rough and dry look; they are made up of a whitish clay which resembles a rock in the distance. The ground on which we were camped was covered with a carpet of [ - - - - - ?] thorny so thick that one did not know where to walk; this place is completely destitute of grass. In short the appearance of this region is far from being agreeable. We have covered twelve miles in the direction of south-southwest. A few days ago I gave several drops of Beaume de Turlington to a child that was suffering from colic and this remedy immediately cured it.<sup>16</sup> This cure brought me such a reputation of a capable doctor that I am required to cure all those who are sick in camp. A man came today to ask for me to deliver his wife.

Sunday, 14. We passed the whole day at the place where we camped yesterday; the men dried the meat. I reascended the river as far as a certain distance and I verified traces of beaver.

Monday, 15. We have crossed the river three times today, when it barred the route that we were following in the direction of south-southeast and we camped on the edge fourteen miles higher.<sup>17</sup> It has the same appearance on all reports as at the place where we saw it for the first time. The savages killed a few beavers and I had two prepared by my men in order to familiarize them with this work.

Tuesday, 16. We remained here today. The savages tried to dance the dance of the oxen in the manner of the Big Bellies but they succeeded very badly.

Wednesday, 17. It rained this morning, but at eleven o'clock the weather becoming fine, we set out on the way and covered nine miles following the river in the direction of south-southwest. The bed and the edges were made of solid rock and very little water flowed there. There are a few trees here on the slope of the hill.

Thursday, 18. I went hunting while the others were occupied in raising camp. We killed a buffalo and at three o'clock in the afternoon we returned to the side of the river where we found our men camped at fifteen miles to the southwest of our last encampment. The bed and the edges of the river are composed of rock; the plains are made up of an uninterrupted series of hills formed of rock of which the summit and the sides are partly covered with red pine and with some other varieties of wood, such as poplar, elm, ash and a kind of maple.<sup>18</sup>

Friday, 19. We halted an hour before sunset and we camped near the river after having remounted a distance of five miles.

Saturday, 20. Someone being sick, we remained here today. The edges of the river are pretty well extended and covered with wood such as the ash, the cottonwood, and a sort of bush which resembles a prickling ash and which produces a red fruit of the size of a little pea, a little sour to the taste but which is not disagreeable.<sup>19</sup>

Sunday, 21. The camp was raised at eight o'clock in the morning and we followed the course of the river for a distance of fifteen miles in the direction of south-southwest. The bed and the edges of the river are formed of muddy soil. I saw a dead beaver on the bank. At this place it is possible to cross the river, without wetting oneself, by jumping on the large stones scattered in its bed. As we have trotted continually today,

<sup>15</sup> This expression of measurement does not appear in French dictionaries. It is probably an eighteenth century French-Canadian colloquialism.

<sup>16</sup> Burpee says this is an old English remedy.

<sup>17</sup> The party was ascending the Little Missouri.

<sup>18</sup> The Bad Lands.

<sup>19</sup> Probably the native barberry, *Barberis Vulgaris* Linnaeus, or buffalo berry, *Lepargyrea argentea*, identified by J. W. Severy.



the baggage suffered such jerks on the back of the horses that my thermometer was broken. At this place we left the little Missouri on our left; at a greater distance it seemed to direct itself from the south to the north. We entered in a plain and at one o'clock in the afternoon after directing ourselves to the southwest, we camped on the edge of a little river which empties into the little Missouri.<sup>20</sup> We saw the banks of the little Missouri. We crossed two little streams of water; which are dried up at the time, but there are some deep pools where there are beaver. We saw a large number of buffalo today.

We remained two days at this place. I have been very sick for some time and so feeble that I could with difficulty hold myself on a horse. For this reason the savages have not set out on the way. I bought a few beaver.

Thursday, 25. We set out at ten o'clock this morning and after having followed the little stream of water near which we were camped, about a distance of four miles, in the direction of southwest, we camped. Wind from the southeast.

Friday, 26. We crossed a chain of mountains whose sides and summit were covered with pines.<sup>21</sup> At the foot were many little streams of water well bordered with oaks and maple trees and in this place grew a large variety of mints which diffused an agreeable odor. We crossed three little streams of water which flowed in the direction of north and of northwest and flowed into the Powder river whose banks we perceived on the mountain tops. A very high wind was blowing from northwest and a tempest rose during the night. We passed over a distance of twenty-two miles in the direction of west and crossed a very arid region.

Saturday, 27. At noon we reached Powder river after having traveled twenty miles during six hours in the direction of west-quarter-southwest. The width of the river is nearly three-fourths *acre* here; it is of an

average depth but it seems to have risen lately for it is covered with leaves and with wood. Some large points covered with great trees projected in the river, but there was not any brush and as early as our arrival we perceived several herd of deer through the timber. There are beaver dams the whole length of the river and the savages had killed three of these animals.

Upon our arrival here, we ascertained that the plains on the west of the river were covered with buffalo and that on the banks were a large number of deer, antelopes, and of bears; the last are nearly entirely yellow and very ferocious.<sup>22</sup> The region which extends between this place and the little Missouri is remarkably dry and there is scarcely any vegetation there except some "*Cornes de Raquettes*."<sup>23</sup> Our horses were weakened by hunger. There is some grass in the woods but the plains were destitute of it, and in fact, these must be considered as hills for although there is little timber there, it is impossible except in the neighborhood of the river to find a smooth plain of one or two miles extent. The current of the river is very strong and the water so muddy that it is scarcely drinkable. The savages say that it is always thus and that it is for this reason that they called the river Powder, for the slope rises and carries a fine sand which obscures and dirties the water. There are the whole length of the river considerable banks of sand, whose length and width cover many *acres*; the bottom is composed also of sand and this river flows in the direction of northeast.

Sunday, 28. We remained here during the whole day in order to let the horses graze and the women have been greatly occupied in preparing the skins of the animals which were killed yesterday. I acquired three beaver skins and a bear skin.

Monday, 29. We raised camp this evening and went to set up our tents four miles higher after having proceeded in the direction of southwest.

Tuesday, 30. We set out early this morn-

<sup>20</sup> Boxelder creek.

<sup>21</sup> The mountains east of Powder river in southeastern Montana called Blue Mud hills.

<sup>22</sup> Grizzly bears.

<sup>23</sup> Prickly pear, *Racquettes* refers to Indian fig, *Cornes* refers to the horn appearing arms bearing the edible fruit.—J. W. Severy.

ing. While everybody followed the river for a distance of seventeen miles in the direction of southwest, I went hunting with the chief and a few others. We wounded a kid, a buffalo, and an animal which had long horns, but we did not kill anything. The chief made the remark that someone had thrown some bad medicine on our guns and that if he succeeded in knowing him, the guilty would die for it.

The region is very mountainous in the neighborhood of the river but it does not seem to be as much toward the north. At nearly two miles from the encampment, from the west side of the river begins a chain of lofty mountains which extend to the north and seem about twenty miles long.<sup>24</sup> From the other side ran not distant the Tongue. A chain of hills separates the two rivers.

I made the ascent of a few very high mountains on the side of which I found a large number of shells of the variety *Cornu ammonys*, called by someone "Snake Shell," in the same way as a kind of bright stones lying on the surface of the soil. Apparently they were carried by the waters of rain which dissolved the soil in the neighborhood. They are of various sizes and shapes; they have the clearness and the lustre of a painting in water-colors and reflect with as much strength as a mirror of the same dimension. It is certainly these stones which have merited for this mountain the name of "Shining Mountain." The hills are rough, barren, made up of rock and on their summit or in the neighborhood of the latter are some layers of shifting red gravel which after having been washed by rains give to these places a reddish color. On many hills are a mass of "calomid stone" in which I have found the pumice-stone a few times.

When we left the encampment this morning we were stopped by a party of warriors who did not wish to let us set out, because, they said, a general hunt taking place before, they feared that our departure might give alarm to the buffaloes.

Nevertheless, the promise of the chief that we would hunt only in the neighborhood of

the camp, and respect for my presence made them consent to let us set out but we were bound in order to avoid jealousy to steal away without being perceived.

Wednesday, 31. We set out at seven o'clock in the morning and after having gone up the river for a distance of thirteen miles in a southerly direction, we camped towards the middle of the day, because the wind blew from the south and it was very warm. I acquired a few beaver skins.

Thursday, August 1. Rain and thunder kept us from setting out today. The level of the river raised six inches and the water is as thick as mud. The current is not very strong.

Friday, 2. Last evening some shots were fired at a few children who were playing on the edge of the river a little distance from the camp. Alarm spread in the camp and guards were installed for the night but they did not discover anything. It rained abundantly during the greater part of the night. We raised camp at one o'clock in the afternoon and covered nine miles following the course of the river in a southerly direction. The hills on each side of the river are closer to each other than they were up to now. The banks or shores are neither as spread out nor as well covered with wood and the grass there has been completely eaten by buffalo and deer.

Saturday, 3. We set out at sunrise. The weather was beautiful, the wind blew from the southeast and we camped at one o'clock in the afternoon, after having marched in a southerly direction. We have, as usual, followed the course of the river whose bends are very sharp; these last do not exceed two miles and several do not measure even one mile. The condition of the region indicates that we are approaching some large mountains and some sources of the river. A few antelope or roe have been slaughtered today. The last nights have been very cold.

Sunday, 4. We have not raised camp until late in the evening. This morning, after having mounted the hills which border the river, we saw the Rocky Mountains at a

<sup>24</sup> This description of the hills west of Powder river gives and exaggerated suggestion of their height.



great distance with a small telescope;<sup>25</sup> we could easily distinguish the precipices and the crevasses as well as the trees scattered about on the rocks. We moved the camp four miles higher on the river after having traveled in the direction of southeast.

Monday, 5. Fog very thick this morning and the night has been so cold that I bought two buffalo skins because our cover would not preserve us enough against the cold to permit us to sleep. Nevertheless, the weather is very warm in the middle of the day. We set out on the way at seven o'clock; the wind blew from the northwest and we covered twelve miles while following the river in a southerly direction. We reached the place where the Pine river divides into two parts and flows thus over a distance of about a mile.<sup>26</sup> The water of this river which comes from the mountains a little ways off, is clear, excellent, and very cold, while that of the Powder river is so muddy that the savages have to hollow out a place on the bank in order to procure water for drinking. We have left this last river at our left in order to ascend the Pine river which flows on a bed of rock and of which the width is twenty to thirty rods. It is strewn with rapids and there is little timber on its banks.

Tuesday, 6. We raised camp at seven o'clock and covered two miles in the direction of southwest while ascending the Pine river. Before us are the Rocky Mountains which we have had in sight during the whole day. The wind blew from the northwest and the weather was foggy. A savage dangerously wounded the wife of another by firing on her in the chest. Jealousy impelled him to commit this act. They were occupied with this case at the time when I prepared to set out. They seemed to desire that I go away. I had in my possession twenty-three beaver skins; in their opinion, that is a very large number and a great many more than we needed. They believed that after having seen the Rocky Mountains we would retrace our steps immediately for they can not understand that I can have the intention of discovering something there. It is very difficult to make them understand

by signs alone, especially in this occurrence, because they do not wish to understand.

Wednesday, 7. We set out at six o'clock and after having traveled in the direction of south we set up our tents nine miles higher on the shore of the river. The savages hunted and killed many buffalo and a female came to take refuge among the horses where she was killed. At five o'clock in the evening we started out again on the way and after having traveled against the wind in the same direction as in the morning, we camped five miles higher.

Thursday, 8. We have covered twenty-four miles in the direction of southwest while following the course of the Pine river. Many little streams of water descend to empty there each a little distance from the other. A man and a horse were wounded by a bear but the wounds are not dangerous. There are a great many fruits in the neighborhood and bears in great number. Wind southeast. We camped here at the foot of the mountain.

Friday, 9. The savages have gone hunting and have returned with many skins which must be prepared for making tents. The weather is cloudy and the wind is from the south. The rapids are very frequent at this place in the river; the current is rapid between the latter and the bed of this river is made of rock.

Saturday, 10. A few savages have returned from the hunt and have brought back nine beaver skins which I obtained for beads. Same temperature as the day before.

Sunday, 11. They did not know what direction to take in setting out from here and for this reason it was decided to remain where we are up to the return of a party of young men sent to the west side of the mountains. They inquired often of our departure on the subject of which their anxiety is great; they ask if I must leave them soon and today they were more troublesome than usual. What I have seen of their lands up to the present has not informed me of what I have to know on the subject of beavers. I told them that I would remain with them twenty or thirty days longer; that I would desire greatly to see the Yellow-

<sup>25</sup> The Bighorn range.

<sup>26</sup> Pine river is Clear creek in northern Wyoming, an affluent from the west of Powder river.

stone river and the place where they resided usually, except that I would find it impossible to return and bring them what they needed. They were astonished that it was true but as to my ignorance of their land they resolved to dispel this objection by mustering some one among them to construct on a prepared skin, I believe, a very good map of their country on which they indicated to me the places where I could meet them at various seasons of the year. The only reason which makes them desire my departure is, I believe, their haste to receive the other objects that I have in my possession for we do not straighten in any way those whose tent serves us for shelter. Besides they claim to be attached to us, they treat us well and will lament, they say, when we shall leave them.

Monday, 12. The young men who had been sent to explore, have returned and report that there are a great many buffalo and fruits in abundance on the Little Horn river, that they have seen the place where their men who did not go to the Missouri were camped recently (nine huts), that they had crossed the mountains and had not seen any trace of enemies on the other side. Then they held council and harangues were delivered to the effect of raising camp the following morning and of going in the direction of the Yellowstone river.

Tuesday, 13. We set out on the route at half past eight in the morning. We advanced toward the west along the mountain across streams of water and mountains such that I have seen nothing similar before. As it is impossible to ascend these mountains with loaded horses we were obliged to turn them round halfway to the top where we ran great danger of rolling below, for they are so steep that the one side of the horse which carries the baggage grazes the side of the mountain. A false step of the horse would certainly be fatal to the latter and to his rider. The wind which was blowing from the southeast turned to the northwest during the evening and the atmosphere is stifling. We camped at noon on a little tributary of the

Tongue river whose water is very clear and cold as ice.<sup>27</sup> The savages killed two bears today. I acquired a few bear skins. I saw a few crows today and they are the only birds that I have met since my departure from the Missouri except a few woodpeckers.

Wednesday, 14. It rained during part of the afternoon. As soon as the rain ceased we set out on the way but it commenced to rain again and the rain fell without interruption up until our arrival at another branch of the Tongue river where we camped. We covered about ten miles in a westerly direction while following near the mountain and we crossed several little streams of water which all empty into the Tongue River. Most of these were dry and covered with a thick bed of white willow. There were no beaver dams but I saw a few cranes.

Thursday, 15. Weather beautiful and clear. I bought eight beaver skins and bought a horse for which I gave a gun, 200 bullets, a flannel garment, a shirt, a sharp hatchet, a battle-axe, an iron bow, a comb, a dagger-knife, a short knife, two "Wampoon hair pipes," a [ - - - - - ], two hatchets, "one Wampoon shell, 40 B. Blue Beads, two Mass Barley Corn do, Corn do" and six feet "W. S. Red Stroud."<sup>28</sup> We set out from here at eleven o'clock and after having covered nine miles in the direction of northwest we camped on another branch of the Tongue river. Wind from the northwest, weather beautiful and warm. The savages killed some buffalo and a few bears; but they hunt the latter only to amuse themselves for they eat their flesh only when they are impelled by necessity. Everybody is now enjoying the position of a bear that they made penetrate in a thicket; after having placed him in anguish for a long time they killed him. They rarely remove the skin of this animal.

Friday, 16. I bought a saddle and a bridle for the horse which I acquired yesterday, and in return I gave powder for forty shots, for few bullets remained to me. "I gave 20 pounds of powder for a beaver only; 1 knife, I sell 2 beavers; 10 string blue beads,

<sup>27</sup> The road was over the foothills of the Bighorn range and the camp was probably a short distance west of the present Sheridan, Wyoming.

<sup>28</sup> The meaning of Mass Barley Corn is uncertain. Strouds were large flannel coverings made mostly in England.



## The Frontier and Midland

1 beaver and so on." We covered fifteen miles in the direction of northwest while following the mountain as usual; we crossed three little streams of water which empty into the Tongue river where we arrived at one o'clock in the afternoon. We crossed it at the ford and camped on the north side. On the north and northeast side between this river and the Big Horn river is a small mountain which they call Wolf Teeth<sup>29</sup> (*Se la* in the language of the Rocky Mountains and *Seja* in that of the Big Bellies). Fine weather, wind from the northwest.

Saturday, 17. The savages having hunted yesterday, camp has not been raised and we have spent the day here. There were many bears in the neighborhood drawn by the wild cherries and the other fruits that there are here. The banks of the river are covered with bear dung as the approaches of a stable are with cattle manure. A great number of cherry trees of great height are broken by these animals. The savages kill one or two of them nearly every day. The Tongue river is narrow here; its width is about twenty feet and its depth two feet in the deepest part of the rapids. It descends to empty into the Yellowstone river and many little streams of water descend to empty in its course. There are some points of land spread out sufficiently and well furnished with wood, to know: . . . . . and of maples.

Sunday, 18. We left at seven o'clock and went toward the north. At noon we stopped on a branch of the Little Horn river and the greater part of the savages went back as far as this last to hunt. We set out again at half past two in the afternoon and after having crossed the river we camped on the other bank where we found those who had gone hunting well supplied with fresh meat. We covered fifteen miles today and although we are still in the neighborhood of the mountain, we are a little more distant than usual.

Monday, 19. Since we have been in the neighborhood of the mountains, many women

have deserted with their lovers to disappear toward their fine tents on the other side. There are neither any animals in the mountains nor on the other side, and for this reason, they are not inclined to take this direction, although the desertion of their women drew them there strongly. Harangues were delivered twice to the effect of raising camp and a counter-order was given before the tents were folded. This misunderstanding was caused by the desertion of the wife of "Spotted Crow" who directs our route, for the latter wished us to go on one side while the chief of the other bands wished us to go on the other. Since I have been with them the jealousy has been because the horses have been killed and the women have been wounded. A Snake Indian killed his wife with a shot to-day and it seems that he was not without reason, for it is the third time, they say, that he has found her with her seducer. The Little Horn river flows to the east [west] of the mountain<sup>30</sup> and forms at the place where we are a bend north quarter northeast, then twisting around the "Wolf Teeth," it empties into the Big Horn river. The bed of the river is formed of rock, the water which flows there in a continual rapid is clear and cold as ice. The ground is dry and on the banks of the river is a little wood of the same kinds that we have already mentioned. I purchased six beavers.

Tuesday, 20. We set out in the direction of west and after covering three miles, we camped in a magnificent place where there was grass in abundance for the horses. I purchased three beavers.

Wednesday, 21. I made presents of several articles to the chief and to several other important persons. We passed the whole day here. There were a great many ash trees here and nearly everybody profited by manufacturing whip handles. It is for this reason that they came to this place, for ash is rarely found elsewhere. I noticed beaver dams on this river.

*To be continued in next issue.*

<sup>29</sup> Wolf mountain.

<sup>30</sup> The Littlehorn is west of Wolf mountain and the Rosebud range.

## BOOK SHELF

**Davy Crockett.** Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1934. \$2.50.

Davy Crockett was a frontiersman *sans peur et* (almost) *sans reproche* of the indubitable ring-tailed roarer breed. Which is to say that the fame of his deeds was of the sort bound to go on living, and being added to, long after his death. The renown formerly his, appears in truth, now that we can look back upon it, as the veritable stuff of which legends are always made, and the person about whom it clustered became, by a process that is wholly natural, a figure of mythology. But between the prodigious feats of valor and endurance he performed while alive and those credited to him years later there is no essential difference, unless it be the negligible one of extended "tallness." Though dead he lived on, and in the minds of his fellows he remained the half horse, half alligator human being they had known well and widely on the hunting-trail, on the hustings, and on the battlefield. From the time he was cradled in the shell of a snapping turtle until that memorable morning, of a date indefinitely beyond that of his dying at the Alamo, when he thawed out and kicked loose the frozen gears of this old earth and returned gaily home with a bit of sunrise in his pocket he is all of a piece. Consequently Miss Rourke is amply justified in making the free use she does of legendary material when verifiable accounts have failed her (although she is not to be thought of as having written a "fictionized biography" in the ordinary sense of that phrase) and in carrying the narrative on past the close of her hero's life to its inevitable culmination in his virtual, though comic, deification.

The result is a wholly delightful and satisfying book, delightful and satisfying alike to the adventure story reader and the scholar interested in frontier research. It is also an exciting book, and equally so in retelling Crockett's marvellous exploits or in tracking down the truth about those who recorded them. For Miss Rourke has not been content only with bringing together her great array of fiction-findings, the showier and more amusing returns from what is certainly the most thorough-going examination of her source materials that has yet been made. She has investigated various problems of disputed authorship and, so far as they are likely ever to be solved, she has solved them. And she has reduced it all, the tangled wealth of stories and the vexed questions of their authorship, to the artist's written word with

that same rare combination of irresistible gusto and delicacy of style that has made her previous works so notable. Those persons who insist that there is nothing lovely in the chronicles of western pioneering and that nothing worthy of being termed beauty can be derived from them had better hold their horses until they have read this proof-in-the-pudding denial of the grounds for their prejudice.

Having once stated in these columns that the Crockett cycle of legends owed nothing to the northwest I had better now do penance to *Frontier and Midland* readers by pointing out that Miss Rourke shows me to have been mistaken to whatever degree this opening of one of her anecdotes about Davy indicates: "Once he got trace of two mammoth buffaloes from the wilds of Oregon that snorted blue fire and bellowed small thunder."

**Stephen Foster, America's Troubadour.** John Tasker Howard. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1934. \$3.50.

This is the latest, and probably the last, of the biographies of Stephen C. Foster. There have been two others and numerous reminiscential articles. Mr. Howard's work is more nearly definitive than that of any of his predecessors, and has been conceived and carried out with the purpose of correcting in so far as is possible their errors by bringing together all that is certainly known about its subject. Its virtues in the compilation of data have, however, turned out to be its failures in the compulsion of interest. The book is a heavily moving array of dull documents. Without question it makes most of its intended points but unfortunately, as its author admits in at least one case, they are scarcely worth making. In short this painstakingly exhibited collection of materials is a convincing proof by example that a compelling biography can be written only about a compelling personality. And America's Troubadour was assuredly not that. He had a pretty, if limited, melodic talent, though he was lacking in a needed skill in harmony to match it, and he was, as his biographer insists, a "dear friend and gentle heart." But he was hopelessly sentimental and weak-willed. And it was these deficiencies of character rather than any failure of his family to understand him or the absence of opportunity to secure an adequate musical training that made his pitiable end inevitable. Had he had the stuff of true genius in him he would have come much nearer winning through to success than he did. He



was anything but a total failure, of course. No man could establish himself so thoroughly in the appreciation of his countrymen as Foster did with such songs as "The Old Folks at Home," "Old Back Joe," and "Oh, Susanna" and properly be held to be that. And happily it is his best work only that has become his enduring memorial, albeit it has not always borne his name. That his best work should live, in the future as in the past, is obviously of more importance than that his name should be remembered, however gratefully. But that his name will not live along with his songs there is now, thanks to his most recent biographer, little reason to fear, though it will be honored, and rightly so, for what he did and not for what he was. That that is about all that matters is about all that Mr. Howard succeeds in telling us. Possibly that is all he intended to tell us.

V. L. O. Chittick

**The Great Tradition.** Granville Hicks. Macmillan, 1933. \$2.

The American novitiates in communism are eager to step forward with their new yardstick and demonstrate what novel and convincing results may be attained by its use. But Mr. Hicks does not quite play fair. His first appeal is to American idealism, and then, while the cockles of our hearts are aglow, he draws the flag aside and, presto, shows us embracing communism and championing "that class with which the future rests."

This is his argument in a paragraph. The "great tradition" is that American literature has always been critical of greed and meanness, and touched with a hopeful passion for brotherhood and justice and intellectual honesty. Therefore, how can we help taking sides (one side) in the class struggle? Nevertheless, if we look at American literature since 1860, we shall see that all our men of letters have evaded the issues, written apologies, turned callously from suffering, dabbled in trivialities, or, at best, staged some futile or irrelevant rebellion. It is high time, then, to return to the "tradition." That that tradition turns out to be communism is but one of the argumentative sequences.

We are thus prepared (by reading Mr. Hicks' last chapter first) to appreciate the critical estimates of our men of letters since the Civil War. We shall recognize something, perhaps, of Parrington, Mumford, Brooks, but with an added dash of the economic motif. After the Civil War, says Mr. Hicks, the country embarked on an era of industrialism which all but smothered the "tradition"; and artists, in consequence, suffered an eclipse, especially since none of them quite dared accept the challenge. In one way or another, all were "vitiated by faults that may be more or less directly

traced to the instability of the basic economic situation."

None wanted to commit suicide by studying big business. Henry James fled to Europe, Mark Twain sensed the end of the frontier, but was helpless and forlorn, Howells timidly sketched the surface, and the rest merely looked aside and sought one or another romantic evasion. A few novelists finally appeared to challenge—Norris, Herlick, Sinclair, but with meagre output. Veblen, Dewey, Beard showed the way, but none followed. Among the artists was only frustration—Dreiser, Cabell, T. S. Eliot, to mention three widely varying personalities. Cabell is "a fraud," "a sleek, smug egoist," baiting "mild little fantasies" with "delicate obscenities." Willa Cather, sinking into "artistic sterility," turns to "dull and empty" poetic fantasies of the past. Lewis writes satire, it is true, but he surrenders to what he scorns. And the poets and critics are worst of all. At least, almost none of them will write about factories, exploitation, and the plight of the farmer. Thus Mr. Hicks!

There is, without question, considerable verity in Mr. Hicks' survey of American letters since 1870, and his estimates are at times shrewd, if rarely pursued very far. No student of American letters can ignore the dreary sentimentalities of the latter 19th century, though it may at least be debated whether the full explanation is to be found in economic cowardice. Bleak as the period was, who will wish that it had been given with single-hearted devotion to "class warfare," and a championing of the wage-slave, as the sole subject for *belles-lettres*? That might have been drearier still for the student of letters. In short, as is apt to be the case with books that labor a thesis, this volume tends to over-simplify many-faceted life.

Wilson O. Clough

**The Fool of Venus.** George Cronyn. Covici-Friede. 1934. \$3.00.

For undiscerning readers who like what is loosely called romance (and I mean those glamorous evasions which are served up to persons who would rather dodge life than face it), this book will be a brimming dish. It is another story of knighthood in flower when adultery saved marriage from boredom, husbands from cynicism, and wives from that chaste martyrdom which has since overtaken them in the parables of clubs and teas. For here is the tale of Peire Vidal, greatest and maddest of the troubadours, who, attended by Venus and his viol, puts wives to bed and husbands to envy. Here is such song as rarely finds its way into books and such color as makes even a dungpile smell sweet. Here, superficially, is another, but less prepossessing, Don Juan, set down in Provence and the Twelfth Century, and devoted to song

and seduction and justice; and in the last two he achieves, because husbands, even in that remote time, were husbands, a most happy agreement. If you like ladies (in books) who surrender, and gentlemen who see in surrender a virtue particularly womanly, then here is three dollars' worth of vicarious love.

But the book for all its tapestried color and beguiling rhetoric is not a romance at all. It is a huge mosaic, splendidly done; but also, and more importantly, it is a devastating picture of that chivalry which glorified women to make them more approachable. If you have ears only for Mr. Cronyn's rich and singing prose, you will not perceive that it thinly disguises more meanness masquerading as ideals, more sexual perversions lifted to threnodies, and more fatuous emptiness in an elaborate idealization of womanhood, than can be found in any modern novel known to me. If you are looking for Richard the Lion as a great crusader for the Christ, it may be you will find him here; but you will find also, if you understand what you read, a champion of Christendom whose gestures to God summarized his degeneracy. And what Mr. Cronyn has done for Richard he has done for the whole absurd and unclean hysteria of the time. This is an oblique and colorful pageant of religion and love hanging as the two thieves with Jesus. It is also, more obviously, the story of an almost-ancient crooner who rather anticipated our modern ones in the discovery that the way to a woman's heart is through the plaintive canzo of a lover-son. If, looking under the surface, you don't like the perversions burgeoned with flowers of paradise, turn on your radio and compare those excellent Provencal songs with what you hear.

Vardis Fisher

### The Civilization of the Old Northwest.

Beverly W. Bond, Jr. Macmillan. 1934. \$3.50.

The author of this book has made a careful and intensive study of newspapers, public records, and the papers of important men of the Old Northwest. From this mass of material, hitherto little used, he has written a detailed narrative of the local history of the period. From newspapers he describes the charm and fertility of the Old Northwest, the sales of western lands and the migrations to this new country, and from official documents he describes the government of this new territory. With similar evidence he describes in detail local politics, the conquest of the Indians, land problems, pioneer agriculture, canals, roads, trade, industry, schools, newspapers, religion, and social customs. The reader is furnished with lists of books offered for sale at different stores, accounts of ama-

teur theatricals, singing schools, debating societies, prices of farm produce, and much other detailed information.

In spite of the author's enthusiasm and his admiration for these people, the facts presented leave the reader feeling that the life depicted was full of jealousies, prejudice, violence, and selfishness. The chief interest centers in Ohio, and the picture of St. Clair is the most brilliant part of the book.

The student of this period will find the book a store of information. Although the author holds a somewhat narrow viewpoint, and is not entirely impersonal, his work is done thoroughly. A number of such volumes would give a new basis for estimating our social and economic problems.

Paul C. Phillips

**Warpath.** Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. \$3.00.

For the use of ethnographers we need as many authentic records of Indian life as can now be obtained. For general readers interested in Indian life there is satisfaction in each new account. Mr. Stanley Vestal, a skilled researcher in such material, has this time recorded, in his own and not the Indian's words, the reminiscences of White Bull, a Minneconjou Sioux chieftain now about eighty years of age. The record is, naturally, account of happenings in the life of Plains Indians—mostly dream-visions, buffalo kills, and *coup*-counting in "wars" against both Indians and whites. The reader here gets another Indian version of the Custer last stands—which differs from the Indian version in Mr. Frank Linderman's *Red Mother*, an account of the Wagon-Box Fight and of the Fetterman "Massacre." Indian versions of encounters with white men are important, since heretofore we have had few but white men's stories of them. The Indian memory, one finds, is more likely to be accurate. Incidentally one learns of White Bull's fifteen marital adventures and jealousy between two of the wives. White Bull in the end becomes a Christian convert and an Agency Indian, when all vitality in him vanishes; he becomes a tool of white men employed even against Indians. A most unusual incident is White Bull's sparing of enemies, a man and his squaw, when the latter "reminded him of his mother." (This reason for clemency, so contrary to Indian nature, suggests Christian influence even on White Bull's memory. Possibly rationalizing is not unknown among Indians!) The book is illustrated with drawings by White Bull. The material and writing are of the usual Vestal standard of excellence.

H. G. Merriam



**Blue Gold, a Romance of the Rockies.** Agnes K. Getty. Caxton Printers. 1934. \$2.00.

*Blue Gold* is a refreshing novel, frankly romantic in conception. The love story, that of a city-bred girl who as teacher in a mountain school meets her silent, handsome hero, is pleasantly handled, but it would be in no way strikingly different from the usual western romance were it not for the setting of the story. The charm of the book lies in the panorama of mountain country, the Cabinet Range of the Rockies in northwestern Montana, that passes before the eyes of the awakening girl. One feels here the writer's exquisite pleasure in far peaks hung in blue haze or flushed to rosy glow at sunset, the swift streams with leafy banks, the solemnity of pine and fir forests. This *Last Frontier* is pictured with a delicate appreciation, which sets the novel quite apart from the usual romance of the West. No reader could miss the thrill of snowshoeing expeditions, of long days in the open, of the quick gleam of darting fish or the sudden apparition of a leaping deer. And there is a third quality in the book that will please many readers. It is the veracity with which the externals of small-town life and of small-town characters are pictured. The general store, the country dance, the boarding house, the school, the one bathtub in town, the prying neighbors—all the incongruities, inconveniences, absurdities of this strictly conventional yet oddly informal community are given with convincing photographic truthfulness. It is a first novel, and should be a popular romance, for the writer has both a good story sense and an admirable sense of visual appeal; hence—for one reader at least—the novel is converted into a series of rapidly sketched scenes in which the characters play their parts against a setting drawn with unusual freshness and charm.

Lucia B. Mirrielees

**Bright Ambush.** Audrey Wurdeman. John Day Co. 1934. \$2.50.

Since lovely song is poetry this volume is a book of poems. The right phrase rather than the brilliant phrase, the smooth flow of sound and of images rather than striking rhythms characterizes these poems. They are in the tradition of English poetry, and do not seek effect through newness of idea, of image, of form, or of rhythm. The reader who likes them, and any person of poetic sensibility probably will, will like their restraint of emotion and exactness of expression, and will respond poetically as naturally as he breathes. The language fits the conceptions; the conceptions are cultured; the culture is a schooled and tempered one. Consequently the reader finds a high level of attainment. Possibly he misses finely memorable lines, passionately forged lines. Yet who could ask finer lines than

*I will find peace, though peace  
be but a moving  
shadowed contentment on a  
shadowy road;*

or more exact image than

*The lip of swiftly settling snow?*

And one should look to "The Eagle's Wing" for passion; to "Keen Cold" for beautiful etching; to "Easter at Whitby" for presentation of a genuine emotional situation; to "The Silent Voice" and "The Fallow Deer" for meaningful deft utterance; and to many lighter poems with humor and fancy edging into them. Here is as surely poetry as has issued from the mind and imagination of a Northwest writer.

H. G. Merriam

**Veiled Eros.** Archibald Rutledge. Henry Harrison. 1934. \$2.00.

Mr. Rutledge has, since 1907, published seven volumes of verse and ten of prose. He is a Carolinian. His atmosphere suggests Lanier through some identity of material. The quality of his poetry is extremely uneven, and because of real beauty in a number of his poems one would wish for a selection rather than a collection.

**Ohio Poets.** Henry Harrison. 1934. \$2.00.

This is another state anthology. It contains poems from 89 poets of a state whose first poetry society was organized in pioneer days. Most of the contributors ignore what has been happening to poetic license. Perhaps to see printed *en masse* over-license, mediocrity, self-pity, sentimentalism, and continual sacrifice of thought and feeling to the exigencies of rhyme will be a good experience for the minor poets who read the book. This result is one justification for state anthologies—that they do provoke study. On the other hand, this volume contains a few lovely things, notably a sonnet (though not strictly in form) "For a Certain Young Poet," by Halley Groesbeck, with which nothing else from the same author compares, and "Nocturne for Chopin" by Rachel Mack Wilson.

**A Little Flame Blown.** W. E. Bard. Southwest Press. Dallas. 1934. (1933 Book Publication Award of the Poetry Society of Texas.)

If all the author's lines were as good as his best he would probably some day win one of the big prizes in the country. His verse has many faults yet rises above them in random, glorious lines. If the Texas award is meant primarily as encouragement to possibility it is in this case well deserved. It is to be hoped the author will re-write, discarding the prose and feeding the random flame.

**More Power to Poets.** Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney. Henry Harrison. 1934. \$1.50.

Seventeen short essays make a plea for more poetry in life and more life in poetry.

Give the authors credit for energy, sincerity, and courage. But pray for their prose style. It misses. The content is probably of interest even to those writers who do not believe in having their books published by any firm offering the publishing risk to the author. Questions are raised concerning awards made by a certain memorial foundation, concerning the possibility of ever providing a sure way by which a poet may live while he writes, concerning pay-as-you-enter anthologies, concerning co-operation among poets, and other matters. The essays are beyond doubt stimulating. One wishes they might be also better integrated as to their subject-matter and of finer texture in their lines.

Mary B. Clapp

### Books Received

(Some will be reviewed later)

**Challenge.** Camille Du Barry. Caravan Pub. Co., St. Paul.

**Saga of a Frontier Sea Port.** Coleman McCampbell. Southwest Press, Dallas.

**Shelter of Song.** Elizabeth Voss. Henry Harrison.

**Itinerants of the Timber Lands.** McClintock. Crowell Co. 1934.

**The Wind Blows West.** Parmenter. Crowell Co. 1934.

## LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF  
GRACE STONE COATES

A \$5000 prize novel contest, with unusually high royalties, is announced by Cassell & Co., Ltd., London, and Dodd, Mead & Co., 447 4th Ave., N. Y. C. The Doubleday, Doran & Co. and *Story's* \$1000 prize novel contest is open until November.

April *Story* carries William Saroyan's "Seventy Thousand Assyrians" as a leader, and publishes a no less interesting letter from Mr. Saroyan. The editors rank his significance with Frank Norris's and Jack London's. He is appearing in *The Magazine*, San Francisco, and has the advantage of being a rapid and prolific writer. His first published story, "Escape by Steerage," appeared in *The Frontier*, May, 1930.

Alan Devoe takes a whack at fake "authors' agents" in April *Atlantic*. Some one will grow sufficiently contemptuous to do the same thing for deadbeat "anthologists" who protest that it isn't customary to return money solicited when they really intended to publish an anthology—but didn't.

Audrey Wurdemann's first book of verse, *Bright Ambush*, comes from John Day Company commended by such critics as the late George Sterling, John Masfield and Stephen Benet. Miss Wurdemann is of the West,

Seattle, but now lives in N. Y. C. Mary Caroline Davies, long resident in N. Y. C., remembers to send contributions "back home" to Ethel Romig Fuller's poetry column in the Portland *Oregonian*. Mrs. Fuller comments on Adrian Huffman's remarkable magazine, *Agenda*, now receiving wide praise. She considers its current frontispiece, "Spring Gemmation," one of the finest lyrics she has recently read.

Theodore Morrison states that a limited number of fellowships are open at Bread Loaf, Vt., to men and women proposed by editors or publishers. "The fellowships will pay all fees at Bread Loaf for the duration of the Writers' Conference . . . No duties or obligations will be exacted of the writers eventually selected, but we shall, naturally, expect their intelligent participation in general discussions, and expect them to provide a nucleus of people qualified to take full advantage of the advice and counsel of our distinguished staff."

The *Writer* sees signs of returning prosperity—rather than desperation—in the flood of new magazines. *The Writer's Digest*, March, lists columns of new pulp markets. Margaret Scott Copeland's *Five* (Portland?) and Alan F. Pater's *The Poetry Digest*, 516 5th Ave., N. Y. C., are new dollar markets for lyrists. *Hub*, edited by Harold Allison and William Henning, 1730 2d Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia., and Karlton Kelm's *The Dubuque Dial* may resemble *Story*, it is said. Mr. Kelm is appearing constantly in the "little" magazines. He conducts classes in creative writing. *Partisan Review*, 430 6th Ave., N. Y. C.; *The Partisan*, box 2088 Hollywood; *Kosmos*, box 374, Philadelphia; *The Rocking Horse* (fine student review), The Arden Club, 820 Irving Court, Madison, Wis.; *The Sackbut*, Curwen, Inc., Germantown, Philadelphia; *The Observer*, 973 N. Dunlap St., Memphis—these are but a few of the new publications.

Richard Sullivan, Kenosha, Wis., who has completed a short novel and is engaged on a folk play, speaks with feeling of the loss to Notre Dame in the death of Charles Phillips, who headed its department of English. Mr. Phillips died just before his exhaustive biography of Paderewski came from the Macmillan press.

Louis C. Heitger, founding editor of *Scrip*, is completing a novel at his home in Bedford, Ind.

Myron Griffin, one of the editors of *The Outlander* (now absorbed by *The Literary Monthly*, 223 Davis Bldg., Portland, Ore.,) will soon have a story in *The American Mercury*. Eli Colter, with six books to her credit, is writing for *Liberty* under a different name. Anne Shannon Monroe, Sheba Hargreaves, Francis Twining, Eleanor Allen and Ethel Romig Fuller gave a two-hour



program at the annual home economics convention, Corvallis, Ore., under the caption, "Women in Western Literature." Miss Allen is doing a series of *Street Sketches* illustrated by Careen Gould, a California artist, to be syndicated.

Raymond Kresensky, poet, lecturer and reader, Algona, Ia., has a story better than most, "First Perilous Journey" in current *Blast*. In touch with the activities of his region, he reminds us that Elswyth Thane, wife of William Beebe, is an Iowa girl. Her biography of Queen Elizabeth, *The Tudor Wench*, is filmed for Katherine Hepburn. Grant Wood whose pictures are on exhibition in Vienna, is still working on murals for the Iowa state college at Ames, with twenty workmen under the CWA assisting him. The Des Moines *Register* runs brief biographies of Iowa writers. L. Dale Ahern, who won the prize for poetry offered by the Des Moines Woman's Club, lost all published and unpublished mss in a fire that destroyed his home. Lewis Worthington Smith expresses surprise at the number of manuscripts submitted in this contest—shows poetic fervor seethes. Mrs. Smith has been asked by Curator Harlan to edit the Herbert Quick letters for the state historical department. J. N. Darling, "Ding," has been appointed chief of the U. S. Biological Survey—the job should give him material. So should Frank Bird Linderman's, if he listens to the Cree-Chippewas' plea that he come and help them make laws for them under the New Deal. *Trumpets West*, says Mr. Smith is a significant book from Sears Publishing Company, N. Y. C., showing the part Swedish emigrants have played in the Middle West. Its author, Elmer Peterson, is the editor of *Better Homes and Gardens*. Nola Henderson's *This Much Is Mine*, Smith and Hass, is receiving high praise from competent reviewers.

The first annual Inland Empire Writers' conference at Spokane was sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, Sigma Delta Chi and Theta Sigma Phi, men's and women's national fraternities in journalism.

The "Tiger Man," hero of Julian Duguid's adventure tale, conducts fashionable audiences on vicarious trips deluxe through Brazilian jungles. Maude Uschold, with a taste for irony, says that before acquiring a taste for tigers, "el tigre" was a worker in a Chicago candy factory, fired in 1907 for eating candy on the job. Beltran Moralez of the Aragat Booksellers, 1517 North Clark street, Chicago, would like contact with those who have, or know of, material to assist him in compiling a bibliography of first editions of John Cowper Powys.

Maud Maple Miles knows a lot about the history of Chicago's public library, from the time it was housed in "The Old Water Tank" on La Salle and Adams. She confirms what all librarians and literary journals emphasize, the drastic cut in resources at

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the very time enormously increased duties were piled on libraries and librarians.

Miss Mamie Meredith, University of Nebraska, informs us that James Van Lieu's story, "The Peddler," will appear soon in *Story*. Mr. Van Lieu won the Omaha Press Club's first prize last year with his story, "The Erection." Dr. L. C. Wimberly, editor of the *Prairie Schooner*, has a story, "Blue's Neighbors," in the *Windsor Quarterly*. Mr. Wimberly's story, "The Program" is included in Macmillan's *Short Stories of Today*, compiled by R. W. Pence of De Pauw University. Dr. Loenard Stromberg, minister-author of Oakland, Neb., has been honored by Gustav V of Sweden with the Royal Order of Vasa, following publication of his novel, *Where the Prairie Blooms*, which deals with Swedish pioneers of Nebraska.

*Out of the Fog* by Sara K. Patterson, dean of women at the University of Washington, is one of the most readable books The Caxton Printers, Ltd., have put out.

Albert Richard Wetjen writhes a timely sea serpent through a Collier's short story. El Coulter's *The Adventures of Hawk Travis* is going into an English edition. Edmund DuPerrier's experiences in hop fields are the basis of his coming novel; his adventure tales of New Guinea still appear in *World Adventure*. Theodore Harper's novel on Russia is authentic by reason of the author's long residence there. Ernest Haycox's serial for Collier's deals with Hollywood wild life.

Kerker Quinn, Peoria, Ill., mentions *Adamant*, verse mag., 1109 N. Sheridan Rd., Waukegan, Ill.; *The Bard*, Jackson, Mo.; *New Quarterly*, box 434, Rock Island, Ill.; *Literary America*, 175 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.; *The Outrider*, 33 Thomas Bldg., Cincinnati; *Southerneseque* (Tenn.) and *Miniature* (Pa.) *The American Scene*, 45 W. 35 St., N. Y. C., contains his first published story. *Avenue*, edited by Arthur E. DuBois, University of Rochester, N. Y., is friendly to unknown writers and those forgotten, so long as they have something worth remembering. Antoinette Scudder is editor and Nell Jones manager of *The Spinners*, a bi-monthly of women's verse, 67 St. Marks Place, N. Y. C., dedicated to the proposition that women can be poets, Ben Musser or no Ben Musser.

In secret meeting judges had decided to award the Goncourt prize to *Journey to the End of Night*, by Louis Ferdinand Celine, but reversed the decision on the score that the book was too conflict-creating. The prize goes to *The Wolves* by Guy Mazeline. Little, Brown & Co. brought out a translation of Celine, in April. It is the story of an underdog; it attained great popularity in Europe. It is written by a forty-year-old French doctor who denies that the book is autobiographical. One reader says, "No sensible man would recommend it to his wife"—but what sensible woman asks a man what she shall read!



# THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

*A Magazine of the West*

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

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# INDEX

Volume XIV, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 1933-34

## VERSE

|                                |   |     |
|--------------------------------|---|-----|
| Baughner, Fred .....           | The Book .....  | 36  |
| Bolles, H. Jason .....         | John Colter .....   | 231 |
| Borst, Richard Warner .....    | Dusty Answer .....  | 262 |
| Bright, Verne .....            | Old Dan Boone } From Mountain Man.....                                  | 191 |
| Burklund, C. E. ....           | Stone Country }   |     |
| Bynner, Witter .....           | Adagio .....  | 293 |
| Calland, Annice .....          | 2 Nigerian Songs—Love Dance, Peacock Dance.....                         | 264 |
| Clapp, Mary Brennan.....       | The Story of Bright-Leaves-Flying.....                                  | 65  |
| Coates, Grace Stone .....      | Palouse Country .....   | 179 |
| Corning, Howard McKinley.....  | Bishop's Visitation .....   | 200 |
| Creekmore, Hubert .....        | Lament of White Peak Men.....   | 263 |
| Elmendorf, Mary J. ....        | Encounter With a Dog.....   | 36  |
| Ernst, Alice Henson.....       | Boomerang .....   | 33  |
|                                | Two Indian Poems—Morning Song, Ya-Ihl's Song<br>to the North Wind ..... | 239 |
| Folsom, Franklin .....         | Old Scholar's Return .....  | 216 |
| Fuller, Ethel Romig .....      | Lightship Number 88 .....   | 127 |
| Gascoyne, David .....          | Oleograph .....   | 119 |
| Ginsberg, Louis .....          | Agnostic's Breviary .....   | 200 |
| Gleason, George Scott.....     | Cattle Shaking In .....   | 58  |
| Goodpasture, G. Frank.....     | Heritage .....  | 100 |
|                                | Vine Maple .....  | 47  |
|                                | 3 Poems—Bars May Tire, Uncovered, Invitation.....                       | 288 |
| Hall, Frances .....            | Psycho-analysis .....   | 201 |
| Housman, Mary W. ....          | Argument .....  | 119 |
|                                | Self .....  | 109 |
| Huntington, Jean .....         | Rain in the Night .....   | 64  |
| Huston, Frances B. ....        | Late Summer .....   | 47  |
| Johnson, Dorothy Marie.....    | "If You Know War Again".....  | 202 |
| Kaufman, Max .....             | The Modern Cain .....   | 202 |
| Lefebvre, Rosmond Neumann..... | Western Canvas .....  | 240 |
| Merrill, Arthur Truman.....    | Land Lover .....  | 34  |
| Moore, F. Dryden.....          | River Reeds .....   | 126 |
| Morden, Phyllis .....          | Mountain Orchard .....  | 180 |
| Morgan, James .....            | Jazz .....  | 287 |
| Morrill, Jane .....            | Only for Teas .....   | 48  |
| Mulder, H. Raynesford.....     | Lambing Time .....  | 221 |
| Nethercot, Arthur H. ....      | House of Bone .....   | 100 |
| Nutt, Howard .....             | Woman, Woman .....  | 309 |
| Olsen, Charles Oluf .....      | Crusader's Epitaph .....  | 47  |
|                                | Time Sweeps .....   | 46  |
| Pratt, Laurence L. ....        | Paper Mill Community—11 Sonnets.....                                    | 301 |
| Quinn, Alberta L. ....         | Truck Garden .....  | 308 |
| Sampson, Ashley .....          | The Boy .....   | 6   |
| Saulpaugh, Barbara E. ....     | Mortmain .....  | 190 |
| Shipley, Joseph T. ....        | Questing .....  | 294 |
| Stevens, Donald K. W. ....     | Song of Indian Summer .....   | 43  |
| Stewart, Winifred Gray .....   | Pledge .....  | 199 |
| Sullivan, Richard .....        | North Atlantic .....  | 146 |
| ten Hoor, Frederick.....       | Portrait .....  | 189 |
| Thomson, Claire Aven.....      | Dark Forest .....   | 99  |
|                                | O Now Is Sun .....  | 180 |
| Tracy, Paul E. ....            | Bed Tarp .....  | 48  |
| Trusler, Margaret .....        | I Have Been Building Houses.....  | 309 |
| Turnbull, Belle .....          | Transplant with Native Soil.....  | 190 |
| Uschold, Maud E. ....          | Drought .....   | 35  |
| White, Hal Saunders.....       | Lament for Forty-Niners .....   | 120 |

## STORIES

|                          |                             |     |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|-----|
| Appel, Benjamin .....    | The Legend Crawls .....     | 7   |
|                          | Pigeon Flight .....         | 195 |
| Bates, H. E. ....        | Harvest Moon .....          | 259 |
| Burnett, Wanda .....     | Dancing Mormons .....       | 110 |
| Coates, Grace Stone..... | Advocate and Guardian ..... | 296 |
| Corey, Paul F. ....      | Run Rabbit .....            | 87  |



|                             |                              |     |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|-----|
| Deck, Homer .....           | Cycle .....                  | 55  |
| Enyart, Raymond .....       | Let a Circle Be Forged ..... | 23  |
| Erisman, Robert O. ....     | Four Sketches .....          | 321 |
| Fisher, Vardis .....        | The Mother .....             | 1   |
|                             | The Scarecrow .....          | 289 |
| Godchaux, Elma .....        | Wild Nigger .....            | 277 |
| Hartley, Roland English ..  | Brief Glory .....            | 124 |
| Hinga, Mary Frances .....   | She Had Forgotten .....      | 203 |
| Holbrook, Stewart .....     | Henry O. K. Fuller .....     | 222 |
| Kelm, Karlton .....         | Ladies at the Home .....     | 207 |
| Lull, Roderick .....        | The Long Night .....         | 131 |
| Mayse, Arthur .....         | The Glory Hole .....         | 316 |
| Nethercot, Arthur H. ....   | Organ-Pumper .....           | 37  |
| Saltzman, Eleanor .....     | Man of the House .....       | 14  |
| Sigmund, Jay G. ....        | Snake Lore .....             | 238 |
| Stevens, James .....        | Careless Love .....          | 181 |
| Struckman, Robert Tod.....  | The Sun Dance .....          | 310 |
| Wetjen, Albert Richard..... | Sutor .....                  | 49  |
| Wilson, Leo Granzow .....   | March Fires .....            | 217 |

## ESSAYS

|                         |  |     |
|-------------------------|--|-----|
| Corry, Andrew .....     | Strawberry-Hill in the Northwest.....                            | 173 |
| Harrison, J. B. ....    | Modernity and Walt Whitman.....                                  | 101 |
|                         | Two American Prophets: Henry Adams and<br>Lincoln Steffens ..... | 265 |
| McWilliams, Carey ..... | Provincialism: New Style .....                                   | 17  |
| Smith, Lewis W. ....    | Movie Technique and Eugene O'Neill.....                          | 305 |

## MISCELLANEOUS PROSE

|                             |   |     |
|-----------------------------|---|-----|
| Bass, Althea .....          | From the Note Books of John Howard Payne..... | 139 |
| Hubert, Ernest E. ....      | A Desert Secret; An Indian Game Corral.....   | 237 |
| Linderman, Frank B. ....    | Chippewa Cross-Bows .....                     | 236 |
|                             | Partners (1st) .....                          | 62  |
|                             | Partners (2nd) .....                          | 153 |
|                             | Secret of Keep Cool .....                     | 328 |
| Margrave, Margaret .....    | Rock Boy .....                                | 325 |
| Parker, Mary E. ....        | First Murder on the Spokane Police Force..... | 232 |
| Pitzer, R. C. (editor)..... | Fire and Flood in Early Denver.....           | 147 |
| Storms, Dunc .....          | Northern Nights with Wolves.....              | 59  |
| Wimberly, Lowry C. ....     | Vachel Lindsay .....                          | 212 |

## HISTORICAL MATERIAL

|                                   |   |     |
|-----------------------------------|---|-----|
| Hazlitt, Ruth (editor).....       | The Journal of Francois Antoine Larocque, 1805.<br>First Instalment ..... | 241 |
|                                   | Second Instalment .....   | 332 |
| Hulbert, Dorothy P. (editor)..... | The Trip to California .....  | 160 |
| McLemore, Clyde (editor).....     | "My Personal Story"—Lieut. Charles C. DeRudio.....                        | 155 |
| Phillips, Paul C. (editor).....   | Family Letters of Two Oregon Fur Traders,<br>1828-1856 .....              | 66  |

# COVERED WAGON

## ANNOUNCEMENT

*The Frontier and Midland*, instead of issuing four times between the months of October and May as heretofore, will begin with the October, 1934, number to appear regularly every three months—January, April, July, and October, in each instance on the fifteenth of the preceding month.

H. E. BATES, Sussex, England, has recently had published a volume entitled *The Woman Who Had Imagination*.

RICHARD W. BORST, Fullerton, California, is a college instructor in English, whose writing has been widely published in the smaller magazines.

C. E. BURKLUND, an instructor in English at the University of Michigan, contributes critical comment on verse to each issue of *Stepladder*.

WITTER BYNER, Santa Fe, needs no introduction to poetry-reading Americans.

GRACE STONE COATES, assistant editor of this magazine, in this story returns to her subject-matter of *Black Cherries*.

Oregon is represented by two of her well known poets, HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING (the revised *New Poetry* contains four of his poems from his last volume) and LAWRENCE PRATT, two others of whose sonnet series on the Paper Mill Community this magazine has published.

ROBERT O. ERISMAN, Buffalo, N. Y., originated *Tone*, a magazine of modern verse, and edited papers of his own in Baltimore and in Youngstown, Ohio.

VARDIS FISHER, whose story, "The Mother," in our November issue caused wide favorable comment, is the author of *Dark Bridwell*, *In Tragic Life* and other novels. MARGARET TRUSLER (Mrs. Vardis Fisher) sends this her first poem to be published from their ranch home on the Snake river in Idaho.

ELMA GODCHAUX, born on a Louisiana sugar plantation, has contributed two other stories of that locale to *The Frontier and Midland*. At Radcliffe College she was a student of "Copie's" (C. T. Copeland).

G. FRANK GOODPASTURE'S (South Bend, Washington) mystical verse is well known to our readers—"the hidden thought must always come first with me."

JOSEPH B. HARRISON, University of Washington, contributes this second study in American literature to *The Frontier and Midland*. The article on Whitman brought many appreciative comments to the editors and the writer.

FRANK B. LINDERMAN is the author of *American*, *Red Mother*, *Beyond Law*, *Old Man Coyote*, and many other books. He is a painstaking student of the culture of the Plains Indians.

MARGARET MARGRAVE, an instructor in English at Morningside College, Sioux City, is

doing research in materials to determine "the place of Indian lore in American literature."

ARTHUR MAYSE, Vancouver, B. C., spends his summers "up-coast" as a fisherman or logger and, working under an assumed name, finds change of identity "refreshing and amusing."

JAMES MORGAN, Kansas City, is "24 years old, white, male," and likes "poetry, art, criticism," is "interested in languages, women, automobiles, music, argument."

HOWARD NUTT, a librarian by occupation, lives in Peoria, Illinois.

ALBERTA QUINN, a Washington resident (Walla Walla), appears with her first poem to be printed in this magazine.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY, New York City, is the author of *The Quest of Literature* and of a forthcoming book, *Ariachne: The Literary Schools*; he has translated several volumes from French, including *Modern French Poems*.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH's play, "The Art of Love," was presented by Donald Robertson out of the Art Institute in Chicago. He is a professor of English at Drake University.

ROBERT TOD STRUCKMAN, a graduate of the University of Montana, has contributed several stories to this magazine and others.

The LaRocque historical document, edited by RUTH HAZLITT, will be continued into the September issue of this magazine.

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