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Muse and Mirror, Seattle, merged with The Frontier, April, 1932.

Volume XV  AUTUMN, 1934  Number 1

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FRONTIER AND MIDLAND is a member of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce.
THE FOLKS
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This is Ruth Suckow's most ambitious and significant work, a novel of monumental proportions. Comprehensive in scope, rich in aesthetic serenity, contemporary in time, this magnificent story follows the growth of an American family out of Iowa. Miss Suckow's characterization of the people in this vital story of post-War life in the Middle West is finely sensitive and varied in treatment. The Literary Guild choice for October. Illustrated by Robert Ward Johnson, $3.00.

FARRAR AND RINEHART
A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE:
MISSOULA, MONTANA
It is the central point for 5 productive valleys
The city itself, its surroundings, its beauty and thrift, the wholesomeness of its people, their neighborliness and their activity—all these combine to give to Missoula a position which has been characterized as unique. It is unique, this subtle charm which holds in its spell those who know best this mountain-hemmed city. It is something which cannot be definitely analyzed. But it is there—a secure tie that gives to civic loyalty an infusion of affection and makes of this city something more than a mere geographic name or a civic entity.

Geographically Missoula is fortunately located. At the head of the Columbia basin—almost at the very apex of that triangle whose base is the shore line of Washington and Oregon—the only part of the area of the United States that has never been under any other flag than our own—a region which is ours by right of discovery and exploration. Its direct eastward connection is through one of the finest passes in the Continental Divide—Hell Gate canyon at whose picturesque western entrance the city stands.

Five productive valleys radiate from the hill-sheltered basin in which Missoula is located. The city is the hub of a vast agricultural empire, world-famous for the quality and quantity as well as the variety of its products. Mountain streams feed important rivers which flow through these valleys. The mountains of the Continental Divide, the impressively beautiful Garnet, Bitter Root and Mission ranges have yielded and are yet producing great mineral wealth. Their slopes are clad with forests of almost incalculable timber value.

Trains of two transcontinental railways emerge from the mountain pass through the spectacular opening of Hell Gate canyon as it debouches into the broad sweep of Missoula valley. Five branch lines of these railways reach out into the tributary valleys.

Important lumber plants, a large beet-sugar factory, railway shops, Montana's state university, wholesale distributing establishments, a high school of distinction, Fort Missoula—a battalion garrison, an airport—these are some of the educational and economic features of this city.
On the preceding leaf are two pictures of logging in the Blackfoot valley, which opens six miles east of Missoula, and a picture of one of the many lakes near the city.

The Flathead valley, tributary to Missoula and north about thirty miles, is an irrigation project, growing wheat and other grain and sugar beets.

The Bitter Root valley is famous for its McIntosh Red apples, which are favorites on the New York and London markets. It is the center of a large irrigation project. Sugar beet and generally diversified farming are carried on in it, and blooded livestock is bred there. It also has canning factories.

The Frenchtown valley is a grain and alfalfa region, with dairying.

Hay is a crop in all the territory surrounding Missoula. It is a crop needed for winter feeding of cattle and sheep, which run in all the territory.
MISSOULA, MONTANA

1930 U. S. Census, 14,657.
Personal Income Tax Returns: 1928, 724; 1929, 784.
City and Suburban Population, 21,000. Most important cities and towns in this area are: Polson (1,455), Hamilton (1,839), Superior (500), Ronan (537), Bonner (600), Corvallis (300), Alberton (276), Arlee (100), St. Ignatius (718), Pablo (177), Milltown (300), Stevensville (692).

Native Whites, 90%; Foreign Born, 10%.
Families, 4,550; Dwellings, 4,000.
Schools, 15; Churches, 19.
Banks, National, 2.
Theaters, Legitimate, 1; Moving Pictures, 3; Little Theater, 1.
Location and Transportation: County Seat; western part of Montana; main line Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific (1 branch), and Northern Pacific (4 branches).
Airport and Landing Field: Municipal, 1½ miles south of city.
Principal Industries: Manufacturing and lumbering, oil refinery, mining, agriculture, dairying, fruit-growing, beet-sugar manufacture, Northern Pacific Railway shops.
Manufacturing Establishments, 25.
Residential Features, mostly one-family houses; a few apartments, no tenements, site of State University.
Retail Shopping Section, extends 8 blocks north and south, 4 blocks east and west.
Retail Trading Area, extends 10 miles northwest, 50 miles west, 50 miles southeast and southwest, 70 miles north and 50 miles east.
Miscellaneous, doctors 20, dentists 19, osteopaths 4; gas, artificial, 1,124 meters; gas, artificial, 1,124 meters; electric current alternating, 5,600 meters; telephones, 4,172; auto registration, 4,500; water, soft.
Newspapers, morning 1, evening 1, Sunday 1, weekly 1.
Printing Plants, 4.

This is the result of a recent survey, made by a national commercial concern and presented in the stereotyped form of such inquiries. It presents in condensed tabulation the commercial and industrial activities of Missoula. It is only the skeleton of the story of Missoula's economic life.

This advertisement is sponsored by the following organizations:

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York
At least once a week I stop at my father’s tailor shop. My father is a Norwegian and laughs very easily. A Greek and an American sell second hand suits for him on a commission basis, and the three of them are artists at disposing cast off rags, but particularly artists at living a long time between meals. My father’s tailor shop is a merry place. It is refreshing to stop there and escape for a while the pressure of despair that walking the dusty city streets brings upon me. As I said, my father is a Norwegian and laughs very easily.

My father and the Greek and the American have lived so long with poverty they are scarred and carry thin bellies like wolves. Steve speaks Greek, Italian, and Spanish, and, except for his accent, his English is better than Mac’s. Steve has four children and hasn’t paid rent for fifteen months. He once owned a restaurant, but he borrowed money on it in 1929 and spent the money on hospital bills for his wife. He is a thin sallow man, curved over a crumpled chest, and smokes sack tobacco when he can get it. Sometimes when I’m flush I give him tailor-mades and he is always very grateful and respectful to me. Like my father, he overrates a college degree, and feels a bit shy before my austere face and my tortoise-shell glasses. He is the sharpest trader in the second-hand section of the town, and, as my father says, it is a circus to watch him sell, especially to farmers who come to town and wander haphazardly through the dirty streets of pawn shops, second hand stores, and flop houses, looking for bargains.

Mac’s folks have been Americans for so long he doesn’t know what country they originally came from before South Carolina. He used to sell clothing for a high class tailor before the depression and he is the only one of the three who knows how to joke in the American manner of lying without changing the tone of his voice or face. I remember him before the depression. He dressed in the latest fashion and smoked cigars. His clothes are ragged now and he no longer carries that prosperous well-fed tone necessary to a successful haberdashery salesman. His eyes shrink like those of a peddler who has had many doors slammed in his face. To hear him talk he drove the first automobile in the state, and knows all the best fishing holes and all the old families.

My father has artistic talents. He has never taken an art lesson in his life. In the old country he managed to graduate from night school at Trondjhem before he finished his apprenticeship, and he got the best grades in his class for drawing and draftsmanship. He came to America when this country was still raw and needed laborers and skilled craftsmen. He came when America advertised itself in the glutted European labor marts as the land of freedom and promise. He came, too, because his older brother inherited the island; and he memorized the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence. As soon
as he could read English and write it he took a course from a Pennsylvania correspondence school in drafting, and nearly finished. He still shows his blue prints of gears and trestles to anyone who will look at them and he has done some very fine charcoals of the ocean, although he has not seen the ocean for thirty years. His pictures are somber, filled with the hunger and despair of poverty, the wither of dreams. I often marvel that an ordinary tailor can capture with a bit of charcoal the ragged hungry spirit of American cities and shadow it into the curl of an Arctic wave. He has made charcoals of movie stars, too, and some of his friends. He is something of an actor, proud as a Viking, and a fine tailor. He takes orders for suits and will either send them to Chicago to be made up or make them himself. The suit I have on now is one he made for me. It fits perfectly.

I have studied the trickery of those authors who use a stupid main character to emphasize a theme obvious to everyone. The best magazines are filled with stories of main characters like that and I understand that it is a very skillful device to use in telling a story. I have no doubt that a good writer could go into my father's shop and through using a stupid character, who would see the significant physical details without their implications, demonstrate very deftly and artistically the injustice and immorality of our economic system. But the device would still be a device, and trickery soon becomes tiresome. There are no stupid characters in my father's shop except customers, and a visit there is stimulating. I am not sure whether this stimulation comes from my feeling of despair being sharpened to bitterness or whether it comes from the three being so merry and cheering me up.

Frontier and Midland

Mac generally sits by the sample table where are spilled hundreds of finger marked samples of fine woolens. A wide chair is there with a soft purple cushion and the seat of the chair slants back in a very comfortable manner. Mac always begins his pleasant stories with "Well, sir, I remember back in 1910 or thereabouts there was a congregation of polygamists at a harness show," and goes on with a tale about fishing or hunting or women, for he is a bachelor, and he lifts his cap to brush his thin gray hair with his hand. Mac is always congenial and humorous and never falls into the black moods that sometimes beset Steve and my father. But then they are married and have large families.

Steve seldom talks. He leans in the doorway, with the nonchalance of a loafer, gazing dreamily at the bedroom windows of the sooty hotel across the street, thinking maybe of Grecian hillsides, until a thick-necked farmer in green stained denims pauses at the exhibit of used clothing in the window. Then he slides with the casualness of a weasel into the farmer's attention. "Step inside. Try it on. Don't cost you nothing." He speaks energetically and winningly, with a husky Balkan slur that lingers pleasantly after the words are said, and the farmer is inside, speaking confusedly, hands buried suspiciously in the pockets where his money is tucked. "You don't have to buy. Don't cost you nothing."

Mac and my father keep their eyes away from the customer. They are skilled in the psychology of selling and no glance from them makes self-conscious. Mac watches me furtively over a little closed smile, and my father leans against the steam press, eyes on the unwashed floor, mouth depressed into a frown. The shop becomes very still and
waiting. I can smell the warm odor of steam tinged with unburned gas from the press, and I can smell the new cloth at my side on the cutting table. From a corner of the wooden clothes roof, which serves to keep dust from the clothing that hangs around my head, dangles a piece of thread-grooved bees’ wax. It makes a dark spot on Steve’s face.

He slips a black serge coat on the farmer and the farmer looks down at the sleeves half way up his red forearms. The coat is at least four sizes too small for him and he looks like a comedian. “It’s too small. Look at the sleeves.” He tests the fit in the farmer manner of shoving both arms suddenly out and crossing his wrists. The cloth wrinkles taut across the back.

“Oh, we can fix the sleeves. We got a tailor. Don’t worry about that. We can fix that easy. That’s easy operation.” He speaks easily and fluently. “Look at the pants.” He keeps the patch on the leg crumpled in his hand and twists the trousers so close to the man’s eyes he cannot see the faded streaks and paper-thin seat. “Fine buy. Wonderful material. What’s your measure?”

“Thirty-six. But I ain’t got no money. I’m broke.”

Steve stretches a tape across the buttoned waistline of the trousers. My father sucks in his breath. “Seventeen . . . Seventeen and seventeen make thirty-six. Just right. Just your size. Those pants was made for you.”

Mac hides his mouth behind his hand and my father slips a sly glance to me to share the revel of comedy. I can see he is choked with laughter.

“I sell you that suit for two dollars. You couldn’t make a better buy anywhere in town.” He studies the farmer’s face and the farmer fingers the trousers crumpled in Steve’s hands. “Honest, I’m telling you. Can’t be beat.”

Mac’s hands fold across the loose wrinkles of soiled shirt upon his stomach and my father works with his toe at a tuft of thread caught under a sliver. Mac and my father will remember every word that passes between Steve and the farmer, every motion, and they will tell me exactly what the farmer was thinking from the time he saw the window until he stepped out the door. They are artists at selling rags.

“Where’s the vest?” asks the farmer, breaking a loose ravel from the trouser cuff and chewing on it.

“Summer. You don’t wear a vest anyway.”

“Well. I better bring my wife down to look at it before I get it.” He pulls the coat off and chews at the ravel.

“I got another one. Cheaper.” Steve reaches a yellow gabardine Norfolk style down from the pipe that stretches a load of suits across the room. “Sell you that one for a dollar and a half.” He hands the suit to the farmer. “You can’t beat that. You can’t beat that nowhere in town. That’s giving it away.”

The farmer grins a little foolishly. “No.” He lays the suit across the sample table. “I can see it won’t fit. I’ll come in some other time.” I watch him move toward the door, a bony awkward man who should fit well with a horse and plow into a picture of farm life.

Steve hooks the suit back upon the pipe. “Sure. Come back when you get ready. We fix you up.”

The farmer escapes out the door and as soon as he is out of hearing distance, my father doubles over with an explo-
sion of laughter, great hearty Norwegian bellows that redden his face and water his eyes. ‘Seventeen and seventeen make thirty-six.’’ His voice booms convulsively. Such laughter might have resounded in the halls of Vikings where my father came from, halls of mead and laughter, before my father left Norway and his island to become a tailor and emigrate to America. ‘Oh dear. Yesterday a fellow says he works at the Zoo and Steve tells him, ‘Yes, I work there, too.’’ A fresh paroxysm shakes him double. ‘Steve never seen the Zoo, and the fellow says, ‘Yes, I thought I seen you there.’’

Mac watches my father with a faint smile. His laughter is more subtle and guarded. He winks at me. ‘I’ll bet his wife’d cuss him if he’d brought that suit home.’

‘Oh dear. Seventeen and seventeen make thirty-six.’

And Steve laughs with a sudden little spurt in the manner of a diffident person whose shy remark has aroused unexpected laughter. He brushes dust off the shoulder of the Norfolk style suit. ‘Y’know, these farmers here eat cloth... can tell the difference between cotton and wool chewing on it.’

‘Yeah.’ Mac laughs. ‘Did you see that? Did you see him break that thread off and chew it?’

The farmers hand down from generation to generation that secret of testing quality. I rub chalk on my finger nails and laugh, too.

My father gestures with his hands in the manner of the lean little Russian Jew next door in the pawn shop and imitates his guttural voice. ‘I ain’t got no money. I’m telling you, Ikey, I’m telling you.’

‘Wheeeeee,’ says Steve, turning from the clothes rack with a thin blade of laughter.

‘I’m telling you, Ikey.’

Mace smiles at me. His face wears the heel mark of poverty: stubble whiskers, shadow of jaundice, furtive eyes, and his collar is dirty and frayed. My father’s collar is frayed and dirty, too, and about all three clings the aroma of sweat and a hopelessness as intangible and unconquerable as the forces that create it. In the old country, tailors wear silk hats, Prince Alberts and canes, and bow stiffly to each other when they pass on the streets of Trondjhem.

Steve goes back to his lounging in the doorway and his black southern eyes gaze dreamily at the bedroom windows of the sooty hotel across the street.

‘Naw, they ain’t got no money. What the hell.’ My father looks out the window streaked since the last rain storm. A bright Chrysler roadster is parked against the curbing.

‘Course they ain’t got any money. Nobody got any money.’ Steve spits on the sidewalk.

‘Only the bastard rich,’ says my father. ‘Does Congress take away the money from the rich and give it to the poor? No. They help take it away from the poor and give it to the rich, and we starve and live on the county like rats.’

‘Yes, it’s too bad,’ says Mac in his calm considered tones. ‘It’s just one big grab.’

‘Sure, what the hell. I don’t want no charity. But my wife and kids starve—what can I do?’

‘Try and take it away from the rich. Just try and take it away.’ Mac stands up and folds his hands in back. ‘Who’s going to take it away from them? Republicans and Democrats—they’re all alike. Ain’t a doggone bit of differ-
ence between any of them. The only way is to get yourself an outfit and beat it to the hills. There’s still plenty of game left in the hills. I know a canyon that’s just alive with deer and wild chickens. I wish I was there now. I wish I had my car and I’d go there right this minute.”

“Ya. Live in the hills.” My father snorts and goes to his sewing machine. He scuffs a handful of cloth cuttings away from the pedal, and sits down. The machine races, stitching the canvas he left when I came in. “Live like animals.”

A school teacher I remember from high school comes in, but he doesn’t recognize me and I say nothing. His face is tired and he is much thinner and more subdued looking than in 1926. “Those trousers ready?”

“Trousers?” My father stops the machine abruptly and looks up blankly. “What trousers are those?”

“To be patched in the seat. Blue serge.”

“I don’t remember any trousers.” He frowns. To demand money for a non-existent pair of trousers is an old trick. “Oh, yes. I remember now. Patched in the seat.” He takes down a pair of shiny blue serge trousers and wraps them up in a piece of newspaper. “How much?”

“Two bits.” My father is proud of his ability to count money in the American style. American slang always amuses him unless he doesn’t understand it. He makes change from the leather purse he made for himself ten years ago. A complicated purse it is with room for silver and bills and receipts, for him a pocket cash register, but a very thin purse in which money drops without clinking.

After the customer leaves, I tell my father, “That’s a high school teacher. He teaches Oral Expression down at Center.”

“Oh, is that so? I thought he kind of looked like a school teacher. He’s cheap, wanted me to put in a new seat for two bits. I told him no, I’ll patch them for two bits, but not a new seat. I’m not cutting any prices. Let the other guy cut. All school teachers watch the dollar. Wear their clothes till they drop off the back.” He strolls to the steam press, forgetting the canvas still under the sewing needle, hands pulled high in his trouser pockets, kicking the heel of each shoe as he walks, an old habit of his. “No, I can’t see any improvement at all. Things are getting worse instead of better.” He catches a belch easily. “Now last January and February I thought I could see improvement. But it’s dropped off to less than nothing.”

“Why don’t you draw more,” I say, because I wish my father would study art, and the disuse of his talent always aches within me.

“Oh, I don’t know.” He smiles faintly and leans against the steam press. “You can’t draw when you don’t know where in the world the next dime is coming from.” A wisp of steam, white and nebulous, floats from a leaking joint past his dark head. “I get so worried I can’t think . . . Sometimes I draw a little to keep from going crazy.” My father is ageing and the wrinkles are deepening in his face. His cheeks sag, too, but that may be from hunger.

“Yes, boy,” Steve turns from the doorway. “It drives a man crazy. Laz night Rosie starts crying for milk. It’s way late and the poor kid keeps crying. Hungry. She’s just a baby and you can’t talk to little kids like that. I ain’t
got a thing in the house. Not even bread. I ain’t got no money to buy food. The doctor says it’s all right if I don’t pay him, but I got to buy medicine for my wife. I don’t blame the doctor. He’s a good fellow. He can’t buy medicine for everybody. But I buy medicine where am I get the money for food? It was eleven o’clock but I got out of bed. I can’t stand to hear that poor little kid cry. It ain’t her fault. I put a milk bottle in my pocket. I don’t know where I’ll go, but I know I ain’t coming back without that milk. It’s raining last night and I pull my collar up around my neck like thiz so I won’t catch cold. I went down to Mike’s. He’s got a little hot dog stand, sells onions and hamburgers. But there was peoples in there and I’ve got shame. I can’t go in there. I went over to Bert’s on Second street but there’s peoples in there and I can’t go inside. I don’t know. I just can’t do. I just can’t make myself beg with peoples around. I got shame. Finally I went down to Tony Costello’s on lower third by the depot. He knows me. We been friends a long time. Ever since we come to this country. His home town’s only a few miles from mine. There’s peoples in there, too, but everyone’s closing up now and it’s raining, so I go in there anyway. Shame—no shame. Two women eating at the counter. It makes me hungry to see them eating and smell the coffee. I walked past them clear down to the end of the counter. Tony comes down there. ‘Cup o’ coffee?’ No, I says. ‘Sandwich?’ No. He can’t see my milk bottle because I’ve got it in the pocket. ‘What’s the trouble?’ he says, ‘something wrong?’ I pull the milk bottle out of the pocket. Rosie’s crying for milk, I say. All the stores is closed. I was thinking maybe I could borrow quart if you got plenty. He looks at me. ‘Don’ you wan’ cup o’ coffee?’ By this time the women was gone out. I ain’t got no money, Tony, I says. I’m broke. ‘That don’ matter. Have a cup on the house. I’ll fix you up some milk in a sack.’ He don’ say no more. Slides a cup of coffee down the counter, and I couldn’t say no. Jees Chris’ it smell good and I was plenty cold. When I was through he had a sack for me. A great big sack, big like a shopping sack, you know, hold almost a bushel. Jees Chris’ I couldn’t say nothing. I just take the sack and go home. Tony he understand. You ought to see what he put in that sack. Two quarts milk . . . bologna . . . sandwiches . . . cold meat . . . pound o’ coffee, sugar. . . Oh, I can’ count them all. Jees Chris’ I feel shame. I can’t see Tony any more. He’s like a brother. That’s like old country folks. They ain’ tight. They got something, and you ain’ got nothing, they divide up. They’re not like Americans. They don’ kid all the time. They got hearts. That’s like old country folks. I don’ care—Greek . . . Jew . . . Italian . . . they’re all alike . . . Your old man’s peoples. They look at the heart. Ain’t that so?’ He looks at my father. “Sure. Jees Christ.”

My father, leaning back against the steam press, elbows against the buck, one foot resting on the lower lever, nods, eyes on Steve. ‘They’re not cold blooded like here. Here all they think of is money, no art, no culture, nothing but grind down the under dog.” Mac spits on the floor. “Well, guess I’ll get out and scare up a little business. I got a prospect I might be able to land if he ain’t too slippery.”
walks out the door. He always does when the conversation veers to the old country. He crosses the sidewalk into the sunlight of the street, looking to the side for automobiles, the holes conspicuous in his baggy trousers.

"If he'd get a decent suit, he could do something." My father's tone is contemptuous, although his own suit was new six years ago. "He knows how to handle the better class of trade. No one better than he is at opening a sale."

Steve shrugs his shoulders, jerks his thumb. "He's losing all his business. Cheat his customers. Sell them new clothes, send back east. Tell them they can get them on paymen' plan. He get the deposit and the company send them C. O. D." He laughs, and looks at me. "Yeah, Jees Chris'."

I think of the trouble my father has had with Steve taking suits out, selling them in Greek town, and keeping the money. But what can a man do when his family is starving? He doesn't enjoy dishonesty, but what can he do?

Father says nothing. He is honest and generous. He is a Norwegian and laughs very easily. He still lets Steve take suits out to sell. He knows Steve's heart. He has a family of his own, a son trying to write. If Steve makes a sale and comes back with the money isn't he ahead? Doesn't it mean food for my younger brothers and sisters still too young and soft to scavenge for themselves? My father is an emotional man and has often cursed Steve and Mac bitterly, especially Steve. The men of second-hand section band like rats together in their fight against the forces that grind them into the gutter, but among themselves, when they forget and blame their own misfitness, they rend and tear. When my father came to this country he dreamed of the tailors of Trondjhem who wear silk hats, Prince Alberts and canes, and bow as they pass each other on the street.

Often I wonder what I should be doing now if my father had never left the sea. He is the first of five hundred years who won't die from drowning. His chest is a great arched chest roped with muscle, and he looks as if he were continually balancing on the deck of a ship, not at all like a tailor. Two of his cousins are captains of freight steamers and his brother owns a fishing schooner that follows fish from Spain around England, Iceland, and Norway to Russia. Perhaps I might have been a sailor . . . Or I might never have been born. As it is I try to write, and I walk about the dusty city streets of the second-hand section. I can feel the weight of despair in all its people, and I know the cancer deeper than hunger that eats upon Steve and Mac and my father.

**HOW MANY MORE AUTUMNS**

**Virginia Marian Ferguson**

How many more autumns
will this ancient fence
hold back the orchard
When the moon blows her
yellow trumpet?
SWEET IS THE PRAIRIE
D'Arcy McNickle

Re-creations, by one who does not remember the original words, of four French-Canadian songs.

VISIONS OF GOLD
Whenever I walk upon this land I seem to see
Visions of gold . . .
Whatever the hand that laid these hills would surely be
Cunning and bold,
He walks upon the prairie
And never grows old.

MY LOVER WILL COME
Sweet is the prairie when bright flowers blow,
Sweet is the warm wind after the snow;
Spring with the bird deep into the sky,
My lover will come when summer is nigh.

Darkling the river that bore him away,
Bore him to northward one bleak autumn day;
His traps in his boat, his fiddle put by,
My lover will come when summer is nigh.

Winter is longer than soul can withstand,
Endless the wind that blows 'cross the land;
Spring brings the thaw and brant cleave the sky,
My lover will come when summer is nigh.

Rich be the cargo he brings from the north,
Beaver and fox skins, a king's ransom's worth;
Then we will wed, my lover and I,—
I pray he return when summer is nigh!

MOURNING SONG
I walk the prairie floor
And hollow falls the sound,
My step rings hollow on the ground
My heart is hollow more.
Night comes, I stand alone,
Gone is my lover, gone
Into dust and my heart to stone.

ROVING SONG
The mountains around me
The blue sky over,
The prairie before me—
My heart is a rover!
I'll have earth for bed,
Make dew my bread,
And walk till my hunger is fed.
WE were sitting on the porch when Minna passed. Robert was talking about his story. Hurriedly. As though he were trying to get said what he wanted to say before something stopped him. I could see by the street light shining on his face that his eyes were like fire. It was the first real enthusiasm he had shown since the day I had married him. That was the time he said, "Right away, Grace. Will you? Right away?" Again, like our marriage, the same need to get it done.

"It's good, Grace. I know it is. It's about a man who knew. He absolutely knew. And nobody believed him. Like Christ. Nobody believed him." Mystery was Robert's forte. He wore it like a new hat.

"Knew what, dear?" I asked.
"Can't you see? He knew." Robert started rocking back and forth in the big wicker chair. I'd have to remind him to fix it in the morning. The left arm was getting looser and looser.

"I'm sorry, dear," I ventured. "I don't want to seem stupid, but what did the man know?" Robert had no patience with me. His vision was like a knife. It could slit the coating of an idea and get to the core of it while such as I were still floundering around the outside. "I have an idea of what you mean," I went on; "you mean he knew why we are here. Why we have to go through our individual hells. Why . . ." I was trying desperately to keep him going, even if he hated me for not seeing. I dared not let him stop. He would be quiet too long. When he went quiet, he was like a watch that had stopped. The last five weeks of our married life had been like that. It had been one long waiting for this minute. I thought of those days of not speaking. Of seeing Robert sitting, day after day, rocking like an old crone.

"No. No. No. It isn't that at all. You don't see the point. It isn't that at all." He was still rocking. His arms on the arms of the chair. His eyes glaring onto the road in front of the house. "There's no use. You don't get . . ." he stopped rocking, suddenly.

Minna was passing.

She didn't look up. She didn't speak. If she knew of us at all, it was because of Robert. People in the town talked about him. They walked away when they saw him coming. Stella Rathbone said that he took her petticoat off with his eyes. It wasn't her petticoat. Petticoats were only stage-settings to Robert.

Chances are, Minna didn't even know we lived there. She must have been to the library. She was always carrying books. Tonight she had more than usual. They looked like a baby in her arms, from where we sat. Her straight blonde hair was pushed behind her ears. Her pale, pointed face was held high. She walked slowly, swinging her body. When she had walked out of our sight, I relaxed into my chair. That was over. Now we were safe. Now Robert would get back to his story. I must bring him back. It would be like trying to fluff up egg white after it had gone down, but it had to be done.

"Dear . . . about the story. You still haven't told me what the man knew." I was crawling now. I was wavering around a volcano. He looked
at me. I knew what Stella Rathbone had meant about the petticoat. Robert’s eyes, with one glance, had slid through my mind. He sprang from his chair and ran down the road, crushing Minna’s footsteps where she had walked so softly before him.

Night

‘‘Grace. Grace.’’ Robert flung himself onto the bed and pulled my arms around his waist. ‘‘Tight, Grace. Tight.’’ He whispered it with the agony of a dying neurotic. With all my strength, I pressed him to me. Hard. Tight. Until the energy had gone from me as completely as a smile goes away. ‘‘Shhhhhhh.’’ I stroked his hair. I suddenly knew why I was born. Maybe the man in Robert’s story knew. Maybe. But I knew. I knew.

Gradually he breathed more quietly. He relaxed his hold on me. We lay like the dead. Suddenly Robert tightened his grip again. ‘‘They’ll get me. They’ll get me in the morning. I know it. They hate me. They’ve always hated me.’’ His voice was muffled. His face was immersed in my breast. I stayed quiet. It would all come now. The words would come fuming and spatting out at me.

‘‘I followed her until she came to Clark street. You know. Right before you come to the Reynold’s house. You know, Grace. You know.’’ He wanted a sound to assure him that his words weren’t spinning around aimlessly. I was the net to catch them. All right.

‘‘Yes, I know exactly. Where you and I used to meet.’’ I shouldn’t have said that, but it didn’t matter. He ignored it as he would a pin on the floor. Getting more excited, he heaved himself up, settling, clutching my night-gown. ‘‘I walked right up and kissed her on the lips. Twice. Not once. Twice. Right on the lips. On Minna Lehman’s lips.’’

Inside, I shivered up like a broken violin string.

‘‘What did she do?’’ I asked. Waiting. I couldn’t see, but I’m sure that he was smiling. If I had dared to look, I’m sure I would have seen fire in his eyes. He was living it all again. ‘‘She dropped all her books,’’ he went on, ‘‘I think she jumped. I surprised her. She didn’t think anyone was there. I kissed her. Right on the lips. Minna Lehman. Twice. Do you hear, Grace? Twice I kissed her. She stood there after that and looked at me. Just looked. Then she said, ‘So it’s true.’ That’s all. I wonder what she meant. She started picking up the books. I should have helped her. But I couldn’t. Can you understand, Grace? I couldn’t. I was like the tree there. And the Reynold’s house. I couldn’t move. But there’s no use,’’ he sobbed, ‘‘You can’t see. And they’ll get me tomorrow.’’ He came back to my breast and lay there crying. I could feel the hot tears trickling down my body.

I started carefully. Picking my way as a child does in darkness. My life, I knew, would be a constant searching for my husband. ‘‘But I can’t see why you’re worrying. It’s all right. She didn’t say anything. Nobody’s going to get you. It’s all right. Go to sleep.’’

‘‘That’s just it,’’ he cried, ‘‘she had it all settled in her mind. Why should she dirty her hands on me. She’d let her father do it. Old man Lehman. He’ll get me. He hates me. They all hate me. He’ll have me put in jail for attacking his daughter. They’ll make it sound like a nigger rape. I know.
I know."

Again that pressure on my body.

The August heat was thick in the room. I, scarcely breathing—Robert, like an asthmatic—lay raveled in the knot of the heat. I could tell by the beat of his heart that Robert was calming again. I prepared for the next outpouring of words. They came. Slowly at first. As though Robert were trying to pick them out of his mind. As though they were sunk so deeply it would take eternity to pluck them out.

"You know how it is with me, Grace?" He was always giving me another chance to understand him. He needed desperately a sponge to soak up his mangled meanings. "I didn't want to kiss Minna tonight. She was a challenge to me. Two things fight in me all day and all night. An urge to do . . . and the futility of doing. They torment me all day long. And at night, too. Mostly at night. And the futility always wins. I'll get a sudden longing to do something good. Write a great story. Build a house. Make you happy. Like tonight. That story. I was sure, on the porch tonight, that I had created a man, who knew. Who absolutely knew. But it's no good. I can see that now. I can't win. There's something always waiting to get me. But tonight I thought I had won. And when I saw Minna pass, Minna Lehman—whom I'd never dared to speak to, just because she was rich . . . when I saw her pass, I knew that if I wanted to win I had to kiss her. I couldn't let it pass. You can see that, Grace. Grace?" The question hung in the air.

Yes. I could see. I had become a person again. He didn't love Minna. Yes. I understood.

"But I didn't win." He was talking quietly now. Reviewing the torments that had been eating into him since he was old enough to think. Now that he had put them into words . . . ugly, ill-shapen words though they were, they weren't what he thought they had been. Now it could be borne. Somehow you didn't have to die.

"It's easy to kill a snake. Or move a rock. You can see them. Feel them. But when it's something in the air, a sneaking something that you can't see, that you strike at but never hit . . . it's hell . . . it's hell." He had forgotten Minna. He had forgotten everything but that it was soft and safe lying on my breast, with my arms around his waist.

Morning

Minna was coming up the street. I tried to keep my eyes on the peas I was shelling. She would pass right by. She wouldn't even look up. Talk. Talk. Talk. I repeated Robert's poem:

_The mind resolves its own defence_  
_With practice of grandiloquence._  
_Establishes within a glance,_  
_A sanctity, by arrogance._

_Alas,_  
_Its fort, and soon resumes the pain._  
_The walls collapse, defences melt,_  
_Again the dreaded doubt is felt._

Grandiloquence wasn't helping me. The walls were collapsing. I knew that Minna was on her way to my porch. Robert was up in his bedroom writing. The morning sunshine had soothed him. "Hello, Mrs. Palmer. Heavenly morning, isn't it?" Minna called. I shivered. I had steeled my body for a bullet and a feather had come. I gathered the ends of my poise.

"Do come up and have a chair, Miss Lehman," I said. "It's cool up here on the porch." She climbed the three steps saying, "We've never met, have
we? But I’ve known you ever so long. And your husband, too.” She had arranged herself in the big wicker rocker. I stood, gazing. “I have always hoped for the courage to come and know you. It came to me suddenly this morning. There’s no harm in trying.” She looked at me as if to ask the wisdom of her reasoning.

“I know about last night,” I said without thinking. The bones seemed to drop from my body. There was no substance to stand upon. I sank into a chair. “I imagined so,” she said slowly—as if there was still a chance that I had not spoken. “Yes. I was sure you knew.” “Do you mind if I talk? How happy you must be,” she went on, without waiting for an answer. “This house—and Robert. I’m in love with Robert,” she added shyly. “I knew it last night.” Again I crumbled. There would be no returning for me. I sat staring. Praying that Robert would not hear our voices through the open window.

“I think it started before I went to college,” she said. She had a trick of holding her head up, slightly tilted, as she talked. It made her face look like a cameo. “I was always seeing him around and hearing the weirdest tales about him. He seemed so fearless of people’s opinions. Yes. I began to love him then. And then I pitied him. Does it hurt you to have me say I pitied him? Does it?”

“No.” I managed to answer. “I see what you mean.”

“I was surprised last night,” Minna said. “I went home and cried and laughed and cried. You would have thought me insane. Honestly. I didn’t think he even knew me. And then to have him come . . . just like, like a ghost . . . and kiss me . . . then, you see, I was sure. I knew that he was what I thought he was. Doing what he thought he had to do. Without caring. Without asking any questions. Do you see what I mean?” Her eyes were shining. Am I a vacuum into which insane questions are always to be thrown, I wondered.

“Yes. I see what you mean.”

“But I don’t want anything,” Minna was talking faster now. “I’m not asking for a thing. I want you to promise that you’ll never, never tell him what I’ve said. Just let me come once in a while. And be friends and talk. And sit in his chair. And hear him talk. It won’t be anything.”

“Of course,” I answered feebly. “Of course.”

“Only don’t pity me,” she asked, taking my hand. “It isn’t anything desperate. I won’t die or cry or anything maudlin like that. I’m not cut out to be anything tragic. Don’t pity me.”

“Oh, I won’t,” I answered.

“You’re fine. But I’m not surprised. I knew you’d be this way. I knew it. And I may come back. You said so.” She turned, to go.

“Of course,” I said. “it’s lovely. I’ll be glad. And he’ll be glad. Robert will like having you to talk to. I think it’s fine.”
BOY AT THE BEND OF THE RIVER

Keith Thomas

His dark head high, his body glowing
White in the sun, he proudly held
Beneath his feet the river, flowing
And writhing, as if it were compelled
Like some batrachian Sisyphus
To struggle ever and without avail;
He stood there clean and wondrous,
Sheathed in the sunshine coat-of-mail.

So must young Hyacinth have seemed
When worthy of the god's caress,
So beautiful that he was deemed
Kindred to none death may possess.

(His name is Hyacinth, though he
May never know I christened him
The moment he dived gracefully
Into the stream . . . boy fair and slim.)

OLD SETTLERS' REUNION

Paul Eldridge

"Mamma, I want you to meet my new husband." Ruby
Elkhair stepped out of the shiny roadster and advanced toward
the house, followed by her prize, a dark young Indian boy.

Lizzie Elkhair, standing in the doorway, surveyed him and decided she
liked him better than Ruby's former husbands. The last one had been a
white man in a Ford, and the one before that a Delaware on a spotted pony.

Aloof from his mother and sister, lounging against a porch-post, Frank
Elkhair, nineteen, eyed the Osage boy and his roadster and then stared at the
sunflowers. He kept his gaze on the sunflowers as the women disappeared
within the house.

Lizzie Elkhair passed silently through the three rooms in the wake of her
daughter's desultory collecting of garments.

"I hope he don't beat you like yo' last man." She was only making polite talk.

"He won't." Ruby looked up. "He's Osage. He's a lamb." Returning
to the porch, she said to the boy, "Ain't you a lamb?"

His eyes glinted, resting on her. "Let's go places, Baby."

"When you comin' back?" Lizzie interrupted, with unusual directness. "Remember nex' Thursday—Old Settlers'."

"Oh Lord, Mamma—"
An impatient blast of the horn interrupted her protest.

"'You comin', Baby?"

The roadster was already beginning to move as she sprang lightly into it.

"Well, too-loo, Mamma!" And the car had spurted out of the yard, rattling over the shackle-rod, leaving the shiny tin cans and the sunflowers of Lizzie Elkhair's allotment.

The woman regarded the receding cloud of dust.

"Nice husband this time, maybe so." Frank rose with languid grace. "'Mebbyso'." He added a contemptuous word in Delaware.

"Hush that! Why don't you 'mount to somethin', like Ruby?" Her voice softened.

The boy's nostrils flared, then drew in and whitened at the edges. He spat significantly.

Lizzie continued: "All time she have nice husband. All time she bring him out for me to see. All time she give me —look." She opened her brown fist to exhibit a crumpled bill. "Now I can buy us plenty. We go with big sack to Old Settlers'."

Frank's beautiful lips altered their shape and slid back until he looked like a coyote.

"Where'd you get that 'us' stuff, Mamma?" Before she could answer he shifted ground. "You think they'll be back Thursday?" His eyes followed the spurt of dust, far down the road now, almost to the pavement, lifting tent-like above the tops of the sunflowers.

A troubled look ruffled the inexpressiveness of the woman's face. "'Mebbyso'."

"'Mebbyso'!" For the second time the boy imitated her hesitation. "You know damn well she won't. And you can count me out, too. Them jug-head Delawares ain't goin' to laugh at me.'"

"'Nobody laugh when you come, Frankie.' She persisted stubbornly: "'They laugh when you don' come.' As he was silent: "Why they laugh? We best of all. Long time our folks been big Delawares. Now no woman in tribe got girl who get good husbands like my girl Ruby.'" She added meditatively: "'I wan' folks see Ruby's car.'"

"'They will,' said the boy grimly. "Don't worry about that. But don't count me in when you buy that stuff.'"

He hitched his overalls and sauntered away. His muscles were so smoothly coordinated that he glided over the grass with a single unified movement. Time to hook up the wells which, pumping only a few minutes a day now, gave the family its meager income that Ruby's presents filled out.

Lizzie gazed at the yellow bill. They would all be there, the Whiteturkeys, the Beavers, the Longbones: they and their kin, their cars and their ponies, to the last lank furtive dog. They would arrive, family after family, clannishly, pridefully; only she must go alone.

The oldest living old timer, she had lived here when there was not a house between the Verdigris River and the Osage Hills, except the Elrod ranch on Wolf Creek. She remembered the prairie as it had looked then, the long grass, changing color in the wind, the flowers that swept her pony's belly and stained her stirrups: white poppies, pale yellow mimosa, and great yellow primroses. There were wide-flung carpets of gallardias, too, like those the white women now planted in their dooryards, and lavender cam-
panulas and tall, pale green spires of yucca. She did not remember the flowers by those names, but she remembered all of them. They were gone now, except for a few, here and there, gasping for life in ill-tended gardens.

She had seen the coming of the white stockmen who paid in beef for their grass rent. She had seen the white men marry Indian women and squat in Big Pastures or on the rich land that ran along the creeks. Then she had seen the oil men from Pennsylvania and Ohio come in and sink wells which harnessed the prairie with their lines of iron. Then the government had forced her and her husband to settle within a quarter section, which they had fenced; and the oil wells on their land had given them a tiny, periodic income.

Lizzie Elkhair despised the oil field workers who lived near her in small flimsy cabins painted in the colors of their particular oil companies, and looking like little jails fastened onto the land.

Other old-timers felt as she did about the late comers. The Old Settlers’ Reunion at Cloudy was a yearly expression of the helpless contempt of the old for the new.

The gas-engine wheezing choo-bark! choo-bark! broke her reverie. As the engine barked and caught, she heard the singing of swaying shackel-lines. One of them long unoiled reminded her of the five-noted cadence of a meadowlark. A hated rod-line slithered across the road, and the five “jacks” on the lease, which were the pumps of the five wells on the Elkhair allotment, bobbed up and down to the sunflowers.

But as she smoothed in her brown fingers the yellow bill, her eyes softened. It would take her—mebbyso the children—to Old Settlers’ and old times. Thanks to Ruby’s richness, Ruby’s open-handedness, Ruby’s husbands. Lizzie was proud of Ruby’s desirability to many husbands. To her there was no incongruity in their rapid succession. It was like old times when marriage among the Delawares had not been cluttered with much formality.

Thanksgiving morning as the cars zoomed by, shunting Lizzie Elkhair off the shoulder of the bright new pavement, one automobile squeaked, stopped, and backed with a jerk.

“What you doin’ here, Mamma, luggin’ that sack? Oh, I forgot, it’s Old Settler’s Reunion. Well, climb in, Mamma, and we’ll take you to the door.”

The car whizzed away again. They were going like the wind, but Ruby in the little glass house sat as calmly as though she were in her mother’s front room. The conversation took the same turn, too, for Ruby said casually, as if she’d just thought of it, “Oh, yes, Mamma, I want you to meet my new husband.”

Another new husband rather dazed Mrs. Elkhair, but her mind was not on anything so extraneous this day. She said, “Come go with me to Old Settlers’.”

“Mamma, this lunkhead and I are going to Tulsa. He wants to drive this wreck down the street—where it won’t be noticed.” She laughed gayly at her new husband.

Lizzie said, “Let me out at hall.”

The bill that Ruby thrust into her mother’s hand must have seemed to her inadequate. Soberly she said,
"Now, Mamma, next year, husband or no husband, if you can get Frank to, I'll go with you to the Old Settlers' dinner."

Lizzie's keen old eyes lost their bleakness as she picked up her sack.

Back home in the days that followed she began to work with a new craft.

"Why don't you have yo' friends come out here, like Ruby?" she told Frank blandly.

Suddenly Frank's friends began coming to the little oil farm ringed with its sunflowers. They came first in Ford cars, like Ruby's first husbands, and then, as Frank grew practiced in friendship, they came in larger, shinier cars. They called for a host who lounged out to their car, exchanged a word, and disappeared in the sunflowers only to return again.

It was not the smell of gasoline that came now to bother Lizzie Elkhair. The stink of gasoline and the smirch of oil had lain so long on the land that children took its colors for the original hue. They actually loved the dirty oil lakes with the deadened trees standing in them. On their brief excursions outside the oil country they missed the strips of land made barren by salt water, and the iridescent scum on the creeks. The "pretty prairie" was gone, and Lizzie's words could not bring it back to them. Even she was finding it necessary to go once a year to an old settlers' reunion to remember precisely . . . But mingled with the gasoline, a new taint, somewhat furtive, came to prey on Lizzie Elkhair.

She had urged Frank to receive his friends, to stop poking round by himself, to be like Ruby. Frank had done so in his own way, and his friends came. They came boldly or cautiously. Sometimes they stayed long, and there was yelling. Occasionally women came with them, white women who wondered if the old lady made barbecue, too, and, when they found that she didn't, urged their escorts to take them to B-ville, where on a certain avenue there was a place.

A car back-firing like the rattle of guns when the Dalton boys robbed the Coffeyville bank. The lights of another car pouring into the gate, flooding the mean little house, flooding Lizzie's bed for a moment in a yellow blinding glare, and then Frank's soft-footed passage across the yard that was become a road. Talk, giggles, sometimes curses of men at women, or women at men, while the car waited for him, and then departure. Lizzie knew how the stars, white in the sky, shone over the little house. The cool night, cleansing and sweet, poured into the unscreened windows. Then the crickets, whose incessance had been drowned by the tumult, pursued again their placid music.

Frankie's friends. And a new Frank waiting to receive them. Frank became slippery to his mother, so that she could not put her hands on him. She schemed to lure him to Old Settlers' Reunion. He smiled evasively and slid through her fingers.

Sometimes Ruby's husbands and Frank's friends coincided in their calls. Sometimes her husbands became his friends, and Lizzie Elkhair was surprised and amused to find one or another of Ruby's husbands calling for the second time at her mother's house.

It was all confusing to Lizzie. She knew that her children were succeeding in the ways of the white man, but she longed for the simpler, less complicated life of the Indian and into which she
thought one meeting of the Old Settlers’ might turn them.

She sniffed the taint in the air. “Mebbyso Frankie ketchum money,” she conceded grudgingly. “Mebbyso that money ketchum Frankie.”

Frank slept most of the day now, while in the night the headlights of endless cars bathed the crude shack in the glare of false day.

The crickets ceased their chirping as the first frosts struck. In the stripping cottonwood trees behind the sunflowers the jar-flies sang of Fall.

It was at Lizzie Elkhair’s breakfast—Frank’s supper-table—that his mother broached the subject nearest her heart. “I want you to go with me to Old Settlers’ Thursday nex’ week. Thanks giving.”

Frank Elkhair reached out and helped himself to some canned cherries with the air of a tired business man after a hard day’s work. The meager days of the Elkhair household were over. They ate everything now—juicy steaks, fruit out of season and in, hot-house grapes. Even Ruby’s fleeting husbands had sometimes been enticed to stay at meals and had found nothing wanting.

Lizzie ignored the canned cherries and ate frugally of some cá-hú-pún.

“What you say, Frankie?”

Sleepily, “But, Mamma, Thanksgiv ing is my big—” He changed his words and said easily, “My friends will be out.”

Lizzie insisted, “Ruby tell me if you go with me, she go.”

“Will she stop long enough?” He yawned behind his hand.

“Yes, and she’s got just as many hus bands as you got friends.”

A ghost of a smile lit Frank’s face. “By gosh, she has at that.” He reached for a second helping of cherries and then a handful of fig-newtons—the kind that sold in the Cloudy grocery stores for fifty cents a box.

Lizzie waited with her patience that was like an indomitable faith. But if she failed at the “supper” table where his appetite kept him in spite of her words, where could she succeed?

Frank looked up. “Mamma,” uneasily, “you’re like a mosquito, always buzzin’ around. Always hittin’ in the same place.”

Lizzie gripped the table, every line of her spare figure an interrogation demanding an answer to her long evaded desire.

Frank Elkhair glanced at the bedroom door, but he wanted some more cherries, and the cherries won.

“Come to think of it,” he reflected, “I could put a sign up: ‘Closed for repairs.’ Leave it on the gate . . . Well—” his mother caught her breath—“I guess I can go you just as good as Ruby. If she comes through, I will.”

A singing enveloped Lizzie Elkhair, through which her voice came thin and faint, while her hands let go of the table.

“Then I tell Ruby nex’ time she come she leave me some money.”

Frank’s face grew blank—sure sign of his disapproval.

“You’re a doggoned expensive proposition, Mamma,” he said, laying a bill on the table. Then he shrugged out of the room and went to bed. Dawn was just breaking.

Placidly Lizzie Elkhair began her preparations for the Old Settlers’ Re union. She bought her goods—the best. She baked the bean bread that was the basis of all old-time meals. She made
hominy and pumpkin pies. She broiled a chicken and dried the corn called cā-hā-pān.

Heavy frosts had turned the woods. The golden leaves of the cottonwoods crumpled like brown paper on the whitened ground. The sunflowers had seeded, and amid their stalks ran the path Frank had followed on the summer nights.

The vague unease that had hovered over his mother each morning when her keen eyes discerned his tracks in the dust, weighed upon her once more. She shook it off. The trail was white with untrodden frost. She fastened the wire gate that had been thrown back all summer. On the blackjack post was the sign he had written and nailed there.

"Ruby can open gate when she come," Lizzie said. To her mind she was shutting out danger, all the indefinable threat that had hovered about the place when the gate was open. And the sign on the post was a symbol of protection.

"What time today, Mamma," Frank asked, "are we going to this big event?"

"Sometime before dinner. I got cook some more stuff."

"Well, I'm going on in to town. I'll be back and get you if Ruby don't."

Lizzie nodded. She felt him ooze out of the door. She turned to watch, nodding her relief when he took the short cut through the weeds to the railroad.

Although with the coming of oil the last cow had long since tripped over the shackle-lines at the unused shipping pens near Cloudy, the regalia of the cowboy still dominated the dress of the men of the region. Since his accession to quick money Frankie had discarded the oily clothes of the pumper for a high-crowned black hat, tight pants on his lithe limbs, and shop-made boots stitched with butterflies. The shine of his wide belt, which his mother knew was stamped with roses and studded with silver, came to her as he disappeared in the horseweeds.

Ruby, too, dressed richly. At the Old Settlers' no children would be decked in such finery. They would share their sack with the others and Lizzie would let herself boast, "My girl Ruby—her new husband. My boy Frankie—likes nice clothes—like his papa."

A car roared up to the gate, breaking into her reverie. Instead of Ruby a man got out, took down the wire, and came straight to the house. On his vest gleamed a shiny badge. As her face grew blank with secrecy, she remembered the silver that had flashed her Frankie's farewell as he vanished without a ripple into the horseweeds.

"Where's Frank?"

Lizzie's eyes flickered down the faint, frosty trail.

"He's gone town."

"When'll he be back?"

"I don' know."

The man gave her a long look before he turned and deliberately followed the path through the sunflowers. His boot-heels left tracks on the frosted ground, but there was no Frank at the end of that trail.

When he returned and took himself away, Lizzie Elkhair's thoughts drifted again to the dinner, to the stomp dance afterwards for the Indians, and the square dance for the old-timers of white or mixed blood. Around her waist she tied a new crisp apron. At the neck-band of her dark dress she fastened a star-shaped pin with red, blue, and green sets in it. She looked in the mirror and smiled—her lawyer's little girl had given her that pin. Drawing a
wine-colored shawl over her head and around her shoulders, she went out on the porch. She was ready to the last hitch in the flour sack that held their dinner.

Ruby’s car told her it was nearly noon. She was surprised to have mistaken the previous car for Ruby’s. This one was long and new—as new as the fat husband who sat in it beside her with an air of proprietorship that extended to both. Ruby flashed out. The usual introductions.

“Where’s Frank, Mamma? I promised you we’d go to one Old Settler’s, and we’re goin’!” She turned to the corpulent figure relaxed in the car and under her cheerful chirrup grated a steely edge as if exertion had been applied to get them here.

“I don’ know. He went town. Man came out here in car for him ’bout two hours ago.” Worried, she related the visit, the badge.

“Wait a minute!” Regardless of her bright dress, Ruby glided into the sunflowers. The stalks scratched her tight skirt, burred the furs that caressed her throat. She vanished, then returned, efficiently.

“I told him Brownie was after him. But I couldn’t tell him anything. He’d throw it back at me that—”

“What’s matter, Ruby?” Something was clutching Lizzie Elkhair’s throat.

From the ear the Osage’s voice, soft as a slothful man’s voice often is, sighed: “Is he in the county?”

“We’ll soon find out.”

“Thursday’s visiting day,” the fat man vouchsafed.

Ruby turned. “Come on, Mamma.” They roared out the gate, leaving it down to whoever should come. The little house looked defenseless. Even the discreet sunflowers that had opened and closed only for Frank’s coming, lay trampled and bare.

Cars black round the Fair Grounds, buggies and saddle horses, all the hitching posts for once in use, drew Mrs. Elkhair’s comment.

“Everybody be there.”

“Everybody?” Ruby asked sardonically.

“Yes, be like old times.”

They roared on down the pavement to the county-seat. At a high dingy stone building with a flight of tobacco-stained stairs leading to the raised first story, they stopped.

“Get out,” Ruby ordered her new husband. “We’re all goin’ up there—if it kills us.”

She went immediately up the stairs. He and Lizzie followed slowly. Mrs. Elkhair and the Osage had quite a business getting through the revolving door. When they got inside, Ruby was already in an office in which sat a man with his legs on the table. It was the man with a badge, who had called that morning for Frank.

“I don’t know about it,” he was saying. “It’s kinda early, even if today is visiting day. The law says not till one o’clock—” His eyes rested on Lizzie and he laid down his cigar. “But if you’re his folks—” He rose and led them into the next room. At a grated window another white man came forward. The man with the badge signed a clip of paper. “Tuck, take these folks up to see Frank Elkhair.”

Lizzie Elkhair followed the man first of all. Ruby went last, possibly to herd her new husband. A long climb up iron stairs. A hall. Another door. Then a big room divided by iron bars. Behind the bars were many men.
“He’s there in the bull pen,” said their guide not unkindly. “Hey, Frank Elkhair!” and he left them to their own devices.

Lizzie Elkhair stood transfixed. Little things came to her: the peculiar odor of a place where many men are caged together; the way men’s eyes passed her to rest on her daughter. Yet there was a courtesy about the inmates. Although their eyes stared, the men stopped talking, some even moving back as Frank Elkhair came negligently forward.

“Hello, Mamma.” He put his hands on the bars as if they were a customary support for his fingers—Frank who oozed out of situations, out of talk that bored him, out of houses—now in a place barred so that he could not melt through it.

She stretched out her hands, but they struck the bars, and she fell back helplessly upon her usual scolding speech: “Frankie, why don’t you behave—why don’t you ‘mount to somethin’—like Ruby?”

“Has she got another new husband?” he asked. Each word dropped like an icicle on her heart.

Ruby raised her head defiantly. The gross fat Osage was just coming up the stairs. As the plethoric car had been to Lizzie Elkhair the sum of Ruby’s financial achievements, so was this last husband the sum of them all. She gazed at him in pride as if at the confirmation of her appeal to the wayward boy.

Frank shrugged at the uselessness of words. Then he gazed at the bars with a sort of desperation, caught at a lecture he could not evade. Evasively he said, “What you carryin’ in your war-bag, Mamma, fer cat’s sake?”

Lizzie looked blankly at the freighted flour-sack which she had carried in her arms from the farm, up the stairs, without knowing it.

“Oh, it’s what I been cookin’. I brought it for you,” she said with astonishing presence of mind. And she lifted the eatables, all the food on which she had labored so long and so lovingly.

Frank reached through the bars.

“I’ll pass it round among the boys. I don’t know what kinda feed we’ll get today. But first I’m going to tackle this pumpkin pie myself. Have a shot, Mamma? Ruby?”

Helplessly they accepted. Regardless they ate it there in a little world of suffering, of withheld tears, of Indian stoicism, aloof from the eyeing white prisoners. It was the first time the three had made a public appearance together in years, and now—Frank’s dark eyes glinted and he began to laugh.

“What you laughing at?” asked his mother.

“Us.” He swallowed the last bite of his pie. “Old Settlers’ Reunion.”
PRAYER FOR A SONG

ROBIN LAMPSON

I

O god of poetry, who has bestowed
Such wealth of song upon our English tongue,
Freighting the British barque with lyric load:

Well know I much already has been sung,
Perhaps the noblest and the loveliest!
I fear that you are surfeited among

The harmonies of Milton and the zest
Of Chaucer,—you whose sapient ears have heard
All Shakespeare’s eloquence and all the blest

Enraptured cry of Keats; who have been stirred
By Shelley’s unworldly song; warmed by the ire
Of Byron’s blazonry: I fear my word

Can touch you not, though uttered with a fire
Kindled by pain and sorrow and desire.

II

O keeper of the lyric light, be kind!
So much has now been said, and said so well,
I doubt if one lone singer yet may find

A song unsung, or a sweet syllable
Unspoken. There remains no stream undrugged,
No sea unplumbed, no land unknown, no hell

Unvisited; no unclimbed peak besieged
Eternally by snows; no mine not robbed
Of all its virgin gold. All the keen-edged

Falcions of song are dulled, which cut where throbbed
The lyric pulse. In all the category
Of sentiment, wherever hearts have sobbed

With sorrow, raced with joy, there is no story
That some dead poet has not filled with glory.

III

Grant me to write one song men will remember
Tomorrow, when I am dead, and a thousand years
Thereafter! Though it only be an ember
Of all the fiery passion that now sears
   My being, let that song tell future ages
Of one who lived today and knew the tears

And ravishment of joy, endured outrages
   Of sense and intellect and pride; whose lot
Held peaks of bliss, dull plains, and cruel cages.

O let me sing one deathless song: say not
   The gods of beauty all are dead or blind!
Grant this one thing my sentient blood has sought,

That immortality I yet may find;
O keeper of the lyric light, be kind!

MY NEIGHBOR

Mildred Holman Melton

He had a little plot of land—
Two acres, a poor grade of sand,
Was all he owned; beside the shack
A line of light streamed from each crack.

But when you drove up to the door
He shambled forth, a hearty roar
Beginning deep in him; a shout
That grew and swelled as firm and stout
As he himself was. Came his laugh,
"Walk in, neighbor. Set and chaff
A while." For hours then he'd talk.
Against the rusty range he'd knock
The ashes from his corncob pipe,
So old the bowl was almost ripe
With age. He'd draw a greasy pouch
And settle down for a mild debouch
With clouds of smoke. He'd grin at me
And I'd be chuckling soft, for he
Had a way about him when
You stopped, that brought a grin again.

He hadn't much of earthly goods;
But my old neighbor owned the woods;
He owned the sky; he owned the sea;
And he shared his ownership with me.
THE BLUE SERENE
CLIFFORD BRAGDON

LET'S pass over the first year as too lovely and too commonplace. That can't be handled in our time. When the frost lies at the very roots, then a rose is not a rose. We'll start, rather, at the point where Eleanor began writing home more concerning events and less concerning experience. That is a trustworthy signal that the moonlight and roses are fading. When the postcards become brighter and less frequent, then the knight on the white charger is gone over the hill.

Of the bicycle trip around the coast of Brittany that was to have initiated the second spring, Eleanor's brother at home heard little. He learned that they started out eagerly from San Malo, that they were in Plougastel for the Pardon, and that at Point du Raz his sister got a scare. It seems that as the gay party scrambled along the rocky promontory, Walter suddenly disappeared and did not turn up at the hotel again for more than an hour after. He explained, however. "I did that, Eleanor," he said, "not to be smart, but because I wanted to do it." Eleanor quoted this to her brother in an attempt, apparently, to make her young husband clear.

Then no more letters until September, when a card came saying that they had not gone down into Spain as they had intended, but to Salzburg where Walter could get in a good period of work before the winter sports began. Pete was interested in whatever Eleanor would write. He not only admired his elder sister greatly, but was eager to know her young husband. Walter, though hardly a year older than himself, was already a recognized author.

The second winter Walter and Eleanor skied and tramped in the Alps—this year with a small party. Occasionally the men took trips lasting several days. They were old, seasoned trampers. These trips, Eleanor wrote, were very stimulating to Walter. His friends were his own kind, men who knew what to say and how to keep silent, when to drink a great deal and when not to drink at all. Out of sheer curiosity, perhaps, Eleanor asked her husband once what they had done on one of these trips. "Well," he answered, "well, we went all day until the sun went down. Then we made Torti's, a swell place, high up. Torti brought out the best for us, and we had a little. We talked a while, and after a while somebody got up, and we all went outside for a minute, looking at the cold. After that we slept." Eleanor quoted this in a letter also.

When next heard from, Walter and Eleanor were in Vienna. "Vienna is a good city," Eleanor wrote, "so restful and decent. I read the Tauchnitz books (very inexpensive) in the park and listen to the poor old orchestras. Hardly very stimulating, but pleasant. I even follow the crowd out to Shonbrun on Sunday afternoons and walk around. Give my love to Aunt Florence."

Subsequent word was even less revealing. April, May and June passed. In July Pete was able to take the trip to Europe he had wanted. He expected to have the pleasure of staying a little with his sister and Walter in Vienna.

When he reached Vienna, however, Pete was astonished to find that Eleanor was living alone. She had writ-
ten nothing, not a word, of any such situation. Her last card had said, "Will be delighted to see you, Pete. Of course I will drink some beer with you. Love, Eleanor."

She was living in a small pension not far from the Ring, on the fifth floor. She did so, she told him, to keep her weight down. But then she was hardly ever there. She had taken up her modeling again. Yes, she had. Most of the time during good weather she went to Salzburg where there were some good hill roads—had he been to Salzburg?—and where living was even less expensive than in Vienna—that is, out of tourist season. That was where she had been when she got his note. She had hurried right back. Wouldn't he like to go out now and let her help him do his tourist shopping in the Kantnerstrasse?

As they walked down Eleanor's little street and then across the broad square, Pete felt uncomfortable for his older sister. She had not changed much since she had been married. She was really a lovely woman, a handsome woman. He did not know what had happened to her, but she was taking it like a thoroughbred—that is, she was not wearing it. She walked along, almost as tall as he was, and straighter. Her brown tweed suit became her as directly as did her bobbed brown hair—though perhaps it would have been better done up. He did not know what had happened to her, but he felt a growing feeling of resentment towards, well, towards Walter. Despite his ignorance of the situation, however, he did not ask his sister any questions, and they did his shopping efficiently.

The next afternoon they sat at a cafe close to Saint Stephen's. From where they sat they could see the Cathedral and little else. It rose great and quiet before them, seeming to lean over them.

They ordered something, and Eleanor broke the silence. "I've given him two years to get over it, Pete," she said.

So that was the story, he thought. Poor old kid. "How long ago?" he asked, careful to use the same tone Eleanor had used.

"One year, seven months, two weeks... and a day."

Pete shifted his position a little. What was there to say? He twirled his glass around and then looked up. "Well," he said, "let's have it."

His sister smiled. "The facts, Pete, are simple, flat. But he may be making a mistake; I'm saying that now, once, without panning anybody. It's my dear friend, Anne Price."

Pete opened his mouth as if to speak, but his sister went on at once. "Yes, sillier and sillier, isn't it? It's theatrical."

How did people get into situations like this; what was there to be done about it? "The word 'cheap' comes to mind, Eleanor."

She was quick to answer. "No, that's not it. Anyone would think so... if it were somebody else. Not Walter though. It's not cheap to him, really."

She half lifted her open hand from the table and let it fall again. "So it isn't cheap."

Her brother shook his head. "Honest?" he said.

"Yes, I mean it—with my brain. Of course I can't help my unsophisticated emotions."

Pete shifted about uncomfortably again. It is not pleasant to be sympathetic and uncomfortable at the same
time. This mess was ... well, it was too simple. He spoke for both of them, "Don't let yourself feel it, Sis."

She tossed her head. "'Good Lord, what else am I to do? I can't stalk majestically in and say in a strong voice, 'Now look here . . .'" She stopped. "'No, I guess not,'" Pete answered. "'You're sort of ham-strung with these . . . these untrammeled fellows, aren't you?"

Eleanor's patience seemed to be going. "'Oh, that's not it. People like Walter are such damned babies underneath that . . . that I could scream.'" She got up. "'A situation,'" she said, "'woman thirty-three in unfortunate situation. Let's go back.'"

The young man jumped up violently. "'Good God, Eleanor, how can you just stand still and watch it coming? Oh, I'm damned sorry, Sis.'"

"'Of course you're sorry, Pete. I know it.'"

Pete threw money on the table, and they left.

At this time Eleanor and Walter were living in Vienna because they both happened to like the city. At parties which both attended there was no strain. Indeed not. Walter did not bow stiffly, unmoving; nor did Eleanor, when he strode across the crowded room, now suddenly silent, stifling despite its vastness, clench her poor hands, smile and murmur, "'Good evening, gentle sir.'" Ridiculous. They were friends; there had been no bloodshed. This kind of thing is not the stuff of adolescence. Between Walter and Eleanor, certainly, the warmest regard remained.

Through mutual friends they happened to be guests one evening in August at a bierfest. The Rodeheavers, thinking of life in the same terms as did Walter and Eleanor, understood that there was no reason to leave out one or the other. Of course, as Eleanor's brother, Pete was invited too. Somehow, he still wanted to meet Walter, and he accepted.

It was to be a simple party at the Prater—just beer and good talk, with a stroll now and again to settle the beer. When Eleanor and Pete arrived, Walter had not yet come, and the party was hardly moving. Besides the Rodeheavers, there were Jane and Willis Storm, the one a sculptor, the other an architect, and Persis Reid, a newspaper correspondent. They sat about the table sipping beer and nibbling on crackers, listening to the music without a great deal to say. Pete kept looking toward the gate of the garden for someone who looked like his idea of Walter.

In the garden there was a great deal of light and sound and heavy movement. The preponderance of family life about them made the American party feel like a family also. At the head of the table sat Rodeheaver, a genial fellow, regarding his beer. Miss Reid held one of those tasteless Teutonic cigarettes between her heavy lips and examined, apparently, the orchestra leader. The Storms slouched back in their chairs in oddly similar attitudes, and Mary Rodeheaver made some attempt to ascertain Pete's reactions to ocean travel. She was a dear, thin person whose real interest was contemporary fiction. She managed only to intensify the young man's preoccupation. Eleanor's attitude of comfortable enjoyment did nothing to make the party stand out from the other parties in the garden.

When Walter appeared at the trellised gate, they all seemed to see him at once. Rodeheaver rose quickly and
motioned to him, smiling. Walter grinned and strode toward the party. He walked like a prizefighter, with strong movement of his great shoulders and springily on the balls of his feet. When he reached the table, three or four beers were pushed hospitably in his direction. He seated himself at the end of the table, long-opposite to Rodeheaver.

"No thanks," he said in answer to the proffered beers. "I'll have a fresh one. Herrober."

A waiter was at his elbow. Walter looked up. "Still another one for all, a big one, dark," and, turning to the company, "You know, people, damn it, that's a grand circus they have in town. I've been there. You ought all to see it."

The beers arrived, and Walter raised his. "All right," he said, "bottoms up, and the last one stands the next round."

Then, staring at the rims of their mugs, the men drank, and the women with their eyes closed tight drank, too. Eleanor finished first and her brother last.

"Good girl, Eleanor," Walter said. "First class."

Storm spoke kindly to Pete. "Never mind, you know. It's a gift. Two in a family would be too much."

"Gift, my hat," said Rodeheaver, laughing. "It's an acquired characteristic—like flat feet."

"Or the taste for dark beer, perhaps."

"Or breaded veal."

"Or Majorca."

The party became more animated. Eyes were brighter, the half-smile of content at the inception of what is expected to be an agreeable occasion appeared upon faces. Heads were cocked, ready for a neat remark. This was to become a pleasant evening. There would be plenty of good talk and plenty of good beer.

Walter did not smoke and seldom drank anything stronger than beer or wine. But beer and wine he loved. "You can take them and go along with them."

Both he and Eleanor had, in their first year together, made fine reputations for quantity. Once, for example, they had been tramping all the hot day among the hills. Toward evening they had met some peasants in a valley drinking from a cask of wine. They had sat down under the tree with them and drank with them, until at length only one young peasant remained awake. Then Walter gave up, but Eleanor sat and drank with the fellow until he, too, fell over into sleep.

Walter sat now with his big hands cupping the cool beer. His face wore an expression of tranquil contemplation, and his eyes, deep, steady, clear, were fastened upon the mug. He sat, as he always sat, comfortably, yet as though at any instant his whole great power might be thrown behind a blow to right a wrong. Now suddenly he raised his head and looked about at the company.

"Lord," he said, "you know, there's a clown in that circus damn near has Fratinelli beat."

Other conversation stopped. Miss Reid thought of something to say first. "Well," she said, "why didn't you bring him along, Walter?"

He grinned. "I asked him all right, but he said he was going to give to his little love this evening. Very decent chap."

Eleanor's brother stirred uneasily in his chair; the others did not.
Frontier and Midland

were more beers, and he took relief in the movement of stretching after the pads, since he was to pay for the round just finished. Mary Rodeheaver called across the table to Walter.

"Than Fratinelli, Walter? I thought you considered Fratinelli one of the truly great of our time."

The Storms laughed; they had not known these people for very long.

"I know it," Walter replied, "but damned if this chap wasn't the real McCoy, too. He had . . ."

Storm interrupted pleasantly. "What of it, friends? That's what I want to know. What the hell of it?" His voice was jovial, and Rodeheaver wanted to answer in kind.

"Clowns fall in the same category with flat feet, Storm, and dark beer. They're acquired characteristics, too."

"I see," said Mrs. Storm quickly. "You have to learn to probe deep into the clown-soul. Is that it?"

"Exactly," Rodeheaver replied politely.

"Too deep for me," Pete muttered in what he intended to be a not too pleasant voice. Nobody but his sister, however, seemed to hear him. She winked at him across the table, smiling. Pete found himself unable to tell whether the smile was for him or about Walter.

Miss Reid was looking at Walter. "He is real though, isn't he, Walter? Any good clown, I mean."

Walter nodded to her absently. He sat back in his chair, stretching out his legs. "You can make wisecracks about it, friends, if you want to. Sure. But how about it, honestly? It affects other people's lives, doesn't it? All right. Then it's a moral matter. It affects those lives happily, doesn't it?"

Storm interrupted again. "Oh, of course, but . . ."

Walter went on. "Well, now how many noble occupations do as much? Name them." He took a long, cheerful drink, set the glass down deliberately and looked around. His eyes were serious yet not antagonistic.

No one said anything, and he went on. "All right," he said, waving his hand to include the whole group, "I'm not a stupe. Go ahead. Call it crude. Call it a platitude."


"Right. Sure it's a platitude. But what the hell?" Again he shifted his position. "What's wrong with platitudes?"

Storm opened his mouth and Pete did, too—though he knew that when it came right down to it, he was not going to say anything. Rodeheaver, however, spoke first.

"Respect the honest platitude. His voice is powerful if crude."

As though everyone felt that for now there was an end to it, at least a stopping point, there was hearty laughter. More beer was ordered, and while it were on the way, the company listened to the orchestra. Pete regarded his sister, Eleanor, across the table. She was lightly tapping a finger in time to the tune, but unlike the rest she was not contemplating the musicians. Looking at his sister, Pete felt a need for activity. Despite the beer it was not pleasant for him and his sister to be here. Oddly, she looked younger. How she was feeling he could have no idea beyond the impression of his own reactions; yet he knew that there was an effect upon her, as one would not have
expected, of lines smoothed from her face, of days erased from the days she had gathered.

When the orchestra finished whatever it had been working over, Pete looked at his sister and lifted his eyebrows. She smiled and rose.

"Whither away, fair lady?" asked Rodeheaver.

"Out into the highways and byways, gentle sir. We return anon," Eleanor answered.

As they drew away from the table, the rest of the party was breaking up for strolls also. "Where shall we go?" Pete asked.

Eleanor shrugged. "I don't care, my dear."

In and out among the people they walked then without words for a time. They proceeded slowly, as if enjoying the relaxation. They pretended to look at activities going on about them. They themselves, however, engaged in none. The brother had not the heart for it. He could not tell his sister what he thought concerning her; many people find it impossible to express sympathy already shared. Still, this forced silence caused him bitterness. He was young. Had they been at home, he would have gone on a roller-coaster, thrown baseballs at absurd dolls, eaten spun-sugar candy.

As they turned to go back, Eleanor loosened up a little. "Well," she asked, "how do you like them, Pete?"

"Oh, all right," he replied. "They're decent enough."

"Yes, they are. They're decent. Don't judge them too easily."

Pete flicked his cigarette away. "I must say, they do seem rather simple souls, Eleanor."

Eleanor laughed. "Oh, but I don't think they are. Don't you know they're just as uncomfortable as . . . we are?"

"In spite of their untrammeled outlook?"

"Yes."

There was a pause, and then, "That goes for Walter, too?" Pete asked.

Eleanor turned to him. She spoke carefully. "Oh, no. It's real to him. So damned real. I told you that. Give him that, Pete."

He released her arm and put his hands into his pockets. "It would seem pretty damn crude to me . . . treating you like one of the family . . . like Cousin Sophie."

Eleanor was silent a moment and then said without tone, "Yes, but it isn't that way to him. It's not easy to take, but it's true. It's real to him."

"Baloney." Pete wanted to clutch her by the shoulders and shake her cruelly until she begged for mercy. Eleanor saw the involuntary clenching of his hands and smiled. "Easy, Peter," she said. "If I want to stand still and watch it coming, you can, too."

He laughed. "Sure. That's easy. Duck soup. People aren't to be blamed for the hell they get into, only pitied—universal compassion, alas, mankind."

Eleanor turned to him again. She was completely serious. "That's it, exactly. Exactly."

It was her seriousness that made him impatient, troubled his heart. "Aw, hell, Eleanor, you can't treat your heart like a boil."

Eleanor sighed—it was the first time he had ever heard her sigh and mean it. "Yes, of course," she said, "I know all that. I know lots of things, but they only add up to confusion."

Her young brother again felt like tak-
ing it out in action, for there was nothing could be altered. He offered Eleanor his arm again. "Just an unfortunate situation," he said. "Jesus."

A short way from their beer garden they ran across the Storms and walked the rest of the way with them. Pete liked the Storms a little; they seemed a bit uncomfortable. They seemed somehow still to lack a little of the higher honesty and strength—probably morons at bottom; they must be, like himself. As they approached their table, they saw that the rest of the party, already established again, was engaged in spirited conversation. Persis Reid was speaking.

"If they don't hurt anyone? But how are you going to tell that they aren't hurting anyone?"

"But it isn't done consciously," replied Walter. "That's the point."

"Still they can feel it just the same, and they must feel the hurt, too—I should think."

"No. That's just the point. It's all out in the open. It's what you can't see you're afraid of—and no blame can be attached because nobody means any." He took a cheerful drink of beer. "It's just a situation arises, an unfortunate situation."

Eleanor's brother had just sat down beside his sister. At the end of Walter's speech, at the last word of it, he jumped to his feet again, took one long step to where Walter was sitting and struck.

Walter went over backwards. There was paralysis upon the company—until Walter picked himself up again. He was a young man. For a moment he, too, seemed without thought. Then he made a movement as if to offer his hand to Eleanor's brother, but did not complete it. At length he spoke.

"That was all right. I understand that, too." He leaned over to brush dust from his trouser leg, looking still at Pete with his clear, grey eyes. "Maybe you are right," he added.

In something over two months, at the end of the two years accorded, there was a divorce in the Paris courts. Walter, of course, allowed proceedings to be taken against himself. It was a situation brought on through his circumstances, so that though no question of blame arose, the responsibility for settlement was his. A situation, as one will readily see, had come about; it had been faced; friendship and regard remained deep. It was agreed, moreover, that a generous percentage of Walter's future income should be assigned to Eleanor. He wanted to provide for Eleanor's support, since she had no means. By this arrangement she could gamble on his growing success as she had done when hope was their only recompense. So much she deserved.

After his second marriage, Walter returned to the United States. For a while he and his wife lived in the Dakotas, an experience that colored much of his later work. Then for a period they settled in northern Wisconsin along the Eagle chain of lakes. There is grand canoeing through these lakes, and swell pike fishing. Next they were in the bayou counties of Louisiana.
GRASSHOPPER LYRICS

Arthur E. DuBois

Round World

Because the world is round O,
The funny world is round,
I always rediscovered
The places I had found.

Many a mile I travelled,
Up many a hill and down,
Over the ocean on a ship
And in and out of town.

And I never willed to see again
A single place I found,
Yet I ended where I started from
Because the world is round.

Heard Melodies

I love it when a robin sings
Of butterflies with purple rings,
Of angels and their golden wings
Around it and above it.

When a robin sings I always hide
Beneath a stone and there I chortle.
I knew Egyptians as they died
And they’re much nicer when immortal.

Yes, when a robin sings I laugh
Because I often think of things,
How in the sky it tells but half
The tale of cabbages and kings.

When a robin sings I always hide
Beneath a stone, and there I chortle.
It might commit grasshoppercide
By way of making me immortal.

I love it when a robin sings
Of butterflies with purple rings,
Of angels and their golden wings
Around it and above it.
World Peace

I gnaw a blade of timothy
Or else a spear of wheat.
The armament of the field to me
Is something I can eat.

And if a robin gobbles me up
I don’t think much of that.
There is no bitter in my cup—
The robin’s for the cat.

Politics

I wonder when a robin sings
If robins also have left wings
And right like parliaments of kings
Or congresses American.
But when a robin takes the sky
I see that it can really fly
And then I know—don’t ask me why—
Right wings and left belong to man.
Toora, loora, rataplan.
There’s tender grass by the Rio Gran’.

CREATURES OF MIST

ALICE HENSON ERNST

Like mist from its slashing fiords,
or like exhalations from the salty
uplands beyond, there hover along
the northwest coast certain shadowy be-
ings created by primitive belief. The
flick of an eyelash may turn them from
myth to reality—these deities of plain
or sea, who trail godhead as casually
as a torch emits smoke and flame. Gro-
tesque and arresting, as a gargoyle is
arresting, they are right to the region,
and to the coast people who gave them
life—right as the sea-gull to the wave,
or as pine-wedge to iron sledge.

The seven tribes native to the Pacific
northwest coast, from Yakutat Bay to
Oregon, fisher-folk and followers of the
sea from time immemorial, built, as such
folk have a way of doing, cloudy worlds
beyond this flat earth-plane ringed by
ocean. They peopled them, too, with a
richness strange to our ordered imagin-
ings; with deities—or demons—grim
and impressive. As the swift builds
her nest with clay from her sheltering
chimneys, or as the robin weaves in
twigs or grasses, so, in the mythology,
we find transmuted bits of the Indians’
own lives, their reflected background.
Nature, the scene around, emerges in a
weird shadow-play, in which the region
looms hugely. For children of earth
lose themselves to their background very
simply always, with an absorption that
reveals the completeness of the surren-
der.
Many of the creatures of the imaginings of the people who preceded us here in the Northwest are, as may be expected along this thousand-mile strip of coast, sea-creatures, or at least amphibian: Thunder-Bird, for example, major deity of the Northwest tribes, who, though he was perhaps coeval, by no means ceased to be when Baldur died. For ten thousand years, we are told, the red man has lived on this continent. Recent excavations of certain shell mounds along the Oregon coast have unearthed records and objects of primitive art fashioned some two or three thousand years ago. And beliefs, legends, myths, older still, have a way of lingering even longer, as do the ancient redwoods through gray centuries.

No later than this past summer, out on the northwest tip of America (Cape Flattery), following a heavy thunderstorm, I was told gravely by a member of the Makah tribe, southernmost outpost of the once powerful Nootkans, that a great bird had swooped out from over the hills, hiding the sun and beating the water with heavy wings before he circled off into the hills again. Thunder-Bird’s days are numbered, too; one sees that clearly. But here in the Northwest, at least, he is still with us: T’klv-kluts, that huge and mysterious presence, half-bird but wholly deity, who seemed with the Makahs to take precedence, so far as their daily life was concerned, over all other mythological beings or animal deities—unless it be the ever-present wolf, whose mask is still so commonly found at Neah Bay. They believe Thunder-Bird a transformed giant who lives on the highest mountain and who eats whales. When hungry he puts on his hunting-outfit, an outer garment made up of a bird’s head, a pair or immense wings, and a feather covering for his body; around his waist he ties the Ha-hek-to-ak, or lightning-fish (which bears some faint resemblance to the fabled sea-horse of other lands). It has a head “as sharp as a knife, and a red tongue which makes the fire.” The T’klukluts, having arrayed himself, spreads his wings and sails over the ocean till he sees a whale. This he kills by darting the Ha-hek-to-ak down into its body, which he then seizes in his powerful claws and carries away into the mountains to eat at his leisure.

Sometimes the Ha-hek-to-ak strikes a tree with his sharp head, splitting and tearing it in pieces, or again, but very rarely, strikes a man and kills him. Whenever lightning strikes the land or a tree, the Indians hunt very diligently with the hope of finding some portion of the Ha-hek-to-ak, for the possession of any part of this marvelous animal endows its owner with great powers, and even a piece of its bone, which is supposed to be bright red, will make a man expert in killing whales, or excel in any kind of work. A feather from the wing of the Thunder-Bird forty fathoms long—so says Swan, for many years agent at Neah village, Cape Flattery—was guarded jealously within quite recent times by a native named Neshwats; so jealously that no one else ever set eyes upon it. But it must have been strong “medicine,” for the man was very expert in killing sea-otter, which were then plentiful along this coast. The Thunder-Bird dance is still given today, with the carved wooden masks belonging thereunto, along with other ceremonial dances—fragments of them, at least, cheapened by white man’s finery, though the old ritual dances were until lately largely forbidden, except for
tribal anniversaries, at which the whites may also be present.

Thunder-Bird himself was a potent presence in all Northwest coast tribes, and his pictured symbol is a dominant motif of primitive American art. He is in fact, as pointed out by ethnologists, one of the puzzling links which bind west American nations into a mysterious partnership, the myth having been found from Mexico to Prince William Sound, where the Innuit begins to occupy the coast. A carving of the bird is recorded from the Diomede Islands in Bering Strait. The northern Nootkans call him Tutusch, and the lightning-fish here becomes the double-headed snake (si-siul) which in Bella-Coola mythology lives in the salt-water pond in which Senx, goddess of the five worlds, washes her face. From this it obtains supernatural powers which enables it to cure disease and which makes it the special helper of shamans and warriors. Wherever met, Thunder-Bird is easily recognizable; only in the Northwest, like most things else, he gravitates toward the sea and gets his food there. Picturizations of him (as those still current at Neah Bay, Washington) always include the whale, which he holds in his claws, as well as either the lightning-fish or the amphisbaena. In a stormy region of much rain, it is easy to see the forces of nature clothing themselves in his plausible garments—with entire propriety and to very good effect.

But T'hlukluts by no means crowds out Great Spirit, the supreme being whom all coast natives worshipped, though in such privacy that they seldom mentioned his name to each other; nor did he obscure the sun, the "grandfather," the source of life and representative of the Great Spirit, to whom all these tribes, like other American Indians, prayed—not once a week, but daily or for whole seasons—for life and what to them were its gifts. Nor did he blot out the moon, elder brother of the sun, and like him a very great spirit; nor a host of minor deities, surprisingly diversified in form, and presenting endless combinations of bird, animal, god, man, or natural objects (trees, for example, or stones). All these objects were, by the coast Indian, as by the African, endowed with qualities of life, so that at almost any moment they might begin to speak or (under special circumstances) reveal their "song" (their inner being) to the human creature encountered.

The precedence given by the Makahs to Thunder-Bird over the other nature deities may be due to his more intimate connection with a central event of their lives: the familiar acquisition of a guardian spirit or "manitou," common to all American Indians, which here as elsewhere was the supreme individual experience. At any rate, men, women, and even children shared in the performance of the great Duwally, the ceremonial given in winter to propitiate T'hlukluts, though certain parts of this were reserved for mature initiates who had gone through the private ordeal of finding their own "tamanawas" or supernatural helper. It is a complex ritual, of which much more must still be established by investigators. The wolf figures prominently in the ritual. But the Thunder-Bird dance is associated with the final day of its performance; and it is a young girl who comes out of the lodge roof. She wears the Thunder-Bird mask surmounted by a knot of the sacred cedar bark dyed red and stuck full of white eagle feath-
ers; a smaller girl wears the black mask representing the lightning-fish; and a boy with black mask and head band of red is the third dancer. It is a slow and stately dance, in which the three principals spread out their arms as though flying, uttering a sound to represent thunder. Spectators also, during part of the secret ceremonies, share in songs and choruses, and keep up a constant drumming to imitate thunder which would do credit to modern stage devices. Parts of the old Thunder-Bird dance were strongly dramatic, like most of the mimetic performances of the coast tribes. It personated in colorful trappings not only Thunder-Bird himself but the various companions who live with him in the mountains: the Rabbit, the Owl (who is considered the rival of the Thunder-Bird); the Mountain himself, and L’o-gots, the Rain-Drop. The present-day dance requires two dancers.

Thunder-Bird and his masked companions appear in ritual dances of all the coast tribes: for example, striking dramatizations may be found in the kusiu’t or winter ceremonial of the powerful Kwakiutl tribe farther to the north, accompanied by a mighty song which, beginning "Swooping down from heaven, pouncing upon a whole tribe," tells of his seizing great chiefs in his claws. In all coast tribes he figures in many a myth, and is today painted on canoes or paddles with his whale and his lightning-fish. Everywhere throughout the northwest he entered the sacred dances, to the sound of drumming, preceded by a dancer who carried a bird-rattle crammed with cedarbark and eagle-down which, shaken vigorously by the dancer, filled the air with eagle-down, symbolizing the wealth and power of the Thunder-Bird.

Ocean creatures aplenty climbed from sea into legend, or from legend to sea, as may be the case. And some of the Ocean-People are gods quite universal, and some only very local spirits, though at times the distinction becomes tenuous. There is the sea-monster, I-a’-kim, for example (Kwakiutl), a water monster who obstructs rivers, endangers lakes and the sea, and swallows and upsets canoes. The mask representing him varies, but wherever it appears in the sacred dances, is always a thing of terror; and his name, which means "badness," is a blanket term applied to all sea-monsters. He appears at times in a double mask, the outer one showing I-a-kim, the grotesque; the inner one, revealed by a clever operation of strings and pulleys, showing the killer whale. This accords with the Northwest idea of the mask—the symbol of dual personality, to be shifted at will; in the more fluid times of the "transformers," for instance, many gods or monsters "took off their masks and became men" or killer whales or deer or ravens. The "transformers" themselves, mysterious creative deities who went about "changing everything," have drifted into legend in all the tribes, including those of Oregon, though natives of that state were not so given to carving their deities and demons into masks as were their northern neighbors. The masks mentioned, worn on the head or face during the ceremonial or ritual dances, and carved of cedar, alder or some durable wood, were stained or painted in striking color, with brilliant or grotesque design to represent the deity intended. Representations of sea-creatures were often huge affairs; perhaps double, sometimes triple, and opening unexpectedly in all sorts of ways by ingenious
devices to show human faces, or those of other deities. The meanings of such masks are complex and varied, but often refer to the mythical encounter of some clan-ancestor with the fabulous creature pictured. The *I-a'-kim* mask shows the wide-mouthed and frightful sea-monster, *Ts'ê-gic*, which destroyed whole tribes. The song of *I-a'-kim*, transcribed by Boas, carries with it its own terror:

*The great I-a'-kim will rise from below.
He makes the sea boil, the great I-a'-kim.
We are afraid.
He shall upheave the seas, the great I-a'-kim.
We shall be afraid.*

There looms up also the sea-monster *Ts'au-za-utze* of northern British Columbia, the "grisly bear of the sea," identified with the sea-monster *Hagulaq* of the Tsimshean. In masks or carvings he is represented as half bear and half killer-whale, and has two tails, bear's tail and a whale's; also an enormous dorsal fin perforated at its base where very often a human face is shown, which the natives maintain is a characteristic of the sea-monster. There is the fabulous monster *Wasx*, believed to be half wolf and half whale, who is capable of hunting on land as well as in the waters. The favorite game is whales, and when returning from hunting, it carries one whale under each arm, one in its mouth, one behind each ear, one held in its dorsal fin, and one held in its long tail. For this reason the curved tail in which it holds the whale is one of its symbols. The Bella Coolas have a sea-monster called *Ts'Em'a'ks*, which means "in the water." Since it lurks in rivers and is a dangerous foe to travelers, traditions indicate that it may be the "personified snag." One of the most dramatic masks I myself have found, in various explorings, is that of the "sea cougar" (*We-dahts*). As carved by "Young Doctor," mask-maker of the Makahs, this is a creature of marvelous fangs, flaming nostrils and a brooding eye that make him seem quite capable of the deeds credited to him—say, of rising unexpectedly from the deep to slice off, at one blow, the heads of some nine or ten Indians in a canoe who had, perhaps, failed in some sacred ritual requirement as they started off on their whale hunt.

The misty shapes rise at every turn, not all of them hideous; this account does not pretend to be inclusive. But *Tlaolacha*, Chief of the Underseas, deserves mention, if only because his mask so often figures in the sacred dance ritual of various tribes from Sitka to Juan de Fuca Straits. Three from the Bella Bellas (Kwakiutl) to be found with many other fine ones in the Provincial museum at Victoria, B. C., show a sarturine being, with sharp rather pointed mouth, suggestive of a fish, and with round, staring eyes—distinctly a personage. One of the masks, painted a strange blue-green, decorated with copper strips, has an unearthly effect, as of something seen through sea-waves, or from ocean depths. Another very old mask taken from a grave, with the paint nearly worn off, retains a wide leaf-like design across the cheek, like floating seaweed. Fish-tails decorate another, while a third "spirit" mask of *Tlaoacha* is also ancient. His name may be found on the guest-list of a mighty feast given to all the sea-monsters by a great chief hereabouts, Yaqagonosk, to which they all came riding on whales, and at which the chief won from the most dangerous ones their promise to kill no more people along these shores.

So the conflict between sea and land, present in the region itself, goes rumbling on in folk-tale and legend as well,
like the dash of wave on shore; innumerable customs relate to it; countless tales echo its undertone. The killer whales and the portly sperm whales themselves spout through the unwritten tangle of folk-myth; great chiefs or plain everyday hunters are towed to shadowy undersea caves, to the weird country of the Devil-Fish, of the Seal-People, the Sea-Otter people, there to learn strange things. It is the Land Otter who is peculiarly sacred to the shaman, or “medicine man,” and whose dried tongue, preserved from the mystic meeting at which the “manitou” or supernatural helper of the Amerindian is encountered, gives him the gift of understanding of animal lore and human soul, as the dragon’s blood gave Siegfried understanding of the language of birds in Norse fable. But it is the Sea-Otter and the Seal who leap most merrily through Northwest legend, to say nothing of the sturdy Salmon-People on whom the lives of the coast people depended. It was the run of the winter salmon that marked the beginning of the mimetic dances of the sacred winter ceremonial, the season when the gods dwelt most intimately among men, and when all tribal names were changed in honor of this fact. The Halibut, the Flounder and the Skate also play as great a part in legend as in their daily life, and many other finny creatures slither about the cavernous deeps of their naive beliefs and customs.

Some of the sea creatures have even climbed into the sky and remained there, among the Makahs at least, as names of constellations: the Whale, the Halibut, the Skate, the Shark and so on; although the Indians avoid talking about the stars, which they believe to be the spirits of translated Indians or animals. The Makahs also believed the moon to be made of a jelly-like substance such as fishes eat. They thought that eclipses were occasioned by fish like the “cultus” cod (toosh-kow), which attempted to eat the sun or moon, and which they used to try to drive away by shouting, firing guns, and pounding with sticks upon the roofs of their houses. Indians change readily to seals or other sea-animals, by drowning or even by magic; and even yet, since old beliefs die hard, careful consideration is given along Pacific shores to any such animal acting strangely, lest he be some transformed comrade trying to send back messages from the Ghost-Country to kinfolk or trusty friends.

Out on gray promontories such as Cape Flattery, jutting strongly to sea, where wave has battled shore for centuries, the work of man’s hand dwarfs to pigmy feebleness. The houses, weathered by wind and salt spray, sink flatly into a monotonous background. It is the hypnotic drip of the Rain-drop, companion of the Thunder-Bird, that one remembers; it is the insistent splash-splash of the surf that lingers in mind, like the strange old beliefs, living here still through isolation. Watching the angry flash of breaker on rock, that has torn many a good ship to shreds, and listening to the booming hiss of the receding wave through hidden caverns, it is not hard to share in the mood of the region and to hear in the screaming note of the circling petrel or restless gull, warnings of storm sent back by those whom the wave has carried on to more shadowy places. From the dash of wave on shore, creatures of mist rise at every turn—strange, amorphous beings, that the flick of an eyelash may turn from myth to reality.
NEVADA'S VOLTAIRE
Kerker Quinn

"What humanity lacks is another Christ: another saint-model: another crusade-inspirer: another quotable son of God" . . .

"Since Shakespeare, what? I ask you—:
egotism . . . jazz . . . sobriety funnily chewed
but pother really, even Blake and Wilde and Proust’" . . .

"Capitalism is a great hound with a wavy
pedigreed tail but regretfully past the mating age
while communism has an orange and lusty yap
pronouncedly heard above its tin-can-on-tail clatter’’ . . .

are samples of autumn evening gems which Elmer’s friends
dote upon and suggest sending to The American Mercury.

But postage mounts up
so Elmer figures
it will benefit posterity
amply
to record his Voltaireanisms
in a black note-book for his nephews to edit.

BECKMAN
Nard Jones

I hadn’t thought of Franklin Beckman for six or seven years, and
suddenly, just a couple of months
ago, I got to thinking about him. I
don’t know why, unless it’s because
when a fellow gets to worrying about
where he’s going he thinks over where
he’s been. When I go back over my life
a little way I encounter Franklin Beckman. Perhaps that was how it was. But
I don’t remember what I was doing, or
what I was seeing, when I thought
about him again after so many years.

But there he was in my mind: a
pleasant little man with a round face
and anxious eyes. There he was in my
mind just as I had seen him last, on
the train. I was going home for the
Christmas vacation, and in another
week I would be back at Warwick Col-
lege. Franklin Beckman was on his way
home, too, to join his wife and daughter
who’d traveled on ahead—but he
wouldn’t be back at Warwick. Home
to him had become, not the little cottage
three blocks from the campus, but the
house of his wife’s father.

He had been dismissed from the fac-
ulty.

We said he got booted. A prof get-
ting booted is something of a phenomenon to the undergraduate. Profs seem so secure, so fixed. Yet Franklin Beckman got booted.

I had left for home a bit late and was the only student on the train. Beckman came down the aisle and saw me and I couldn’t get away. I was a freshman and profs made me uncomfortable, especially when I met them off the campus. We had never been very friendly, and I’d never been in a class of his, but when he saw me his face lighted up and he came over and sat down beside me.

He wanted to talk. I have never seen a man who so wanted to talk. He said, “I suppose, Miller, you know I was dismissed?”

“Yes,” I said. “I was sorry to hear it.” That was a lie; but it was not a mean lie, because I hadn’t actually disliked Beckman.

“The worst of it is,” he went on, “I won’t be able to get another place in the middle of the year like this. They might have carried me until the Spring term—or told me at the end of last year.”

“Yes,” I said, “it does seem queer.”

“I can’t understand it,” he said, “I can’t understand it at all.”

It was very easy to understand, even for a freshman, and I remember wondering why Beckman couldn’t understand it. The subjects he taught were all elective, and the attendance and enrollment in his classes were never impressive.

“I worked all through the summer on my early American literature material,” Beckman told me. “Then they drop me and turn the class over to Johnson. That is, I suppose they will turn it over to him.”

We both knew very well that they would. There were only Packridge, the head of the department, and Johnson left. Packridge had too many hours of teaching to carry as it was. They would turn the American literature classes over to Johnson—and they would be filled to overflowing. Johnson was a popular prof. When he talked about Cotton Mather he would sort of poke fun at him, and somehow old Cotton wouldn’t seem so stuffy and so—well, so damned dead.

I sat there, uncomfortable, not feeling very sorry. I was a freshman and a prof was a natural enemy, even one I liked a little.

“Have you any idea just what happened?” he asked. “I mean—did you hear any of the upperclassmen talking?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “It certainly seems queer. But of course you’ll connect up somewhere. The only thing I ever heard was that your classes were certainly interesting.”

“But . . . letting a man out at the end of the Winter term, that’s the thing I can’t understand.”

He wanted to say something directly against Packridge, but he didn’t. He talked about “they” and not Packridge, who had to tell him. And of course you couldn’t blame Packridge. The students had simply dropped from under Beckman and left him hanging.

It was almost a concerted conspiracy, but it might never have started except for Jim Blodgett. Blodgett was a big blond blow-hard. There are a lot of his kind come off the farms into a college like Warwick, but usually they get brushed off along about the second year. Blodgett never did, and somehow that was what you liked about him. He was a big fool and a liar, and
that was why you liked him. It was all there was about him to like.

One of his tricks was to take the girls into the chapel to do his necking. He said it was a peach of an idea, especially in the Winter. Nobody was ever in the chapel except from ten to ten-thirty, and it was difficult to get them into it then.

But one night Beckman started to go in. He had left a book there, some volume that he needed before morning—and Blodgett was there with a girl. Blodgett heard Beckman coming up the stairway and he met the prof at the door. The way Blodgett told it, finally, he made quite a hero of himself. But I think what happened was because Blodgett got excited. Or that it never happened at all.

Blodgett said he heard Beckman coming and went to the door and told Beckman he couldn’t come in.

"Why?" Beckman wanted to know.

"I’ve got a girl in here and there’s no reason for you to know who she is." That’s what Blodgett claimed he said. Then he said Beckman started to come in anyhow, and that he had to hit him.

"You can expel me, but there’s no reason for you to see who the girl is." Blodgett claimed he told Beckman that, and that Beckman wouldn’t listen. All I know is that Beckman was sick for a few days and that when he did come to classes he had a bruised cheek. Blodgett didn’t tell the story at first. Maybe he was waiting to see what Beckman would report, and maybe he finally felt safe. Anyhow, he began to tell the story, making a hero of himself. Of course we thought he was a hero, defending a woman’s honor against a suspicious prof who had the advantage because he was a prof.

The story spread all through the campus and even into the faculty. There’s always some point of contact between the faculty and the student body for stories like that. I don’t think the Blodgett business had anything to do with Beckman’s dismissal, but it helped to make him a laughing stock among the students. It made him lose whatever dignity he had owned. That wasn’t very much, for he was too small and his nose was too childish and round—and he rode a bicycle.

You see, his classes weren’t interesting, really. I suppose you might say that he couldn’t ‘sell’ his stuff to the students. But no student had ever had the audacity to object to this lack on Beckman’s part until Blodgett started telling his story. One by one they began dropping out of his classes. Some went to Packridge and were let off, if he liked them and believed they were sincere. Others simply dropped his classes flat. It wasn’t long until he had only five or six in each of his classes. All these were women, because women are born with loyalty in them while men don’t get it until later and sometimes never at all.

When I got to be a senior I heard Packridge say, “After all, it’s up to the instructor to hold the student’s attention. If he can’t do that, he’s failed.” He wasn’t referring to Beckman—he had forgotten all about Beckman—but I suppose that’s what he felt about the prof when he began to lose his classes. Packridge never had any trouble holding his classes, and Johnson brought them in by the dozens because he was a cynic and it was in the nineteen-twenties.
It's funny, but a week after that meeting on the train I never thought any more about Franklin Beckman. All through college I never thought any more about him, and for seven or eight years afterward. It was only a couple of months ago that I happened to think of him, and I've thought about him, off and on, ever since. I keep thinking that it wouldn't have been much to sit through his class in American literature, the one he worked on all summer. It wouldn't have hurt me or anybody else. I started once to sign up for one of his classes, and then somebody warned me that he was dull. But I might as well have signed up for his classes as for any of the others.

You don't use any of them in the racket I went into—radio advertising. I don't think any of them helped me much. At least I know that nothing I learned at Warwick is helping me much now. The director of the station told me a while back that my fan letters were dropping to nothing and I'd have to snap up something new to get by. And not a cockeyed thing I ever learned at Warwick is going to help me get a bunch of monkeys to writing fan mail.

I should be figuring out something now instead of dreaming about poor old Beckman. I wonder what ever happened to him? And what the devil made me think of him after ten or twelve years of not thinking about him at all?

WATER CHANSON
IRIS LORA THORPE

I used to love wild water, white water
Gushing down some blue ravine
Where tattered cedars lean.
Swift water flinging its silver hair
Over a rocky ledge, down,
Down over smooth stones brown
And glistening, to shatter in a cloud
Of flying crystals—bright
Water, swift water, white—

But now it's still water that I love;
Sleeping green under willows,
Where no tide ebbs or flows,
And sunlight falls like rain. Dawn water,
Across whose opalescent glass
Bright wings reflect and pass,
It's quiet water now—lake water,
Mountain cooled, June-blue, deep, deep,
Unfathomable as sleep!
OLD HAYSTACKS
WALTER EVANS KIDD

The weather darkly stains, as it has done
For many years, these idle stacks of hay,
And though their hoods are ashen with decay,
Their hearts still hold the color of the sun.

What rancher had them stacked by man and team
I do not know; it is enough they stand
As humble proof of harvest from his land
And symbols of his faith in labor's dream.

WOMAN
MURIEL THURSTON

A line of men and women, hopeless-looking, hang-dog, formed in the hall of the Arcade Building, which was being used as headquarters for the Social Welfare Bureau. Bertha Morris stood wedged between a short dowdy Negro woman and a slovenly man with a foul breath, waiting her turn to be admitted to the narrow box-like office. Only her desperate desire and the sharp recurring memory of Bill Nestle standing bareheaded in the road, suppliant and adoring, kept her from turning back.

She glanced repeatedly at her watch. Only twenty minutes left of her lunch hour and she dared not be late. There were only three now ahead of her: a shabbily dressed woman with two pale children clinging to her skirts; an elderly lady, cultured and refined, who smiled laconically when she caught Bertha's eye; and the squat negress.

Bertha's spontaneous smile in answer to that of the refined elderly lady lingered about her lips, but her thoughts were bitter with self-derision. She, Bertha Morris, wanting to be married! Mentally she argued with herself. To say of any woman that she is not the marrying kind is to proclaim either one's asininity or a reprehensible lack of human understanding, for surely it is as fated for a woman to marry as for a flower to seduce a bee. But such, precisely, had those unthinking persons who knew Bertha said of her for years.

The falsehood had begun first in high school, where Bertha was well liked by all and invited out by none. Young men clapped her familiarly on the back and gave her a hearty greeting, young girls confided their love problems to her. Bertha was everybody's friend and nobody's girl.

Now, at twenty-nine, large, ruddy of complexion, full-bosomed, genial, she was employed at the outing-flannel counter of a large department store. When young mothers-to-be inquired anxiously of her how many yards would be necessary for the required number
of diapers for their layettes, Bertha considered and discussed their problems with genuine interest.

No one suspected, and Bertha never for an instant confessed it to herself, that she would have gone through any humiliation, submitted to inconceivable tyranny, accepted abuse and insult, to be in their places, having a husband and home, expecting a baby. And when one of the more perceptive young wives would ask her, impressed by her knowledge of babies and their needs, if she had ever been married, Bertha would laugh good-naturedly and say, "Me? Heavens, no! I guess I’m just not the marrying kind."

But then she had met Bill Nestle, and her sturdy virginal body cried out to be embraced in matrimonial love. Only two days ago, that had been. A beautiful languorous Saturday afternoon in mid-summer. Bertha had gone in her rickety Ford out into the country. Attracted by a low white cottage with a tall gate hung with rambling roses, the look of peace and homeliness surrounding the house and grounds, she obeyed the impulse to enter and ask for water for the radiator.

A man of about thirty-five answered her knock at the door, and she found herself looking into the kindest blue eyes she had ever seen . . .

The line shifted as a man left the office, a requisition slip conspicuously held in his hand, and the woman with the two children entered. Bertha moved up a step, hoping to avoid the fetid breath of the person behind her, but he moved anxiously, getting one step nearer the weekly supply of food for his family.

Deliberately Bertha thought back to Bill’s eyes. Blue, blue as the summer sky. And there had come a look in them, when he had asked her to marry him, that she had never before seen in a man’s eyes. Her cheeks flushed as she remembered it but she would not put it away. Unbearably, deliciously intimate, it was, so that she felt her very body flowing toward him, melting into his.

He was a slight man, no taller than Bertha herself, dressed that day in a blue shirt and brown corduroy trousers. As he walked she noticed that he limped rather badly. Later she learned that part of his right foot had been shot off in a bomb explosion during the war, and that his crippled condition was his sole decoration for bravery.

Bill Nestle filled her radiator with water which he pumped from an old-fashioned well at the back of the house. He lingered beside her car, evidently welcoming a chance visitor.

Bertha had sniffed the fragrant air eagerly. "You’ve got a lovely place here. It must be nice to be so free."

Bill drank in gratefully her kind comment. "It is nice up here. I wouldn’t go back to the city for anything. The only thing, it gets kind of lonesome up here at times, living all alone. But then I’m kept pretty busy with the bees."

"Oh, do you keep bees? How interesting!" exclaimed Bertha. "I’ve never got closer to a bee than a glass jar of honey."

"Would you like to see them?" His invitation was only politeness, but his eyes were taking in the womanliness of her and finding it beautiful, and Bertha felt herself ridiculously self-conscious under their masculine tribute.

"I’d love to," she answered promptly.

He opened the gate beneath the roses and stood aside for her to enter.
"The hives are in the back meadow," he explained, walking along beside her through the rows of hollyhocks drowsing on their tall stems. He set the water-pail near the pump, and indicated with a swing of the arm the waving fields of red and white clover.

They passed through the back lot, where there was a long chicken house with a wire opening, mounted on poles. Hens lay listless in the bright hot sun and lazily stirred, ruffling their feathers. A mongrel pup frisked into view and bounded joyfully against Bill's legs.

To Bertha, confined to the clang and grind of the hot city, the air was filled with humming music and gentle caresses. The clucking of the chickens, the breeze swishing the sturdy leaves of the fruit trees, all were music. The sun caressed her firm bare arms and lay like a warm kiss on the back of her neck; the man's voice, making casual comment as they walked toward the meadow where the bees were kept was a caress to her femininity; the breeze sweeping over the meadows pink and white with color, laden with the sweet pungency of clover, was a caressing perfume to the nostrils.

They walked languidly, the man with his limp and his light brown hair ruffled, Bertha with her firm energetic step lagging, her body gone sluggish with sun.

Bill confided that after the war he had taken up this little homestead and had lived alone all these years. Once he had been engaged to marry a neighboring country girl, but she had found someone she preferred to him. He held no resentment; not many young women would want to marry a cripple and live this simple life.

Bertha was moved to protest. "What more could a woman want?"

Bill looked at her quickly, questioningly, and fearing she had been bold, Bertha turned the subject.

They had come to the meadows now, which were so alive with small activity that in sheer exultation she laughed. Bees plunged recklessly over the swaying heavy-headed clovers, hovered above the little balls of color, pillaged their sweetness and swam drunkenly to the hives.

There were many hives, and the habits of bees sounded to Bertha like an exquisite fairy tale. Bill told her of the honeycomb structure which was to the bee as artistically designed and intricate in architecture as any great cathedral is to man; the waxen walls, vertical and parallel constructions, rising with precision and audacity.

He described and indicated the brood cells, which were chambers for the Queen and her attendants. He quoted numbers which staggered her imagination—ten thousand cells in which the eggs repose, fifteen thousand chambers wherein the larvae lay, forty thousand structures occupied by white nymphs waited on by thousands of nurses. And finally, in the sanctum sanctorum, the sealed palaces, enormous in size, where the young princesses, shrouded and pale, awaited their release.

He told it all in a whimsical manner, quite as though he were presenting her to royalty; and Bertha was entranced. He explained how the honey bee gathers nectar from flowers, changes it in her own body to honey and then stores it in the honeycomb; how she gathers pollen in her little pollen basket, brings it home and scrapes it off into a cell, where with
her head she kneads it into bee bread to be fed to the young bees.

The man was a revelation to Bertha. She had not known his kind existed. He had been as eager and tender, telling her of the bees, as a young boy showing a playmate a bird’s nest containing fragile blue eggs. He opened to her tired mind the door upon wonder . . .

The elderly lady smiled encouragingly at Bertha as she passed her on the way to the elevator. The negress waddled into the office and Bertha, with but ten minutes left of her lunch hour, was next.

She sighed profoundly. She would never have come to this place seeking food for her body. But since Saturday afternoon she had been in the grips of a different kind of hunger, a hunger as old as the worlds—that of a woman for her mate.

Her eyes lighted at the wonder of it all, Bill wanting her, Bill asking her to marry him! She moved restlessly in line, leaning her weight from one foot to the other . . .

Beyond the meadows she and Bill had passed through a small orchard, where peach trees stood with their branches weighted down with fruit not quite ripe; they knelt in the strawberry patch, picking a few lusciously red berries and eating them. And there was a small space where melons lay indolent and fat upon the ground.

They came finally to where a little creek wandered idly through clumps of alders and willows. Bill stretched himself out on the fragrance of the grass and motioned Bertha to be seated. He had many yarns to tell her about France, about the humorous angles of the war and his buddies. He told in simple graphic speech of rowdy restaurants in Paris, of chic little French girls, of tragedies he had encountered, so that as she listened, her eyes upon the man’s frank whimsical face, her horizon broadened and she felt herself to have crept through the mire of war and to have experienced Parisian gayety and intrigue.

The sun went toward the western horizon and for a moment lay, a huge ball of light, in the shallow water of the creek. Silently they watched it. A bird, upside down in the water, swam across the bright ball. The willows on the opposite side of the creek clung to the edge with their trunks and waivered their tops in the water, like slim maidens shaking out their long hair to dry.

With an exclamation of dismay Bertha remembered the time and got to her feet. Rising, Bill caught her hand.

“It’s been wonderful, talking with you. I didn’t realize how much I had missed—everything, until you came.”

Bertha tried desperately to think of something to say which would not betray her own crying loneliness, her own instinctive need. Their eyes held a long moment, then with a quick sure motion his arms were about her, his stubbly cheek pressed roughly against hers. Unconsciously Bertha pressed against him, and with a surprised little grunt of hunger, his lips bore down on hers. For a long blissful moment they stood there, the light of the setting sun slanting on their bare heads, merging their shadows into one and casting it back thin and flat across the meadows.

With a quavering sigh they drew apart. Bertha swooped up her hat, avoiding his eyes, and walked falteringly, he limping along silently at her side.

“You’re angry with me,” he stated
self-accusingly, looking at her drawn face.

Bertha shuddered. "Oh, I'm not, but I ought to be." Her face went crimson, remembering the feel of his taut body against her.

He stepped before her and stood stock still, challenging.

"Why not let's get married?"

She stood transfixed before the marvel that was being offered her. A man asking her to marry him. Being desired. A good man, an experienced one, a tender understanding sort of man.

She looked far out across the fields of the blooming busied clover—she would be part of all this. She would help with the honey. She would pick the fruit and make it into jellies and pies. She would gather eggs and do baking. She would comfort Bill, would take good care of him, and in turn she would be protected and cherished. Her mind went to him like a bride to the altar.

The contrast of her other life rose to consciousness. Clerking in a department store, selling hundreds and thousands and millions of yards of fuzzy outing-flannel. Talking about other women's babies, counselling them, sympathizing with them. An onlooker, never a participator.

Bill stood before her, compelling, audacious, expectant, humble. And she had not the power to strike down the life he held up to her for that dazzling moment by uttering an inevitable no. She would take his request home with her to cherish, to wear as an armor of brightness and wonder during the long tiresome days, to fondle in her dreams.

Patiently he was waiting for her to speak. Finally she said, looking him directly in the eyes, "I'll consider it. I think I'd like to."

He grasped her hand and pressed it tightly as they resumed their way through the strawberry patch, through the clover-honeyed meadows, through the yard with the hens now impatient for food, along the stone path with its borders of hollyhoeks heavy with sun.

He stood aloof as she got into her car, stood in the sun bareheaded, with a pensive expression of oncoming loneliness casting a tentative shadow over his face. Bertha looked at him, male and simple and clean, looked out upon the broad acres of trees and meadows and fields, listened intently to their stir of summer activity, and brought her gaze back to the man. It was agonizing for her to have to go. How simple, how just and beautiful, if she could stay.

"I'll come back," she said. "I'll come back next Saturday afternoon. Goodbye, Bill." She flashed him a smile brilliant with sudden tears.

His eyes never once left her face.

"Goodbye, Bertha," he murmured.

Just before her car took the turn in the road she looked back and waved. He was standing as she had left him.

And it was thus her mind conjured him, Saturday during a sleepless night, all day Sunday as she busied herself about the house, Monday morning while she measured yards of outing-flannel . . .

The negress came out of the office, and slowly Bertha entered. A beautiful young woman was seated at a desk. Her light hair was sleek and waved, the crisp white collar and cuffs of her dark tailored suit were immaculate.
Her manner was serenely business-like. She looked Bertha over.

"Be seated, please," she said, reaching for a printed pad.

"I've come to see you about my father and mother," Bertha said with calm steadfastness of purpose. "I wondered if it might not be possible for them to get some kind of help. My father has been unemployed now for two years. My mother is paralyzed. She can't move at all. Dad waits on her. I thought maybe it could be arranged so they wouldn't know where the money was coming from. They'd be miserable if they knew—this."

"You have no income at all then?" inquired the young lady.

"I have been taking care of them," explained Bertha. "You see, it's like this."

She leaned forward a little in her agitation. "I'm clerking in a department store, but I want to get married. The man lives out in the country, but he's a cripple and I couldn't expect him to take care of them. For anything else, I'd have died before coming here. But I've thought and thought, and couldn't see any possible way. It means so much to me. It means—everything."

The young woman waived aside the suggestion of romance and settled with tenacity upon the important factor in the case.

"What pay do you get?"

"Fifteen dollars a week. But perhaps just the two of them could get on with less." Her eyes were beseeching, like one praying for his life.

"What does your father do?"

"Why, he—he used to be a carpenter."

The young lady's voice was decisive. "I'm sorry, but there's nothing we can do. Under the circumstances, this is no time for you to be thinking of marriage. After all, you've got a job, which is more than many people have. We have countless families on our list with no one earning anything at all. And you know it's your first duty to take care of your parents in times like these. However, I'll take your father's name and address. We might come across some carpenter job—"

Bertha got shakingly to her feet, pressing a handkerchief against her lips. "Just forget it. There's no use. Father's too old. I don't know what I could have been thinking of. I'm just not the marrying kind . . . ."

**PATHS**

**Bennett Weaver**

The Sussex graves are old, and older
Are the paths of the Sussex men,
Ways in the earth, worn ways of going
And then returning again.

Ways of going and then returning—
I follow the ways that go:
One in the glitter of August sunlight,
One in the gleam of snow.
OVERTURE

DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS

Crickets, you are too eager for the night.
Hush still a little while
Until the new-born sea wind
Cools the flaming west.
Those nugget clouds that poise above the sun
Must gray and drift.
Wait till the glyphs of fire-breaks
Scrawled upon the hills
Are hard to read
In slowly-misting distance . . .
And that pale star that quivers
On the hill
Grows confident.

TWAIN TURMOIL OF TODAY

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

I

The emphasis of the late nineteenth and the early twentieth century, moving beyond the mean of Victorian compromises and of symbolist fusion, lay heavily, as in our day it still lies, on the social, the national, the universal, the essence not the individual, not the many facets but the single core. As always, too, and in every field, this attitude has been divided in its quality and its manifestations, according as man is deemed in one continuum with other things and subject to one law with them, or is held as a being apart.

In politics, for example, the Ariel-minded sought to lift man on wings of his ideals to an all-embracing brotherhood, with a universal language, international ideals, world peace; while the Caliban-conscious, the practical men of affairs and the diplomats, for the sake of their countries wove secret alliances about the throats of the trusting. When the war to end war, to make the world safe for democracy, reached its idealistic climax in Woodrow Wilson’s fourteen conditions of peace, these diamond points pressed vainly against the amoebic shiftirngs of the wary Europeans, who receded only to bulge and bulk all around, who stood their ground by yielding and flow-back as pressure surged and relaxed. Out of the War emerged a League of Nations and a World Court; and in its aftermath a broken faith, and a rebounding. The young men who had shouldered arms retreated, some of them, to a romantic self-concern, in their brooding over the horrors of the conflict and its deadening consequences. Many memoirs and other war books attest this state, save that the exaggerations were now actual, sprung from no jaded and morbidly sadistic imagination but from the grim facts of modern scientific warfare. Others of the war generation, left alive,
felt that they were living on "borrowed
time," in a world left empty of their
idealism and high hopes, a world where-
in the optimism of an H. G. Wells (how
fond! how senilely protracted!) seemed
the echoless cry of a happy lunatic over
a waste land. These lost souls hid from
themselves in drink, debauchery, and
over-tardy death. The less vigorous
mooned into a murky Hamletism, vainly
(like David in Soupault's A la Derive)
seeking something to which to attach
themselves, isolated misfits, square pegs
of a rounding generation. Some of them,
as the fear-trodden idiot shrinks toward
the warm protection of the womb, ran
back to childish or infantile manifesta-
tions: Alice in her Wonderland is a
frequent symbol of our time; Charlie
Chaplin appeals to the child in us; An-
ita Loos pictures the naive in the
adult—or in more mature vein, as with
Proust, they delve in the hidden cham-
bers of the past. Adolescents sosti-
ciates and cynics whirled glinting
through life and the pages of F. Scott
Fitzgerald, as in less untutored cloaking
of despair they fulgurated in the dia-
logue of Philip Barry's Hotel Universe.
The sense of vainly seeking forever lost
goals, the nostalgia for the shores of the
ideal, that haunts the young deracine,
the heimatlos, the expatriate, is to be
found in the young men of many books:
Kaestner’s Fabien, Bankruptcy by
Pierre Bost, Moravia’s The Indifferent
—of which the hero wants "some goal,
even a false one," anything to end the
aimless wandering of life. But out of
the Waste Land T. S. Eliot himself
(though not yet all who followed him
there) has climbed to secure authority
and single guidance, in aesthetic as in
religious universal law. And the con-
clusion to Barry’s play, through a mys-
tic (and somewhat misty) application
of Freudian theory, points the way to
a new recognition of a guiding purpose
and a central value in life. The youth
of Russia, meanwhile, in action and
propagandist volumes are working to-
ward the salvation they see in a union
of world soviets, with the individual
strictly bound to his social duty. In
equal subordination of the many to the
embracing one the youngest in Germany
are creating the legend of a pure race, a
single strain of thoroughbred Teutons,
as their unifying principle of national
power. (Yet contrast the mass-growth,
the social direction and enthusiasm of
the young manhood of Germany and of
the U. S. S. R., with Napoleon’s ego-
centred dream of a United States of
Europe!) The problem of racial groups,
the attitude caught in the concept of
"the white man’s burden," springs in
any Nordic land; as recently through
the vigorous appeal that Madison Grant, in
The Conquest of a Continent, makes for
the preservation of a Nordic, Protestant
America, which Henry Fairfield Osborn
seconds, calling this strain in the popu-
lation "a precious heritage which we
should not impair or dilute." Mean-
while, "the chosen people" rebuilds its
ancient home. In Spain, in Italy under
the fasces of a benevolent despot, in
Cuba, in the United States under the
blue eagle of hopeful paternalism—
everywhere there is a feeling that "we
must all get together," that each must
be ready to make personal sacrifice for
the general good.

A minor offshoot of the same impul-
sion is the literary back-to-the-soil move-
ment, the Antaean hope to gain strength
from mother earth, evidenced in the gen-
eral agrarian stir (which of course is
also economic); this differs from the
romantic return to nature in that it
seeks not solitude but social movement,
and results in the production of regional literature and the study of folk-ways. Percy Mackaye, Virgil Geddes, Erskine Caldwell come with their fellows to mind; and if much of what they discover is arid soil or even rotten ground—it may come to be fertilizer, and from it may spring reinvigorated artists, interpreting the land.

In science, attention has turned once more to general principles, to mathematics and stellar physics; within the field most reliant upon individual observation, there is a movement toward "theoretical" biology, and in research toward biochemistry and biophysics. The dramatic successes of physics and chemistry, in man's struggle with nature, have set them as tyrants over his ways, and largely imposed their methods, and their quest of (if not belief in) a central law, upon his thinking. In education, the individual is categorized and codified and listed by average and quotient in intelligence tests and reaction records of all sorts, valid statistically, in the aggregate, according to "laws" of probability, but without individual worth. In psychology, the individual mind is probed for its unconscious orderings, for complexes and censors, libido impulses in socially constrained repressions, that characterize the Masse Mensch rather than mark the uniquely individual personality. Psychoanalysis, indeed, in all its creeds (offering first-aid to authors beyond any prescriptions of the philosopher and the scientist) points invariably to general tendencies that, beneath the idiosyncracies of separate mortals, bind the generations and guide their common way—so that man is individualized by the chafings of his chains. In ultimate unity, Einstein overpassed his formula of relativity and attained the great series of equations indicating the harmonious conjunction of the electromagnetic and the gravitational fields, holding all space, time, energy, and matter in single law.

We hear, indeed, that the conversion of energy into matter has finally been observed in the laboratory, nature's greatest gap seen bridged. Whereafter, while the scientists stick to their last, the wistful popularizers, turning their expertly scientific eyes upon still alien fields, assure us that manifestly somewhere "this universal frame is not without a mind;" that, if radiation is the result of electronic orbit-jumping within the atom of matter, and energy-whorls—what matter, since

"Within this vast creation
Of law and deep accord,
These infinite pulsations are
The throbbing heart of God!"

II

The prevailing spirit of an age is perhaps more manifest in its pamphleteers and versifiers, who respond immediately to its urgings, than in its philosophers and poets, who shelter their expression of the Zeitgeist within more solid walls of form. But ours is a self-conscious era; the world seems sorely ailing, if not at death's door; and propounded panaceas quack on every side. Nor do the medicasters concur in diagnosis, however they agree as to the virulence of the disease. Confused in their conceptions, they spend more time detailing the evils, which abound, than in probing to their source; or, having a notion as to a sovereign cure, they lump in a common condemnation all they deem wrong in the world today, and preach their one salvation. The main distinctions, in this age of emphasis on the general, rise (according to our single notion, which, however, we submit merely as a line of per-
spective) out of the inbred or deliberate conception, in many, of man as a being beyond other things, and the reasoned or assumed idea, in many others, of man as a being bound with all to nature's law.

This opposition is of course most evident in the contrasting views of science and religion, which nonetheless, it must be kept in mind, both today emphasize not the separate unit but a vast unity. "An attitude by our Churches of unconcerned neutrality toward the State now belongs to the past!" thundered Reichbischof Muller on his election in Germany, "We must all give loyal service to the State;" but it is in a far deeper sense than this political union that religion, or at least philosophical idealism, is being reasserted. Whether by the artists, by the resurgent churchfolk, or by the scientists themselves in revolt against the implications of their findings, it is a renewal of kind. Only a haphazard selection of exemplifying remarks is here adduced; scarce an issue of any non-fiction magazine, surely no publisher's list, appears without adding to the discussion. Let us begin with prime authority:

There may be millions of different points of view in the universe—each of which may be correct in itself, and each of which may measure true by all local observation—but there is an equation which blends all of these viewpoints into a standard that is universal.

Thus Albert Einstein; but he continues:

Today faith in unbroken causality is threatened precisely by those whose path it had illumined as their chief and unrestricted leader at the front, namely, by the representations of physics.

Not content with this explanation of the effect upon philosophy of the quantum theory and the concept of statistical probability and the Heisenberg principle of uncertainty, Professor Einstein speaks of "the intelligence manifested in nature," and further remarks:

I am of opinion that all the finer speculations in the realm of science spring from a deep religious feeling . . . Modern scientific theory is working toward a sort of transcendentality in which the scientific mind will work in harmony with man's religious instincts and sense of beauty.

Professor Einstein—however the psychologist would riddle his use of the term instincts!—is manifestly not in sympathy with the present-day growth of the materialistic point of view, as enunciated, for an instance, by Dr. George W. Crile:

As radical researches have progressed, it has become increasingly evident that the phenomena of life, like the phenomena of the inanimate world, are dependent upon physical and chemical laws—that is, that protoplasm is not a specialized structure requiring special laws for its control. Advancement in the biological sciences must, therefore, in the future depend upon the fundamental sciences of physics and chemistry. Already a rapid penetration into the mysteries of protoplasm has been made by the application of physical and chemical laws, and we may believe that this advance will not stop until we are able to define, simply and clearly, what a living thing is and the principles by which it is governed . . . . In the advance of the frontiers of medicine along these lines it has been necessary to get rid of mysticism, superstition and fundamentalism, not alone among laymen, but among scientific men themselves, as it was when they were confusing religion and fatalism with science. Either protoplasm and the living beings constructed of protoplasm are mechanisms which derive their energy from the ordinary forces in nature, or they are not. The present trend of thought regarding the nature of protoplasm is strongly mechanistic and has been so especially since the strange medley of mysticism and mechanism has begun to be separated into its component parts.

Already we know that the phenomena of life are only phenomena of energy; already we know that all energy is interpreted by the known laws of physics and chemistry; already we know that no living thing can exist in the absence of chemical activity; already we know that drugs, anaesthetics, narcotics and poisons act upon the living molecule
chemically and not mystically; already we know that bacteria are merely forms of protoplasm which are organized to attack this or that tissue as the result of adaptation; already we know that the interactions of the tissues are chemical and physical in nature; already we know that the agents that kill bacteria—the anti-toxins—are purely physical and chemical and that the symptoms of disease are purely physical and chemical; that growth and development are purely physical and chemical; that the ductless glands have the power of influencing chemical and physical processes in the body. All of these things we know already, and having these facts before us, we can predict with certainty the future trend of medical investigation.

James Harvey Robinson, in *The Mind in the Making*, equally assumes that science and the scientific method are the only tools that can pave the road to reality; he admits philosophy only of the instrumental variety such as Dewey's. The behaviorist, of course, flows along this way.

At the other extreme from such a mechanistic point of view rise many voices. Benjamin De Casseres declares (in a magazine called *The Thinker!*):

We are related (if we must speak earthwise) to super-organisms, or a super-organism, which, however, being itself only a part of some other super-organism, is not to be confused with God or Absolute. . . . And I say this after forty years of mature consideration: Science is the greatest of human superstitions.

D. H. Lawrence rejected not only science, but that aspect of man's functioning which guides him to reason:

My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what my blood feels, and believes, and says, is always true.

And Aldous Huxley reports that, discussing evolution, Lawrence declared:

'Evidence doesn't mean anything to me. I don't feel it here.' And he pressed his two hands on his solar plexus.

G. K. Chesterton takes advantage of the turn blandly to remark:

The man of science, the hero of the modern world, has suddenly and dramatically abandoned the dreary business of nibbling negation and come back to religious faith.

Evidence of the truth of Chesterton's words is spread in many volumes. One of the leaders in the new psychologies, C. G. Jung, definitely recognizes the usually implicit bases in mechanistic materialism which "most modern psychiatry takes uncritically for granted,” and notes that the neurotic seems often to hesitate between physician and priest:

During the past thirty years, persons from all the countries of the earth have consulted me. I have treated many hundreds of patients, the large number being Protestants, a smaller number Jews, and not more than five or six Catholics. Among all my patients aged over thirty-five, there has not been one whose problem in the final analysis was not that of finding a religious outlook on life.

His hope of providing this lies in the unconscious, which is not an individual reservoir, but a collective stream, rich with the inherited memories of mankind, with burdens of censor and social repressions, but also with gifts of ideals and social will. That collective unconscious, as Irwin Edman describes it, is for him the subterranean, ageless, and obscure voice of the spirit, deeper and more pervasive than either body or mind. It is the murmur of the immortal memory of mankind which it is the psychiatrist's task to help the neurotic to overhear. In those depths, he suggests, is salvation.

In his creative hours the artist himself (as Jung emphasizes):

is objective and impersonal—even inhuman—for as an artist he is his work and not a human being . . . . Art is a kind of innate drive that seizes a human being and makes him its instrument . . . . As a human being he may have moods and a will and personal aims, but as an artist he is "man" in a higher sense—he is "Collective man"—one who shapes the unconscious, psychic life of mankind.

The confusion of current thought may be instanced in the attitude toward the schools of psychology (which agree,
however else they quarrel, in seeking a universal substratum) of that wide symposiast, Samuel D. Schmalhausen, whose longing for social betterment, whose concern with material misery, with the balked hopes for banishing poverty and pain, leads him to link with the enemy—the individual—all that is aimed at the spirit:

The total effect of the psychologies that rule in the market place these exuberant days is the instilling in the individual (mediocrity, moron, or mutt, as your generosity inclines) of an exhilarated sense of the comparative insignificance of acts and conditions and objective realities—business panics are merely a state of mind!—and the central significance of the individual’s own mind (what’s that?) as a controller of destiny; destiny concretely meaning will-to-power, success, competitive rating, self-confidence, getting-there. The individual is captain of his soul and master of his fate. Consolations of philosophy in psychological garb!

What irony! Precisely at the moment in the world’s history when the individual has become an unmeaning cog in a meaningless machine, when life is being suffocated by super-organizations that mass themselves graphically against the sky like giants hideously mocking the small stature of man, when the only conceivable salvation in sight is the recognition and glad acceptance of the prepotency, in our newly emerging civilization, of the social and communal psychology of life, we confront a scene in which schools of psychology still continue shamelessly to make their deepest appeal to the individualism and egotism and power-mania dangerously alive in the hearts of competitive men.

The magical formula goes the rounds of an endless repetition: Everything’s only a state of mind. Is it? Child labor in the richest country the world has known. Unemployment on a grand scale. Profiteering in triumphant charge of the economic situation. Politics entangled in the dirtiest mess conceivable. Class bias in meting out justice. The professions honeycombed with the money-motive, commercialized to the finger-tips. Christliness being crucified by Churchianity. The educational system under the vigilant eye of the vested interests. The youth of the nation, in instinctive flight from an unbearable reality, wooing cynicism, enjoying drunkenness, laughing maliciously at life and learning and truth and wonder and sincerity . . .

While civilization is committing suicide, a distinguished philosopher beguiles us with this lullaby:

“All unhappiness depends upon some kind of disintegration or lack of integration; there is disintegration within the self through lack of coordination between the conscious and unconscious mind; there is lack of integration between the self and society, where the two are not knit together by the force of objective interest and affections. The happy man is the man who does not suffer from either of these failures of unity, whose personality is neither divided against itself nor pitted against the world. Such a man feels himself a citizen of the universe, enjoying freely the spectacle that it offers and the joys that it affords, untroubled by the thought of death because he feels himself not really separate from those who will come after him. It is in such profound instinctive union with the stream of life that the greatest joy is to be found.”

This is the most expert definition yet attempted of the Perfect Idiot.

More than one “distinguished philosopher,” however, is endeavoring to express once more a “profound instinctive union” between nature and the human spirit, to look upon science as but one of several ways of approaching reality. Eddington, who deems religious experience as revealing as the discovery of Newton’s laws of motion, recognizes that the physical world is entirely abstract and without “actuality” apart from its linkage to consciousness, we restore consciousness to the fundamental position instead of representing it as an inessential complication occasionally found in the midst of inorganic nature at a late stage of evolutionary history.

Millikan, in Time, Matter, and Values, feels that

There must be something in the universe which gives significance and meaning, call it value if you will, to existence, and no such sense of value can possibly be in mere lumps of dead mat-
ter interacting according to purely mechanical laws . . . This universal frame is not without a mind.

Planck rejects positivism, observes that the physicist "is bound by the very nature of the task in hand, to use his imaginative faculties at the very first step he takes," and speaks of the stupid sacrilege in man's presuming to hope to understand "as clearly as the Divine Spirit understands." Jeans stands beside Millikan:

Today there is a wide measure of agreement, which on the physical side of science approaches almost to unanimity, that the stream of knowledge is heading toward a non-mechanistic reality; the universe begins to look more like a great thought than like a great machine. The old dualism of mind and matter . . . seems likely to disappear, not through matter's becoming more shadowy or insubstantial than heretofore, nor through mind's becoming resolved into a function of the working of matter, but through substantial matter's resolving itself into a creation and manifestation of mind.

A. N. Whitehead, especially in his Process and Reality, seeks to make such speculation more than merely wishful thinking; he defends "speculative philosophy" and, after an historical survey of shifting attitudes, advances the theory of "organisms":

I have kept in mind that the ultimate issue of the whole story is the patent dissolution of the confortable scheme of scientific materialism which has dominated the three centuries under review. I have endeavored to outline an alternative cosmological doctrine, which shall be wide enough to include what is fundamental both for science and for its critics. In this alternative scheme, the notion of the material, as fundamental, has been replaced by that of organic synthesis.

Dr. Bernard Bavinck, at the conclusion of his lengthy study of The Natural Sciences, turns to art rather than religion for the restoration of the soul:

Go on Good Friday to hear Bach's "Passion of St. Matthew" and the "Missa Solumis" and the B minor mass, the greatest works produced by human, nay superhuman, inspiration. When you then hear the angels in heaven singing "Sanctus, sanctus, Dominus, Deus Sabaoth"—with Beethoven in mystery far removed from all earthy things; with Bach in endless rejoicing rising ever higher and higher—then you get a faint inkling of the reason why God did not remain God alone, but created a world with joy, life, and love, but also with pain, death, and sin; and of where the solution of this contradiction is to be found. No philosopher in the world can tell you more about it than Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

In a wide survey that stretches, with historical approach to contemporary views, from light-radiation to galaxies, from electron to man, the Bishop of Birmingham, in Scientific Theory and Religion, advances his notion of a "moderate realism":

The objectivity of the world is for a single finite mind intermittent; and the totality of finite minds is not sufficient to maintain it. We are thus, if our basis be sound, led to the conclusion that such objectivity is only constituted by a Universal Mind for Whom all objects are always present.

Both Dr. William Ralph Inge, in God and the Astronomers, and J. W. N. Sullivan, in Limitations of Science, move from a destructive picture of a world running down (as Henry Adams, too, saw it) according to the second law of thermodynamics, the law of entropy, to a suggestion of salvation. Inge sees in space and time but shadows of reality, the dissolution of things temporal leaving untouched the ultimate and eternal values of the trinity of goodness and beauty and truth. Sullivan reminds us that reality may seem mathematical merely because our minds have achieved mathematical competence; he seeks to demonstrate that science gives us but a partial view of the universe; as somewhat earlier Gustave Geley, in From the Unconscious to the Conscious, had declared that

the method of restricted analyses and profound study of details is extremely useful in scientific research, but is with-
out philosophical value. The method of general synthesis is the only one suitable to scientific philosophy.

Wyndham Lewis, especially in *Time and Western Man*, sees the blight of mechanism as blown across the world from the “time-mind” of our day, whether the Einstein relativity or the Bergsonian flux, the “fluid reality” of Alexander, Gentile, Croce, Whitehead and the rest: a sense of relative, therefore indeterminate, therefore shifty, therefore false values propped by a philosophy based on a science that is beginning to doubt its own presuppositions.

From his excellent studies of symbolism in Shakespeare, G. Wilson Knight turns, in *The Christian Renaissance*, to declare that only poetry can save the world, that we require a poetic rebirth that is also an incarnation, a “marriage of the material and the spiritual” as were fused through the Helena of Goethe’s *Faust*. And Hugh l’Anson Fausset first in *The Proving of Psyche* deplored the diseased dualism of modern life, declaring that man’s religious consciousness must recover its wholeness, must regain its lost sense of unity with the spirit informing the universe, and then in *A Modern Prelude* pictures how there came to him this sense of the whole, through his mystical experiences of unification.

In *Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy*, Santayana observes that in the last half-century “British opinion has passed from insular dogmatism to universal bewilderment”—still manifesting the tendency of the time!—and he sees the new physics, dominating science today, as

affected and partly inspired by a particular philosophy, itself utterly insecure. This philosophy regards the point of view as controlling or even creating the object seen; in other words, it identifies

the object with the experience or the knowledge of it; it is essentially a subjective, psychological, Protestant philosophy.

From the emphasis on the material Santayana turns to glance at “the realm of spirit” (title of a promised book) where he sees that

The spiritual man, insofar as he has intellectually passed into the eternal world, no longer endures unwillingly the continued death involved in living or the final death involved in having been born.

Churchman, artist, scientist, philosopher, seek beyond the material world higher values. The unification that the chemist, the physicist, the mathematician have been approaching has threatened to make of man but one link in the long chain of natural forces and phenomena. Nay, more, the recent discoveries of the scientist seem to subordinate man, and “mind,” to the mandates of energy-matter.

In our world we know an object when we are aware of its position in space and of its rate of motion. The constituents of matter, however, decline to be known. The electron, for example, with which science has the largest and fullest acquaintance, will tell us either its position or its speed, but not both. We can take either item. If we think of the electron as something about which we can say that we know where it is but not, except conjecturally, whither it is going, we can represent it as a wave of probability; if, alternatively, we prefer to know its path but not its position, we can figure it as a system of events . . . We have thus to deal with two contradictory universes—the universe of four-dimensional space represented by Relativity and the universe of multi-dimensional time resulting from the Quantum-Theory.

The question immediately presents itself whether this dual picture which nature presents to us is not in fact imposed upon nature by our own minds. The subjective element in all that we call knowledge is stressed by modern scientists who in this respect are at opposite poles to their Victorian predecessors, and philosophy has always felt the difficulty of devising a synthesis which should adequately combine both space and time. The obvious solution is to
let either swallow the other, after which we can justify our choice by representing nature as confirming it. But the introduction at this stage of the subjective element only aggravates our difficulties. The lapse of a generation has transformed our conception of mind no less than our conception of matter, and people now talk glibly enough in the terms of a determinist psychology which supports itself by reference to the unconscious.

Thus the Victorian picture of free minds ranging at will over a mechanical universe has been replaced by the conception of an indeterminate universe impinging upon fixed minds. The opposition between the two views is so exact as to suggest that a term has, as it were, been transferred from one side of the equation to the other. So long as there is anything still to be known, there must be an indeterminate element in any philosophy. This element, the "chance" of Aristotle's thought and the "spontaneous variation" of Darwin's, was attached by the Victorians to mind and is transferred by ourselves to matter. Does the alteration amount to so much? To us human beings it matters very much indeed. So long as we could think of ourselves as freely exploring a mechanically determined universe, we were comfortable enough; but the position is altogether different when we think of an indeterminate nature whose uniformity is now found to be only on the average, addressing her messages to minds compelled to work in a particular way. On the old conception we were the masters of things; on the new, things are the masters of us. The human mind would be false to itself if it acquiesced in such a condition. It is not an accident that epic poets always set their story against some sort of supernatural background. Any artist who attempts to deal with human beings in a mechanically determined universe, we were comfortable enough; but the position is altogether different when we think of an indeterminate nature whose uniformity is now found to be only on the average, addressing her messages to minds compelled to work in a particular way. On the old conception we were the masters of things; on the new, things are the masters of us. The human mind would be false to itself if it acquiesced in such a condition. It is not an accident that epic poets always set their story against some sort of supernatural background. Any artist who attempts to deal with human beings in the large finds that he can give their actions a meaning only if he portrays them in a setting of eternal values.

Man's desire to reassert himself as the center of some system—even though it be no more than a system of values he must not admit are man-made—is thus redoubled in those who sense the direction of modern scientific thought. But even outside of the preserves of the highly trained intelligence there is a new coordination:

It is a commonplace that social thought today is collectivist, whereas yesterday it was individualist. But this change in the nature of social thought is producing a remarkable development of consciousness. In the world of yesterday there was an individual consciousness and a family consciousness, but a truly collective consciousness had not become manifest at all except in rather crude outbursts of national feeling. There was, for example, no economic consciousness in Victorian England. On the contrary, it was maintained that economic affairs forbade conscious regulation and that supply and demand would adjust themselves automatically by the process of the higgling of the market. Today, however, the planned adjustment of supply and demand, or, as we are now beginning to prefer to call them, of producing and consuming power, is admitted to be the outstanding task of statesmanship. Similarly the idea of conscious regulation is invading other spheres which the nineteenth century abandoned to mechanical adjustment. It has, for example, spread from the drink traffic to the whole range of social relations. Even the old national consciousness has undergone remarkable development. Either it is more intense than it was, so that national feeling asserts itself in extravagant manifestations, or it is regarded as no longer adequate to collective thought, which is beginning to demand some more comprehensive field, such as the Socialist International, the League of Nations, or the British Commonwealth. In fact, as a member of society, the average man is straining to think a bigger thought than his father.

A more embracing thought is man's quest today, a thought that binds not merely like things, but all things, in closest union. Prominent among the levers of present-day speculation is the principle of polarity, which affirms that opposites are in truth distinct yet inseparable aspects of one relationship. Good and evil, if we view them at their extremes, appear not only antipodal, antithetical, but irreconcilable; yet perhaps most human conduct lies in a middle ground where a complex coursing of motives and consequences blurs the lines of demarcation. Try to sever top from bottom of a stick; you double your prob-

1This and the preceding quotation are taken from, and by permission of, the London Times.
lem; and the more you persist in your efforts, the more closely you bring together what you are striving to part. Thus, in the spotlight of our age’s vision, all things are basically conjoined.

III

Among the social sciences, especially in their practical manifestation in governments today, the impulse toward individualism is virtually stifled between the pressing and heaving forces of the two collective attitudes that contend. In psychology, the theories of the day, Freudianism and its offshoots, behaviorism, and the rest, are all materialistic. The current theories in anthropology, of eugenics and racial purity, Nordic supremacy, equally concerned with the breeding of a better race regardless of the individual, are likewise rooted in the belief that man is governed by the laws that have produced the race-horse and golden-bantam corn. But in sociology, as with science and religion today, while the ideological movement of the great national dictators, Mussolini, Stalin, Hitler, Roosevelt, is unanimously towards authoritarian absolutism and away from freedom of individual initiative, the collective attitude is sprung of two basically different ideals, according as man is deemed the moulder of his days, or is considered the product of his environment, which surrounding him shapes him. As John Strachey’s *The Menace of Fascism* sums it up, government—planned individualism (the N. R. A.)—is but oxygen to the mobunb; the alternative of the years ahead is Fascism or Socialism. In the eyes of L. Hausleiter, whose *Revolution der Weltwirtschaft* is issued in English as *The Machine Unchained*:

The nineteenth century developed individual freedom, individuality, nationality; and the twentieth century has embarked on the task of setting a standard for the individual and creating the mass, the international system. Mass inventions, mass commerce, mass production, mass requirements, mass capital, mass cities, mass armies.

America, as he views it, marks the culmination of the old order: mass in private enterprise; Russia, the beginning of the new: mass in State enterprise. But along this road we have not far to follow, passing Toller’s *mass-man*, to reach the realm of the robots.

The Marxian attitude, based upon an economic determinism and reaching, in its most developed manifestation, toward a union of world soviets, is antipodal to the Fascist, which sees mankind (though often in terms of one race or one nation) as in a measure free to dictate human destiny and to impose human will. Perhaps the fullest exposition of the Marxian point of view, outside of Russian documents, is *The Intelligent Man’s Review of Europe Today*, by G. D. H. Cole and Margaret Cole; as the most violent defence of the Fascist attitude is of course Hitler’s “My Battle.” Many writers and many thinkers today are unwilling, however, to subscribe to either of these formularized modes of social living. Thus, while both V. F. Calverton (in *The Liberation of American Literature*) and Ludwig Lewisohn (in *Expression in America*) interpret the protest and despair of contemporary literature as largely due to the suppression of individual impulses in industrialized society, their forward regard finds different remedies. Calverton sees the “petty bourgeois individualist” supplanted by the “proletarian collectivist” and—drawing to his cause Emerson and Whitman—holds that

What we need today is a return of that faith in the common man, in the mass, but a faith founded upon a collective instead of an individualistic premise.
Lewisohn emphatically rejects "the religion, the binding principle, of mechanistic Communism" and looks ahead dimly to "other dawns," when the breakdown of the materialistic conception of the universe will have aftergrowth of new "wholeness and coherence." (Though he speaks of T. S. Eliot’s inability to beat his "adolescent disappointment" and attacks the poet’s retreat "into the bosom of a fictive father-image and force, in this case Royalism and Anglo-Catholicism," Lewisohn himself, after what he has pictured as a sorry buffeting in the Christian world, has drawn solace and new strength from the waters of his fathers’ Zion.) Professor H. Stanley Jevons, in Economic Equality in the Cooperative Commonwealth, dismisses the Russian experiment as irrelevant to a western land, but approves the prospect of a form of socialism growing naturally from our needs. More concretely Paul Cohen-Portheim, in The Discovery of Europe, which emphasises England’s role, and in The Spirit of France, indicates Europe’s need of recovering consciousness of her cultural unity, as the one way of overcoming the sense of material multiplicity. More broadly even, K. Jaspers, in Man in the Modern Age, presents our one hope as in a spiritual union superimposed upon the binding material union of today. The individual consciousness, he declares, has become so completely merged in the collectivity that a person thinks of himself only in terms of his social relationships, only as "we;" essential humanity is reduced to the general. To combat this sapping of the soul there must arise a brotherhood, a unity, of cultivated consciousness, a band of self-hoods bound in ties with other spiritual self-hoods, a communion and union of souls. Professor H. A. Overstreet, fluent interpreter of the time, in We Move in New Directions indicates the various "social immaturities" that delay the coming socialization of economic forces and postpone the achievement of an international world.

The fullest of the social and economic prophecies is that proffered by H. G. Wells, inveterate optimist of the world-society, The Shape of Things to Come. With Basic English (invented by C. K. Ogden in 1922) as a universal tongue and with the air-dollar as the basic unit of world currency, Wells pictures a conference of scientific and technical workers in 1978 establishing a World Council, an absolute body that in its Thirty Year Plan reorganizes the educational system for the elimination of egotism and the sublimation of individuality. Then the World-State, "socialistic, cosmopolitan and creative," may bring happiness to a collective universe.

IV

The collective mind of our generation, like the individual spirit of a century ago, may be seen as binding, or as bound. The heir of the romantic, transferring his devotion from the hero to the race, looks upon mankind as the unique creature for whom, and through whose intelligence and moral force, the universe will be led to its highest manifestation. The scion of the realist, in similarly widened view, still questions the notion of progress, finds in all men a core of sameness that is one with the essence of the animal, the physical, world, and seeks the universals, of substance, energy, and law that cup reality.

Each of these attitudes provokes a complex train.
BALLAD OF THE TACITURN THREE
MARY J. ELMENDORF

Up Alaskan hillsides,
Day by longsome day,
Moiled three moody miners,
Grim and gaunt and gray.

All one singing season
Past the summer’s wake
Climbed those dour, dark miners—
Jake and Jack and Jake.

Always gloom went with them
Like a grisly guide,
Always silence padded
Wolf-like at their side.

Ravens hoarsely challenged,
Swooping low and high;
Under bows of cedar
Deer went whistling by;

Hemlocks sang them sagas
By the winds begot;
Mountains marched before them:
But they heeded not.

In the deer they saw but
Future food and pelts;
In the hills and gulches,
Soil—and nothing else;

In the glacial rivers,
Power for mills to be;
Firewood in the hemlocks;
Salmon in the sea.

Long, dull hours they sweated
Under towering peaks,
Picking at an outcrop,
Panning in the creeks.

Never cursed their luck and
Never damned the flies.

Down the trail each sunset,
Tired, dirty, damp,
Jake and Jack and Jake limped
Mutely into camp.

In their packs they carried
Rocks of varied sorts;
In their hands and pockets,
Bits of gleaming quartz.

Dumbly then they washed and
Dumbly changed their jeans;
Dumbly, too, they bolted
Bacon, bread, and beans.

Into deep round mortars—
Iron mortars black—
Each poured out the samples
From his bulging pack,

Powdered them and ground them;
Then, as miners can,
Washed the pulp and deftly
Rocked it in the pan.

Suddenly one evening
With a joy that hurt
They discovered colors
Shining in the dirt—

Tiny yellow nuggets,
Gleaming yellow dice,
Yellow flames that melted
Those three men of ice.

Then a wonder happened,
Marvelous to pen—
Language bit the lips of
Those three silent men!
“Gold!” cried Jake, the elder;  
“Gold!” repeated Jack;  
And, bewildered, “Gold!” the Younger Jake flung back.

Thus the key enchanted  
To their lips was found,  
For they talked, it’s rumored,  
Once the clock around!

Talked of stamps and crushers,  
Talked of mills and dams,  
Talked of shafts and timbers,  
Tunnels, tonnage, trams.

Recklessly they waded  
Out beyond their reach,  
Choked themselves on phrases,  
Gorged themselves on speech,

And through verbal tide-rips  
With no wind to help  
Back to shore they floundered,  
Slimed in lingual kelp.

And each morning after  
All that season through,  
With their tongues unbridled,  
Climbed that altered crew,

Plodding up the hillsides,  
Gold to dig and take,  
Gold to win the world with—  
Jake and Jack and Jake;

Toiling up the trails in  
Rain or heat or cold—  
Talking, thinking, talking,  
Thinking, talking gold.

CHILDREN’S CRUSADE

ROBERT TOD STRUCKMAN

It seems as though we always acted  
like a pack of dogs in those days,  
but of course I was small then and  
I may have forgotten. Nobody ever used to think—it wasn’t necessary; we just went ahead and did things. There was a dance in the school house Saturday night, and then a Sunday School picnic all day Sunday, and the next day was the Fourth of July, and there was a dance again that night. Now that I remember, people must have thought in those days, because we all thought it was good music.

The stranger was an ignorant-looking kid; six feet tall, and too round; like rank grass, or weeds that grow too fast. He didn’t have any business at the dance (he just wanted to celebrate the Fourth of July, I guess) but we didn’t care about his having no business there; we just went after him like a pack of dogs.

All the people came early. It was a dark night—nights were dark in those days; no moon, and the stars not doing anything. We seemed to cast our own light from our faces. When there was a bunch of us together we made a good light to see by. We all stood in the cloak-room and watched the people come to the dance, and we shoved each other around, and tried to get into the farthest corner, and still we watched into the school-room. The women were on one side and the men on the other, all dressed in their best. We were dressed in our best, too, and that made us jerk each other around all the more.

The stranger was standing against the wall. It seemed dark now but we could see him. We acted up a lot, wrestling with each other; we got to feeling loose.
and wooly and silly. Then the music started. Two kids grabbed each other and started scraping around, like a dance. They turned into a wrestling match right away, and others tried it until they wrestled, too. They shoved one kid in through the door. He came back and we shoved him again, right out into the dance floor. He came back and started dodging around. He got behind the stranger, and stranger nearly fell down. Stranger stood against the wall again and grinned. He wouldn’t talk to us; we didn’t really say anything to him. He was nearly twice as tall as we were, but we were on our own ground and he was a stranger. He tried to grin nice at us but he didn’t have any business to grin at all.

Some grownup kids came out and took a drink out of a bottle and got me to fighting. I didn’t like to fight—not until someone hit me; but when I got started it was all right. I just swung in hard and it felt good to hit and be hit. Some men came out then and stopped the fight. Stranger was standing straight up against the wall, grinning. He looked afraid.

The next grownup kids that came out, we got them to give stranger a drink. “Give us some,” and they wouldn’t, so “Give him some,” and they did. Stranger took a big drink and the grownup kids looked at him as if they didn’t like him. It was dark in the hall but we made our own light somehow from our faces. Stranger made a lot of light from his face. Inside, kerosene lamps made a path of light through the door; a yellow path on the boards. We kept out of that. If we stepped into it we stepped out quick.

Time went fast in those days; the minutes were long but the hours were short because we didn’t think. We went around and around in our heads like dogs. We tried to get stranger to go in and dance. He wouldn’t say anything, but one of the kids said he was going inside and ask a girl to dance with stranger. The kid walked right in and around to the back of the room where the girls were. Stranger kept looking in for him—trying to see past the dancers. Two girls came by just then to go outside—one of them was my sister. We pushed stranger against them. They shoved him away and slapped him, and ran outside giggling.

We all laughed to beat the band. We shoved him around, and he tried to stay back against the wall. One of the kids managed to kick him in the seat of the pants, and we pulled him away from the wall and did that a while. He tried to keep his back against the wall but we pulled him away. It went on for a long time, and I remember I stopped once and looked up at him. He was standing on his tiptoes, trying to hold his arms up away from the kids—he was leaning back into the corner, white and scared. His face was putting out more light than all the other faces yanking around by his knees. They pulled him out again and kicked him and he managed to get back into the corner once more.

It wasn’t much fun, but there wasn’t anything else to do. Usually we followed drunks around, but that night all the drunks were dancing.

Finally he slapped one kid and kicked at me, and we lit into him then for sure. Some more grownup kids came out to drink and they watched us for a while. Stranger tried kicking back at us only once, and then started
grinning again, standing back in the corner as tall as he could, when he could get away from us.

We got him pulled off balance and shoved him out in the path of light on the floor. One kid kicked up high at him and fell down on the floor. Stranger tried to get back into the corner and one of the grownup kids tripped him. He fell right in the light where people inside could see.

He got to his feet and ran outside. We all followed, yelling as hard as we could. He ran down the hill toward the horses but we ran around and headed him off. He went out toward the swamp, still down hill, and we jumped along after him. We had a lot of wind those days; it felt like we could fly—jumping into the air down the hill chasing him. We knew the ground; it was our own ground, and he had to be careful, and couldn’t fly.

We didn’t let him go in one direction. Some of us headed him to one side, and then along the hill, and the others ran down on him from above. We kept him going around and dodging through us. We didn’t need to rest; we could run past him down-hill and head him off. He had to run up-hill part of the time, and kids waiting up there came down at him. Then he had to get through us below. We didn’t think about it; we just did it that way—like dogs chasing something.

One of the grownup kids from the dance heard us yelling. He was drunk and got on his horse. He chased the stranger out on the flats and we all followed close behind. Stranger dodged the horse, and somehow the horse got its feet tangled and fell down. It made an awful thump, and the grownup kid rolled away ahead of it. The horse got up but the kid stayed there, cursing-mad.

Stranger was running straight now. I was the only one to see him and I yelled, and started after him. He was making a noise with his mouth as he ran, and thumping his feet hard on the ground. He was tired and I caught him first; I was quite a ways ahead of the other kids. They were coming along as hard as they could. I grabbed stranger’s coat and shoved him from the side. He fell down and drew his legs up. He held one foot in the air to guard himself. His face was glowing light and the grin was still there, as if he didn’t dare take it off. I put my face down close to see him. He was panting so hard I felt sorry for him.

The other kids got there and stranger tried to get away. I shoved him down again but he got to his feet. The kids pulled him down and he fought like fury. Someone got hold of his shirt and ripped it.

I never thought less in my life than I did for a while then. We couldn’t tear his coat but we managed to grab up under that for his shirt. I got one good hold on the back of it and ripped and jerked and swung around, with things clear black to my eyes. We got all over him and ripped the shirt clear off. He yelled once and tried to stand up when someone choked him with his necktie, then he went down again.

When he got so he wouldn’t struggle any more, no matter what we did, we went back to the dance. He came blubbering along quite a ways behind us. It was midnight and supper was being handed out, but he couldn’t come in and get any because his shirt was gone.
THREE POEMS

Tom Bair

SMOKE RIVER PEOPLE
The Smoke River people want no escape from you, O Earth. Smoke River men are broad-knuckled Bible thumpers, But under their shirts, O Earth, is a soil-dirty root-wood Christ with Smoke River silt in his beard. The women mock you, O Earth, with broad flat hips, And tear up from themselves lean children that wriggle back to your loins with only you and the night in their eyes. In you they have grown their awful legends, O Earth. In you they will grow the final unescapable story of infinite darkness. The Smoke River people want no escape from you, O Earth.

LINES FOR AN OLD HORSE
What shall I say to you now, Prince? What shall I say to you whose sweat And mine, dampening the same furrow, Called up the young grain year on year? Is there no place for me; no single memory Of evenings in winter, when drawing the tired bolts Of all summer’s labor back to our sinews, we spoke, In soft gestures, of green hopes for springtime; Is there no place, Prince, for me, in your death-heavy eyes?

LEGEND COUNTRY
In the north is the Pistol Mountain country. In the north is Black Peak and Elk River, A white thread basting the spruce-blue velvet of the wilderness. The lynx, the owl and the lovely cruel-eyed fisher, The black bear and a beast with white hands And the glands of a goat on his neck are here. And in the Indian days (a comet rose from Pistol Mountain Living three nights in the eastern sky) There stood in the forest a sculptured monolith of blood-red flint, Inscribed with a man-faced deer, A bat-winged serpent and the crescent moon.
THE OPEN RANGE
Each issue will carry accounts of personal outdoor experiences. Only accounts of actual experiences are solicited.

THE PRICE OF TUECKSOO

STANLEY SCARCE

"We hunt caribou and moose up Klondike close top mountain," said Chief Charlie. "Heap caribou now mush 'cross our trail Peel River. Next day we start home. You be ready?"

And ready I was, for the trek by dogsled almost to the Arctic ocean. Charlie and his Peel River Indians were returning to their home. I was leaving Dawson for reasons that concerned a young lady whose name was Ann.

The season was autumn; and a great army was on the march. Countless thousands of caribou were on their semianual migration march from the summer feeding grounds on the Arctic tundras back to the timber sheltered valleys of the upper Mackenzie. There they feed on the succulent willows and on the nutritious, parasitic mosses which abound on the trees above the level of the deepest snows.

Five days out of Dawson, one hundred miles up the south fork of the Klondike, we encountered this host. They were headed for the same mountain pass, the McQuesten, to which our trail led. Only after we had crossed the continental divide of the Arctic Rockies would our trails diverge. They would head southward for the upper Mackenzie, while we would turn north down the Peel.

Twice only does the army pass, north in the spring, south in the fall. Nature's law plainly commands man to kill and to kill plenty. The Arctic cold storage preserves the kill fresh during the long intervening periods. Should the biological law forcing the migration fail even for one season, man would be decimated in consequence.

Lesser wild animals, even as man, prey on the caribou. The timber wolves make the kill, and over the abandoned carcasses wrangle the wolverine, the fox, the lynx, the carion. Every animal that thus feeds owes its existence to its ability to adapt itself to the peculiar food and climate of the land.

Chief Charlie and his tribe did not get excited over the sport or the urge to kill. They would slaughter just what was needful, and do that at the point on the trail most convenient to transport the meat to their homes. This would be near the summit. However, Charlie suggested that down in the valley of the Klondike we slaughter whatever animals I desired to haul back to Dawson on my return from Peel River. We decided that six would be about right. They weigh, dressed, about one hundred and forty pounds each. This would allow for some furs which I expected to bring back also.

We soon made the kill. Removing the entrails, we hung the carcasses high on a pole, suspended between the limbs of two trees.

A host of timber wolves was following in the wake of the caribou. Their kill followed the cruel law of the survival of the fittest and death to the weakest. In other words, there were no havens for the old caribou, no pensions, no charity. When old age dimmed their eyes and made feeble their steps, then, notwithstanding their valor, they would succumb, becoming the inevitable prey of the wolf.

In the night time the call of the wolves rang from the fastnesses of the mountain canyons. Our husky dogs, emanating from the same ancestral root, were but little removed in points of physical comparison from their wild brethren. There were some forty or fifty of these wolf dogs in our caravan, including the royal six of which I had become the owner. These would gather in groups; and, lifting their heads towards the
stars, answer the weird cry of their more savage kin. Occasionally the fire-light caught a fleeting shadow as a more curious member of the wolf pack approached to get a better scent of his domesticated half-brothers.

We passed up the headwaters of the McQuesten, through the pass to the upper reaches of the Peel River on the eastern slope of the continental divide. Chief Charlie and I led the caravan with my team breaking trail through the light snow of mid-October.

About three in the afternoon of October 17 we reached the summit, far above the timber line. To find fuel and a camping place, we would have to go ten miles down a branch feeder of the Peel. Already the sun had set, and the northern twilight was gathering its folds about the sombre landscape.

We paused to allow the dogs and the women and children, as well as ourselves, to rest from the toll of ascending the last steep miles of the pass. The atmosphere was clear. As I viewed the horizon towards all four points of the compass, I beheld at least three unconquered empires. To the east lay a land vaster than the continental United States—Canada, 8,729,665 square miles, with only the southern fringe inhabited. Yonder coursed the great Mackenzie flowing into the Arctic. Beyond were other great rivers and great lakes, threading a land whose forests and mineral wealth challenged the imagination. To the west stretched another empire, Alaska, through which wound the Yukon for two thousand miles, and whose minerals, timbers, and fisheries will furnish a theme for historians of the future. To the north slept a land that lured me mystically. Cook, Amundsen, Stefansson had not yet pierced its wastes. At the moment it called me strongly to venture its perilous regions with my noble dogs.

The days had been moderate for this latitude, ranging in temperature from zero to ten below; but at the summit it grew colder. Charlie predicted a seasonal storm down off the Arctic and much colder weather. However, we could move rapidly now. The hunters had already made their kill and cached their game a few miles back on the McQuesten trail. While we still had two hundred miles to go to reach the village of Chief Charlie, we were now in his hunting territory. As we proceeded down Wind River, tributary to the Peel, traps were inspected and reset against further visits.

As Charlie had predicted, the weather turned stormy. The temperature dropped to thirty below, or so we estimated, having no instrument with us. We carried no tents nor tepees, just tarpaulins, which were put up at an angle as wind-breaks, leaving three sides exposed but furnishing shelter. When we felt like it, we would cut quantities of spruce boughs and lay a carpet.

An abundance of red meat with our bacon, beans, rice, dried fruit, hot cakes, and strong tea made up the menu.

On the trail I wore woolen underwear, woolen socks, German socks over these, and moccasins. The main thing was to keep the feet dry and warm. If this were done, just moderate clothing was the most appropriate, the lighter the better. Usually I wore wool pants, sweater or heavy wool shirt, and then a parka of denim trimmed around the headpiece with light fur. The real source of man's ability to stand the Arctic cold when he is out on the trail is bodily exercise. He generates his own resistance to cold. It thus naturally follows that physical fitness, strength, and youth are the prime essentials. I possessed all these, plus trail knowledge learned from these children of the northern snows.

As we approached his home Charlie and his immediate family grew more and more friendly with me. In the evenings, while the squaws worked around the camp fire making gloves, moccasins, and clothing of various kinds from skins and furs, Charlie described to me the richness of his domain, the abundance of fox, lynx, marten, beaver, and otter, to say nothing of fish and game in plenty. All this great river was his down to its confluence with the Mackenzie at Ft. McPherson, near the Arctic Circle.

Charlie’s oldest girl, Tuecksoo, perhaps sixteen, was industriously working at some marten furs each night. One evening, when we were nearing their home, I was resting under my canvas den, watching the play of the northern lights on the Arctic horizon.
when, creeping silently up, someone touched
my shoulder!

It was Tuecksoo! In her hand was a lustrous marten cap with two tails suspended from the top center and with fur mufffs tied around turban fashion, but easily dropped around the lower head and ears. She laid the cap in my lap without uttering a word, then fled back to her castle like a frightened chipmunk!

Was Charlie making a bid for a son-in-law? Would I become his prince-consort and share his dominions? Ann! Not Tuecksoo! was the queen I wanted.

Yet I kept that cap; and today, among my treasured mementoes, I preserve that gift.

"Charlie, if you know any creeks where there are signs of gold we go dig. Maybe I stay with you, and we all get rich."

We had been in the village for several days. I had been examining the exposed rimrocks on our way down, but so far without seeing any indications of gold or of any other mineral since we had passed over the divide from the McQuesten.

"Next summer," said Charlie, "we go Big Bear Lake, thirty sleeps over to sunrise. Squaws ketch 'um heap plenty fish. We shoot big moose. Have hell big time! All time! Big island in lake all gold. Squaws, dogs pack 'um back. Me show you piece!"

Charlie dug around his cabin and brought me a chunk of dark, lustrous ore, which I at once identified as containing uranium oxide; but at that time its pitchblende element, the source of radium, was unknown to me. Later years, however, have proved that the Great Bear Lake country of the Mackenzie basin is rich in pitchblende as well as in other valuable minerals.

I went out on the first round of their traps. Their catch of prime fox and marten was good. As soon as these were dressed down and scraped, I bargained for all they had. Baled, these weighed about two hundred pounds, and cost me a little over eight hundred dollars.

"Charlie," I said, "tomorrow I start back Dawson. Maybe I come back with you next spring when you come Dawson. Maybe we all make trip Bear Lake."

I was sitting in his cabin. His squaw and his two girls squatted on the floor making waterproof seal skin mucklucks for wear when the spring thaws should come.

"Maybe Tuecksoo come, too," I added.

Tuecksoo, child of the primitive forest, daughter of a proud chieftain, subservient to the law of sex as practiced by all Indian nations, said not a word. Industriously she stitched on her mucklucks, but I thought I observed a slight flush suffuse her rotund face.

She was the perfect picture of health and virtue, far ahead of her white sisters in this. Her short dark hair, her tanned caribou skirt, neatly trimmed, gave her the appearance of a modern rodeo girl. Tuecksoo challenged my thoughts. What if Ann should leave Dawson, as she had said she might, and go off to New York? What was the future for me, trading and bartering on Dawson's water front with clever rascals always scheming to outwit me? What of the vice and corruption, the gambling, the liquor, the painted women, the awful headache of the morning after? Yes, for the moment Tuecksoo challenged my better sensibilities!

In the spring we could go as a tribe to the rising sun! All the land would be ours! We would indeed have dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea. Wild flowers would give forth their fragrance. Birds would sing their mating songs. We would breathe the pure air of all outdoors, drink and quench our thirsts from fountains of sparkling beverage without being concerned over man-made prohibitions.

I prepared to leave. I would just hold an option, as it were, on Charlie's proposition. As for Tuecksoo—well, if I were to become a squaw man, I would deal Indian fashion and bargain with her father. Charlie said he would send three dog teams as far as the divide to bring back the caribou already cached there.

We got away early, all except one team, which had some delay repairing harness and would follow and camp with us that night. The trail was good, mostly glare ice; and, as we were traveling light, we made forty miles the first day.

Just as we had our camp fire going, up
drew the other team with Silas, a fine young Indian, and one of the best hunters of the tribe. On the sled he had a passenger. It was Tuecksoo!

There was silence and embarrassment around the camp fire. Tuecksoo helped prepare the supper in which we all joined. Silas made no explanations; and after supper, as we were all tired, we rolled up in our blankets and robes—Peel River Hotel, under the star-lit canopy of the Arctic sky.

The next day and the following was the same silent service from Tuecksoo and the same exclusive privacy after she had performed all the camp work she could do.

"Silas," I ventured the third morning, "why does Tuecksoo travel with us?"

He seemed to understand my evident timidity in courtship. Stolidly he said, "Tuecksoo mother say white man say, 'Tuecksoo come, too'."

The fifth day we reached the meat cache. On the following morning I prepared to head down the McQuesten. The Indians loaded their frozen caribou meat, preparatory to returning.

Silas came to me with trouble on his face. "I make you good bargain!" he said.

"All right, Silas," I said indifferently. I was attaining the principles of a good Indian trader rapidly.

"You give me Tuecksoo. Me bring you six black fox skins Dawson next spring!"

Evidently I still had something to learn about Indian life as it is valued and traded here in the shadow of the Arctic circle. Here the blood runs cold, and human hearts beat only to the savage lust for material gain. Very well! I had trafficked before with human emotion. I would draw from Silas a higher bid for Tuecksoo. Solemnly I looked at my dusky rival, trying to appraise his very soul.

"Silas," I said, "Tuecksoo heap fine girl. Fine worker. Mush fast and pack big load. She's dad is big chief. No boys, all girls. Maybe you ketch 'um Tuecksoo, you get be big chief! I think you pay twelve black fox skins!"

There was some argument, but I finally won. I insisted that we have Dave and Solomon, the other two Indians, witness our bargain. So out there on the summit of the Arctic Rockies, in the numbing cold of forty below zero, with a penetrating wind sweeping the bare landscape, a solemn bargain was witnessed and a new dynasty was founded in the kingdom of the Peels.

"Silas, as the price of Tuecksoo, next spring you promise bring me twelve prime black fox skins. You promise?"

Silas replied, "Me do!"

"Tuecksoo, for the price of twelve black fox skins I am delivering you to Silas to be his wife. Do you accept him and promise to love, honor, and obey him?"

"Me do!" said Tuecksoo.

"Now, Dave, you and Solomon," I said, "are witnesses to this trade. I command you to be my agents and collect these black fox skins of prime and matched quality next spring and then and there deliver them to Tuecksoo with my best wishes. And I further command both her and Silas that she shall make herself from said twelve matched black fox skins a parka, adorned with walrus and ivory clasps and bear teeth buttons. Further witness, that when Chief Silas comes to Dawson with Queen Tuecksoo I will introduce him to my queen and banquet him and his queen in true royal style!"

Four solemn faces gazed at me. The bargain was closed.

(The foregoing narrative is an extract from *Yukon! Yukon! and Youth!* the manuscript autobiography of Stanley Scearce. Scearce, born in 1877 "in the moonshine mountains of Kentucky," was lured in 1897 to the Klondike region. He has been president of the Dawson City Board of Trade, and Grand Arctic Chief of the Arctic Brotherhood, into whose occult mysteries he initiated the late William Howard Taft, the late Earl Gray, and other worthies. Of his book Scearce cryptically says, "All my critics who have read advances of my biography believe them to be literally true. I hesitate to deny a credulous public this pleasure by disabusing their minds." Another extract from *Yukon! Yukon! and Youth!* appears in the next number of *Frontier and Midland.*)
Thursday, 22. Last night a bed of ice of the thickness of paper formed on the water accumulated in the hollows left by the passage of the horses. I was called to a council held under the tent of the chief’s brother, “Spotted Crow” has abandoned the post of directing our route and an aged man is charged with this task. The latter told me he intended to follow the usual route which led to the Yellowstone river. I purchased eight beaver from the Snake savages who had in their possession a boiler or pot manufactured out of one solid stone. This vessel which was one and one-half inches thick and would hold about two gallons had been manufactured without any instrument except a piece of iron.

Friday, 23. We raised camp at eleven o’clock in the morning, and after traveling a mile in the direction of northeast “N. O. 6 de,” we camped on one of the branches of the river [word omitted probably Littlehorn] where there were beaver dams and other traces of these mamifer. I purchased four beaver. Wind in the southeast. The only places where it is possible to cross the mountains is at the sources of this river and of the Tongue river.

Saturday, 24. This morning we were alarmed by news that three savages had been perceived on the foremost part of the mountain, that three buffalo were pursued and that two shots had been heard from the direction of the Big Horn river. Thirty men saddled their horses and set out immediately to make a report of what was happening, while the others held themselves ready to follow in case of necessity. Some one returned at the end of a few hours and reported that they had seen thirty-five persons on foot advancing on the shore of one of the branches of the Big Horn river. In less time than it takes to tell it, all had left the camp and with the exception of a few old men and some women, the rest dashed to the pursuit. I accompanied them but as all could not set out at the same time nor hold together for some horses were slower than others, the most advanced ceased galloping on an elevation and set their horses at a moderate trot while the others advanced. The dance took place when the chief arrived. The latter and his band or one part of this last passed twice at a gallop before the front of the mass which continued to advance at a trot, in order to stop the rush of the latter while one of the friends of the chief, his aide-de-camp I suppose, delivered a harangue. All were dressed in their best clothes. A great number were accompanied by their wives who carried their arms and were obliged to deliver them at the time of the battle. There were also many children but these could hold themselves in the saddle. Before us, several young men reined in on different elevations and indicated to us by signs from what side we should direct ourselves. After the arrival of all the chiefs who delivered harangues, each dashed immediately in pursuit on the side where his instinct called. The region is very mountainous and furrowed with large streams of...
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water whose banks are bordered with rock, which permitted those who were pursued to shelter themselves in the places where it was impossible to penetrate with the horses and catch them there. All escaped with the exception of two of the most advanced, who sent as spies, had drawn nearer to us than the others without perceiving us. After a long pursuit they were surrounded then killed and scalped in the twinkling of an eye. When I arrived near to the body, I ascertained that the scalp and the fingers on the right hand had been taken off and that those who had done the trick had left. They borrowed my hunting knife to cut off the left hand and returned it to me all covered with blood as witness of esteem and expressed to me the desire “to [ . . . . . 7] at him.” Men, women, and children crowded to see the cadavers and taste of the blood. Each desired to poignard the corpse to show what he would have done if he had met them living and to pour out then on these remains insult and outrage in a horrible language. In a little while it became difficult to recognize in this debris the form of a human body. All the young men had attached a piece of flesh to their gun or on their spears, then they retook, while singing, the route to the camp and showed their trophies with pride to all the young persons they met. A few women had an entire limb suspended from their saddle. The spectacle of such inhumanity made me shiver with horror and the sentiments that I had felt in setting out had made place for a state of mind very different.

Sunday, 25. The scalp dance absorbed the entire night and the scalps have been promenaded in procession during the day.

Monday, 26. It rained this morning as yesterday, but at noon the weather becoming fine, we set out in the direction of southwest. Fine weather, wind in the southeast. We camped in the mountains nine miles from our last encampment on a little river in which little water was passing but where there were beaver dams in great numbers. The young men have paraded the whole day with the scalps attached to the bridle of their horses, singing and marching in time to the sound of the drum and the Sheskequois or rattle.

Tuesday, 27. We spent the whole day here. Ten young men have been sent to observe the movements of those who were put to flight recently, for they fear an attack after having noticed traces of a numerous party on the Big Horn river. In the evening the news arrived that the buffalo were in flight on the Big Horn river and harangues were delivered to the effect of mounting guard about the camp.

Wednesday, 28. Two hours before the day the savages saddled their horses which they placed at the doors of their tents, and after having placed all their little children on horseback and fastened them to the saddles, they slept the remainder of the night. They also loaded a few horses with their most valuable objects, while in the expectation of an attack, they were seated in their tents with their arms in their hands and their horses saddled at the door. When the day appeared nothing had happened, they lifted down their children and unloaded their horses. Four young men arrived at nine o'clock and reported that they had not found any trace of an enemy, but there was a large number of buffalo between the Big Horn river and the Yellowstone river.

Thursday, 29. We raised camp this morning and have traveled in the direction of west quarter northwest. The chiefs have delivered continual harangues during the whole night, harangues which with the song and the dance make sleep impossible. We erected tents at about twenty miles from our last encampment, on a little stream of water which empties into the Big Horn river.22

Friday, 30. After covering about five miles in a westerly direction, we camped on the Big Horn river a little distant from the foot of the mountains and very high rocks.

Saturday, 31. We have spent the day in the same place. A few young men sent as scouts have come back from an abandoned camp which was composed of thirty huts where they found the clothing of a chief, “N. B. Straus” some shell necklaces and other articles which seem to have been left

22 Black Canyon creek.
behind in a sudden fright by those who had occupied the tents. Such is the opinion of the savages on this subject, but I believe that these objects have rather been presented to the supreme being as an offering that savages often make; they collect these objects in three well-wrapped packages and these are the packages that our young men have found. This river is large and deep; the water is clear and the current is strong. Its bed is composed of stones and gravel and at a half mile from camp, it flows between two large rocks where it gains proportionally in depth the two-thirds that it loses in width. The river was not at first at this place for the rocks overhang it perpendicularly. The sensation of dizziness felt while surveying the river from the summit of these rocks is frightful. The latter appears fairly narrow and flows with great rapidity under our feet. I did not venture to look at the frothing water without having a stone for support in order not to fall. This river does not take its source in these mountains, it crosses the mountains and comes from a neighboring mountain chain. At thirty or forty miles above this place there is in this river a fall where ruled a Manitou or devil. The savages say that it is a wolf-man who lives in the fall and goes out of it to devour every person or beast which approaches very near. They claim that it is impossible to kill him because he is ball-proof. I found a ram horn while walking along the river, of a length of five spans and which weighed a great deal. It seems that the animal which wore it must have died of old age for the small end was used a great deal and separated into many fragments, which I have not observed with any of these animals which have been killed and where horns have not attained this length.

These mountains here are made up of solid rock; the greatest part is dry and bare, with the exception of a few places where there are a few red pines. The sides of certain "coulees" are as smooth and perpendicular as a wall and of an extraordinary height. These perpendicular rocks enclose at certain places breaks which sometimes resemble the niches where they place statues, sometimes church doors or vaults. In short, the whole is great and impressive. On certain parts of these rocks are presented to the gaze some admirable pictures but the highest places are inaccessible. One there sees the Big Horn river wind across a level plain of about three miles width and can follow its course for a great distance, not far from its point of meeting with the Yellowstone.33

Sunday, September 1. We left this place and went to erect our tents three miles lower where we spent two days. There arrived here a savage Snake who had been absent since spring and had seen a part of his tribe who had made some exchanges with the Spaniards. He brought back a Spanish bridle, a battle-axe, a large cover striped with white and black and a few other articles. A Big Belly has done the fishing here and in a little while he has taken fourteen medium catfish.

The scalps have still given place to a great many dances. There are several islands in the river here but the greater part are only heaps of sand. Across the points covered with woods which project in the river one perceives the plain where there is a great deal of wood at certain places. The leaves are beginning to fall.

Wednesday, 4. We set out on the way in the direction of northwest and after having covered fifteen miles we have set up the tents on a little stream of water which empties into the Big Horn river. After turning aside from the river we crossed a level plain four or five miles, then we encountered a region mountainous and dry.34

Thursday, 5. We followed the same direction as the day before and camped on a very small stream of water which was like the former and emptied in the same river.

Friday, 6. We raised camp early and arrived at eleven o'clock at the Mampo or Shot Stone river35 from which the savages set out for the hunt, for we had seen a great
number of buffalo while arriving here. The mountains hereafter are located as follows:

To the southeast that which we have followed from setting out from the Pine river; to the south the mountain called Amanchabe, Cljie and to the southwest the Boa mountains (or Bod). This last was scarcely perceptible because of a thick fog which enveloped it.

Saturday, 7. We remained here during the whole day. The women used the time to dry the tongues and the best parts of the meat and to prepare the skins for a great festival which is to take place. At the same time they celebrate their feats of war.

Sunday, 8. I set out early this morning with two savages in order to visit the Yellowstone river and the surrounding parts. I intended to return then seeing that the savages must take a route very indirect to go back to this place. We were not yet half-way when we encountered some buffalo and my guides set out to hunt with so much ardor that they did not lead me where I wished to go. We returned to the camp in the evening with some meat, but we had to travel in the rain for it had rained from noon to evening. The savages showed me a mountain and told me that this was located in the direction of the falls in the Missouri and that it was not very distant. We noticed at certain places recent indications of two encampments of savage strangers. At the door of the largest tent there were seven bundles of sticks. As each bundle contained ten sticks it followed that the camp was composed of seventy tents.

Monday, 9. I bought a horse. The news arrived that four strangers have been seen, that these last have ascertained our presence and have hidden. A young man arrived in the evening; he had met a Big Belly of the "fort de prairie" with whom he communed (I can not say that they talked to each other, since one did not understand the language of the other and the conversation took place by signs). They tried each one to make the other follow to their respective camps, but fear hindered the two men from making this step. The Big Bellies are

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Footnotes:

86 The falls were more than two hundred miles in a direct line.

87 John McDonald called "Bras Croche" by Indians and traders because of his deformity.—Burpee.

88 Blanket.
Saturday, 14. After having visited the lands of the Crow savages in order to ascertain if there were beaver as had been reported and having pledged the latter to make the hunt conformably with the instructions of Mr. Chaboillez, I am preparing to retrace my steps. I assembled the chiefs in council and after smoking I informed them that I was going to set out, that I was contented with them and with their conduct in my regard and that I should return among them the following autumn. I asked them to kill beaver and bear during the whole winter because I would return to trade with them and to furnish them that of which they had need. I told them other things yet in order to convince them that they would reap profits by hunting beaver, afterwards we were occupied with the means of knowing how to recognize each other next fall and of knowing how I should find them again. It was arranged that if I did not meet them on the island upon my arrival, I should return on the mountain called Amanchabe Chije where I would light four different fires in four days in succession and then they would come to rejoin us (for the mountain is very high and a fire can be perceived at a great distance), but only four among them would come and if a very large number advanced, we must hold ourselves on the defensive for they would be other savages. In case I should light less than three fires, they will not come because they will believe that enemies are there. They told me that during the winter one could always find them at the place where a park is at the foot of the mountain or in the neighborhood. In spring and fall they are always on this river and in summer on the Tongue and the Horse rivers.

I have in my possession one hundred and twenty-two beaver skins, four bear skins and two otter skins that I bought not in consideration of what they were worth (because they are all summer skins) but in order to show to the savages the value that I attach to the beaver skins and to the goods that we give them. With the presents that I made them I believe that I have succeeded in gaining their good-will.

We set out at two o'clock with two chiefs who accompanied us nearly eight miles when we stopped to smoke the calumet of farewell. They then embraced us and after we shook hands, we separated. They followed us at a distance nearly as far as a mile, gradually slackening their gait. They wept or made an appearance of weeping and when we were nearly out of sight they turned their back on us and went back. At the moment of departure they promised us that none of their young men would follow us and after having taken heaven and earth to witness their sincerity, they said that they had listened attentively to my words and they would do what I had asked them. They made me swear in the same way that I would return and that I had said nothing untrue (certainly I had not then and I have not today the intention of violating my oath, for if I do not keep the promises that I made them it will not be my fault).

We traveled twenty miles in the direction of the northeast. A little before sunset we were surprised by a storm which forced us to regain a point of the river where we camped and spent the night. Our horses have been frightened and it was with difficulty that we succeeded in collecting them. We were on the watch during the night.

Sunday, 15. We traveled in the direction of northeast and after having crossed the Yellowstone river at nine o'clock, we continued our route on the south bank. At ten o'clock we crossed the Manpoa river at the place where it empties into the Yellowstone river.
river. The Manpoa river or Short Storm has a width of nearly ten feet and very little water passes there. It takes its source at a little distance in 'Amanabe Chief' and there is wood all along its banks especially near the mountain. There are beaver on the east side of this river and near the place where it empties into the Yellowstone river is a whithis perpendicular rock on which was sketched with red soil a battle between three people on horseback and three others on foot. At two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at a high mountain situated on the side of the river that the natives called Erplan Macolie; we stopped there to rest our horses and we killed a female buffalo. We set out again an hour before sunset and it was night when we camped without making a fire for fear of being uncovered by horse-thieves or enemies. From Manpoa up to this place we followed the direction of east. We saw buffalo and deer in great quantity. Wind from the southwest.

Monday, 16. Froze hard last night. Cloudy weather. Nine miles in the direction of northeast. We stopped to cook some nourishment for the day, for we do not make a fire at night. Buffalo and deer in great quantity. It rained up to three o'clock in the afternoon when the weather became beautiful, we happened to camp near the rocks of the Big Horn river where we arrived at eight o'clock in the evening.

Wednesday, 17. This morning we crossed the river early. The points here are large, splendid, and abundantly covered with wood. We have passed across an abominable region and have despaired more than once of leaving it, for we encountered some rocks there that it was impossible to climb over or to twist around. So that we were obliged to retrace our steps in order to follow another route where we encountered the same difficulties. Finally we climbed the mountain, but once on the summit of the latter our position was scarcely more encouraging, for it was often necessary for us to unload our horses and carry the baggage ourselves, next to make our nimble horses cross the rocky [ravines], making them skirt the precipices and running the danger of losing them. Finally at three o'clock in the afternoon we left our bad situation and over the edge of a rock we could see level ground before us, but the sun set before we had discovered a practical way to effect our descent. We had to unload our horses again and carry our baggage over a part of the route, while the horses continued crossing about twenty-five verges by letting themselves slide on the rump. We broke a few of our saddles and we regained the plain at the time at which the day appeared, afterward we camped a little more distant on the bank of a river. Probably if we had had a guide we would have escaped these rocks, whereas our ignorance of route led us there and once involved in this dilemma, it was as difficult to go back as to advance. We have not followed the direction determined, for in order to extricate ourselves we have had to travel in all directions. We killed a deer.

Wednesday, 18. This morning we perceived nine miles to the south the wood-covered points where we camped last night; we were separated from it by the river on one side and by the rocks on the other. I heard the sound of the falls or Great Rapids yesterday, but I find myself at present too distant from the river and too busy to return to this place. It froze very hard last night and we left our encampment later than usual, because our horses were tired, but once on the way, we stopped, only after sunset. We covered twenty-two miles in the direction of east and wind blew from the southwest. Beautiful weather; buffalo and deer in great number.

Thursday, 19. The weather is cold and cloudy. Twenty-two miles covered in the same direction as the day before. We stopped at two o'clock in the afternoon and killed a deer which was not worth much because the warm season had begun. We set out on the route in the direction of northeast and after having covered eight miles we camped for the night.

Friday, 20. We set out early today. We climbed the hills which are rough and dry and we covered thirty-six miles in the direction of northeast. We killed a large [...]. Fine weather; wind in the northeast.

* The next year Captain Clark of the Lewis and Clark expedition named this "Pompey's Pillar."
Saturday, 21. The way being very bad, we descended to the river in the hope of finding a better passage there, but the latter coming up with the rock at each of its bends, we had to reascend the hill and painfully pursue our route across the rocks. After sunset we camped on the Tongue river where we killed two deer which were very fat. Direction of east for eighteen miles; wind from the northeast.

Sunday, 22. We crossed the Tongue river and passed over a plain nine miles wide, after which we encountered rocks and precipices without number which we had to cross, afterward we camped two hours before sunset, on the bank of the river near a rapid. There was little or no wood here along the river, with the exception of a few cottonwood scattered here and there and grass was completely lacking. Direction of northeast for nearly eighteen miles; wind from the southwest.

Monday, 23. We crossed a plain tolerably level today. We have covered twelve miles in the direction of west and twenty-four miles more in the direction of northeast. At ten o'clock we crossed Powder river; there was not any wood on its banks here, the water is still muddy and a great deal less deep than at the place where we crossed while going. We camped in the evening near a little stream of water and as we had not found grass for our horses during the day, we had to cut down three cottonwoods and make them eat the bark.

Tuesday, 24. We set out early. At nine o'clock we found a place where there was grass and stopped there in order to let our horses eat. We set out in the saddle at three o'clock in the afternoon and camped after sunset, having covered thirteen miles in the direction of east. Beautiful weather; wind from the southwest. It is the fourth night that it has not frozen.

Wednesday 25. We crossed a region very rough, but as there were not any rocks we followed our route without too much difficulty and camped in the evening on a great point of woods where there were a great many deer. We covered thirty-seven miles today in the direction of north and as we had seen something which resembled a man creep on the bank, we were on the look-out during the night. The plains are on fire and the wind carries on our side columns of smoke so thick that we can scarcely distinguish about us. As the continual walk of our horses on loose stones since last spring has made them lame from the effect of wounds in their feet which bled sometimes, we had to use fresh deerskin in order to protect their hoofs peeled to the quick.

Thursday, 26. We ascertained this morning that what we saw yesterday in the evening and which had appeared to us a man, was a bear for we saw its tracks. We set out at eight o'clock and as the plain is level we advanced at a great pace, then our provisions being exhausted, we set out at two o'clock to kill a female buffalo. We set out on our way again at three o'clock and killed a she-bear which was eating [.....] on our route. We removed the skin which is good and at five o'clock halted to camp.

The river divides here in several ramifications which form as many islands. The latter and the banks of the river are abundantly covered with forests which are composed exclusively of cottonwoods, of oaks, and maples. We crossed thirty-nine miles in the direction of north and the wind which was against us carried abundant smoke. We saw a large number of deer and buffalo today.

Friday, 27. We crossed a plain of about six miles after which we encountered a bend of the river where it became impossible to follow our route along the plain. We had to descend to the river into the shallow parts where we bemedored three of our horses that we disengaged only at the price of great difficulty. We stopped at one o'clock to let the horses eat and as the wind was blowing from the south we did not suffer from smoke but it looked like rain. We found grass in abundance and camped at sunset after having covered twenty-four miles in the direction of north.

Saturday, 28. The weather has been fine and we have traveled over a level region during this whole day. We have covered thirty miles in the direction of north and have ascertained undeniably traces of three
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encampments of savages, who must be warriors for they have no tents.

Sunday, 29. We crossed a very beautiful and pleasant region and the banks of the river are abundantly covered with wood. Since our departure from the Missouri, I have found no part with more beautiful grass and with the result that buffalo are there in great number. Wind from the northwest; weather cold and cloudy. After covering thirty miles in the direction of north-northeast we camped on a little stream of water.

Monday, 30. We climbed the height on which splendid grass grew in abundance. From there we perceived the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. Direction, northeast; twenty-seven miles. We descended afterwards to the river (the Missouri) which formed only a bend. We had followed this for a distance of seven miles when we heard a gun fired twice and the voice of a woman who seemed to mourn. We stopped and Morrison was sent to scout while Souci and I remained to watch over the horses and goods. Morrison came back at the end of about two hours and we learned that we had taken the cries of a young cub bear for the voice of a woman, afterward we supposed that the sound we took for the discharge of a gun, had been caused by the fall of trees overturned by a very violent wind, for the buffalo, the deer, and the bears were quiet in the woods and on the plain, nothing indicated the presence of a human being in the neighborhood. We then climbed hills in order to avoid a great bend of the river and after having covered eleven miles in the direction of the east we camped for the night on a large point covered with elms. The wind blew from the northwest with great violence and at every instant pulled up trees with their roots.

Wednesday, October 1. Cloudy weather; it rained from time to time, wind from the northwest very cold; twelve miles in the direction of north. In crossing a coulee yesterday, I found some cabins constructed like those of the Mandans and Big Bellies (who must have constructed those that are here) and which were hemmed in by a small fort. They seemed to have been constructed three or four years ago but they have not been inhabited during the past winter. On the outside of the fort there was a kind of stable for the horses. There were many buffalo heads in the fort and several were painted red.

Wednesday, 2. Weather cold and cloudy, strong wind from the northwest. Direction of northeast; twenty-six miles. We killed a female buffalo. The country is level and grass is plentiful there.

Thursday, 3. We set out on the way at seven o'clock across a mountainous region. Twenty miles in the direction of northeast and fifteen in the direction of east and we camped on the river. Very cold wind from the northwest; it rained during a part of the day.

Friday, 4. It rained and the weather has been bad during the whole night. It began to snow at dawn and the snow fell in abundance up to two o'clock in the afternoon. Very violent wind from the northwest. We looked for our horses during the whole day without success and it was only after sunset that we found them, because the bad weather had driven them into the forest.

Saturday, 5. We set out early. Direction south-quarter south-east; twenty-six miles. Buffalo in great quantity on both sides of the river. We killed a female buffalo.

Sunday, 6. All the little streams of water and the pools were frozen this morning. Direction south-quarter south-east, twenty miles. Toward the fourth mile we crossed a very thick forest.

Monday, 7. Two miles in the direction of the east and eleven in that of south. We arrived at the little Missouri which we crossed. Three miles in the direction of southeast. We saw a great number of bears and skunks.

Tuesday, 8. We climbed some hills. Level plains; direction of south-southeast; thirty-nine miles. Weather fine and warm; wind from the southwest.

Wednesday, 9. We advanced over the hills across a beautiful region; direction east-quarter south-east, twelve miles, afterwards two miles in the direction of south and we arrived at the home of the Big Bellies who were camped three miles above their vil-
Thursday, 10. I remained here the whole day in order to let the horses rest before returning to the Assiniboine river. The savages told me among other things, that there are fourteen small American boats below the villages which are reascending toward this place. The Sioux killed eight whites on the St. Pierre river last spring and killed three Big Bellies here.

Friday, 11. I intended to cross the river today, but the strength of the wind which blew from the northwest during the whole day with great violence, prevented it. I had a few pairs of shoes made and had some maize ground which must serve us for nourishment. We were informed that the Sioux are camped lower not far from here. Expecting to be attacked they (The Big Bellies) passed the whole night with the arms in hand.

Saturday, 12. At about noon the weather becoming calm and fine, we crossed the river and the horses which had to make the whole distance by swimming were nearly exhausted. We encountered three Assiniboines with their wives on the north side of the river, they went to the home of the Big Bellies to trade. We walked slowly up until sunset when we camped on the bank of a little lake situated in the plains which are on fire on the west. Direction north.

Sunday, 13. Fine weather, wind from the northwest. A great quantity of buffaloes make their sudden appearance in the plain; they are in every direction. The latter being on the march, we could not approach them sufficiently to fire on them and I did not decide to pursue them with our tired and jaded horses. We crossed the place where the fire was at sunset and we camped near a little lake whose banks had escaped the conflagration.

Monday, 14. Fear of the Assiniboines whose tracks we found last evening obliged us to watch over our horses during the whole night. We set out before sunrise and at ten o'clock in the morning we reached the Mouse river where we spent the rest of the day. Here the grass on the banks of the river has not been burned, but from both sides we see the fire in the distance. Direction west and north. The buffalo commenced to be restless early in the evening on the north side of the river, which made us fear for our horses.

Tuesday, 15. It was dark when we left our encampment last evening and we traveled for two hours by starlight up until the latter made us make a mistake through the effect of the clouds which obscured the sky and prevented us from following our direction. We stopped on the bank of a little stream of water where we spent the night without anxiety.

We set out again the next morning. Weather cold and cloudy; wind from the northwest. We stopped to spend the night on the Deep river which ought not be called a river, for it proceeds only from a sunken where are some deep little pools which communicate with one another in spring and during rainy seasons only; nothing grows there and one can not even find a twig there. It began to rain at sunset and rained without intermission during the whole night. We availed ourselves of a piece of tent to cover our goods and spent the whole night shivering with cold around a little fire kept up with cow dung (which we had been careful to pick up before it began to rain) while availing ourselves of our saddles by way of a cloak to protect us.

Wednesday, 16. It snowed, rained, and hailed during the whole day. Very violent wind from the northwest. It was dark when we reached the woods of one of the Elk Head rivers wet to the bone and completely benumbed by the cold.

Thursday, 17. Cloudy weather. As the wind which blows from the northwest is very cold we had to stop to build a fire in order to warm ourselves, without counting that we were far from being clad sufficiently to withstand the cold. After enveloping ourselves in buffalo skins we took the route of the “Grand Coule” and camped at the same

(Continued on page 88)

* This is the only evidence of Americans in this region at this time. Lewis and Clark were then approaching the Columbia on their journey west.
The Great Adam. George Dixon Snell. III. Caxton Printers. 1934. $2.50.

All Six Were Lovers. Nard Jones. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Authentic novels of Northwestern life are at long last being written. The Great Adam and All Six Were Lovers are two of them, the first laid in eastern Idaho and the second in eastern Washington. In order that Northwesterners may come to know themselves and that people living elsewhere may savor its nature Northwest life has long needed artistic interpretation. Furthermore, the Northwest region is culturally and socially about ready to settle down to an attempt to evaluate its life.

In The Great Adam, distinguished by massiveness rather than by skill in story telling, the life of a small farming country town comes in for one-sided criticism, in that only its abnormal persons get portrayed. The language of these characters is vulgar to the point of disgust—as in real life; their actions and thoughts are, again as in the flesh, equally unsavory. But the dominating character, Adam Bullhurst, although foul-mouthed and almost incredibly harsh, has been conceived as a person so fully that he powerfully stirs the reader's emotion—often to hatred, sometimes to admiration, and in the end to some sympathy and much pity. The great small-town man, able beyond his fellows and beyond them unscrupulous, though honest to the letter of the law, earns his fellow-townsmen's hatred, and, when he has played his hand too high, crumbles beneath inexorable demands with the whole community gloating over his downfall. That downfall is complete; the author leaves Adam nothing.

How shall such a man take such defeat and accept such poverty? Here Mr. Snell shows his deep sincerity and redeems an unpleasant story; Bullhurst does not turn sentimental or religious or persist in fighting with his bullying fists; nor does he “take it on the chin;” he takes it as such a man would. The author has created as memorable a character as Bridwell in Vardis Fisher's novel, Dark Bridwell, and one that more strongly appeals to human sympathy.

Mr. Snell's technique is as yet very young. Throughout the novel there are blocks of material related to but scarcely integrated into the main story. The vexatious beginning of the novel, in a moving-picture manner of an old type, is hardly calculated to lead the reader eagerly into the story. Yet once the story is under way it moves with a massive power. Frequently there are beautifully written passages. But best of all is Adam Bullhurst, a full-length, rounded creation. He is imperishable.

Mr. Jones's All Six Were Lovers is altogether a different sort of book, subtle, clever, sophisticated (yet sincere), more charitable toward people and probably more understanding in its outlook on life, interesting in plot and in personalities. Where one character and only one genuinely seizes the imagination in Mr. Snell's novel, six or eight persons in Mr. Jones's story pull the reader toward insight into varied individualities. As Adam Bullhurst dominates his story, Leah Steinart, very differently, of course, dominates hers. But where Adam is in person before the reader Leah is on the scene only as a corpse at its funeral. She has lived her life, with overabundant vitality and some charm and courage, and now at her death the sense of her descends upon her six so different lovers. The reader, through their character and their responses, comes to know Leah, her lovers, the community, and to understand them. The story, though obliged to draw breath several times and start afresh, has skillfully been given continuity together with its variety.

Mr. Jones has written his best novel to date, his fourth. Each novel published by him has shown advance upon the preceding one both in technique and in understanding of life. The writer has matured as a craftsman and as an interpreter of action and people. All Six Were Lovers is a subtle, interesting story and a genuine picture of wheat country town life.

H. G. Merriam


There is a popular poem relating the difficulties of the east when it meets the west which is remarkably apropos to Mrs. Parmenter's latest effusion. The dedication of her novel gives the whole thing away; it is dedicated to both parts of the country. Perhaps born westerners are a little jealous of their heritage, and find themselves prone to resent anything parading under the banner of the West which does not belong there organically.

From the factual standpoint, Mrs. Par-
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menter has got it all down. But when there must be a departure into the purer realm of abstract understanding and spiritual overtones, she fails. One gets the impression that the author is making a valiant (and un-called-for) attempt to sell Colorado scenery. Colorado history is yanked into the story most unceremoniously. It is correct, with the exception of unimportant details, but no matter; history must not be yanked into a novel, because in such a procedure it is actually the reader who gets yanked.

The story itself is monotonously sweet; and the characters are so consistently fine, upstanding and lovable that blood soon ceases to flow in their veins. Mary, 19 years old and born a pioneer, goes with her father and mother in a covered wagon to search for gold. She finds her true love without hesitation. Half of the book is consumed in the task of getting these four leading characters across the plains of Kansas, a matter of less than a year. Then with remarkable verve and abandon, Mrs. Parmenter covers 25 years in the history of her characters, of Colorado, and of Central City in the remaining pages of the book. Due to the absence of a villain everything turns out remarkably well; one killed (off stage), no wounded, none missing.

Perhaps Mrs. Parmenter has written something which will appeal to gently feminine readers who abhor the presence of bloodshed in their literature. But lest there be any misunderstanding, perhaps it should be said that such a wholesale departure from the realistic in this direction is no better than the departures made in the opposite direction by writers of the more popular “westerns.” Neither gives a true picture, although both have some remote foundation on truth.


Of all the writers who have recorded the valorous deeds connected with the opening of the various routes to the west collectively known as the Oregon Trail and with the subsequent securing of Oregon to the Union, probably none possesses a more intimate knowledge of the personal histories of the leading individuals who engaged in those epic undertakings than does Mrs. Eva Emery Dye. Certainly none has responded more fully to the romantic aspects of their arduous lives. It is but natural, then, that Mrs. Dye should have devoted what seem to be the last odds and ends of her note-book gleanings to one more eulogy of the virtues of the heroes and heroines about whom she has so many times before told deservedly popular stories. But for once Mrs. Dye has allowed herself to be carried too far in the direction of rhapsodic expression, perhaps, in the belief that her subject matter warrants the dithyrambic. Had she followed more closely the manner of the author of the first Iliad, and emulated in some measure his restraint and control of material, what she has called the Iliad of her adopted state might have been a better piece of work. As it stands it is too emotional, too ejaculatory, in style, too episodic and unordered in structure. The opening chapters weary with their pervervid utterance to the point that the reader is disinclined to go on. And if one does persist through to the end, unless he is familiar with the factual outline of the happenings behind the story he is bound to be more perplexed than informed by its constant oscillation back and forth across the plain line of chronology, to name only one of its sources of confusion.

In spite of its overwrought emotionality, however, certain intended effects emerge unmistakably from Mrs. Dye’s book. It makes clear, for instance, that she rates the woman’s share in the pioneering of the northwest at the very top of her scale of values, and there will be few to disagree with her. What the settlement of the Oregon country meant in terms of superhuman endeavor in exploration and road-making, in unselfish division of scanty supplies with ever-increasing hordes of new-comers, in undeviating faith in visions of the future, both cultural and commercial, and in prodigious feats on the farm, the hunting-trail, and the war-path, is all rendered vividly memorable. More gratifying than anything else that Mrs. Dye accomplishes is the re-creation, by means of intermittent flashes of inspired description, of the actual, basic, personality of many of the characters she brings into her narrative, notably of Chloe Boone Curry, Jesse Applegate, Benjamin Franklin Shaw, Captain John H. Couch, Harvey and Abigail Scott, “Johnny” Minto, Joseph Watt, Dr. McLoughlin, and of the Klickitat Chief Quatley and his daughter, Sid-na-yah. One wishes, none the less, for a more authentic speech for these figures than Mrs. Dye gives them, and for a more realistic account of their doings. The story of early Oregon and of the trails that led to it was, for the most part, a stern and austere one. That story has still to be written.

V. L. O. Chittick


“Now in November I can see our years as a whole. This autumn is like both an end and a beginning to our lives, and those days which seemed confused with the blur of all things too near and too familiar are clear and strange now.” With these words to set the tone and give the title to a first novel by a young writer whose work has appeared in The Midland, there starts the unfolding of a tale of Midwestern farm-life
during a disastrous year. Against the background of a mortgage-burdened marginal farm, a prolonged drought heaps misery on misery upon the Haldmarnes and involves them in the sombre denouement which seems almost inseparable from a novel of the soil.

Arnold Haldmarne, harried by debt, is attempting to wring a living out of a hopeless piece of land. His daughters, Kerrin and Marget and Merle, and his wife try to help him in every way; but he has neither the "resignation" essential to a farmer's nature nor, it would appear, either the intelligence to leave a hopeless thing and earn their livelihood by a practicable means or the self-control to guide and steady his family in their desperate plight. He is irascible, stubborn, and doomed to failure unless "Nature" solves his economic difficulty and Time his psychological one. In the event there is tragedy for Kerrin, a pathetic end for the wife, and moral destruction for the others.

To work out these consequences, the writer has Marget tell the story, from her point of view, of the disastrous year. In the beginning we are made aware of the beauty of this undependable land, the hopes that this family nurture for a good year to ease them of the burden of debt and the discouragements of exhausting toil, and the precarious ground for their hopes in the chance that the weather may, for once, favor the crop. Kerrin is teaching in the school, and her small wage for that job is a great comfort to the family, but she is a strange girl, and her fierce quarrels with her father and her sisters are an omen of the weakness that ruins her.

As the year rolls on the promise of Spring fades and with it the hopes of the family: the long drought comes. The crops are withered in the ground; the steers have to be sold at a great sacrifice to meet the taxes since a milk-farmers' strike shuts off Haldmarne's last penny of income. The mother is severely burned when the stubble-dry fields catch afire from the road-builders' blaze. Kerrin hangs herself. With the death of the mother, Marget and Merle, who have already had unsatisfactory experience of the church, are left to contemplate their broken lives, empty future, and futile ageing father.

"I don't see in our lives any great ebb and flow or rhythm of earth. There is nothing majestic in our living. The earth turns in great movements, but we jerk about on its surface like gnats, our days absorbed and overwhelmed by a mass of little things—that confusion which is our living and which prevents us from being really alive."

That is how Marget puts it. "We have no reason to hope or believe."

Miss Johnson tells us this tale competently and with a good sense of arrangement. Her grasp of character delineation is firm, and she enables us to understand the people whom she depicts, giving them solidity and movement. But she endows all of them with a psychology that at times becomes implausible and affronting, and whips them with an unmitigated lash of adversity. It is pointless to dispute the fiction that an author chooses, yet we cannot forbear saying that every circumstance in this tale is contrived against its characters so absolutely and perversely as to arouse our incredulity. There is a measure to all things, even the belief that can fairly be demanded of a reader. It is this unmeasured and mechanical pouring-on of horrors that finally destroys our feeling of being witnesses to a tragedy. Where the high tragic feeling could alone give dignity and a moving significance in this story, we are let down with false pathos.

Andrew Corry

Sweet Land. Lewis Gannett. Double-day, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.00.

This personal record of exploration by Ford has alert sympathy with new stretches of country and new modes of life, and gives the reader both terse comment and charming appreciation. Such travelers the West delights in entertaining; it looks forward to repeated return visits. The book should enlighten eastern readers as it entertains them and stir the pleased curiosity of western ones. At the back of the book is a twenty-page listing of regional writings, books descriptive of several sections of the country.

H. G. Merriam


"This work," states the preface, "proposes to be a study of the ranching industry of the Great Plains area from 1885 to 1907 as exemplified by the Spur [Espuela] ranch of Texas. The Spur ranch is an outstanding example of a ranch owned and operated by a foreign syndicate." The book is based mainly on records written for the most part by Fred Horsbrugh, a Scotsman who was manager of the enterprise in Texas from 1880 to 1904, though these written records are supplemented by oral testimony. The twelve chapters set out in due order the beginnings of the ranch; managers, management, and supplies; cattle, sales, and drouths; fences; water; hands (the employees were never called "cowboys," always "hands"); routine; trails and trail driving; amusements; neighbors and guests; predatory animals, pests, and prairie fires; and horses. The appendix gives the names of the em-
ployees on the Spur ranch from 1885 to 1909, and there is a useful index.

If the reader is a tender-minded dude who has been brought up on romantic Western fiction and believes that all “pleasant” Westerners are as open and guileless as the day is long, he will squirm at times while reading this book. Horsbrugh’s technique in horse-trading was, for instance, dazzlingly amoral. He wrote to his Home Office in 1889 about a string of horses that he had just purchased:

“They do not comprise a very brilliant bunch, the youngest among them being about 14 years, but they are in good flesh, and may possibly bring $20 a head; these, if lost, will be so much gained for the company, as at present their real value is about twenty cents.”

Then, after the lapse of a decent interval, he wrote to Powell and Company of Fort Worth, prospective horse buyers:

“I note that you have a Louisiana trade for cheap horses, and would recommend your coming out here if you think it worth your while to come so far to see a carload or two. I have about 60 head of horses I think would suit your requirements [plowhorses to work in cotton-fields]. They are fat, and look fine, and can be easily shown,” etc.

But Powell and Company were also “Western”—and Professor Holden puts the matter well when he says “Mr. Powell doubtless smiled when he read this letter; old horse traders understood each other.” The book abounds in such pleasing illustrations of Western actualities.

A good many of the difficulties faced by the resident managers of the ranch are indicated in this passage from a letter of Horsbrugh to the ever-anxious Home Office:

“... this part of Texas is not a grazing country but a breeding country. In former years when the range was open and there were fewer cattle in the country, and men paid nothing for the land on which they ran their cattle, it was the practice to sell nothing but three and four year old steers; and being fat, they brought good money. But with the advent of large numbers of cattle, land became dear, and was bought, or leased, or fenced into pastures. With this the character of the grass completely changed; where formerly there was long luxuriant grass ... there is now only short grass at the best of seasons.”

There were other sources of vexation and loss: the climate, the fencing (barbed wire came in in 1879 amid violent opposition from many ranchers), the increasing diversification of the work of the hand, and the effect of the railroads and the settling of the upper country which closed the trails from Texas to Wyoming and Montana.

It is hard to withstand the temptation to quote further from this excellent, competently written history; but I shall forbear in the hope that the reader will sample its quality for himself.

Andrew Corry

Artists in Uniform, a Study of Literature and Bureaucratism. By Max Eastman. Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Max Eastman’s previous book, The Literary Mind, left a good deal to be explained. Artists in Uniform supplies the desired explanation. According to the former work the world is definitely going scientific, and in a world gone scientific there will be little, if any, room for poetry. Hence the poets of the present are in a bad way. Moreover, since the process of ordering life in harmony with science has gone farthest in Soviet Russia, and since a scientifically ordered life is one to be chosen above all others, Russia presents the best opportunity for living the good life afforded anywhere in the world today—and the worst for poetry. All this might be construed into sense by anyone who could be found to agree with it, but what would even so unimaginable a person make out of the fact that the very authority who tells us these things tells us also, on the one hand, that a great poet, like Goethe, transcends all limitations, including those of science, and, on the other, that the most serious defect in the Soviet scheme of government is that it thwarts the growth of poetry? For here in one and the same document we have what appears to be propaganda for the Soviets, camouflaged, it is true, as a panegyric of science, and a violent protest against Soviet rule registered on behalf of poetry. Evidently Max Eastman in writing the earlier book had more on his mind than he got off it. In his latest he says exactly what he thinks, and in undeniably forthright terms.

Artists in Uniform, in short, is a slashing, vituperative attack on the policies of Stalin in Russia. If we may believe the evidence brought forward (and who of us is in a position to doubt it?), they are the very policies that have strangled free creation in the arts in the Soviets and reduced former honest craftsmen to the rank of sycophants. Those who have defied the pressures brought to bear on them have sooner or later been driven into suicide, exile, or ignominious silence. Witness the fates of Yessenin, Zamyatin, Babyel, Pylnyak, Polonsky, and others. And what has happened to the Russian artists is but symptomatic of what is happening to the Russian people generally. Even worse than the effects of Stalinism thus far
on the Russians is its probable effect on the rest of the world in the future. In the coming era of revolutions, which Max Eastman predicts lies ahead of us, and which he is frank to admit he looks forward to as the only possible way out of our present chaos, since the young revolutionaries everywhere have given their support to Stalin's views, as opposed, for example, to those of Trotsky, the chances are all that the conduct of things will be along the lines now being followed in Russia. But for the sort of revolutionary Eastman is, such an eventuality would be merely the replacing of one form of intolerance by another, and, consequently, the defeat of progress. The revolution he envisages as alone desirable and defensible is one based on an appeal to rationality, and, hence, one that need fear nothing from freedom of thought and creation. Whether the dream which he permits himself, in the moments he can spare from his fears, is more than an academic indulgence is the question. The technique of revolution has always involved repression, and, pretty surely always will. Artists in time of violent upheaval, as at other times, have something to say, and if that something happens to be counterrevolutionary, then what? About that Artists in Uniform inspires depressingly little confidence.

But if the book lacks cogency at various points it makes up for it all along the line in courage. Here is a sample of what and how its author dares to write about those whom he scorns: "Leopold Auerbach [the bureaucratic chief-of-staff among the Russian literati is one] . . . whose literary style has that rare and generous quality that you sometimes find in a business college sophomore studying to be a publicity writer for a scenic railroad." It is quite apparent that Max Eastman contemplates no speedy, or safe, return to the Soviet Union! Though the ferocity with which he lashes out at various notables in that harassed nation may be no indication that he is playing for a martyr's crown, the fact that he is allowed to send to print what he does and yet remain alive is fairly good proof that the horror stories which we hear from time to time about Stalin's flooding this country with death-dealing emissaries are bunkum. 

V. L. O. Chittick


The story concerns the search by the four, each age 18, for a cache of gold hidden by an old prospector who was the great-grandfather of Bruce and June Williams, the white twins. The book is supposed to be a collection of letters most of which were written by these children to their father. They describe the purchase of their camping outfit and their trip to Wallowa Lake, where they establish a permanent camp. Here they meet an old Indian named White Head and his grandchildren, Annie and Joe, the latter named for the famous Nez Perce leader, Chief Joseph. The two sets of twins are enemies in the search for the cache until a mountain-slide traps them all in a cave. The inevitable explanation destroys mutual suspicion, and a united and successful hunt is planned shortly after they escape.

The use of letters to tell the story tends to become confusing. In building up the necessary atmosphere of a camp in the woods a good many details were included that seem out of place in a letter. There are other implausible details. For instance, the report of Ranger Lane to his superior, written while he was looking for the lost twins, is much too personal. He writes in one place, "Except for the wind that tugged at my sweaty shirt quickly chilling me, no other sound reached me." No ranger would be apt to use such detail in a departmental report. And the book is full of such sweaty shirts.

The treatment of the Nez Perce Indian character and the account of past relations between these Indians and the whites are very interesting. More writings of the kind should be given to the younger generations of Americans for a "human" picture of their Indian neighbors.

Stuart Barker


Brain Guy is a hardboiled gangster story, one in the recent flow of such novels, revealing a young man of decent extraction and upbringing drifting into the leadership of a good-sized New York City gang of crooks. This account convinces the reader; the slow degeneration of character is understood. The procedure is a process of hardening of the conscience; and since the author knows his man, his mind, nature, training, and environment, each step seems rightly conceived and presented.

No reader of delicate sensibility will relish the book's whoring, thieving, murdering, and—language; but the more robust liver of life and especially the more robust reader of
stories will accept the tale and its people as a throbbing if not vital aspect of life, conched in appropriate, though doubtless diluted, expression. The uninhibited who read will catch breath many times at the sheer callousness with which the conventions of life are treated by the persons of the book. It is distressing to realize what the word hardened means when applied to the underworld.

The book, a first novel, is written with the care and the versatility in use of incident and of language that Frontier and Midland readers have come to expect of its author. Benjamin Appel has written varied sorts of stories for this magazine, each able and each causing a discerning reader to wish to follow his career as a writer.

_H. G. Merriam_

**Three Essays on America.** By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Co. 1934. $2.50.

It is fortunate both for his reputation as a critic and for the pleasure of his readers that Van Wyck Brooks has been able to reissue these essays from among his earlier works for some years out of print. Almost constantly since the appearance of his _The Ordeal of Mark Twain_ (1920) Mr. Brooks's opinions on American life and letters have been under fire, and with the publication of Bernard De Voto's _Mark Twain's America_ (1932) the assault upon them became little short of merciless. But while most of his contemporaries in criticism have taken part in the conflict the figure around whom the action centered has been content to maintain a dignified silence—and to have his books reprinted. Now that some of the smoke of the battle has cleared away it is possible to judge as the right or wrong of the points in dispute. It seems fairly certain, for one thing, that Mr. Brooks does not know as much about social customs on the frontier in the '30's and '40's as his followers, and probably Mr. Brooks himself, once thought he did. Mr. De Voto's reiterated claims to recognition as the leading authority on early western life and manners appear to be sustained, though not in his arrogant vociferation of them. It seems fairly certain also that Mr. Brooks was in error in regard to some of his data concerning Mark Twain's home environment, as boy and man, and that some of the inferences which he drew from them are of doubtful psychological validity. But the matters on which Mr. Brooks was mistaken are of relatively minor significance. The final determination of his rank as a critic depends upon matters on which he was not mistaken. The central thesis of his book on Mark Twain is one such; and that thesis as related to Mark Twain is but a specific application of a general statement enunciated before the plight of our foremost humorist was ever brought into evidence to confirm it. The generalization is simply that the artist in America is a victim of the conditions under which he must produce his work. What those conditions can best be told in Mr. Brooks's own words:

"We are the victims of a systematic process of inverse selection so far as the civilizing elements in the American nature are concerned. Our ancestral faith in the individual and what he is able to accomplish (or, in modern parlance, to 'put over') as the measure of all things has despoiled us of that instinctive human reverence for those divine reservoirs of collective experience, religion, science, art, philosophy, the self-subordinating service of which is almost the measure of the highest happiness. In consequence of this, our natural capacities have become dissipated; they have become ego-centric and socially centrifugal and they have hardened and become fixed in the most anomalous forms . . . and our art and literature, oblivious of the soul of man, have established themselves on a superficial and barren technique."

That was sound criticism when it was written in 1918. It is sounder still today.

_V. L. O. Chittick_

**In Brief Review**

**A Book of Verse** by students of Iowa State Teachers College is enjoyable reading—like distant flashes of fireworks on Fourth of July night, with an occasional unexpected discharge of colored stars. The question is, are there any more where these came from? (Sigma Tau Delta, Cedar Falls, Iowa. 1934.)

**Some Must Wander** by George Gatlin—studies in verse of hoboes, gypsies, and others who must roam. The volume carries considerable information and might serve as a rhythmic, simple, sympathetic introduction to the study of transients. (Metropolitan Press, Portland, Oregon. 1934. $1.50.)

**The Eternal Quest** by May Roberts Clark: material like that of the colored plates in the National Geographic makes a setting for work of significance—but the significance is missing. Lines of out-and-out prose in lyrics are unpardonable, but O Muse, forgive us all! (Dorrance and Co., Philadelphia. 1933. $1.75.)

**Morning Glories and Moonflowers** by Harriet Olds Henderson ("in rose-colored cover, with blue, coral-veined morning glories and opal-flecked white moonflowers; end papers of coral blue") is "more or less poetical," to borrow one of the author's section titles; yet all the pieces are, without doubt, lovingly done. (The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas. 1934. $2.00.)

(Continued on page 88)
Editors of "little" magazines take notice: Jessica Tower, D. Appleton-Century Co., 35 W. 32 St., NYC, is watching such magazines for new talent, and wants to examine every new magazine that is issued. Miss Tower, note: Space, B. A. Botkin, Norman, Okla. ("seventy advance subscriptions and no endowment") with such arresting contributions as Hanlie Long's "Sonata of the Heart," Thomas Horshy Ferril's "Waltz Against the Mountains," and Stanley Vestal's "The Histronic West"; Dune Forum, The Dunes, Oceano, Calif., topographically beautiful, indefinitely suspended for lack of support, Life and Letters, 10 Great Queen St., London, W. C. 2., "virtually new" . . . "free, vigorous contemporary expression"; Manuscript, Box 465, Athens, O., publishing several novелетtes each year (featuring W. D. Trowbridge, Jack Conroy, Robert Erisman, Mary Teeter et al.); Windsor Quarterly, now published by Commonwealth College, Mena, Ark., by Frederick B. Maxham and Irene Merrill; The Magazine, 522 Calif. Bank Bidg., Beverly Hills, Calif.—which pays contributors; Direction, Keker Quinn, Box 555 Peoria, Ill.; the american scene, L. C. Woodman, 45 W. 35 St., NYC; Blast, 55 Mt. Hope Place, NYC; the New Quarterly, Box 434, Rock Island, Ill.; Fantasy, 950 Heberton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., and The New Golubian 108 W. 53 St., Bayonne, N. J.; Trend, 15 E. 43 St., NYC, beautifully illustrated bimonthly covering architecture, the dance, drama, literature, music, painting and sculpture; The Literary Observer, E. V. Mitchell, Hartford, Conn.; Characters, Paul Pfeiffer, 367 Seabright Ave., Calif., another mimeo venture; The Literary Workshop, significant output of the Writers Laboratory Guild, 229 W. 28 St., NYC; The Medallion, 2055 Creston Ave., Bronx, NYC; and, moving West again, the intercollegiate Yeast, Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash.

Robert Lampson's column, "The Poetic Viewpoint," carries original verse, reprints and discussion of interest to poets and general readers. Address 2449 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Calif. Mr. Lampson mentions Yankee Poetry Chapbook, 147 Ash Ave., Flushing, N. Y., a quarterly strictly of the American scene, and regional. Karlton
Kelm, Jay Sigmund and Benjamin Appel, old acquaintances of The Frontier and Midland, appear in the Spring Hub, a quarterly, 1730 2d Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Lauren R. Gehring, Viá, is a Montana member of the U. A. P. A. recently discussed in Time.


H. G. Merriam, head of the Department of English, University of Montana, attended the annual conference of the Pacific Northwest Library Association held in Walla Walla, Wash., in June, and in an evening address spoke on “Northwest Literature.” Writers missed Mr. Merriam at their annual conference, Missoula, which he instituted and has hitherto directed. No inexperienced writer can say the business of literature was oversold to him at the conference, what with sales inflation debunked and rackets exposed.

The League of Western Writers, Inc., held their eighth international conference at Portland, Ore., August 14-18, generously offering a place on their programs for visiting writers.

J. G. Masters, principal of Central high school, Omaha, promoted a conference on Trans-Mississippi History in connection with the Centennial celebration at Pocatello, Ida.

Information of the work accomplished may be obtained from Mrs. Jennie B. Brown, 610 West Halliday, Pocatello.

Miss Estelle Holbrook’s Writers’ Colony is meeting this year at Horn Bay, Two Harbors, Minn.

At the spring meeting of the Kansas Poetry Society Whitelaw Sounders was elected president. His first book of verse will soon appear. The retiring president, Mrs. May Williams Ward, has compiled two leaflets of verse now being sold for club resources. Mr. and Mrs. William Allen White were hosts at a dinner for visiting poets. Mrs. L. Worthington Smith, active in club and literary work in Iowa, offers to see that poems suitable for radio reading reach the radio reader, Frances A. Robinson. Address Mrs. Smith at 4023 Cottage Grove Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

The Poetry Press, Percy Roberts, Elizabeth Eubanks, a journal of current happenings, appeared June 1. It announces the organization at Paterson, N. J., of the Gower Chapter, Chaucer Guild.

The Frontier and Midland editors are gratified by the request from Harry Hansen to reprint Benjamin Appel’s “Pigeon Flight” and Vardis Fisher’s “The Scarecrow” in the O. Henry Memorial Short Story volume for 1934.

The Toronto Star bought the right to reprint Wanda Burnett’s “Dancing Mormons” and Stewart Holbrook’s “Henry O. K.

WANTED
NEW ONE-ACT PLAYS

The Montana Masquers announce a second one-act play contest.

REGULATIONS

1. Any unproduced one-act play may be submitted.
2. Any person may submit as many plays as he likes.
3. Plays accepted will be produced by the Montana Masquers in the spring or summer of 1935.
4. A royalty of $10.00 will be paid for the first performance of each play; a royalty of $5.00 for each succeeding performance.
5. The deadline is March 1, 1935.
6. Address all manuscripts to Barnard Hewitt, Director, Montana Masquers, State University, Missoula, Montana.
7. Manuscripts will be read and reported on within a month of receipt.
8. Manuscripts will be returned only if postage is enclosed.

As a result of the Masquer’s first one-act play contest announced in The Frontier, September, 1933, four plays: The Wooden Wife by Allee Henson Ernst, Eugene, Oregon; Winter and Our Lady’s Tumbler by Richard Sullivan, Kenosha, Wisconsin; and The Light by Florence Bakalyar, Iowa, were given their first production.
Puller." Professor Arthur H. Nethercot, Northwestern University, writes that Dodd, Mead & Co., after reading his story, "Organ Pumper," wrote asking him to submit a novel if he had one ready.

Mrs. Beatrice Brace, Burley, Ida., tells us that Olive Scott Stainsby, editor of The Melting Pot, has launched The Scrap Book as official organ for the Universal Writers' Club, of which she is president, Box 114, Ashem, Calif. Mrs. Brace has had a story accepted for the American Short-Short Story, publication November 1, Galleon Press, NYC. The Galleon Press is running a book mss poetry contest that sounds fair. Bess Foster Smith, Idaho, is compiling an anthology of Idaho poetry.

American Poets' Directory will be published by Cabin in the Pines, formerly Cara van Publishing Co., says Irl Morse. Moved by "Atonement's Offering," Mr. Morse is doing what he can to bring the case of Adrian Huffman, editor of Agenda, before the Washington Pardon Board. Mr. Morse edits Better Verse.

The McGraw-Hill Book Company celebrated its 25th anniversary in July. Its 2000 books have sold 13,000,000 copies. Those unfamiliar with its magazine, Business Week, are missing something.

Prof. Paul C. Phillips, head of the Department of History at the U. of Montana, has placed his latest book, "Bocky Mountain Exploration," with the Press of the Pioneers. It will be illustrated by Irvin C. Shope, who is now working on six murals for the forestry building, U. of Montana, depicting the history of the forest service. Stanley W. Martineau, son of the late Joseph A. Martineau, is finishing a large plaque for the University. The subject—from the pages of Granville Stuart's diary—was suggested to him by Dr. Phillips.

Dale Curran, N. Y., formerly of Poplar, Mont., has placed his first novel with Covicl-Friede. He has been writing since boyhood, was the youngest editor in Montana while editing the Brockton Bulletin, and ten years ago published a feature story illustrated by Kenneth Ralston, another Montana boy, in the Great Falls Tribune. His novel, "A House on a Street" deals with current social problems.

Nard Jones, Seattle, is making regular sales to the Tower group of magazines and to the NEA syndicate of newspaper fiction. Dodd, Mead & Co. brought out Mr. Jones' fourth novel, "All Six Were Lovers," in August.

No longer stymied, "with three places to swim and a car to get there in," Dorothy Marie Johnson "has stayed dry for three weeks and been writing hard." We'll meet her in The Country Gentleman. Max Miller wrote that way, every night, rain or shine, tired or not. Probably Dick Wetjen did, and any one else who eventually got some place. Max Miller is covering more than

THE WINDSOR QUARTERLY

THE WINDSOR QUARTERLY, already established as one of the leading American literary journals, is now being published by Commonwealth College.

The merit of THE WINDSOR QUARTERLY is evidenced by the fact that from its first volume two stories are being reprinted in Edward J. O'Brien's The Best Short Stories of 1934, and one in the next O. Henry volume, edited by Harry Hansen.

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THE WINDSOR QUARTERLY

Commonwealth College

Mena, Arkansas
the waterfront these days. During a recent trip to New York he spoke before the L. I. D. Book Group, 71 Irving Place. Mr. Miller spent a brief but vivid period of his boyhood in central Montana.

Carl McFarland, once of Helena, is winner of the Erskine Ross prize, derived from income on a $100,000 bequest left the American Bar Association. Annual contests are held for papers on assigned subjects.

Montana is richer by the residence of Mrs. F. R. Shemm, Great Falls, author of the Hopwood prize novel, Fireweed. Her first short story has been accepted by the American Magazine, August, under her pen name, Mildred Walker.

Royce Brier, U. of Washington graduate, received the Pulitzer award in journalism for his report of the San Jose lynchings in the San Francisco Chronicle.

The Objectivist Press has issued William Carlos Williams' collected poems, with introduction by Wallace Stevens.

Macmillan's "Designed for Reading" is an anthology drawn from pages of the Saturday Review of Literature, with chapters on each of five important phases of contemporary writing. And there's another book (on writing) by Dorothea Brande, "On Becoming a Writer," Harcourt Brace, NYC, enthusiastically mentioned by Professors Freeman and Hansen at the writers' conference, Missoula.

The American Spectator has taken pity on readers who hate to have a paper go to pieces under their eyes, and changed its paper and format with the August issue—which, by the way, carries John R. Barrows' "Windy Jim," honest enough and funny enough to make readers alert for his book, "Ubet," now on the press of the Caxton Printers.

The Spinners, a bi-monthly of women's verse, announces for early book publication an anthology to be called Contemporary American Women Poets. Since merit alone will determine the acceptance of mss., The Spinners is solicitous of the work of those whose names may be less known than the major poets to be included in this book. Address: Miss Tooni Gordi, The Spinners, 67 S. Marks Place, New York.

In November Macmillan publishes an important item of Western Americana: Richard G. Montgomery's biography of D. John McLaughlin. Montgomery (assistant manager of the J. K. Gill Co., Portland) is a great grandson of Dr. W. H. Wilson, who came to Oregon in 1837 to join Jason Lee.

Volume I, Number 1, of The New Tide, a monthly magazine published at Hollywood (Carl Bulosan, editor) promises in sturdy pride "to offer the reader clean, faithful, unbiased stories, poems and articles about life as it is lived today," "to give chances to unknown writers who show talent to spread their wares." Just fifteen poets were in the corral of the Poet's Round-Up in Santa Fe on August 9, when an unexpected sixteenth appeared—one whom the corral master, Mrs. Margaret
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Burge, introduced as "for years the boss of the crowd." That afternoon was just five afternoons before Mary Austin's death. Dr. Mary read from her book, *The Children Sing in the Far West.* Witter Byner read a brilliant, unsentimental, tribute to D. H. Lawrence; Haniel Long read his poignant "Eleanor Duse Dies in Pittsburgh." John Gould Fletcher offered "Pueblo Song," a powerful poem treating of Indian land rights, particularly apt at this meeting where the guests contributed to the Indian Defense Association.

"If the writer has something to say, words will not fail him," said Grace Stone Coates, director (H. G. Merriam, sponsor, being in absentia) of the fourth Annual Conference of Writers at the State University of Montana, July 15-17. Certainly words did not fail the speakers, who profitably bridged the fourteen hours allotted to four meetings. Two other meetings, relaxatory, were devoted to the reading of Richard Lake's prize-winning poem in the Frontier Story contest and William Negherbon's story which took "place" position in the Joyce Memorial contest; and to the presentation of three original one-act plays (by Alice Henson Ernst, Washington; Richard Sullivan, Wisconsin; Florence Bakalyar, Iowa), selected in a University of Montana Masquers contest. Speakers at the two morning programs included Robert Tod Struckman, Mrs. Coates, Robert Housman, Miss Harriet Cushman, and Mrs. Jason Bolles, each choosing some phase of the general subject of the writer's relations with his pocketbook and his publishers. In the afternoon sessions Frank B. Linderman offered pointers on the utilizing of Indian materials, Jason Bolles on regional imagery, Bert L. Hansen on dialect and regional traits of character; E. Douglas Branch spoke twice, on the facile traps which beset writers and on the qualifications of a good story; E. L. Freeman discussed ways and means of "becoming one's own critic," and Miss Eleanor Sickels set forth the present dilemma of the poet torn between aesthetics and the social conflict. The final session was devoted to review and analysis of several recent books by Rufus B. Coleman.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Some to be reviewed later)

_**Romantic Copper**_. Ira B. Joralemon. Appleton-Century. 1934. $3.00.

_**Ferns of the Northwest**_. Theodore C. Frye. Metropolitan Press. 1934. $2.00.


_**Boise, the Peace Valley**_. Annie L. Baird. Caxton Printers. 1934. $2.50.

COVERED WAGON

TOM BAIR lives in Arcata, California. CLIFFORD BRAGDON, of Cleveland, has been represented in Edward J. O’Brien’s Best Short Stories (1930), and has won other recognition. DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS, with a wealth of diverse experience and a long record of active service in the Community Playhouse of her native Pasadena, California, insists she “only WORKS at writing;” she has had poems in many anthologies, has an album full of acceptances.

ARTHUR E. DUBois of Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, is editor of two magazines, Avenue and the Journal of English Literary History—“one little, one learned.” PAUL ELDIDGE, of the University of Oklahoma, was educated in Dewey, a little town in northeastern Oklahoma, among Delaware, Osage, and Cherokee Indians; he spent two years among the Brahmins at Cambridge, and had a flurry of newspaper reporting before he settled down to teach Chaucer, Tennyson, and punctuation.

MARY J. ELMENDORF of Seattle has seen her poems in many magazines—the Saturday Evening Post, the American Mercury, Poetry, etc., and in the better anthologies. ALICE HENSON ERNST of the University of Oregon (as is another passenger in our Wagon; WALTER EVANS KIDD), is making intensive studies of Indian ritual masks and the mythology which they represent; in Theatre Arts recently appeared a general article by Mrs. Ernst which may become the first chapter in a book on the subject.

VIRGINIA MARIAN FERGUSON of San Francisco has appeared in Poetry, and can “point with pride” to a novel-writing husband, Carl Wilhelmson. JOE HANSEN’S “Business Not So Good” is the first published story of a young man who “almost graduated from the University of Utah” and is at present—somewhat in the “tough school” tradition of Hammett, Faulkner, et al. —working in a mortuary, in Salt Lake City.

NARD JONES of Seattle is this month reading the reviews—congratulatory, they all should be—of his new novel, All Six Were Lovers. ROBERT LAMPSON, editor of “The Poetic Viewpoint” column in the Berkeley, California, Courier, and contributor of poetry to many magazines, is here represented by three sonnets in “terza-rima,” a form adapted by Mr. Lampson from Dante’s famous metre by way of Shelley’s “Ode to the West Wind.” D’Arcy (DAHLBERG) McNickie, once a student of the University of Montana, has for several years been an encyclopaedist in New York City.

MILDRED ELMAN MELTON of Gooding, Idaho, whose poems have appeared in Bozart and Contemporary Verse among other magazines, is professionally a teacher of music. KERKER QUINN of Peoria, Illinois, throws salt over his shoulder when he counts his acceptances; Frontier and Midland is the

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thirteenth magazine to publish his poetry. Estelle Sapiro of New York City was born and raised in a Pennsylvania mill-town, studied music at Carnegie Tech, and is now a copywriter.

Joseph T. Shipley, author, translator, and critic; on the teaching staff of Yeshiva College and of C. C. N. Y.; and dramatic editor of the New Leader, New York, is here represented by an excerpt from his forthcoming book, Ariadne: our Literary Maze. Robert Ton Struckman is well known to Frontier and Midland readers. Muriel Thurston, born in Minnesota but now of Seattle, has had writings of diverse sorts published in newspapers, the "pulps" and poetry journals.

Iris Lora Thorpe, whose birthplace was in rural Vermont, traveled a great deal before she "took root" in Portland, Oregon; her poetry has appeared in various magazines and newspapers. Bennett Weaver is of the English faculty at the University of Michigan; and Keith Thomas is resident in another university town, Lincoln, Nebraska.

JOURNAL
(Continued from page 75)

place where we had had a quarrel with the Assiniboines the past spring.

Friday, 18. We encountered this morning a few Assiniboines who were coming back from the Fort and stopped us to smoke the peace pipe with them. They told us that the Mont a' la Bosse [fort] had been evacuated and that Mr. Falcon was building a house in order to spend the winter there about mid-way between the latter place and "R. qu'il appelle Fort." Afterward we arrived at Mont a' la Bosse Fort where I found Mr. Charles McKenzie and three men charged with taking care of what remained.

I spent a day here and then I went to see Mr. Falcon at Grand Bois situated fifteen miles above this place. I came back the next day and set out for the Big Mouse river where I arrived October 22. Thus ends this journal of my trip to the Rocky Mountains.

BOOKSHELF
(Continued from page 81)

Challenge by Camille Du Barry ("Dedicated to the Chimeras I have found and the Ideal for which I shall always seek") is the work of one self-described as "very young and ambitious." Her fancies are numberless and some have clarity and vigor, but she is over-figurative in imagination, not yet having submitted herself to the discipline of artistic rejection. And she must study not only the seeming but the real. (Caravan Publishing Co., St. Paul, 1934.) Mary Brennan Clapp
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**GRAINS OF WHEAT**

by M. C. DUBBE

Illustrated, cloth bound—$2.00. Published October 1st.

The story of a young salesman, discouraged with the East and bound by an inferiority complex, who goes to a dry-land ranch in the wheat farming country of Washington to seek hard work and an objective means of replenishing his self respect and his bank account.

The youthful simplicity and frankness of the tale make it as clear and realistic a picture of dry-land farming as has ever been published. The strength and sincerity of the author's character permeates the story; and there is ever born in upon the reader the sense of a dramatic fight to the finish between man and nature, centering about the myriad grains of wheat.

The author's original Illustrations help materially in giving the reader a clear, never-to-be-forgotten picture of the hill country, the ramshackle farm buildings, the growing and the harvesting of the wheat, and, yes, even the loneliness, which is an important character in this book.

**UBET**

by JOHN R. BARROWS

Illustrated, cloth bound—$2.00. Published October 20.

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