The Western Journal of a President

Stories
Paul Eldridge, Elma Godchaux, Donald MacRae, Joan Nold, others

Poetry
Jason Bolles, Albert Edmund Trombly, Claire Aven Thomson, Raymond Kresensky, others

Stanley Scearce:
The Six Matched Huskies

August Vidro:
Hide-Shaking

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FIVE REASONS why it is

“The City Different”

BY WILLIAM GILTNER

Leadership has come gracefully to Missoula. Advantages—both cultural and natural—are the city’s birthright. But beyond this, the spirit of the people is tremendously important. Here is civic pride, neighborliness, enthusiasm. And here is civic charm.

Specifically, these are the advantages Missoula enjoys:

Favorable Location—Located where five immensely productive valleys join, Missoula claims first the advantage of a favorable site. Resources are plentiful and available. Add to these resources all those facilities which man has designed in order to make nature’s produce more usable and more mobile. Here, then, is manufacturing, here is lumbering. Here are oil refineries, mines, shops.

Moreover, here is a favorable climate. Natural resources, man’s inventiveness, and the temperance of the climate are an unbeatable combination.

Residences—If a community is measured by the contentment and stability of its people, then indeed Missoula is a happy city. Many a grand old home radiates the warmth of the Missoula of other days. This same warmth permeates the very structure of the new residences which are going up. Already there are 4,000 dwellings and many fine apartment houses.

People like to live in Missoula.
They have built the fine residences which are the city's most stable asset. Homes extend on both sides of the Clark Fork river. The city is laid out so that additions can be made easily to the sections, permitting even the outlying districts to enjoy easy transportation to and communication with the business district.

**Government**—No city can function properly, no people progress quickly without good government. Missoula's city administration is efficient, and this efficiency is reflected in its progressiveness.

(Above)—One of the homes on the south side of Missoula, a city which contains more than four thousand residences. It is in Missoula that the old Western homes of post Civil war days survive even in the midst of residences designed in the latest 1934 mode of warmth, convenience, comfort. The combination of the old with the new is a happy one.

Missoula is also the seat of government of Missoula county, and the city gains all those seemingly intangible advantages of administration which go to any capital city.

**Industrial and Agricultural Harmony**—Industry and agriculture are the perfect complements in Missoula. There is a close
Greenough park is one of the city's best-loved "gardens." It has been maintained by the city with an eye to keeping the park free from modernities which would rob it of natural beauty.

and congenial inter-relation between them that does not sacrifice one for the gain of the other. Missoula's own business district is eight blocks long and three blocks wide. The city has 25 manufacturing establishments, two national banks, five theatres, two transcontinental railroads and five newspapers, two of which are published daily.

Missoula is also the center of a great agricultural and fruit-growing region which is widely known for the quality of its produce.

Cultural Advantages—Schools are among Missoula's proudest possessions. The city heartily endorses any movement which will make its institutions more virile and more useful. There are 14 grade schools (including parochial schools), a large new high school and the State University with an enrollment of 1,750 students. The University's buildings and property are valued at more than two million dollars.
Churches to the number of 19 draw a large membership. The city supports social and cultural institutions varied in character and far-reaching in effect.

But a summary would not be complete if it mentioned only the city's school system, the State University and the religious institutions. Missoula desires above almost all else to keep in step with advances in cultural life. An indication of this desire was the founding of the Missoula Community Concert Association a few months ago. Two hundred one-year memberships were necessary to carry out the concert programs this winter. Missoula replied to the campaign by offering more than five hundred and fifty memberships. This total does not include the 1,500 State University students who are also members of the association. Three noted concert stars and two speakers will appear in Missoula on the programs.

Campaigns for benefit associations and charities in Missoula are always well supported by the business men and the people at large.

In every respect Missoula compares more than merely favorably with other communities.

This is Missoula—truly a Garden among cities.

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York
DER SCHÖNE ROBERT

Donald Mac Rae

The knocking at the street door of the barren basement apartment continued and seemed to gain confidence in itself. It had brought the Professor from the dark bedroom into the yellow light of the front room but now he stood with the cheap incandescence on his shoulders, peering back into darkness with lonely intensity. A rectangle of darkness with only a little light splashing in on a bed there which was the only bed in the place. The Professor white and fragile in a lumpy bathrobe and shapeless trousers and cracked old dress shoes. And this bald and vigorous knocking at the door.

The knocking wouldn’t go away and after a long time it found the Professor again and he moved. He shut the darkness into the bedroom quietly and yet he did it violently too, and there was something violent in his small energy as he crossed the room and opened the other door where the knocking was. Outside was the chill of the fall and the irrelevant noise of traffic; then there was a bizarre voice speaking in a way that was somehow both strong and frantic.

"Ich heiss* Herr Wiederanders. Wo...?"

The voice broke off but the Professor did not speak. "Entschuldigen Sie—excuse—I forget. I look for my friend, Herr Robert. He said I should find him here and—I come. He is not here, no?"

"No, he is not here."

Wiederanders was sad. "There is some mistake. My friend Robert would leave some word, ja. But perhaps he is moved and some other address has for Herr Wiederanders left?"

"There is no other address."

"Ach, I am grieved. I am very lost. I love him very much, mein Freund, Robert. He is very young, very brilliant, and with me he drinks much Bier in my Sturmburg so that he gets often a little drunk and proclaims very loudly, Gefühl ist alles! like the young Faust to his Gretchen. And then he makes me play for him and then we go to bed, so very happy, glückliches Paar. It is new to me, the way my Robert drinks Bier. With him it is what you say—a fetish. And now I am come all these miles to drink with him again and he is gone. Es tut mir Leid. Excuse."

Herr Wiederanders had gone several steps away from the door when the Professor spoke. "Wait. I am Professor Lange, Robert’s brother."

Wiederanders turned quickly. "Ach, then you can tell me, where is he?"

"You have no other friends here?"

"Mein Herr Professor, he is the only friend I have in America."

---

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

—Thoreau.
"Come in. Robert is away—away on a visit."

"Ach, mein Freund, mein Freund..." and the German went into the apartment with the Professor, chattering happily in German.

There was something a little outlandish about Wiederanders' appearance. He was a hunchback, heavily built, with a broad yet rather sallow face and heavy black hair. He carried a cheap shiny suitcase in one hand and a violin case in the other, which he set on the floor while the Professor helped him off with his overcoat. His odd communicative breeziness challenged the heavy silence of the room.

"My English is good, no, you think? I learn when I was a boy, very young. My father was a fine gentleman, and he insists I learn English well—do you know why? So then can I read in the original the works of your Shakspere. So I learn, and I read Shakspere very, very much until I love him, and my father, he brings home many Englishmen and I learn to talk with them. But he seldom brings home Americans because them he did not like, they do not read the Shakspere, and from him I too think Americans very bad, very barbaric. Then eight, ten years ago Herr Robert stops at my house. He wears no hat and the wind has played in his long hair and his eyes are—peculiar—and he says, 'Mog ich in Ihr Hause bleiben—zwei, drei Wochen?' His German, ach, it is without hope. And I answer, 'No, good sir, you—may—not—in—my—house—stay—two—three—weeks.' In American, that is taking him down one peg. And then he explains. He will not go. He says he loves my little house. It is very, very old, very—picturesque, and in all Sturmburg he will stay only in my house. You see, even then he has drunk just a little too—too—with abandon. He is very lovable, very young. Such atrocious German. I let him stay. I let him stay, paint-brushes and all."

The Professor's tautness seemed to give a little. "Robert had difficulty with languages. He was too impatient."

"Ach ja, impatient. He tells me for one week he has stood in the Sistine Chapel with his nose up in the air gazing at the grand Angelo. Then he comes to Munich, and there he finds our Hildebrand and he sits and gazes at the stone of Hildebrand. And our Georg Kolbe and then, the poor Robert, Engelmann—over them all he is very full of enthusiasm. His ardent mind, it is in a great whirl—so. And now he comes to our quiet little Sturmburg—he is just going through on his cycle and it is quiet he sees—so he will stay in Sturmburg two, three weeks, and become the great painter because now he has studied Michaelangelo and Hildebrand and Kolbe and Engelmann, who are sculptors and not painters at all. So in the afternoons he paints for two, three hours, and then he throws his brushes on the floor and runs his fingers through his hair, so, and says, 'God damn, God damn, it will never come.' Ach, schoner Robert, dear boy. But I would be ready and we would go to the Biergarten and then before long he would be happy again. But I am a—babbler, Robert tells me that. You—you are a Professor?"

"Yes. That is, I was."

"And now your tiny little depression has come and you are without the job, ja?"

"Yes."

"And you come to Robert and he takes you. He sells pictures now for
much money—I bet.’’ Herr Wiederanders winked impishly at his Americanism.

‘‘Not much money, I’m afraid.’’

‘‘But they buy his pictures, no?’’

‘‘He has sold one now and then to an advertising firm. It—has been slow.’’

‘‘But Gott, the advertising. It is not possible. Herr Robert, he curses the advertising, it is not good, it is not art he says. At night he struggles with the German of our Winckelmann and in the afternoons he tries to be grand and terrible like Michaelangelo—not advertising, nein. Have you said advertising? Your friend of Phidias and Angelo, he could not draw pictures for your—your toilet paper!’’

‘‘Not many pictures. Just a few pictures for—toilet paper. Only two, in fact, since last spring.’’

Wiederanders was relieved. ‘‘Ach, but that is good. I would not like to think that he was the traitor. But you are a good man. You have helped him—he has the grand dream—and you have helped him. You and I will go out and drink your American beer and we shall be happy and talk about our Robert, ja?’’

Professor Lange removed his glasses and wiped them with his handkerchief. Without them he looked even more ancient and ineffectual before the overwhelming vitality of the hunchback. He replaced the glasses and spoke. He had the habit of pausing before the last word of a sentence as if he were always lecturing precisely to an imaginary class.

‘‘You see, Robert and I have been very poor. So Robert does not go out to drink—beer. He makes his own beer, here. He says it is very good, and often he—tries to get me to drink some with him. But I—I do not approve. Robert drinks too much. One should not drink so much. It is not good for his health.’’

The German exploded. He was indignant. Robert drank much. Jawohl. Gewiss. But Robert is imbued with the very essence of Gesundheit. Jawohl! Drinking is good—beer is the Summum Bonum of life. To be sure, sometimes it went to Robert’s head just a little, but then he is an American, he does not drink like your German, and he is very young. Gewiss, gewiss!

When Wiederanders had finished, the Professor lowered himself stiffly into a chair. His eyes sought out a small and very undistinguished charcoal sketch that hung on the opposite wall. He looked at it a long time without moving, without speaking, while his mind formed a precise little question, and, slowly, painfully, answered it. When he spoke, it was in a very gentle, a very subdued, voice.

‘‘I am an old man, Herr Wiederanders. I have built my life on a careful and very orderly system of mistakes. Quite likely I know more about certain phases of mediaeval literature than any other man in America—but now I am old, and very lonely. Herr Wiederanders, after twenty-five years of careful investigation I have come to see the complete unimportance of the religious drama of fifteenth-century England.’’

‘‘Ach ja, ach ja . . . .’’

The Professor carefully lifted his gaze from the drawing and placed it precisely, as it were, upon Wiederanders. He looked at him clearly, openly. ‘‘Do you think, Herr Wiederanders, that I could learn to drink beer, the way Robert drank beer, in a single night? Could you teach me to say Gefuhl ist alles, properly, the way he did—do you think
we could—sing—and be happy—glückliches Paar?"

"Ach ja, Ach ja. . . ."

The Professor arose carefully from his chair and went softly back to the little kitchenette. When he returned he was so loaded down with quart bottles that Wiederanders laughed to see him, and the strain was broken.

There was no ice but the bottles seemed quite cool, and when the Professor had produced a stein and a glass they opened one. The beer was wild and it squirted up into the Professor's face and ran down over his glasses so that he could not see. He told the chuckling Wiederanders where to get a dish pan and they poured two of the quarts into it and filled their glasses by scooping up the beer from the pan with a tin cup. The Professor made a face when he first tasted his beer and again Wiederanders laughed aloud.

They sat down facing each other with the pan of beer between them. The German finished his first stein at almost one draught and refilled it. The Professor struggled through his glass slowly and began another. Soon they had to fill the dishpan again. The German did most of the talking. At first...

"Ach, mein Vaterland. You would love my country. We have always had so much, so many good times, happy times. In 1897 was the Heine centennial. I was a boy, kleines Kind. But already I love Heine, already I celebrate the centennial of his birth. Never again would I have the opportunity to celebrate the centennial of Heine's birth. So I go with my father north to the sea and we rent a little boat with a sail and my father is a very good sailor. We sail that boat far out to sea. Then my father, he reads to me from the Lieder. Then we sing. Then he read some more. And we like Heine so much on his centennial that we notice not at all that a big storm comes up. So we are caught, ja, schlecht. And we sail for shore, but not quite fast enough, and finally the sail is too heavy from the water and we upset, and the Baltic it is very cold and we get cold and wet and Heine's Gedichte get wet and that is too bad. And you know what my father does? He is a very strong man, a very good swimmer, mein Vater. So he swims to shore with me in big waves all the time, and then he turns around and swims back and dives and saves Heine's Poems and swims to the shore on his back all the time singing die Lorelei."

The German turned up his stein, watching the Professor over the rim with his little black eyes. The Professor stared back at him. The Professor took a drink. Then he spoke, and there was still something of the academic about his inflection.

"Herr Wiederanders, you are a most accomplished—liar. I like you."

"Ach, you are like Robert—ein wenig. At first I think you are not his brother, but now I think you are, a little. That was like Robert, what you have said. 'Herr Wiederanders, you are a most accomplished—liar. I like you.' Only our Robert would have said, Wiederanders, you are a God damn' drunken pig. You dirty Deutscher. I like you.' The first time he says that, you know what happens? I have not any Americans known before—nor any American humor. I am insulted. I strike him. Then he just stands looking at me, not wishing to hit back because of—because he thinks I am—cripple. That insults me again. I strike him again. You know what he does? He looks at me
very queerly, and then he puts both his arms around me, and he holds me like that, and he says very gently, over and over again so I understand, ‘You dirty Deutscher, you dirty Deutscher,’ And I say, still very infuriated, ‘du verdammter amerikanischer Hund!’ And he laughs so quietly and I begin to understand endlich and say it again, only the way he said ‘dirty Deutscher.’ And after that it is the little game we play.”

The Professor had been peering at Wiederanders with close concentration all the time he was talking, and the glass kept going to his lips mechanically and unconsciously. His prominent Adam’s apple worked up and down as he drank. He had finished his fourth glass by the time the German quit talking. He leaned over and refilled it, placed it very carefully on the floor in front of him, and squinted through his glasses at his guest.

“Wiederanders,” he said, without the slightest trace of the classroom manner, “you are a God damned drunken pig. You dirty Deutscher. I like you.”

The German came forward to the edge of his chair, looking sharply at the little man opposite him. Then he laughed, but very quietly this time. “Verdammt amerikanischer Hund!” he whispered. “Du bist ein verdammt Hund.”

The rapport, although so strangely accomplished, deepened with every glass of beer the two drank. The Professor unbent more and more as he drank more and more, he drank to Robert’s health time and again, he sang a paean to a malt deity of his own rather pedantic invention, and belittled the charm of Dionysus in comparison. The German went back to the beauties of his native land, enumerated its obvious advantages over every other country—“Luther, Durer, Bach, Beethoven, Winckelmann, Goethe, Heine—,” but he ended with a curse upon der schone Adolfe, who came at the end of the list and well-nigh neutralized the superiority of those who had gone before. Wiederanders was a Jew. He showed the Professor the letter he had received from Robert telling him to come over and make his home with him until he could get something to do. “I suppose,” the letter went, “that you are just as filthy and gross and indecent as ever. I suppose that you still saw away at your old fiddle until hell won’t have it, still so perfectly sure you are an artist. I suppose I shall have to listen to your interminable panegyrics over the greatness of Bach and the everlasting power and glory of Deutschland until I shall want to puke. But I shall like it. Waste no time in getting here. By the way, we must suffer a slight inconvenience for a while. My elder brother is staying with me. He is a pedagogue, and what is worse he is an old woman. He thinks I am a drunkard and a living insult to our family. Did I ever tell you our family is an old family? As old as yours, you dirty old Deutscher. But that is of no consequence. Please hurry, and save my immortal soul—from my family.” When Wiederanders, reading it aloud, got to the part about the elder brother, he pointed to the Professor and said, “du, du, du,” and they both laughed a great deal.

The Professor was glorious. He had grown. There was something slightly insane about him. His hair rose from his small skull in thick confusion, fine as silk. The bathrobe lay open at the throat and his thin and wrinkled neck
looked almost inhuman. He was mad. He was magnificent. He talked. He stood before his class and lectured.

"Upon the question," he began, "of the humor of Chaucer, there are at present two schools of—thought. The one school, young people, holds the opinion that the *Canterbury Tales* were diatribes against—against the Lollards, written in—code. This was done, young people, in order that the Lollards wouldn't recognize it, and then—Chaucer lost the key and he couldn't recognize it either. It is important to remember this. Yes. This school had its origin in—Germany, where the beer is good, the music superb, and the wit a very melancholy—failure. The other school—does not know what opinion it holds. In fact, it prefers to hold—no opinion. It is merely a school—of thought."

The Professor sang. He sang *John Anderson my Jo* for Wiederanders, and the latter countered, perhaps in self-defense, with *Du, du liegst mir im Herzen*. The Professor recited as much as he could remember of *The Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase*. He got out a book and read nearly all of *John Gilpin's Ride*, while the German fretted under his enforced silence. The Professor tried to sing *Stormy Weather*. (The girls on the floor above, who worked in a night club, sang it or had it coming in over the radio all the time they were at home). The Professor was breathless.

But no matter how far either of them might digress, Robert was the real subject of the conversation and they always came back to him. Wiederanders had many fine stories to tell of his escapades in Germany and the Professor gave them all rapt attention.

Robert was a bully, Robert was a pig, Robert was an angel. The pretty Fräuleins in Sturmburg had been mad about him. He had nearly got into a scrape with one of them. He had got into her room through the window after she had retired, to her complete and enthusiastic gratification. Then they had both promptly gone to sleep and her mother had found him there in the morning, touched by the sweet innocence of the dawn. She had stormed, but the girl had saved him by threatening to tell the truth about herself all over Sturmburg if her mother took any steps. And then Robert wanted to marry her, and Wiederanders had had to argue him out of that. He was a devil. He was a God. He had been embittered by post-war conditions in Germany and had sworn personal vengeance on the blind forces that had brought them about. He stood for Justice and the True.

The Professor got out a small snapshot of him—a tall, extremely thin youth standing with a kind of dazzled glory and wonder on his eager face before the Cathedral in Milan. They drank to it. Then, hastily, the Professor put it away and got instead a small canvas of his—poor, rigid, sentimental little thing that it was. But no, it was superb. It was classic, it was beautiful, it was ideal. They drank to it.

Finally the Professor asked Wiederanders to play. The German responded with alacrity. He tuned his fiddle, drew the bow across its strings, and it became, somehow, a violin. First he played slowly, gently, sweetly. The Professor closed his eyes, relaxed, tried to forget how his head was whirling. Then he played more loudly, wildly. The Professor straightened in his chair, held his breath. He sat with his faded bathrobe falling from his chest, leaning for-
ward slightly, his face very white, his hair tousled, his eyelids drooping in his unaccustomed drunkenness. Wiederanders played. He was a fiend. That is, he was a hunchback improvising upon the violin ferociously and remarkably well. The little room seemed to shiver in the dim light.

Then the music became as sentimental as an old German love-song—it suffered, and was conscious of its suffering. The Professor leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and stared down into his glass on the floor before him.

When Wiederanders finally stopped playing, the Professor wasn’t feeling at all well. He had drunk not quite wisely, although superbly, and he was not used to drinking. Finally he left Wiederanders alone and went to the bathroom, where he stayed a good while, and when he came back he was very white but not at all drunk. He sat down in his chair and silence settled upon the two men, broken only by an occasional word from one of them. They sat there a long time. They sat there so long that before they moved the dismal light of a chilly morning was coming in at the window—and still Herr Wiederanders had refrained from asking the Professor where Robert had gone and how long it would be before he returned.

So for a while longer the dark bedroom kept its secret; and the Professor—the Professor slept in his chair.

COON-HUNT

W. J. Griffin

We killed no coon that night—
Heinrich returned with shuffling step
And blinking eye, disgusted, to report:
“No luck.”

“No luck?” thought I, and glanced
At Heinrich as he wearily pulled to the door.
Much luck! The blazing fire
Had given fever to my brow that I
Could not so soon be rid of.

Our hounds had ears
That hardly brushed dew from the grass;
But matched in mouth they were
Like to Thessalian bulls.
What glorious stabs of pain,
Excitement hardly bearable,
Their baying caused in me!
There is at times a sympathy
Of animal and man;
But when the hounds are in full cry
They live then in their masters’ minds—
Darkness, true, shuts out the sight of them,
But in our minds' kaleidoscopes
They have their real existence.
With what attention and what wild surmise
Did we pursue reports of chase
Hurled to us through the shivering, frosty air.

But time comes when the hunters weary of the hunt,
Content to leave the trail to the hounds;
Then someone lights the first red flare.

Grotesquerie:
Leaping light; shadows horrible and bent,
Pursued, pursuing; morbid water in a muddy sink
Glinted with the flame reflection;
Monstrous oaken arms that reach
From gnarled and weatherbeaten giants;
Eight luminous and ruddy faces,
Disbodied, incorporeal.
Hilarious at first we talked,
Exchanged broad-humored anecdotes—
(At some our reticent Sylvestre shrank,
Yet even he could not deny a smile).
There is that in the jest, if it be masculine,
That drives men into brother-ship,
Explain it how you will;
Insensibly, our talk turned personal.

As flames died, darkness gathered in about us
As draw-cord gathers in a bag.
By velvet blackness isolated
In body, spirits drew together closer;
Reminiscences grew tender,
The tone became confiding:
Slowly, all but imperceptibly
Each man sloughed off his hard, crass, sheathing self,
Confessed and was confessor.
We had communion revenant
Of some barbaric forest rite
Our ancient fathers once performed.

At last religious silence sat
On seven of us—the eighth
Gave vent to snore most secular:
It was that Heinrich who returned
With shuffling step and blinking eye, disgusted, to report:
"No luck."
Far off in the darkness the train mourned like a lonely dog.

Its way lay past the streets of a city but night and distance made a tunnel for its lament.

A little boy slept on a low bed in a dark room. At the train’s first sound he stirred in his sleep and when the long white searching light played over the grade, miles away, he lifted himself, put aside his covers and walked as one entranced to the window. For an instant the light was turned straight upon him. It made a path upon which to walk.

The window was open. He pressed his forehead against the screen.

The light rushed rigidly ahead, cleaving a wide white arc from the black. Immutable—hypnotic—mad eye of a train.

The distant panting swelled and filled all the sound circles of the night.

The little boy swayed, an infant priest in pajama vestments, into the pathway of the light. The screen wire made tiny checks on his forehead and on his hot palms. The room was very still. There were only his own fast breathing and the sighs of his sleeping father and mother behind him.

The train panted toward him. It seemed to head straight for his window and when almost it came there it turned its great jointed body and fled past him, howling.

He watched it cut through the dark town, its great unblinking eye lighting the swath before it, its light-patched body twisting through the darkness after it.

A strange light. Never staying, like a street lamp, blending slowly into shadows. Never soft and rosy like the Neon signs that sometimes caught the train’s smoke and coloured it like western cloud. Never cheerful, like a light in a house, circling a bed and a rug and a toy train in the corner. A strange light. Springing suddenly over the hill, rushing straight toward his window, never blinking, never turning away.

Somewhere in the neighborhood a dog barked. The train bell began to ring. The white unblinking light was gone. The moon gleamed as softly from a cloud as a candle behind a cupped hand.

The little boy pulled away from the screen and rubbed his eyes. His white bed with its tousled covers humped faintly in the shadows along the wall and seemed a long way off.

If the children in the neighborhood followed the railroad tracks they shortened the distance to school. There was no danger because they knew the hours of the trains. One came at the recess, one in the afternoon and all the others at night. It was only the little boy who knew how many at night, when they came in the blackness and wakened only him.

He walked slowly the rails toward the spot where he had left crossed pins to be crushed into scissors. His books and his lunch sack bulged the front of his sweater and with his hands in his pockets he balanced easily along length after length of rail.
He could see how the track faced his house and how it ran for so long a way straight toward his window. Two shining rails lay close together far beyond the school house and spread wider and wider toward him.

He found his pin scissors and fastened them to his sweater, then scuffed along the cinders up the middle of the track.

If a train should come! He glanced up quickly.

"I'd throw things at it."

He reached for a handful of cinders and skipped them up the road bed.

"I'd grab 'hold of the cow-catcher and ride."

A great ringing commenced in his ears and remembered noises rolled down the tracks. He stopped and began to tremble. There were no trains but loud came the rushing, tumbling, roaring in his ears.

He covered his eyes with his arms and stumbled over the rails and down the incline to a path other children had made.

Sobs pushed out of his throat and he brushed rudely past two prim little girls.

"Sissy Brown!" they called. "The bugger man is after him."

His home-room seat faced the window. The window held itself up to frame the quite far away track. Almost as at his home, the train ran straight onward for an instant before it curved slowly and went further and indistinctly away. There was only one moment, one fragment of a moment, when the great intent head wedged the tracks apart and came straight.

"Paul, you are bordering Nebraska; not studying its atmosphere."

Don't teacher. Don't pull the blind. It's coming. Hear it come! Just a minute. Don't pull the blind. Please don't. Now. Now! There it is! Oh-h!

He sat down quickly. Joy rushed through him, keeping time to the pulsing echoes outside.

I saw it anyway. I saw it then.

When it came, it suddenly made everything else retreat. The teacher with her pointed stick was abruptly a rock statue that rushed backward as fast as the train rushed onward. If she were saying anything—

Only once before had the train come when he was reciting. The teacher had thought that he was sick, but she had not pulled the blind. It was only that one instant that made the difference. That one instant when he could not move—when the train came straight and true—and everything else rushed backward.

When those in front of him recited or the teacher came and stood before the window he felt himself almost pushing them over to get them out of the way. Perhaps he didn't push them away, but they never kept him from watching.

At the morning recess the train came from the other direction and ran parallel to the school yards in a cut a block away. The rushing and puffing was then never able to drown out the screams and laughter of his playmates. Sometimes he even forgot its coming and saw only the disappearing red light far up the tracks toward his home.

The father and mother were sleeping again and tonight there was only enough moonlight to show the pillows and a pale arm across the dark blanket.
The little boy went noislessly past at the foot of their bed and thought what a mound his father made to push up his mother's arm almost straight. He could see very clearly because he had been awake for a long time in the dark room.

The train had not yet come. He had waited for it for a long time and he had not heard its far-away howl. There were no more lights in the town outside his window. The way of the track was blackness and there was very little moon.

Now it will come. I'll wait in the window. I'll hear it pretty soon. He climbed into the window and braced his knees against one side and his back against the other. The top of the night was black and there were no stars. There was only the silver blur in the black sky. There were no sounds on the ground or up in the air. There were no sounds anywhere except in his own body. They were gentle too, because he was waiting. Like the stillness, he was waiting.

For a long time he sat and heard nothing except his own breath floating gently in and out of him. It made a rhythm, a music for deafness. It made a pattern, like the lifting and falling of a dog's side when he sleeps. It made a feeling, a drifting, a far-away boat feeling.

Suddenly the father snored and the quick sound hurt the boy. He turned to the bed and remembered that it was near. He watched it until the pain floated away and his mother's arm came out of the darkness again and curved across his father. Her arm made a track over the dark blanket, a blurred silver track. He breathed again into the night and felt the drifting and was soon asleep.

And while he slept, cramped in the little space in the window, he dreamed.

He was walking to school between the two cold shining tracks. He jostled his books in his sweater and bent to pick up the little scissors and the other pins which had been crushed to sword blades. He stepped nicely from tie to tie and sometimes jumped past one to get over the ground quickly. Then he was in the middle of the track, shuffling through the cinders, crushing his shoes down on the brittle path and walking and walking and walking between two rails that narrowed and framed a long long path that never ended.

The crunching on the brittle path swelled up and rumbled on the rails and made an echo that started far away and rolled down the tracks again and swelled as it rolled and rumbled.

The night that was so still, the day that had shown the tracks, the sturdy ties that were flat and so sure, were all away now and he was not walking. He was standing still between the tracks. His feet were heavy, as heavy as the ties that held up the tracks.

He wanted to walk, to pull his feet up and walk, but there was no way to stir his feet. They were as solid as the ties. And the train was coming. It was coming fast.

The light was suddenly big, and out of the darkness, near. It was so white, mad white. It rushed at him and was a long time in rushing. He looked straight into the awful center of it and heard the roaring in the throat behind it.

It came faster. Faster and faster.
Big before him and awful in its whiteness.

He began to scream and for a long time they could not stop him. The train rushed by and added its shrieks to his.

"Stop it! Stop your screaming, I say."

His father shook him but he could not stop. His mother was there suddenly, hugging his head to her warm body.

"Paul, you must stop. Mother's here. Daddy's here. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"It's those trains, Helen. He gets up and watches them every night. Son, I forbid you to do it any more."

"That's right, Paul. You must never get up in the night again."

He did not hear them then, but later, when his mother sat beside his bed and stroked his forehead, he began to understand and his whimpering ceased.

They thought he slept and they dimmed the light and whispered about him in their own bed for a long time.

"He's never to get up again—"

"I had no idea—"

"— my fault—"

The little boy lay as they had left him, but his eyes were open in the darkness.

"You may not watch the trains any more. You may not get up in the night again."

The words were like the rushing light and they terrified him with the same intensity. Yet now he could not scream. He could only lie and feel them beat in a pattern out of his heart.

In the morning his mother gave him an extra cake for his lunch and told him gently to go the sidewalk way to school and to cross over the viaduct instead of following the tracks. He nodded and ran quickly until he was out of her sight. Then he turned and looked at the tracks.

They stretched far away, as lonely in the midst of a city as he among all the people of the world. A great longing came to go down and touch the rails. He did it in vision, stooping quietly.

Then the rushing came and the thought of the white light upon him. He trembled and hid his eyes in his arms and ran and ran.

At night they put him to bed with a slight fever and smiled when they tip-toed away.

"He'll get over it, Helen. A good night's sleep—"

They were right. He wanted to sleep. Yet when he closed his eyes a train came rushing. And when he kept them open and stared at the ceiling, he could see a long lonely track shining.

Tomorrow, or soon, she won't say, go the sidewalk way. Then I'll go down. I'll go down and feel the tracks.

With the promise came drowsiness, and, later, sleep.

Far off in the darkness the train mourned, like a lonely dog.

The mother stirred under her dark blanket. The little boy lifted himself, put aside his covers and stood, waiting. The long light played over the grade, miles away. He raised his face toward it and felt the quick beauty which they had forbidden him.

It made a path upon which to walk.

He went quickly past at the foot of the larger bed and saw his mother's soft arm, pale and beautiful.

It took only a moment to be out of
the house and across the street into the little park beside the tracks.

The train was still a long way off, but it was coming fast. Its moans began to rumble and roar down the tracks. The boy panted up the embankment and past the singing rails. The sharp cinders hurt his feet. The night winds made him shiver, but more than this, he was shivering with a joy within him.

They could not keep him from his train!

It was coming! The light was all about him! He had not known it was so white. It rushed at him and was a long time in rushing. He tried to pull his feet and walk—run—but he could not move.

The mad eye never wavered. It drew his eyes straight to its own awful center and he could not look away. He began to scream as he had done in his dream. He screamed and screamed, then suddenly he had no power even for that.

It came so fast—so slowly. It also screamed. It screamed to him, though it wanted no answer.

Then out of the darkness a round warm arm—a sliding down the cinders—his mother’s trembling body and the loping by of an iron creature.

“See,” his mother babbled shrilly. “It’s a nice train. Such a—nice train.”

She stroked his forehead. Her hands were cold and unsteady and the already damp chill about his hair began to spread over his face and make him colder. She held him back against her stomach, and higher up he could hear her heart beating fast and tremendously.

The great wheels rushed by above him and he could not look away from them.

Sometimes his mother stroked his forehead. Sometimes she stroked his nose. Sometimes she patted his face without caring where his eyes or nose or chin were.

Suddenly he began to know the protection of her body, the sweet smell of her arm, the pounding of her heart in the clattering echoes of the train.

He looked after the disappearing red lights, and gave up his fears into her so soothing warmth.

DEATH’S REPRIMAND

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

Behold, when lips have turned to ice
Life is reprimanded thrice:

Its tumult locked within a shrine
That all amenities decline.

Its grief rebuked. Its gesture flung
To the winds without a tongue.
WE CAN TALK TOGETHER

FIVE POEMS

JASON BOLLES

SENTIENCE

Some One, sometime, designed that I should feel,
And set the gamut of my sentience.
There are too many dishes for one meal;
I am too much the prey of violence.
But how shall I assert He planned awry
Who taught me a beatitude so tense
When I see pines and granite in the sky
And made the mountains for my pasture fence?
Who through eternity arranged that I
Should be exalted when a blackbird swings
In tules that are green for me nearby,
And set such sheen on dark immortal wings?
Who gave me joy of blossoms, by His will,
And put blue pentstemons on every hill?

THE MAN IN THE MORASS

There is a man in the morass.
Beyond the gathered bristling grass
There is a waste of scum and rotten
Alga, green duckweed, cattail cotton,
Torpidity, that stirs and seethes
And almost animately breathes
Vegetal fetor in the air.
Gnats in gray whorls hover there.
Enameled brilliant dragon-flies
With curiously jeweled eyes,
Glancing and glittering, abound
And make an unclean rustling sound
Fluttering their wings of glass.

There is a man in the morass
Who lost his way and leaped and missed.
Half-buried in the clammy muck
Frantically he tries to twist
And writhe and claw and lift and foil
The obscene lips that softly suck
In languid sporting with their spoil.
He may be soon ingested deep
With nameless filths that coil and creep
Unseen in that cold feculence.
It may be, in a little hence,
Too spent at last to savor death
If the brack sludge should stop his breath,
His straining spattered face will eye
The brightly acquiescent sky.
The listless, noisome stuff may close
Above his chin, above his nose,
And nothing after that will show
Where strength and wit and beauty go
But a faint ring of bubbled gas.

There is a man in the morass.
I am that man, and strange to tell
I am that place of mire as well.

DARK GIRL

As I walked north between curb and lawn,
Where the headlamps flash, where the arc-lights flare,
As I walked north between dusk and dawn
I met a girl with shadow-black hair.

Shadow-black hair . . .
Shadow-black hair.
My dear lady is pale and fair.
Wing of grackle has touched her not.
Poppy center or ermine spot
Are not in her who sunny goes
As melilotus and briar rose.
My dear lady is leal and sweet,
Loves me true with each warm heart beat.
So do I love
So do I love
Eyes that are gray as a dove.

But O, for a kiss of that fruited mouth,
And O, for the cling and curl
Of shadow-black tresses hasting south
With that dark darling girl!
DINNER FOR TWO

Chimes strike eight in the quick winter night
Where soft lips murmur under candle-light.

Dabbed with scent from a jewel-stoppered vial,
Soft lips meet and part and widen in a smile.
Fragrant gay lips are busy as can be
With crystal and silver and white napery.

Somewhere westward a tin clock ticks
High in the mountains and the hands point six.

Straight lips set in a red stubbled tan
Deal with bacon from a black frying pan.
Newspaper tablecloth, powder-box seat—
Firm lips pucker over white grouse meat.

League afar, world afar, in bitter winter weather,
Soft lips and straight lips make feast together.

Who could ever guess it, and who could ever tell
That scent-lips and beard-lips know each other well!
That tender lips ever were torn with gasping breath,
Calling, calling, for stern lips pale as death!

Soft lips, bright lips, eating apple tart,
Strong lips at shirtsleeve, a long way apart.

LET ME PRAISE ONCE YOUR BODY

Let me praise once your body, not your mind,
Though you and I have shared thoughts staid and airy.
If we can talk together luck is kind.
My wits might go forever solitary;
Still iron would be drawn to the magnet’s pole,
I to your hair that shines as brown as sherry,
Your eyes that are like where blue waters shoal,
Your lips, soft as a frost-ripened berry,
The line from your skirt’s hem to your shoe’s sole,
The proud lift of your dress below your collar.
Your mouth and mine have power to sum the whole
Unsteady wisdom of the gravest scholar.
And everything in me that prays or sings
Adores your body with a rush of wings.
THE SHEEP

JOAN NOLD

If I was a writer instead of a hardware salesman I’d probably do a better job of this. But I’m going to try anyway.

It’s about a friend of mine. She’s really more than a friend, I guess. I suppose I’ve been in love with her for years, but that’s got nothing to do with the story I want to tell.

We both grew up in a little town called Stewart, Illinois, and while I was busy being the town’s smart guy she was studying and reading things. You know the type. Even now she’s not such a beauty; not until you look at her eyes, that is. When we were still in high-school she decided she was going to paint, paint pictures, and right after we’d graduated she went up to Chicago to the Art Institute, while I was getting my start with Broods Bros., wholesale hardware. Up to now, you understand, I hadn’t ever thought of her except as a pig-tail to be pulled. She was little and thin, with a long brown braid and a kind of a—kind of a pixie face. Sounds silly, don’t it?

Well, I had to go to Chicago some on business that first year, I started traveling practically right away, and I looked her up, just because she was somebody from home and her mother had asked me to. Then during the next two years I found myself more and more looking forward to those Chicago stops, and it wasn’t the bright lights that was pulling me either. No; it was a little wisp of a girl that was working her head off over curves and projections and tints and whose brown eyes were getting bigger and bigger and deeper from all the reading and thinking she was doing at night up in her little, cramped, stuffy room. I worked like a sucker those two years too, when I wasn’t in Chicago, and I did pretty well, for a kid. Anyway, I finally got to making a hundred and twenty five a month pretty regular, so my next trip to Chicago I asked Julie, that’s the girl I’ve been talking about, to marry me.

Well, she just looked up at me and kind of smiled, sweet, you know, like women look at you sometimes when you suddenly pick up a kid just because you wanted to pick it up. And she patted me. And she’s been just looking up at me and patting me ever since, and that was ten years ago. Of course we don’t see nose to nose about everything, but—. Anyway, she kept on working with her water colors and oils and angles, and I kept selling nuts and bolts and hammers and drivers, and coming right on up until I got where I am now, general sales manager of Illinois and Indiana. And every time I went to Chicago I asked her to marry me and every time she just patted me, with that far away look in her eye. And she kept on working. I don’t suppose what she does is very good, it’s too pretty. I keep looking at paintings now, every chance I get, knowing Julie and all, and she doesn’t splash enough color around to be good—if those others are good that is. She’s too kind of careful. Her colors are too careful, if you know what I mean. But she has her own ideas all right. And I like her stuff—but then—.

It’s the last time I saw her that I’m trying to get to. I landed in Chicago on Friday and called her up, like I
always do, as soon as I got there, and she nearly jumped at me over the phone.

"Johnnie," she said. That's me, Johnnie. "Johnnie, will you do something for me?"

"Well, uh," I answered. She knew darn well I would.

"Do you have your car?" she wanted to know.

"Sure." I drive around in a Chevie now when I go out. Stick the samples right in the back seat.

"Well, will you drive me down to Sheridan tomorrow?" she asked.

"Sheridan!" Sheridan's a little dinkie place south of Aurora that isn't on any map. "Why pick on Sheridan?"

"I have some business down there. Will you? Tomorrow?"

Well, I had a couple of important appointments for that Saturday, but you know how it is when a woman you've been gritting your teeth over for ten years, or ten minutes for that matter, wants you to do something.

"Oh I guess so," I answered. "What time?"

"About ten?"

"All right. Now how about some dinner tonight?"

"Oh Johnnie darling, I have to work."

Now you're going to think I'm a sap probably, but somehow I knew she wasn't just stalling me, that she really did have to work. She's just that kind of a girl, see?

The next morning I drove up in front of the old, dirty building on Rush street that she lived in, and there she was on top of the rickety stairs, holding a great long roll of something or other wrapped in newspaper. It was taller than she was, that roll, and she looked so darned little standing there alone. I kind of, well—I always felt as though I ought to buy her a big steak or something. I went up and helped her down with that long, awkward bundle and another smaller one that she had at her feet and we started off. We had to put the long one on the back seat and let it stick over the front seat between us, but I could still see Julie. Her eyes were shining like those big black marbles little boys see in store windows, only they weren't like marbles, you understand. And her skin was sort of pink on the inside. She was excited about something. It always tickles me when she's like that.

"Well, where are we going?" I asked.

"Sheridan."

"Sure, I know. But what are we going for?"

"A little missionary work," she answered. Her eyes kind of twinkled and danced with what she was thinking about, and her little, even teeth flashed up at me.

"Okay," I laughed. "Had your breakfast?"

"Hours ago. Let's hurry, Johnnie." I don't believe she had at all, but there was no use trying to stop.

Then, as we drove along, she explained. It seems a cousin of her cousin's or somebody lives in Sheridan and is one of the props of the Evangelical church. About a year and a half ago the good folks of this Evangelical church decided their place of worship needed a little brightening up. Maybe the Methodists got a new window or something. Anyway, this cousin of a cousin's of Julie's thought of her, being an artist and all, and he looked her up. Julie finally went down to see them, and the result was that she had painted a mural for in back of the platform and we were delivering it. It had taken
them nearly a year to raise the eighteen dollars for the canvas and paints. "Bless their hearts," Julie said, with that way-back twinkle in her eyes.

There was supposed to be a meeting of the elders at four o’clock to welcome the new work of art, I suppose the whole town was excited about it, and Julie wanted to get it all up and fixed before they arrived.

"And I think I’ll need you then, Johnnie."

"What can I do?" I wondered.

"Just sit there." I knew I’d know what she was talking about when the time came, so I didn’t say anything more about it, but I was kind of catch- ing whatever it was that had her so keyed up.

We hit Sheridan about noon. I insisted on getting something to eat in the little “home cooking” restaurant on the unpaved main street, and then we drove around the corner to the church. I agree with the elders that it needed a little something. It was one of those little frame affairs not old enough to be pretty and not new enough to be comfortable. It was just ordinary on the outside. Maybe it was on the inside too, I’ve not spent enough time in churches to know. Anyway it was dark. There were only three high round windows with cheap stained glass in them that didn’t do anything but keep the sun out. And it was cold and kind of clammy. And it smelled, I don’t know what of, maybe it’s just a church smell. The pews were rows of stiff golden oak chairs and on the platform there was a bigger golden oak chair with arms on it and a plush seat, and two littler ones on either side of it. It was in back of the plush seat that Julie’s painting was to go.

We pushed the chairs out of the way and got right to work measuring and fixing. Julie had a tape and some paste and a sponge and everything else we needed in the little bundle. At last we were ready and she unrolled the big canvas and I got it up for her. Then I stood back and looked at it. It was the picture of a young boy, and he looked just like any other clean strapping country boy, except that he wore a real light blue dress of some sort that went over only one of his shoulders. But you could see his strength, somehow even the dress didn’t spoil that. A little tiny girl skipped along hanging with both hands on to his left arm and laughing up at him. His right hand rested on the head of a good big healthy sheep. All this in light, pale colors, see? And then all around the boy, not like a halo, understand, but like a rainbow that went clear down to the ground, were wide bands of very pale, indistinct colors. Yellow first, then orange, only not orange, you understand, then kind of a gray green, shading off into blue all around.

Sounds bad, don’t it? It probably would have given the critics a pain, I don’t know. But I do know that, as you looked at it, it got you someway. You forgot that you were looking at some pale paint dabbed on a canvas, and realized that you were looking at part of the person who put it there; at something sincere and fine that the painter had taken out of himself and mixed in the colors and tried to get there. You get feelings like that about pictures every once in a while if you look at enough of them. Maybe this was no masterpiece, but you could feel it inside you.
"How do you like it?" Julie asked me.

"I think it's swell," I said. Hell of a thing to have to say when you're thinking so much. I guess I've been a hardware salesman too long.

Julie stood off and looked at it. "He should have been a goat," she said, nodding at the sheep. "A big, lusty, he-goat, but I couldn't have done that to them." That's all she said.

Then we pasted a blue paper frame around the whole thing and sprinkled it with different sized silver stars.

"They'll like the stars," Julie said, nice and soft. Everything she said, understand, was kind. She wasn't making fun of the folks she'd painted this picture for, not by a long shot. Julie just seems to understand things. She even makes it kind when she pats me and shakes her head. But—well anyway—.

We were all through by three o'clock so we cleaned things up and cleaned ourselves up and waited for the elders. Julie's eyes were terribly bright. I didn't know which to look at, Julie or the picture; so I looked at Julie. I guess I'll always look at her.

At about three thirty the preacher came in. He was a young, washed out, serious guy that had just graduated from some training school up state. I don't suppose Sheridan gets the smartest, even of the greenhorns. Julie introduced us, then he looked at the picture.

"Very nice," he said, too quick. You knew it wasn't what he thought. We were still standing there trying to think of something to talk about when the elders began straggling in, eight of them. Old, horny fisted, retired farmers, palsied and seedy most of them, like men who have worked hard get to looking the minute they let down. All except one big fellow. He was straight and hard and keen looking. He stared right at me as we shook hands, then he went and sat down and spread his knees and folded his arms across his chest and stared at the picture. He was Mr. Duncan.

I met them all as they came in. Julie remembered all their names and you could tell it pleased them a lot. She's always doing little things like that, Julie is, for people who aren't flattered much any other time. They all trooped down and sat in the front row and looked at the picture, without saying much. I kind of saw what had been eating Julie then. Jesus should have been pale and had a halo and been walking on the water or something.

When they were all there Julie went up in front.

"How do you like it, gentlemen?" she asked, with that little, kind, merry twinkle in her eyes.

They all grunted "purty" or "right nice I guess." Only old Mr. Duncan wasn't embarrassed into saying something. He just sat there and looked from Julie to the picture.

"Maybe if I explained it to you?" Julie began. "You see, down here at the foot I've put growing corn and wheat and pumpkins, because those are what mean life to you, and this is your picture. And I've tried to keep religion young and alive for you." Well, I was as interested as the elders were, only I was interested in even more than the explanation of the picture; I was seeing the tiny, bright-eyed woman who was giving it, and the big, set men who were listening. "Jesus, you see," said Julie, "is young. Young and beautiful and happy, the way I think religion should
be. And instead of a halo I have put his aura around him. That's what these stripes are." She pointed to the faint yellow and orange and grey-green.

"You see," her hands came up in front of her and kind of twisted, as though they trying to help her get this across, "every one of us radiates certain colors. Each of us has his own halo. Only most of them, yours and mine, are shooting off in all different directions. A purple jab here, an orange dart there."

Well, not a man missed taking a quick peek around him. I even caught myself looking over my own shoulder. Julie saw us, too, but she went right on. "You see though, this aura around him is even and lovely and restful. It is the color of a fulfilled life, of a—a completed soul." She stopped. "Do you see, gentlemen?"

I don't believe the gentlemen saw, but they didn't say anything. Now mind you, I don't say Julie was right. It sounded kind of far fetched to me, but the point was that she meant it. She was sincere, so sincere that she was sort of glowing. And it don't make any difference to me much what a person's talking about, if he feels it that way there must be something to it, even if I don't see it. And she didn't mean for us to agree exactly either. She just wanted us to see what she had put there on that canvas.

Well, the elders took the aura business better than I would have expected them to. But it was pretty evident that there was something more important than auras bothering them right then.

"Is that Jesus?" It was a fat man with grizzly white hair that finally asked it. He had a face that must have been jolly most of the time, but now it was troubled and puzzled.

"Yes," said Julie, looking at the painting, "isn't he nice?" And he was, well—nice.

Everybody was silent for a minute.

"Jesus had a beard," one of them, a little younger than the rest, said then. His eyes darted up and down the row of elders for approval. They stopped over long, I noticed, on Mr. Duncan. But Mr. Duncan sat stiff, looking at the picture with a grim, thoughtful expression on his hard old face.

"But Jesus didn't have a beard when he was a boy," Julie objected.

"He always had a beard in every picture I ever seen," drawled another elder. Slow he was, about everything; his voice, his blank, stubborn eyes.

"But you see," explained Julie, 'here he is young, like all other boys are young.'

Well, there was another silence. One by one the elders managed to glance at Mr. Duncan. I was beginning to expect something from him myself; he was too quiet.

"Could you, perhaps, paint a beard on him?" suggested the minister, poor kid, trying to make everybody happy.

"But you wouldn't want me to do that, would you?" Julie appealed to the elders. "Not when you think about it. You want your church to be young and unbroken and strong, don't you? Like you were when you began life. Like he is here."

"Well, I suppose he must have been that age once," decided the old fellow who had spoken first. He rubbed his rough chin, "Eh?" He looked hesitantly up and down the row.

"Of course he was." It was Mr. Duncan at last. Only he wasn't on the side that any of us had expected him to be on. "It's a good picture," he added.
He was the only one of the whole lot that had really looked at it, I think.

Some of the elders still acted a little unsure, but what Mr. Duncan said seemed to more or less settle things, so they all got up and stood around for a while, and thanked Julie for painting it for them, and shuffled out. It was pathetic somehow. By this time they’re probably all bragging about having a young Christ without a beard.

But old Mr. Duncan stayed until the rest were gone.

“I had to chew some on that,” he told Julie. “On that aura business and the happy Jesus and all. Good for ya, chewin’. But say,” he turned from the picture and looked at her, “why didn’t you go whole hog, while you was at it, and make that sheep a goat?” And his eyes twinkled, way back, just the way Julie’s do. It must be wonderful to have eyes like that.

Well, on the drive home we were quiet, the way people can be when they like each other. Julie was happy, sort of soft with her happiness, if you know what I mean. You see, somebody had got, that day, exactly what she was trying to put across. I hadn’t, worse luck, but somebody had.

And that don’t happen very often, does it? Not even when you’re just selling hardware.

ALICIA

JAMES MORGAN

Between the saxophone and the clarinet
Alicia was the drunken lily shaking.

You of the silver stockings, you cry
With eighth-notes twisted in your hair.

O Alicia, the sauntering, the wet-lipped,
The tinkling, and your eyes streaked

With the silver of the trombone. Tottering,
Tippling, scattering your hair like laughter

In the wind, Alicia, you dance
Lean-ribbed on the side of the moon.
Old Missouri
Will get you yet!
What he wants he fetches
And he holds what he ketches.
If you once come under
The spell of his wonder,
You feel he's stronger
And will get you yet.

You see him from the hilltop
Rolling along.
You leap with admiration
For the breadth and length
Of the Old Man's nation
And his couchant strength.
When no rains are running
And the snows are at an end,
You see him sunning
In a far-away bend.
But when his anger rises
Or he goes on larks
He lops appalling sectors
From his lazy summer arcs.
He swirls across the bottoms
The spring rain or the autumn's,
He bullies and hectors
And drowns the farmers out.
He cares not a damn for the corn and wheat
But ravages all with his great muddy feet.

You see him from the hilltop
(Look out! look out!
He's luring you, he's fooling you,
He knows what he's about.)
You see the mighty gorges
He slashed through the hills,
Adolescent orgies
Repeated when he wills.
You are dumb with the wonder
Of the broad, black lands
He levelled from the mountains
With great crooked hands.
Under the silt of bed and banks
Rot river-boat decks and boat-hull planks,
Cables, capstans, berths, and boilers,
Ribs of boats by the ribs of toilers,
Scores of hulls and hundreds, even
*Old Bald Eagle* and the good *St. Stephen*.
Some he beached and some on snags
He ripped and shredded up like rags.
They're fencing him in with jetties and piles,
Dredging his muddy bed for miles.
They think to ride his back again
Make his waters a track again
For their cargoes of wheat and cargoes of corn.
But wait till the Old Man blows his horn!
Wait till he rises,
He still has surprises.
He'll smash every jetty and pull every pile,
Give the beggars driftwood for a long, long while.
He'll toss the biggest boats like so many straws;
He's a state rights man and again the federal laws!

You see him from the hilltop
Nestling by a town,
Glossing in the sunset
His muddy yellow-brown.
The houses in the valley
Are scanty and grim;
Along the hill the graveyard
Is populous and trim.

He'll lure you and fool you
With the blandness of his surface;
But just beneath the surface
Are cold cross-currents
And undertow and suck-hole
And soft, yielding silt.

He swallows the men and gobbles the chilluns;
The godly are as tasty to him as the villains.
He seasons the Whites with a relish of Niggers,
He's awful good at numbers and he's piling up the figures.
Look out! look out!
He knows what he's about.
What he wants he fetches
And he holds what he ketches!
The long narrow platform before the straggling station was so crowded with people that the seventeen-year-old boy on the train said to himself, "Must be a lynching." But it was only the usual crowd awaiting the 6:15 train's arrival in Harjo, newest boom town of the Oklahoma oil field. As the train slowed to a stop, the boy lurched down the aisle between a driller and a shoestring capitalist.

The boy had about him the wholesomeness of fields in early morning. His collar was fresh and immaculate. His gray wool trousers with a little golden football depending from the watch-pocket held a new crease, while below their wide cuffs shone freshly cleaned white shoes. So he descended the train steps to Harjo.

The crowd, a mass of tawny, oil-soaked clothes flecked with red dresses, surged to the day-coach in a greasy wave.

The crowd was different from any the boy had ever known. He was conscious of this difference immediately. It came to him through the easy freedom of the red-lipped young girl against whom he jostled, who said sociably, "What the hell, brother?" and turning, trusted herself against him with an intimacy that would have permitted any caress. He felt the difference in the unreserve of the panting country woman mounting the train, who called last admonitions to the weazened little man who saw her off, 'Now live right, Father, and leave that dope alone till I get back.' She was a large woman and as she ascended the train steps, borne up-ward by the billowing crowd behind her, she panted audibly.

"I will, Mother. I shore will," promised the man thus exhorted. The boy saw that he was crying in frank abandon. The large woman, having gained the platform, stopped the wave of people long enough to shout: "And stay away from Queenie's!"

"Law, Sister," called a voice from the crowd, "he's done started down there now." A great laugh arose.

"What's Queenie's?" the boy asked a jovial, red-faced roustabout who stood at his elbow.

"A sportin' house, brother, over across the tracks."

The boy hadn't responded to the sociability of the girl, nor did he grin at the fellow's information. Like a castaway in a strange sea he struck out for the edge of the crowd, cutting through it to the safety of solid ground.

Where the press of the people lapped against him a long lathy boy stood gazing with delight. He was hatless and coatless in white silk shirt and flannels. Behind him glittered a brown roadster. But invisibly behind him lay a long line of malarial ancestors who had occupied this town and these adjacent woods. His wide flaring ears and his long face were scarcely subdued by a conventional "jelly" tie of palest blue, or by his dark hair religiously greased. On his shirt a fraternity pin similar to the one on the white shirt of the boy breaking through the crowd gleamed with diamonds. The boys exchanged ritualistic hand-clasps before slapping each other in less formal greeting.
"Well, how do you like it? What do you think of it?" asked the lathy boy.

"Morton," said the other earnestly, wiping his damp forehead with a fresh white handkerchief, "you can have your home town. I'll take University City—even if it is dead in summer when school's out." His voice was pitched to a more pleasing modulation than the other's. Glancing at the jewelled pins that made them brothers, an observer would have guessed, cynically, just how much the oil wells on the marshy skyline had to do with the bridging of a Jed Morton into his guest's group back yonder in the college town. "Why, you couldn't hire me to live here for—for one of your oil wells!"

Jed Morton laughed as though his guest had paid his town a unique flat-tery.

"Me—I used to be that way, Earl," he said, "when the discovery well come in. Now I can't stay away. You know how I am down at school. I got to run home ever' week-end. It's—oh, you'll get that way, too, before you leave."

The other stared. "In two days?" He turned with revulsion from the town epitomized there on the platform—from the call it sent so voicelessly, the promiscuity it offered so nakedly. Half to himself he muttered: "I hate it."

"Oh—man!" His companion drew into his lungs the conflicting odors. "It's great! It's zippy. Nothin' slow about this burg now."

He led the way to a low, cylindrical roadster that glittered in the mud like a brown turtle in a slough. Earl picked his way after, through the slime of Harjo, and climbed in beside his careless companion.

They honked on up the hill, touching pavement at the top where cars were parked four deep. And always, even amid the parked cars, Earl felt the ceaseless, unending movement of people and vehicles: dazzling, kaleidoscopic, warring upon him.

"Here's a parking place. Let's get it. We'll get something to drink before I take you out to the house."

Jed darted into the space, stopped with a jerk of brakes, and they crawled across two cars to the sidewalk. A throng of people, loafing, moving, pausing, filled it. On the curbstone of the unpaved places, loafing farmers spat rich brown tobacco juice over peels of oranges and shells of ice-cream cones. Cars honked as at a carnival. As the two boys pressed down the sidewalk, the smell of hamburgers, whisky, vanilla extract, and peroxide assailed them.

"How do you like it?" shouted Jed. "Great, ain't it?"

"Whew!" And Earl repeated in a burst of young innocence and freshness, "I wouldn't live in your mess for—"

"Here's the place," interrupted Jed. They dove into a slit in the wall where a shine parlor and a soft drink stand met the public on equal terms.

Thirst assuaged, they fought their way back to the car. But even here they were not immured. Round them the crowd still swirled, rattled, roared. A catch in traffic placed them by two girls in red who stared with the freedom of old friendship from their snappy car.

When the traffic unfastened, Earl asked, "Who were they?"

"Couple of Queenie's girls," said Jed indifferently. He applied himself to beating a car to the corner, succeeded, and with an effect of centrifugal force flung out of the maelstrom. Earl drew a breath of relief.

Before a modest frame residence that
boasted of a long beautiful automobile as a log pier might boast of a yacht, Jed halted, led his guest in. A raw-boned wasted man on an expensive bed in the breeze of a south bedroom, held out a bony hand to the visitor.

“My agger’s gettin’ me. Son,” he turned to Jed, “hand me that bottle o’ bitters.”

Jed indifferently obeyed. “Mamma, we want some towels,” he called impetuously.

A self-effaced woman appeared in the doorway and said, “Look in my dresser drawer upstairs.”

“Let’s go up and wash,” said the host.

Passing the front room he stopped at a phonograph, twirled on a record that at once began to pulse incitingly, then led the way upstairs to a dormered room under sloping ceilings. It was unpapered, almost windowless save for one unscreened aperture beside the bed, but it contained an opened steamer trunk, a variety of neckties, and on the wall, on hangers, suit after suit of new clothes.

Two minutes later Jed was saying, “Well, you ready to go to town, Earl?”

“Town? Aren’t we staying here a while?”

Jed stared. Every hair slicked down, the baby-blue jellybean bow tie mathematically straight, more than ever Jed Morton with his wide ears and his long sallow face looked like one of his malarial ancestors—though one galvanized into a febrile activity.

“Why, there’s nothin’ doin’ here,” he explained, surprised. “You said you had to go back tomorrow. Let’s get gone. Do something. Go back to town.”

The crowd was a magnet pulling him into its midst, relaxing him—for what? “All right—what you waiting on?”

Earl assented, hastening after him down the stairs. The record was still pulsing its fevered disturbance as they went out the door.

II

Back to town they headed in the roadster, plunging again into the maelstrom, swirling round and round, futile yet held. And as the late midsummer evening melted into warm dusk, they passed and repassed many open cars drifting as they were drifting up and down the street, held as they were held. Sometimes the car was occupied by a man or a boy, who stared, as if searching for something, at the sidewalk throngs. Sometimes the cars were occupied by bevies of girls in dresses that were oftenest red, girls whose bright and curious eyes watched for men. From one of these cars two girls let their eyes dwell on the unaccompanied young men in the brown roadster.

Jed, smiling, winked at Earl. “What do you say? Shall we take ’em riding?”

In the sudden perfect stillness Earl felt a mental propulsion toward the adventure—as if by pursuing it he might find the dead center of peace and quiet within this honking and nerve tingling dazzle. And it surprised him. As he gripped the car door, little white halfmoons appeared under his finger-nails. “Geez!” he derided, “What do we want to saddle ourselves with a couple of scuds for?”

Jed laughed, stepped on the accelerator and the car was catapulted out of the situation. Earl’s finger-nails, released from their pressure, became carnation again. He felt the atmosphere widen as rings widen from a stone cast in still water.

“Are’t there any other fellows from school down here?” he asked.
"There's Tom Blair," answered Jed. "Want to get him?"

"Let's do." There was safety in numbers.

So they shot out into the country where Tom Blair, a snub-nosed boy, strolled out of a lease-house and accepted their invitation to kill the evening.

Earl opened the door of the roadster. Tom halted.

"Hadn't I better take my car... in case...?"

"Sure," said Jed. "Earl's been beggin' me all evening to get him a date."

"You'd better lay off these Harjo women."

The other boy grinned over his shoulder as he walked toward a two-car garage. He backed out a coupe.

"All right, Papa," gibed Earl. But he wished Tom had ridden in the car with them. There was safety in numbers—not only from the beating noise and the teasing promiscuity but also from the something in himself that tingled like a nerve to the challenges of the town.

They parked in front of another drugstore—one of the way-stations in the endless aimlessness of the night—picked up a disconsolate drug clerk unexpectedly off for the evening and unhappily afoot, and put him in the jump-seat. Then Jed, watching the current of people with the predatory eyes of the men of the town, gave a low whistle. Earl followed his gaze.

In the parked car next to them sat the two girls in red.

"This is going to be good," Jed announced. He raised his voice in a tentative greeting. "Howdy!"

One of the girls turned her head with an easy smile. She was pretty.

Jed slid out of the ear. He was back almost at once. "Want a date with 'em, Earl?"

Earl waited a perceptible second. "Go ahead," he muttered.

Jed hesitated. "Well, I'll make a date with 'em myself for tomorrow night."

He strolled to the other car, engaged its occupants in conversation and came back to his own car.

"Where's Tom?" he asked impatiently, saw him coming down the street and called: "Get in the saddle. Leave your car here and come on with us. Let's get gone." He backed aggressively into the traffic. "It won't be long now!"

Under the powdered sky of the night the car shot toward a pavement that ribboned out into dark distance. The oil fields outspread on either side, ceaselessly clanking, jarring, pounding, each derrick strung with jewels. Beyond an approaching hill lay the white incandescence low against the sky marking The Field. A cool night wind slapped the boys' ears, stung their scalps as the headlights stabbed the dark. Jed opened the cutout. Above it, down the whistling wind fled his voice in the cant phrase of the moment: "It won't be long now!" The hand of the speedometer wavered, extended, reached its ultimate.

It was wild, it was thrilling, it was dangerous. Earl coiled in the seat relaxed like a cat on a rug. He had a feeling that in the car racing eighty miles an hour he was in less peril than parked on the pavement in front of a Harjo drug store beside two girls who eyed him with bold, inviting glances.

They went back to town, let Tom out at his coupe, and deposited the drug clerk in the identical spot where they had picked him up. Earl noted sur-
reptitiously that the automobile and the two girls in red had vanished. He wondered where. Well, Jed would find them tomorrow night. Jed had a date with them—Jed and probably the drug clerk.

In the story-and-a-half white house a flame in the hall burned for the revelers. They groped up the stairs. Jed struck a match. The gas light gave a responsive mutter as the dormered walls sprang about them. Earl took off his shirt, laying it carefully on the gaping steamer-trunk.

In bed he tried to relax. He found himself amazingly strung up. Even here where the crickets in the dark yard creaked their reassurance of a peaceful world, rest stayed from him. A strange noise, like that of the town, pounded steadily somewhere off in the night. He thought of the girls in red. He was darned glad he was leaving this dizzy place tomorrow. He tossed and awoke to find his arm round Jed Morton’s neck and Jed saying, repulsingly, “Go get you a girl.”

Earl turned over heavily. Presently he slept.

III

The next morning when Earl arose he examined his shirt. Clean enough to wear, he thought, though not fresh. He could get through the day with it, till bus or train carried him home.

In the fresh morning, the noise of the oil fields lost in the stirrings of the town, Earl felt extraordinarily confident and sure of himself. He wondered that the night had excited him. But when Jed said, “You’re not going back this afternoon, are you? Why don’t you stay over another day?” he answered vehemently, “I wouldn’t lay over another day in this town for ten oil wells. I’ve got to go back.”

“We’d show you a good time,” promised Jed with a grin, but he gave up before Earl’s impenetrable resolution.

The morning passed at a stride. The town was the same. Many girls in many automobiles rode up and down the streets. The whole town was restless, but in the buoyant morning Earl was superior to it.

“Why don’t you take the bus back?” suggested Jed in the afternoon as he lolled over the wheel of his car. “It goes two hours after the train. Train leaves at three. But the bus makes almost as good time, and you’re sure to get a seat.”

“All right,” assented Earl. What difference could two afternoon hours make? “Will that give you time to fill your date?” he jeered.

“Oh yes,” Jed grinned. “That’s not till six o’clock.” He twirled the steering wheel of the car, agilely darted into a parking place, and brought the roadster to a stop. “Let’s go back over and see Doc.”

“Doc?”

“The sody jerk who was with us last night.”

“Well, I could stand a coke,” said Earl.

The drug clerk, in clothes as correct as their own, greeted them with a sympathetic wink as of one greeting brother profligates, and coming over to their table, lounged down with the apathetic air which was evidently his daytime expression.

“I’ve got a boy working fountain for me. I can loaf. Well, how do you like Harjo by now?” he asked Earl.

“Don’t get him started on that,” implored Jed. “He don’t know a good
town when he sees one. I'm shipping him this afternoon.'"

"Say," called Earl with restored energy, "I wouldn't live here on a bet. Too wild for me."

The drug clerk exhibited interest.

"Wild? You'd get so you like it."

A goodlooking woman entered the store. He excused himself, rose to wait on her. As she walked out, he returned to the table.

Jed's eyes followed her. "Who was that?"

"A married woman."

"Know her?"

"I ought to. I had a date with her night before last."

"Where was her husband?" asked Earl innocently.

The drug clerk yawned. "He was working tower that night."

"Geez!" Earl shook his head. The sultriness of the day, perhaps, made him tug at his collar. "Hot, isn't it?"

After a moment: "So you had a date with her?"

Galvanized into the activity of recounting his experiences, the drug clerk leaned across the table. "Let me tell you something I did the other night. This is a good one." He told his story. At the end of it Earl felt a little bored with himself, his empty past, his steady, monotonous dating. He wanted more of the stimulation that the town aroused. After all, since he was leaving it presently, why not find out from one of the participants all he could of the life? He waited a moment before he took the plunge. Very tentatively he said, "Doc—have you had any more adventures—like that last one?"

"Plenty, Brother. I don't pass up nothing."

Then, leaning over the table, his new friend related the amours of a drug clerk—of a handsome young man in an oil town who "passed up nothing." He had only two hours in which to narrate, but he talked on pleasantly, startlingly, enticingly, while the rain beat against the pane outside. Stories such as these Earl had heard before in his fraternity house without being touched by them in his own behavior because they had always seemed just stories. Coming now from an actual participant, a veteran, they had a power, a dynamic force.

Once Earl, leaning forward to catch a stimulating detail, overturned his half-empty glass. Before he could right the glass, the coca-cola slightly stained his shirt-bosom. "Go on with the story," he said.

When the sudden rays of a declining sun streaming through the windows of the drug-store harbingered the end of the rain storm, Jed had left them to inquire about Earl's bus. Now he returned to say:

"Earl, they're not running a bus out of town today. It rained so hard they don't dare try the roads. Sorry."
"Ah, that's all right," said Earl, rising and stretching. He felt ready for action, excitement.

"It won't be long now," Jed chanted his stale slogan.

The boys strolled to the door, stood uncertainly, and looked across the street at Jed's car. Two girls in red had installed themselves with all the marks of possession. Jed scowled, and then grinned broadly, "Say, I forgot my date tonight. Excuse me a minute."

Earl was left alone. The drug clerk had walked back to the fountain. But he came out again almost at once.

"Say, Brother, I have to work tonight. I can't get off. Do you want to take my place on that date?"


He turned, and the drug clerk watched him as he went across the street to the car. He ran so eagerly that just before he arrived he slipped by a puddle of water and fell, spattering his shoes, muddying his trousers, casting three thin spatters of mud on the back of his white shirt. But he got up and went on.

WITHERED THE CORN

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

The ivy withers against the wall.
The grape vine hanging over the porch
Rattles its leaves until they fall
To the flame's tip—the wind's flung torch.

The keepers of the house shall tremble... And the strong men shall bow themselves...
The sound of the grinding is low.

Leaf and blade curl away to dust,
The iron of earth to a crackling crust,
The armor of beasts to a twisted scale
And the flesh-coat of man burned to the bone
Hangs from the crucifixion nail
Harboring desire in a cold hurled stone.

I have no pleasure in them...
And desire shall fail.

Man and beast will close the cry in their breasts
As the dead grass, as the dead blade,
As the young birds crying in the beaten nests.
Only earth will bleach and be unafraid.

And one shall rise up at the voice of a bird.
Cradled in dust the earth waits long
For the beast and the man with the man's new song.
ON THE CUFF

Bob Wire

I

Sometimes, on Friday,  
When he hasn’t had a drink since Sunday night,  
He will look out the window, and say:  
Hello, How are you?  
He will look into the mirror and say:  
Hi, Boy. How are you coming?  
How’s business? Have a chair.

II

Fred once worked in the oil fields,  
In Hominy.  
And the man he was working with . . .  
Got his leg cut off,  
Got his leg cut off.  
Fred had to go back and get his leg,  
He had to go back and get his leg,  
And he carried the leg down the hill,  
Carried the leg down the hill.  
It was dark  
But he whistled.

III

Hemingway is depraved, he said.  
Horses, I said.  
Hemingway is a dope head, he said.  
There’s nothing he wouldn’t do.  
Hell, I said,  
He’s just an American boy like me.  
He used to work on the Star;  
He used to go fishing with Charley Hopkins;  
I used to go fishing with Charley Hopkins.  
Do you think I’m a dope head?  
You got a lot of crust, he said,  
Comparing yourself to Hemingway.

IV

Gosh, I’m tired, said the little boy,  
Walking by the post office,  
To the sky  
Or to the sparrows on the cornices.  
Gosh, I’m tired;  
I’m plumb worn out.
He wore white trousers, a crimson velvet blouse and wide, filigreed, silver belt. Around his neck was a silver chain. There was mystical beauty in his clear-cut, young face.

"I am a Navajo Indian, a full-blood," he said, and his dark eyes flashed with pride.

"What is your name?"

"De-nee-ah Nez. De-nee-ah means 'the man,' and Nez means 'tall,' so they call me 'Richard Long.' It doesn't fit me exactly," and he smiled drolly, for he is below the average height. "But my people have been very tall men. For generations back my forefathers were medicine men, heads of our clan. One of us has always been a Sand-painter and so I, an eldest son, am also a Sand-painter. You perhaps saw my sand painting last night?"

Twelve Indian lads, students of the University of Wichita, Kansas, under the leadership of Ralph Hubbard, had given an entertainment at the high school auditorium the night before. We had gone there, not to be entertained but to be amused, and we persisted in laughing at everything because we understood nothing. Their costumes, their sacred tribal songs and dances were to us very funny. That the rites symbolized centuries upon centuries of upgroping and a profoundly spiritual significance simply did not occur to us at all. And when Richard Long stood down there below us, alone, youthfully shy and earnest, painting for us, on the floor of the big hall, his sacred Sand-pictures, every emblem representing a slow movement in the religious evolution of his race, I saw the shadow of hurt pass over his fine, sensitive face, for he was giving to us his uttermost of beauty and we insulted him with irreverent laughter and rude chatter. For us, people of an alien and conquering race, he had bared the worshipful soul of a mystic and our tribute to that gift was cheap levity.

Gravely, rebuking hand upraised for silence, he faced us and, above the unseemly clatter of the room, I caught his low-spoken words:

"In this way, for a thousand years, my people, the Navajos, have worshiped their God. In this way we have written our sacred songs. The Sand-painting is the Bible of our race. It is our record of the Holy Spirit and His divine plan of creation. We have a beautiful song which we sing as we erase the Sand-painting, telling how the Holy Spirit lifts man slowly, with caressing hands, and stands him on his feet, strengthening him until he can walk alone."

After the entertainment was over chattering women crowded around Richard, graciously patronizing, assuring him that his act was lovely, so unique, so interesting. Some of them produced note books. Would he give them his autograph? Gravely, with the politeness which characterizes every Indian I have met, he complied.

I invited him to my home the next day. I told him I longed to learn more about his people, their poetry, their myths and legends, their hopes for the future. He accepted my invitation. Never have I entertained or, rather, been entertained by, a more delightful guest.
For hours we lingered at the luncheon table, I asking questions, he responding with unwearied courtesy. "Where do you think your people originated, Richard? Do you accept the theory that you are a branch of the Oriental race, brought by chance to this continent?"

"No, we were always here. Although—and this puzzles us—some of our oldest legends speak of ships and a big sea which must have been the Pacific, yet we know that we are an earthy people, that is, that we grew from the earth, in the beginning of creation, coming up through twelve worlds of darkness to the surface, and all this happened here, on this continent. Our legends, dating back hundreds of years before the time of Columbus or of Lief Eriesson, prove that even then we Navajos were an old, established nation."

I told Richard of various theories advanced concerning the origin of the American Indian. "Haynes says they came possibly from Asia or the Pacific Islands, but Brinton maintains that they were created on the American continent as the Negro was on the African."

Richard’s eyes were bright with interest. "Brinton is right. Our first man was called ‘Atse Hastin’ and our first woman ‘Atse Estan’."

"Our Adam and Eve?" I suggested. "Yes, the same thing."

"Richard, why have you remained content with legends handed down orally through the centuries? Why haven’t you Navajos recorded your tribal history?"

"We have. We do. Our Sand-paintings are our records, but they speak of things that are mysterious, sacred, and therefore secret. It is a divine command that a Sand-painting must be destroyed at sundown, and that only he who has painted the Sand-picture may erase it, he alone with his God, for God has first spoken to him and told him what to write."

"Like the early Runes of the Icelanders?"

"Yes," he assented, gravely, "like them, secret, mysterious and sacred. There are many interesting stories about our early history. Our grandfathers tell us that many centuries ago the Navajos had trouble over a woman. The tribe was disintegrating—going to the bad—and so twelve men with their women separated from the rest and wandered down into what is now Mexico, perhaps by way of the sea. We think that the present race of Indians in Mexico may have originated from those twelve, for it is a fact that even today the dialect spoken by many Mexicans who have had no contact with us is the Navajo dialect. But, because of their tolerance of intermarriage, the Mexican Navajos have degenerated while we have advanced.

"You see," he continued, "all our tribal laws and customs have been evolved slowly and painfully after careful experimentation, to meet the needs of our people. We have a law prohibiting the intermarriage of members with one clan because of close blood relationship. In the beginning marriage between brother and sister was permitted and the results watched. Later, because such results were not good, brother and sister marriages were forbidden. All our tribal habits, though they seem odd to the whites, are based on psychology. Behind them there is logic. For instance, we don’t believe in whipping children. We think corporal punishment hardens them while kindness wins them over. That goes for criminals too.
And there are few criminals among us Navajos. We don’t murder. We don’t kidnap children for ransom.’

I sat silent for a moment. For a long time a certain query had been puzzling me: Why the Indian, after traveling so far on the rough trail toward civilization, had suddenly become arrested? Now that query was supplanted by another: Is the Indian actually a step behind his white brother? If civilization includes towering skyscrapers and buzzing airplanes and whirring motors and ruthless, nerve-racking, soul-devitalizing pursuit of the dollar, then the Indian is indeed uncivilized; but if, as Burke insists, civilization depends upon two principles, the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion, then we who have assumed the task of ‘civilizing’ the Indian are arrogantly absurd. Such principles are indisputably Richard Long’s heritage from generations of ancestors who went into the high places seeking beauty.

‘What about love, Richard?’ I asked. Does that enter into the Navajo’s scheme of things?’

He smiled. His face flushed. ‘Not before marriage. Our boys and girls are permitted no associations, no comradeship—a guard against illegitimacy. They are never sweethearts as the whites use the word. But after marriage we believe there is more genuine companionship between husband and wife than is ordinarily found in white homes. Our family life is very happy.’

‘Is your mother living?’

He shook his head. The eyes of the boy born of a stoic race whom we have tabulated as ‘cruel’ were swimming with tears. ‘We lost our mother,’ he said, softly, ‘three years ago with the flu.’

‘Our mothers,’ he continued, ‘are the highest persons in our family life. We go to them always for comfort and council. My older sister is much like our mother. She is called ‘Mrs. Gee Curly.’ ‘Gee’ comes from ‘Gan’ which means ‘beloved baby girl.’ My sister,’ he added, proudly, ‘is very pretty.’

‘Do the Navajos have a tribal system of government?’

“Yes, we’re divided into clans, political divisions similar to your Republicans and Democrats, although,’” and his eyes twinkled, ‘I think we usually get along more peaceably. My father’s clan, which is the head clan, is called ‘Sit-ni-jin-ah; which means ‘Black Forest.’ Our leaders, our medicine men, are elected by vote and we choose the wisest man among us, the one supposed to be capable of handling all our tribal problems most ably.’

“A quaint and obsolete custom,” I murmured.

He smiled recognition of my irony. “Oh, we make mistakes, too,” he admitted. “We have grafters, ambitious politicians among us, but most of our leaders sense the gravity of their responsibilities as keenly as President Roosevelt does his. And we do have problems. We are really a nation within a nation. The Indian’s future looks brighter today, under the present regime, than it has at any time since the white man conquered us and put us on reservations. The ‘New Deal,’ with its consideration for the ‘forgotten man,’ has not overlooked the Indian’s economic difficulties.”

Richard, I noticed, had for some time been fidgeting restlessly. Finally he stammered: “May I—would you mind —?” and he pulled out a package of cigarettes.
He lit one and settled back with a soft sigh of content.

"Maybe you noticed last night that nearly all the Indian boys wore feathered headdresses? With the Navajos, the feather doesn't stand for physical courage. It has a deeper, a spiritual significance. The feather, we believe, has life. The spirit of God is within it. You saw us last night in the Feather Dance? In our tribal dances our medicine men sit fifteen feet away beating little drums softly and we dance about the feather and sometimes," his voice became an awed whisper, "sometimes, as the drums beat, the feather bends and sways. I myself have seen it. Then we know the Holy Spirit is close to us. In our legends the feather stands for many things. It typifies happy moments in the life of Christ while He was still a little Child in His mother's home."

"Then your myths include a divinely created Christ-child?"

"Oh, yes."

"But isn't it possible, Richard," I ventured, "that the conception of a Christ-child, Son of God, was instilled into the Navajo Myths by the whites, possibly after the Spanish invasion of Mexico?"

"No, that's not so," he denied firmly.

"From the beginning the idea of a divine Child, born of God, was in the hearts of the Navajo. Our earliest legends prove it."

I did not argue. I thought: "Why not?" Richard's contention only added to the evidence that the several races have always been closely akin, with the same principles in their cosmologies—first man, then conflict within man between good and evil, heaven and hell, retribution, death, eternal life—universal conclusions epitomized by the myths of Greeks, Norsemen, Orientals and American Indians. Down to the smallest details there are striking similarities. According to the Greeks one must cross the river Styx to reach the regions of the dead. The Norsemen entered their Valhalla by way of a great lake. And, for the Indians, a slippery log bridges the awful void between living and dead. On the lake of the Norsemen were boats adorned with dragons' heads and tails. For numberless years the Indians have decorated their bull boats with heads and tails. It seems all races followed the same evolutionary path up toward civilization, with only such slight differences as environment might cause.

Richard said: "We have a beautiful song—one of our oldest—describing the birth of the Holy Man. It goes like this. 'Ky-lo, Del-lick. Schlaf-ta-na-yah. Aklan-ah.' In English I can't make it sound beautiful as it really is. You see, the soap weed symbolizes spiritual growth; and soap suds, spirituality. The Feather song tells that in the beginning, before man, there was a deep, dark hole and, from that hole, on a mountain peak, soap suds began to rise and on it ascended the Holy Baby. He grew to manhood and then He disappeared and the world was again in darkness. In our legends He is not crucified as He is in yours."

"It seems that there were also two women—sisters—of immaculate conception, Est Sanatlehi, made of turquoise, and Yolkai, made of white shell. Each had a son and when the sons grew to manhood they demanded to know who their father was. The mothers would not tell, but to each son they gave a Holy Feather. Then, according to our legends, the sons began a long search for their father, and the Holy Feathers..."
bore them safely across widening canons, past giants and big animals, over hot sands and waving swamp grass. And finally we sing a song of triumph as the boys find their father, the Great Spirit.

"Another very beautiful song tells of the search for the Holy Mountain on which the Christ was born. As you know, the Navajo land is bounded by four mountains and we've never known from which of these our Savior ascended. So every year we make pilgrimages to one of the four and the song we sing goes something like this:

"I climb the Mountain, the lofty Mountain, the Holy Mountain.
The Mountain that dominates life.
The Mountain on which Our Savior was born.

To this I go.
My feet are weary, my throat is parched, the night is cold and dark.

I ascend. I have risen.
The heights of the Sacred Mountain I have scaled.
I gaze around. I view the valley below.

I am one with the lofty, the majestic, the eternal Mountain.
My heart yearns for the far-distant peaks."

Richard's voice hushed into reverence. His eyes glowed. "'We go to our mountains,' he told me, 'as others go to their churches, and we come away strengthened and purified.

"Our songs account for all the phenomena that the first thinking Navajos must have pondered over—rain, darkness, light, heat, cold, the sun and moon, life and death, and for human emotions, love and hate, fear, kindness to animals. At first the sun did not move up in the Blue and earthy people grew wearied of the light and intense heat, so they sang a song:

'Great Spirit, Holy One,
Our eyes are blinded by the steady shine,
Of your great ball of fire.
Will you not cause it to move
So that cool darkness may, for a time, cover the earth?'

And finally, at a council meeting, it was decided that the spider should spin four webs and that the East Wind should blow steadily all day, rolling the sun across these webs toward the west, and that West Wind should blow steadily all night, rolling the sun toward the east, and that is how it is we have day and night.

"Many other important problems were discussed at that council meeting. The birth of little children and death. The Coyote asked: 'Shall First Man and First Woman be permitted to dwell alone on earth forever?' The Gopher thought that would be wise; the Grasshopper said: 'Why not?' But the humming-bird, flitting from flower to flower, sang: 'They will become lonely, just the two. There must be children to teach them suffering and patience and joy.' The Coyote argued: 'But then, after many snows, the earth will be crowded. If little children are born then there must be death.' Humming-bird sang: 'Not death. Death would bring sadness.' Then Holy Spirit spoke and all the wise ones bowed their heads in reverent attention. 'Little children must be born to First Man and First Woman and then they must die and there must be weeping upon earth for only through suffering can the hearts of earthy people grow beautiful. I have spoken.'

"And so there was death. But death," Richard said, earnestly, "isn't ugly. It doesn't mean we cease to be. Up in the Blue we find eternal happi-
ness. That’s why, when one of our loved ones die, we bury them with the things they treasured. I remember when our little sister died a string of beads which she loved had been stolen, and our mother mourned: ‘My beloved daughter is going up into the Happy World without her beads. She will be humiliated because she will meet her friends up there and they will have much and she will have little.’

“But we knew who had stolen the beads and we recovered them and buried them with our little sister and then our mother smiled.’

Richard’s sober glance met mine. ‘Of course now our mother and our sister are together up there. But I’m talking too much.’

“No, no.’

‘One of our songs which we chant as we dance around the Feather, tells of the search for the Christ who had disappeared on the mountain and who was finally discovered by a woman.

‘Up the Holy Mountain she climbed, Searching for the Holy Child, All the day and all the night, And the sun did not shine and darkness was over all. She grew weary. She fainted from weariness. In that darkness, dense and chill, nothing could she see. Then a Voice from out the Blue spoke to her: —Still a little higher must you go Up the Sacred Mountain. And she struggled on and up, Till suddenly a Bright Light shone down upon her, And Woman looked up And, within that circle of light, Perceived, standing upon the peak Of the lofty, the eternal, the Holy Mountain, The Holy Child, our Savior.’

‘Perhaps you’ve noticed—really I must go—but have you noticed that all our songs end in triumph! We Navajos don’t recognize the tragedy of defeat.’

He told me, just before he left, that he was studying to be a civil engineer. And I wondered what actualities awaited this young Navajo beyond the windows of youthful hope.

YOU TAUGHT ME THIS

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

Singer of simple songs, you taught me this: True melody is ever of the heart.

Too taut a string may sunder at a kiss, If so it be that love and song must part.

Hunger is fed—when hunger is so bold The taste of death is savor on the tongue.

The joy of life has root in any mold, And flowers freely for the swift and strong.
SHIP AND SEA
Richard Sullivan

Blue and green, a blue-green noon-day: Sheen
Of blue blown sky with clouds and a green glass sea
With deep blue blue-black freckles floating free
Beneath the gulls in the milky sun-shot green;
And the ship careening swift, bright white, and clean
Across the bay: sail full, sun gleamed, she
Bobs and rips and cleaves into the pea
Green wrinkling water under. Keen
The ship! white knife against blue sky, to rip
Green water lovingly, a lean fierce lover
At noon on the blue-green swinging over—
Lean white sun-bright ship. And the sea doth dip
And roll becomingly, and the clouds in the blue
Sky roll and toss, and the sea-gulls swoop and mew.

HEAT LIGHTNING
Elma Godchaux

Emile’s hand rested on the table. It was square and brown, strong, a man’s hand. Julie’s eyes couldn’t leave it alone. They kept returning to it. It lay there idle and inert, strength helpless, and it filled her with tenderness. She felt weak and shaken as if filled with seasickness. But she kept her own hands folded in her lap and her spine erect. She sat there in her chair, thin and correct, with her hands folded tightly as if with all her might she held her virginity in them.

Emile moved. The room’s walls were too narrow. He could hear Mr. and Mrs. Ridge’s rocking-chairs out on the gallery creaking under their weights. It was hot. “Wish, me, we could study out on the levee where it might be a breeze from the river.” He took out his handkerchief and mopped his face.

Julie flushed. “We couldn’t do much in the dark, I reckon, and with the mosquitoes so bad.” She gathered up the books scattered on the table before them. “Reckon you better go now. You understand the problem, don’t you?”

“Sho’. I mean I reckon so, good as I understand anything.”

“Emile, you ought to try more.”

“Me? Me, I do try. You’re making me try, ain’t you?”

“I want to see you do as well as you can.”

She faced him consciously as if somebody watched her. She walked with him to the gallery. Mamma and papa rocked more slowly. But he didn’t pause. Good-nights were said while he hurried down the steps as if he couldn’t get away quickly enough. Mamma and papa and Julie watched him, saw him out the gate and on to the levee where his body stood up conspicuously against the sky; he looked enormous on
that platform, a man with his head against the sky. They saw him, a giant, shuffling along discontentedly making little clouds of dust. Slow cows grazing on the levee moved out of his path. But dust took him before he turned the bend at Star Store. Now that it was summer, dust was piling up thick as sand. Everything was dust-dulled; whitewashed fences and cane leaves were filmed over. Sounds were pushed far away. A galloping horse thudded softly as if its hoofs were wrapped in rags. Seemed as if the whole world was so far away you couldn’t touch it. It seemed swathed in silence and miles of distance away from Julie, as if she herself were real but had no tangible contacts. She heard mamma speaking to her and started; the voice was so remarkably close at hand.

"Me, I just been saying to papa, Julie, that them that’s helped after school hours ought to pay for it. That’s what I said to papa and I say it to you now. Them that’s helped extra ought to pay for it. You ought to think of your folks, Julie, and papa sick and all. Webre Duhe must have plenty money to pay for his son’s education. He don’t need no charity from the Ridges. Ain’t it so, papaf Me, I don’ know how long it is since Duhe’s been manager of Sarpee Plantation, long enough to put plenty money by for his son’s education. Besides, he’s touched money a couple of times. You remember, papa, that time his aunt, Madam Labiche, died and left him some, and another time."

"Me, I reckon Duhe’s been manager here longer than Emile’s been born," speculated papa.

"Emile ain’t so young, no." Mamma took up the story. "Julie ain’t so much older than him. Me, I remember good when Emile Duhe was born because it wasn’t long after your brother died, Julie."

"It doesn’t matter, mamma," Julie put in delicately. Standing there beside her mother and father she seemed to have no importance. They suggested monsters fed on her gaunt vitality. They sat down heavily, as if they’d never rise again without assistance.

"No, I reckon it don’t matter," mamma went on, "and that Emile ain’t smart and you spend your time giving him extra lessons. I don’t know what he’s going to do when he ain’t got you to help him no more. Times is changed, yes, when boys can’t step into their fathers’ shoes."

"Sometimes boys come on when folks are least expecting it," Julie explained. "Lots of boys are slow."

Her mother looked at her sharply. "Now don’t you have no favorites, Julie. You ain’t never had before and don’t you begin now."

"No. No favorites," papa agreed. "You’ll never get on if you have favorites."

But Julie knew she didn’t have to listen to them. She knew how to get on. She was the kind of teacher with her rigid dignity that mothers trusted. They all liked her. Nobody could say a word against her.

She was always the same. Folks could see her in rain or shine going along the side of the road between school and her house. In rain and in summer’s heat she went under a black cotton umbrella. Stiff and upright, there wasn’t a curve about her anywhere. Seasons and people could change but not Miss Julie Ridge. A nigger gang working in the cane fields saw her without pausing in their work; they were
conscious of her as they might be conscious of a habit. And so were the loafers on the store gallery when she passed them every morning. The niggers sat on the steps to themselves and the white men on the gallery. Eyes followed Julie because there was nothing else to notice. The white men chewed their tobacco hunks lazily and let their eyes go with Julie. “Miss Julie sho’ do mind her business good she’s that early to school mornings.” “Sho’ do, but she do look porely, don’t she?” “Sho’ do. Her folks do keep her working hard.” “Sho do.” “Pity Myron can’t take care of his daughter, ain’t it?” “Sho is.” “She’s smart too, yes. Folks say she could’ve got a job in New Orleans, but Myron and the old lady ain’t let her go, no.” They slumped in their seats pocketing chews in their cheeks and spat. Julie went on about her business. She didn’t turn her head, but kept it in the position of a soldier’s on parade.

Her schoolroom walls seemed to close her in preciously. She was secreted from the common eyes. And Emile Duhe was a man among her other pupils. It seemed to her his gaze on her had meaning, tutored by male knowledge. But he didn’t disarm her here. No indeed, nothing could make her shy in her schoolroom. It was as if the very chairs and desks in their orderly rows fed her courage and she knew the blackboard became her as satin’s sleekness did some women. She took a deep satisfied breath and for a moment her thin chest rose and her flat breasts seemed full. She felt hearty and healthy, ripe, the way Marie Boudreau looked. The hot weather made Marie’s black hair curl. But Emile didn’t pay her any mind. He sat with his head bent over a book or listened to what Julie said. It was easy to see he wanted to learn. Julie felt strong with the power to help him. But when he stayed after school and sat close beside her desk a weakness took possession of her. She didn’t know how she could do her duty teaching him when she felt like this, as if in the face of his masculinity she could not assert herself.

“Me, I don’t know how,” he remarked at last, “all this history’s going to help me with a job in the office.”

She looked up and her eyes were bright as windows showing lights. “Trains your brain I reckon,” she laughed, “Anyway, it’s fun knowing about history and how the folks before us made the country great. The life then was hard too, harder than what it is now. With Indians and wild animals you couldn’t move without a gun. Papa had an old gun. He said it came over with the first Ridge. That was a long time ago. I liked that gun. But papa swapped it for something modern. He said it wasn’t safe being in the house without something that would shoot. He got a pistol for it. But I don’t feel like we’re the same Ridges without that gun. I felt right proud before as if we were folks with a gun that had helped make the country what it is today.” She didn’t know why she talked to him like this. She blushed and caught herself up. Heart beat like quick wings. “Don’t you like history some?”


“What do you like?” In spite of herself she felt private with him. The closed schoolroom door might have been a locked bedroom door.

“Me? I don’t know,” he answered, “Sometimes I wish, me, I was a nigger. They don’t have to bother. It ain’t no
trouble driving mules and ploughing cane."

"Oh but white folks have to get on," she sighed.

"Reckon so," he agreed, "But, me, I ain't the getting-on kind."

"I'll help you," she replied, "I'll help you. I'll make you get on. I can. I'm a good teacher." Her words were like little ships launched on rapids. She had no control over them. He could feel safe with her. She would carry the burden of his whiteness for him. She was smart enough for two. She saw his hand resting on the table close to her own and for a moment she felt it touch her. She felt as if her whole body were prisoner in his hand. His brown long-fingered hand with the light erect hairs walled her round so close it was hard to breathe. She stood up abruptly trying to throw off his male heaviness that smothered her. She piled her books. This was her place and he had no business taking possession of it. "I've got to go," she cried, "I've got to go. I'll be late for supper."

"And what'll be the lesson for next time?" he asked, surprised.

She marked a page for him. "Study this. And this." She gave him a look. He stood leaning his weight on one foot, big and untidy. She trembled. Her heart was like somebody's hand pounding her chest. She knew it moved visibly and the waves of heat on her cheeks were red. What would Emile think? Teacher panting like a school girl! She was ashamed as if her feelings in some way soiled her reputation. When she got away from him she would be her old quiet self again. He was so much older than the run of her pupils. Teaching him was like teaching a man. He was dependent on her, yet he was a man.

She hurried along beside the fence. Her face still burned. She was flustered as if he walked beside her. She couldn't get away from the urgent pressure of his maleness. She tried to. But he moved beside her, his man's smell overwhelming her. Now was six o'clock, the time for changing shifts at the sugar-house. But she didn't notice the men all about her, footing it on the road and the levee path too. Men bestrode horses and drove Fords. When somebody tipped his hat she bowed returning howdys calmly. Excited heart did not inflate her thin chest's rigid line. The hard shell of her body would never give her secrets away.

The scream of the sugarhouse whistle was like an excited call to arms. It speeded men forward, spread out and swallowed all other noises. When its echo died smaller noises born again seemed only the emphasis of silence. Julie walked on past the church and Father Marin's house and garden. Just before supper Father would be in the garden with his prayerbook. There his black skirt was, swinging in and out among the palms and Spanish Daggers. If he saw her he would close his book and smile at her in his understanding way and they would talk about her pupils, Emile likely; because he didn't get on near as fast as he should, and his father being manager made him seem slower than he was. They would talk together, priest and schoolteacher, like partners. Father Marin's smile would seem to say he knew how good she was. But she went on faster. She bent her head and hurried fast as she decently could. She didn't want Father to see her and maybe see the shameful secret that she held.

Mamma and papa were on the gallery
rocking, papa behind his newspaper. All the way up the path Julie could hear the rocking and papa grunting over his paper. She sighed. She wished she could be alone.

"My, you’re late," mamma cried, "Hope, me, you ain’t been making a fool of yourself again."

"Why, what do you mean, mamma? What could I be doing?"

"You know what I mean. A fool about Emile Duhe, giving him lessons for nothing."

"It don’t harm you and papa, what I do about him."

"You know every little bit helps when it comes to money, Julie," mamma scolded, "Least you ought to know it. And we can’t get along on air with papa sick and needing medicines and all."

"No, we can’t, Julie," papa put in, "And if you don’t stand by us God knows what’ll happen to us."

"I can’t make out what you all are talking about," murmured Julie.

"Don’t be stubborn, Julie," mamma commanded, "And come to supper. It’s been ready full fifteen minutes."

With a great deal of commotion mamma and papa got themselves into chairs by the table. When they moved they gave the effect of mountains moving; they were stationary and for movement seemed to need cables and levers. Between them they appeared to compress Julie. She looked like a woman cut out of thin paper and pasted there on her chair.

"Me, I like to see a girl that knows her own worth," remarked mamma.

When the nigger cook came in the room her smell came with her; her smell was one of the smells of summer. Mosquitoes that had got in despite screens whined their wearisome tune. The day was so old and heavy as to seem to be dying of its own weight.

"Beanie, bring papa some more milk," mamma ordered, "Papa needs a world of milk."

Julie ate without interest. She was glad when she finished and she could get to her room. She said she was tired and got away. In bed she lay for a long time with the sheet drawn up to her neck, dreaming, with her eyes wide open. She was really tired. She felt frail and weary. She had no weight with which to impress Emile. She was light as a feather passing his cheek. She wanted to hold him up. She tossed, musing the sheet that now wrapped about her thin body like a bandage. Her whole life was wrapped that way from contacts; she was a delicate ghost moving soundless. If she could make Emile feel the female power in her.

Mamma and papa sitting in their positions of sentinels by the door never missed Emile when he came for a lesson. Julie wondered at her own stubbornness. She wouldn’t listen to mamma and papa; she’d have Emile every night if she could. If she listened to them she’d be nothing more than a machine giving milk to papa. But the chairs going on the gallery worried her. They couldn’t forget they were there. They separated her from Emile. She wished she could get rid of them. The rocking-chairs kept squeaking and the squeaks sounded like words. Julie Ridge, they said. Julie Ridge. You’re ours. You’ll never get away. Never. No use trying. You’re ours. The chairs made her boundaries. They held her tongue-tied from Emile. He was distant.
"I reckon you'll surely graduate," she had to force herself to say.

"Reckon so," she heard him answer, "You helped me so good. But, me, I won't have you to help me keep my job, no."

"You'll keep it all right. I know you will. You don't need me," she lied.

"Teachers are smart I know, but they sho' don't know everything."

"Reckon they don't," she smiled. "This one's about the last lesson," she added. She raised her eyes and saw the moon like an enormous bright balloon hung outside the window. She could say, "Come on, let's go for a walk just to celebrate because this is most the last lesson. And, look, the moon's full. Most bright as day on the levee."

She had turned her eyes to look at him and now sat without moving. The chairs on the gallery squeaked loudly in time.

In her dream she went by mamma and papa. "We're going to take a short turn," she admitted quietly, "the moon's so pretty."

"Oh, Julie! Don't be long," mamma cried, and that was all.

They were out the gate. The rocking died behind her. She felt free. She wanted to laugh. The moon and the flat white road lit their privacy. She felt like a naked woman. But there was nobody to see her. Road was empty except for themselves and a nigger man and woman standing by the fence talking. She knew she didn't have to pay them any mind. She heard Emile talking to her. On the batture they could be alone. His voice caressed her, and she was following him before she knew what she was doing. She was hypnotized. She ran down the far side of the levee. She felt light as fawn. The willows made places to hide. They were silvered by moonlight and hung in showers over the river. Beyond the trees the river ran, brown and quick, on its way to the Gulf. For all the sound of river's going the batture was a haven of peace, an enchanted oasis out of sight. Emile was whispering to her. His words seemed to melt her heart. Heart was wax in fire. His arms about her broke the stiffness from her body. His hands undid her armour. She was shackel-free. Lips under his kisses loosened, lost their rigid lines. The willows rained above them and the river made a song of flight. When at last they climbed the levee from the batture they went hand in hand. Julie dragged a little. She was tired. She hid her face behind his shoulder. Her skirt was mussed and spotted with mud. She was ashamed. But her hand in his felt warm and comfortable. She sent quick frightened looks around. If anybody saw her coming up from the batture this way they wouldn't know her for Miss Julie Ridge. For once they'd sit up and notice her. But she didn't want that kind of notice. She had to remember who she was, Miss Julie Ridge.

"Reckon you ought to get a present when I graduate," Emile was saying, "That's what the folks say at home. They say," he added ruefully, "They reckon I'd be in high school for the rest of my life if you hadn't started teaching in it. They say you ought to get something."

Julie regarded him with wide eyes as if she couldn't see him right. "Oh, I don't want anything," she replied, flushing. "We could do something on tomorrow's lesson now," she went on.
"But, look, it's going to rain. It's lightning."

"Oh that? That ain't nothing. That's heat lightning."

Heat lightning. Like her feelings. As far as anybody was concerned her feelings, like heat lightning, didn't mean a thing. But the heat lightning for all its harmlessness looked like a jagged scar across the sky. Quicker than real lightning it vanished. And she was thinking Emile might not know books, but he knew other things, the things men knew. For a second his attempts to learn what she taught seemed foolish and her knowledge of no moment when balanced against his. His strong hands and the long lines of his legs made her heart beat with a wild excitement. Her body was an empty bottle filled by him to the neck with emotion.

"I reckon we've done enough for one night," she said at last, "I get tired of books." She pushed them away from her.

"Reckon so," he returned, "Well, anyway, I got everything straight now. See you Monday."

She tried to look into his eyes. He didn't evade her eyes. He didn't know them. She couldn't find his gaze. It was no use. She let her own eyes fall. Now they were shadowed by her lids. It was no use. She saw her old self, thin and rigid as a stick, going along the path between home and school and school and home again, reliable and anonymous as a custom.

She followed Emile to the gallery. She heard the rocking-chairs hesitate; their movement grew fainter as though her's and Emile's shadows had fallen across them. She stood on the step and watched Emile go. He didn't once turn back to look at her. His even steps, unhurried yet final, took him out of the gate.

"Julie. Julie. Oh Julie!" Mamma cried, "Can't you hear? I been sitting here calling you. I say we just seen Father passing. Madam Lassin must be dying or Father wouldn't be passing this time of night." Mamma crossed herself. "She might be dying right this minute."

Julie looked at her mother. Poor Madam Lassin had to die to force attention. "It's a shame," remarked Julie—. "She's right young."

"That's what I been telling papa. But we all got to go."

"That's so," papa agreed. "We all ought to be ready."

"And the way you set yourself against papa and me, Julie," interrupt-ed mamma, "ain't being ready. I wonder, me, do you tell in confessional how stubborn you are."

"Oh, mamma, you going to start that again?"

Mamma turned to papa. "Me, I can't make out what's come over her."

"I'm tired. I'm going to bed," Julie said.

Her room with the shutters still closed against the day's heat was dark as a pocket. She went to a window, flung wide the shutters and stood looking out into the night. Space was wide and calm, stretching before her with serene indifference. Crickets kept up their buzzing, filling everywhere with a monotony of sound. But she, leaning from the window, changed nothing, made no impression, as if she didn't live. The sky was crowded with stars and the moon hung down suspended in the low sky. Between heaven and earth there hardly seemed room to breathe. Julie panted and sweat ran
down her body. She could look down on the cane spreading away from her sight like a carpet. But she knew the cane was tall now; it could hide a man on horseback. As she looked she saw dark wings stretched above the cane. She knew that was bad luck, black shapes at night. The birds were buzzards and they dropped like dead weights into the cane. Something had crawled in among the cane to die. That was bad luck, buzzards and death at night. She turned away from the window and without making a light crawled into bed.

Before she was rested it was morning. She could hear mamma calling to Beanie and papa. She buried her face in the pillow. She didn’t want to listen to the tiresome life in her house. Today was Saturday. Moving picture night at the club. Emile would be there. She hardly ever went to the pictures anymore. But she would tonight. With Emile there maybe she’d frizz up her hair in front. Then she wouldn’t look so thin and plain. He’d be surprised to see her looking so different from the way she looked at school.

It was nice sitting in the crowded room waiting for the movie to commence. She knew Emile was in the back with the men. She had on her best dress. She laughed a lot when funny things flashed on the screen. She liked it when people looked her way. After the movie there would be a dance. But she wouldn’t stay. No, she never stayed for the dance. She might wait around a little while for Emile to notice her.

The benches being pushed against the walls made a great commotion. The girls clustered together talking and giggling, waiting for the men to make dance space. Julie smiled at everybody and tried to keep out of the way. She saw Emile. He was busy. But he bowed to her. She smiled. Her heart fluttered. Her whole body seemed awake, keen with expectations of delight. The music started. Her heart paused, acknowledging it, then beat faster. Mothers and fathers of pupils came up to her. Oh no, she wasn’t staying for the dance. She’d come in to see the movie. It was good, didn’t they think? She knew her face was red and her eyes too bright. She looked up to find Emile.

The floor was filled with couples. Already the men’s collars were melting down. The room was too small for the noise and the heavy smell and the people. Suddenly Julie felt she couldn’t breathe. The crowd pressed against her. But she’d stayed this long. She wanted to see Emile. She raised herself on tiptoes, stretching her neck, struggling against the crowd’s heavy indifference. Emile would surely acknowledge her presence by more than a distant bow. All at once she felt her existence depended on one dance; her life hung by a dance. She stood on tiptoes hunting him. There he was. Heart beat with lightning-quick blows. Her whole body seemed blushing red. He was dancing. Looking down at the girl in his arms. In a sudden moment Julie discovered the cold perfection of his indifference to her. For him she wasn’t there. She could hardly breathe.

She pushed against a cluster of people. “I’ve got to go. Please excuse me.” “Sho’ly.” And the group closed behind her; it was in its old position as if she’d never passed. In and out of all the groups she wound, by the
men and boys clustered in the doorway. Folks bowed to her as she went by. But amid the noise and the movement it seemed to her that she punctured not a single consciousness. People gave her distant bows, slight recognition, teacher’s recompense.

She was on the road. She went at a steady gait with a quick determination. Her feet didn’t make a sound in the deep dust of the path. She hurried moving like a resolute ghost beside the rows of cane. The cane in even lines stretched desert-calm. Lightning bugs punctured the darkness silently. Her haste was soundless. She seemed to move along within a hush. At last rocking shattered the muffled calm. Rocking. Rocking sounded like a deformed echo of the dancing, Emile’s dancing. She saw him dancing. He was so bright with the woman in his arms she could hardly see to walk.

"Lands, you scared me, Julie," mamma cried, "Coming in so soft. Was the movie good?"

"Yes, it was good, but it was awful hot in the club," Julie declared passing into the house. "Papa," she called back, "Is the newspaper in your room?"

"Yes, but don’t take it, Julie, I ain’t done. Just come out here to get a breath of air. It’s hot enough to smother in the house. It’s that sheet iron roof I been telling mamma."

"I just want to see something in the paper," Julie called, "I’m not going to take it."

But she didn’t touch the paper on the table. She opened a bureau drawer and hunted something. She bent over the drawer, engrossed, intent with purpose. She hurried. But mamma and papa wouldn’t catch her. Seemed like only death could stop their rocking. The rocking protected her, surrounding her deep purpose with daily life’s little activities. She closed the drawer silently. In the kitchen she rolled up her dark apron. Apron over her white dress would hide her in the shadows. She worked with a set face, unhesitatingly, rolling the apron, fixing it under her arm, seduously, like a woman pursuing a fixed plan. The apron made a heavy bundle. She carried it carefully.

From the hall she called out, "It is hot in the house like you said, papa. Going to take a short turn on the levee. I’ll be back soon. I’ll go out the back way."

She heard mamma say, "Now, Julie . . ." Then she was gone.

The road was empty. Not even a stray nigger marred the blank tranquillity of road and levee path. Saturday night entertainments were still in full swing. Julie went along beside the fence quickly, but quiet as an outcast. The moon made her pale face shine; it was set as marble. She followed the whitewashed fence that made gleaming lines strung along the side of the road and winding the way the levee ran. She went with her back bent over the bundle in her arms as though she were a mother burdened with a child, and she was quick and serious as a person on weighty errand. When the lights at the club flashed closer she turned off the river road, not on to a path, but she climbed the fence into the fields. She could never have followed the furrows between the cane
rows if she hadn't been so thin. The cane stood still as metal rods except where she passed; then it stirred and made a rustling, as if things she couldn't see moved with her. She hurried on, never pausing. When the moon lit her face it showed rigid with a purpose. She came out on the path near the church and turned towards the river again. Coming up behind the club she saw the dark clump of trees that guarded it. From the open window light streamed out, and the throb of the music and movement. She could hear feet scraping, rasping the same rhythm as the music in an endless repeat of the same pattern. It seemed to her the world's life was crowded in that room. Crouching by the window she was ghost-pale and quiet as wraith. Nobody knew she lived. Clothed in her dark apron she was no more than a gathering of shadows. But her face was set with that unflinching resolve of purpose and her sharp eyes burned with violent life. The lights in the room blinded her. She could see movement, legs and faces in a turmoil and layers of smoke as if these were folks in a pit of hell moving in an agony of heat. To her the faces were blanks as if they were not faces she had known all her life. Then Zillah Larue passed close to Julie's station and Zillah's face was picked out and framed by the window. Emile's was nowhere. Eyes searched for his with a frantic haste. Eyes went here and there. Her back and legs hurt crouching down this way. But she didn't move. Eyes discarded faces, picked up others, hunting his with desperate determination. Now they were riveted, magnetised. Body went numb. Only her eyes were awake and saw. Emile's face pushed all oth-

ers away. His and Marie Boudreau's. Their cheeks were flushed and pressed together; hair was damp and eyes half closed. Now Julie had to move. She had to stand before Emile. And he would know her. He would be alive to her. Now. Stand up. Pass around to the door. Scatter the clutter of men. Easy. Stand up before Emile. He would see her. Sight of her for once would halt him. She would stop the music and the dancing. Folks would make a circle around her, staring. They would watch her like a wonder. The sound she made would deafen them. She'd be like thunder. Only when she finished would folks breathe again. Now. She had to go. Move. Please, Jesus. She moved raising herself. But she couldn't get upright. A hand was on her shoulder. Under it her legs gave way. She sank down. Hand on her shoulder, enormous as the hand of God must be, overpowered her. She struggled to rise. Reach Emile. She lived for that purpose. She fought against the hand, power to keep her from him. She wouldn't have it. She fought, shoving the weight of that hand away from her, symbol of the rule that held her apart. She'd break it. Fight. Scratch. Bite. Hand couldn't hold her. She'd get free. Relentless as death she'd take Emile. Bite now and the hand must let go of her. Bite. She closed her eyes. Skin between her teeth was soft; gave to her teeth's irresistible strength.

"Witch. And I took you for a heap of rags." But the voice was calm. It was its ineffable gentleness that halted Julie. She recognized it and the black cassock hanging close to her face smelling of dust. The gentle voice was like a blow; it hurled her into the dust.
She lay there doubled up. Sobs, violence attacking her, beat her shoulders against the ground. "Come. Come now." The priest bent over her. "Come up the levee. Away from here."

But Julie couldn't. She couldn't move. She lay there crookedly in the dust like something thrown away.

"Come. Come."

She struggled to obey. Father's voice was God's voice on earth. She had to move. Dear Jesus, get her upright. Father commanded it. But she was weak with a weight in her chest. Father stooped over her raising her. Willing it with all her might, she walked. The levee's fat sides seemed to have changed precipice-steep. But Father helping her she climbed. Reached the top, saw the moon bright and serene swung out over the river. Everything was still as a picture. Only the river moved and she and Father walking.

"It's lonesome standing outside watching folks dancing. But you're like me. You ain't made for dancing."

His voice filled her with tears; they flowed in a constant stream down her thin cheeks. She went bent, carrying her grief like a burden. Her indifferent feet stumbled on the cow-kicked unevenness of the levee. Father's arm about her kept her from falling.

"Yes, we're different. We're made for helping folks. You have to realize, Julie, you were put here by God for a purpose same as I was."

Oh, but Emile! He would have lain in her arms. She would have held him. Nothing would have mattered to him. Only her arms holding him.

"Work with me. Help me," the priest went on, "I need your help with these folks here. I need you."

Julie listened. She heard his voice above her sobs. His voice penetrated them, thrust them aside and seemed to make her a hollow tube for hearing.

"You've got to be your priest's right hand. Nobody would do me but you, chere."

She heard him as though through fog. Her breath caught in her throat in a sigh and she strained to hear him. She went along beside him, listening, with her hands clutched over her breast as if she held there a secret.

"Yes, your priest's right hand. Chosen like I am. What do you say, Julie? Are you willing to give up life like ordinary folks live for a life like mine?"

She wept, the tears splashing on to her crossed hands.

"Answer me, Julie. Are you?"

There was no noise but her weeping and the sound the river made. Silently weeping-bugs interrupted the even gleam of moon and stars.

"Come. Answer."

"Oh Father, I can't. I'm different. I'm not the old Julie. You don't know me."

"Yes, chere, I know you. Trials only make it easier for you to understand folks and help me."

"Oh no, you don't know me," she cried, sobs shaking her like rough hands tormenting a skeleton.

"My assistant. Understand?"

His protectiveness made her weep easily. She was safe. The priest made a fortress round her. She cried like a child over a terror defied by a wise adult's bulwark.
“I’ll need you tomorrow. Come see me tomorrow, early.”

His voice enfolded her. It was tender, a miracle of comfort. In church she had seen expressions of mercy on the Virgin’s face and now Father’s voice was the expression become articulate. And solace flooded her, warming her, easing the intolerable strain of despair. But she couldn’t speak—only stood close to him, within the circle his arm made round her.

“Now you stop crying, cherie. And, look, you’re home. Better go in now. Folks might be wondering where you been.”

“‘Yes, I’ll go in.’

‘Here, dry your eyes. Tomorrow. Sho’ now.’

‘Yes, Father.’

She stood away from him drying her eyes on her sleeve. Obediently she turned her back on him, going towards home. He was standing still. She knew he was watching her. She went quickly but with her back bent as though she carried a weight too much for her. Not pausing she crossed the road that was like a moat, but as white as sand, before her gate. Mamma and papa were awake. She heard them rocking.

SHRAPNEL OF THE HEART

NORMAN MACLEOD

The frailties of thought envisaged the bulwarks Of circumstance: over the top Through waste of revolution, The mangled trees and shell holes of meteors, Craters of soil. Pervasions of fear Flooded the movement of limbs (Delicate hooves of mares In a dream, soft on loam Without sound). Brushing the brow, Codwebbed with worry, the eyelashes Raked the iris like harrows. What seed would sprout From the dust of our sight? What rain Rot harvest there? The image of the turgid trunk Of history was gnarled By the barricades of belief, Seamed by arroyos in the bark Of shattered faith. Disinherited of the age And class, we were utter Of unalignment. What ballast of human flesh Could save us? What fusilade of steel Would fleece the heart, Blood burdened with shrapnel, The iron to block our veins!
OUTDOOR LYRICS

Claire Aven Thomson

BRIGHT FLOWERING
The pear trees shine and shimmer so,
And from the peach the silver drips,
But this is fruit the winter knows,
A fruit too lovely for the lips.

O warmth of covering to shield
The seed of April in the womb,
This is December flowering
Of crystal bud and crystal bloom.

A HILL IS A SONG
Like a nursery rhyme
I set out to climb
Where in spite of weather
Hill and sky came together;
Gnarled oak that was scrub
Caught the wind rub-a-dub;
A blackbird too chipper
Unloosed his throat’s zipper;
The wind in a hustle
Blew my skirt to a bustle;
It was hurry and hurry
For those warm and furry;
An eagle whizzed by
With his wings to the sky;
O I very well knew
I would soon touch sky, too!
And where was sparse heather
The two came together ...
Though my mind said, “Be still,”
My heart cried... “A hill,
O a hill is a song
With the March wind along!”

MOON MEADOW
Fields there are
Whose crop is star
And moon; whose chaste
White bloom is taste
Upon the tongue
Of beauty.
SPRING EVENING: THE OJIBWA SMILE

AUGUST W. DERLETH

On the last day of the Ojibwas, they saw the first train pushing northward from the Mississippi,
And the boatmen saw, and their eyes turned, and they said: “It’s the way to an end now for the Ellen Libby.”
The Ojibwas smiled with false faces from the encircling hills,
And the rivermen knew how well the rails could reach the mills. There were years then like windows rolled away,
With the B. & O., the U. P., and the Santa Fe,
With the Illinois, the Northwestern, the New York Central Line,
And tonight the C. M. & St. P. 169
Thunders through the marshes laden with grain Just as the whipporwill starts singing again.
And the Ojibwas, who pushed southward the Sioux,
Themselves now pushed southward, westward into the blue Treeless land where Death waited, while the lumber kings, the cotton kings, the grain kings
Drained dollars from the land, and hammered day and night to forge rings Of steel from state to state. The Piutes were crazy Indians; they shot arrows at the locomotives, harming them not at all;
But the Ojibwas only smiled with bleak eyes waiting for the fall Of the age. Railroads webbed the land, From the eastern sea through the western sand,
And the lumber kings, the steel kings, the packers, the grain kings, the cotton kings, the brokers of the world accumulated gold, Working day and night with telephones, telegraphs, cables humming, with millions of men and machines, and opposition rolled Down to death before. And the dead smile of the Ojibwas remained like frost on a pane In a winter night. Now in the soft, fragrant dusk, the whippoorwill is crying again From the trestle on the shaky single-track line
Supporting the C. M. & St. P. 169,
And I think of the steel kings, the lumber kings, the brokers of the world, whose yellow gold Could not keep them from becoming old And dying as the Indians died;
It was the yellow gold that lied.
The gold-hoarders lost in dust, and the Ojibwa smile is a soft sound in the still Starred night, soft as the fluted call of the whippoorwill.
THE typewriter clacked on.

"Thus I conceive that the immortality of the soul is but an offspring of man’s wishes, created by man for his own solace—"

It is all I know, he thought, and all that I can believe, Jessie.

When he had finished the essay on the immortality of the soul, he had said nothing except that the soul is not immortal, and he did not feel any better, either. He tore up the essay and began once more.

"Vanity alone is the source of this illusion. The desire to continue after death—"

That is what I want, Jessie. For you and then for me, but it is not true, and I will do what I can for us now on the typewriter. There ought to be something to be done, he thought.

"If there is life beyond death, and if the spirit can persist, it must be through what heritage that spirit shall have left behind it here."

When I get it done, then I can write something else, he thought. When I say what I think about death I will feel better, and then you and I will go on and write, almost the same as ever.

When Mrs. Bartch came in, he had to stop writing and thinking. He wished Mrs. Bartch would not call so much. She had been there three times now since Jessie died, not counting the funeral. Three times in ten days was too often to have to talk to Mrs. Bartch.

"I do think you’re taking it all just marvellously,” said Mrs. Bartch. "We all think so."

She was speaking about the other ladies in the block. She reported their thoughts to him whenever she came to comfort him. They thought very pleasantly of him, now that Jessie had died.

"I think grief gets to be such an awful thing, if you let it hang on,” she said. "It doesn’t do you any good, and it certainly doesn’t help the departed. I certainly think you’re looking well, all right.”

"Thank you, Mrs. Bartch."

"I really came over to congratulate you,” she said. "I think it’s marvelous, and it’s going to be so nice for little Peter, and nice for you, too."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bartch,” he said, "but what is it?"

I’ll get back to it soon, he thought. She won’t stay long, and then I’ll get at it again.

"Oh! Well, maybe I wasn’t supposed to know about it, Mr. Heath,” she said, "but I might just as well tell you that everybody knows about the marvelous opportunity you’ve been offered.”

"Oh, that. Oh, yes, that.” Mr. Heath said.

"Yes, indeed. You’ll be going quite soon, I suppose, won’t you? I should think you’d certainly be looking forward to being a teacher in a University. And such an honor, too!”

"Yes,” he said. "It was very kind of them. Yes, I suppose it is an honor, after all."

"I should say so!” exclaimed Mrs. Bartch with loud enthusiasm. "I guess that makes you a professor, Mr. Heath. I don’t know many, but I’ve always thought they were perfectly charming people. And isn’t it a pity that poor
Mrs. Heath couldn’t be here to know about it. That seems the only thing—”

She knew, she knew, he was saying to himself. I would have done it for her, but she wouldn’t let me. It would be an awful thing to do. I would have done it anyhow, but now I must write, and then you can be immortal, Jessie, if only I get back at it and get it done so that I can really write.

“—and of course, even if they don’t pay so very much for being a professor, it will certainly be better than just living on here with nothing but—that is, living on here in a place that must be full of such sad memories for you.”

Her voice clanged on, penetrating and kindly and nasal.

Go away. Go away! If she would only go away, Jessie, then I could fix it all up.

Peter came in then.

“Pop!” he said.

“Yes, son.”

“Oopie’s calling for me, Pop. Can I go out?”

“Poor little thing,” Mrs. Bartch said, aside. “So sad—”

“May I,” said Heath.

“May I, huh?”

“Who on earth is Oopie?”

“You know. Oopie.”

“Oh, yes, I suppose I do. All right.”

“Hello, Peter dear,” said Mrs. Bartch. “How’s my little boy today, h’m?”

“Hello,” said Peter. “I’m O. K.”

“Poor thing!” said Mrs. Bartch.

“He’ll miss his mother, I expect—”

“I wisht you would come out and—” said Peter to his father.

“Wish, Peter.”

“Well, wish, then. Help us make an airplane, will you, Pop?”

“I’m busy, Peter.”

“Aw, you didn’t come out for a long time.”

“No, Peter. Run along now.”

“Will you tomorrow?”

“What is it?”

“Will you make an airplane tomorrow?”

“Maybe. Run out with Oopie.”

“O. K., Pop.”

“Peter!”

“Thank you, Pop.”

He departed, with noise, to Oopie.

“Of course it’s none of my business,” Mrs. Bartch was saying now,” but I’m anxious to have you and little Peter get away and all—and just when are you going to leave us, Mr. Heath?”

“I don’t know, Mrs. Bartch,” he said.

“I thought perhaps I wouldn’t go. The publishers have been very encouraging to me, and I would like to finish my novel. Perhaps they would—”

“Oh, Mr. Heath! I must advise you against that! I know you writers are impractical and all, but as Mr. Bartch says, there’s a lot to be said for a good home that’s paid for, and three square—”

“I can live, Mrs. Bartch. Jessie and I lived as well as we wanted to—”

“Oh, but—! Oh!” said Mrs. Bartch.

“And I have quite decided. I am not going to accept the offer.”

“Well!” said Mrs. Bartch. “You know best, I suppose. I was just thinking about you and little Peter just living on—”

“It’s good of you to be interested.”

“Yes, well—not at all. I just felt that you could take care of little Peter so much better if you could afford—if you were to have a housekeeper, you know, because a child does need a woman’s care, you say what you like, Mr. Heath.”
"Peter and I are very good friends, Mrs. Bartch."

"Oh, I'm sure you are. But of course you're busy, and a man has his work and all, and he hasn't always time to think of the little ones, and rearing them, and sending them off to school all spic and span, and—"

"I can manage."

"Oh, of course! And he does need someone to play with him and help him make his little airplanes, and mother him—"

"Surely. I know that. I'll remember that. Thank you so much for calling. You're very helpful."

"It's the least a neighbor can do at a time like—"

"And thank you for the soup, Mrs. Bartch."

He stood up, and went toward the door, to open it.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Heath. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Bartch," he said.

Prying old slut, he said when she was gone. Now I can get back to it.

"If that deathless flame can then be caught in some form which is itself capable of life and beauty—in music, in a poem—"

He ripped it out of the typewriter and put a fresh sheet in its place.

He thought, I must say it somehow, and I must take care of Peter, too, and then we will all be immortal. I hate Mrs. Bartch and all the Mrs. Bartches and universities and soup and everything but us. I will go on and on, taking care of us, on and on, if I can get this written.

"It is in some earthly mold that we must cast the shape of our immortality. There is no death, only oblivion—"

It's getting worse, he thought. I don't have to go re-writing proverbs. It's all dead, like a dead language, anyhow, all this stuff, and I've been trying to do it for three days, now. Maybe if I were to write it down like a letter to Jessie I could say it better. I've got to get away from that heavy style. That's what Jessie said, and she knew. First-rate critic she would have been, wouldn't she?

She could put Mrs. Bartch in her place. She wouldn't take anything from people like that. She'd know I could take care of Peter, too. Mrs. Bartch doesn't know it, but Jessie knew it.

If Mrs. Bartch hadn't come in, I could have got it written. It wasn't any good, but now it's worse. Now it won't go at all.

What does she have to come butting in for? he said aloud. Peter's all right and I would have been all right, and it might have been written by now. I wish to God she'd leave Peter alone! he said.

Through the open window he could hear Mrs. Bartch's voice and then Peter's, and sometimes Oopie's. The kids were building an airplane, and she couldn't let even kids alone.

Never mind, he thought. I'll write a letter, as if I were writing to Jessie, and then I'll build the damned airplane for them.

"Jessie, my darling;—if I could once say, in words, what it is that I must do for you, now. If I could only write down on a page how I do not believe that you are still alive, somewhere. If I could say why it is that I must write, or you will really die. If I could say how it is that I know that it is only in the goodness of what I do that you can live—"
What rot, he thought. She'd hate it. She wasn't ever very sentimental. Even about Peter she wasn't. She was quite sensible when he had diphtheria, and she didn't cry, though I did one night when he was choking. If she were here now she'd make me build that airplane. She'd make me go out and play with Peter, and get rid of Mrs. Bartch. And when I got back in the house she would have thrown out all this tripe, and I'd write something else, because I wouldn't dare write tripe. Not with a critic like that around. I'd be laughed at and have my ears pulled, and be told I'd better go and be a school teacher.

He stood up and looked out the window to where the airplane was being made. He could hear Mrs. Bartch's voice, and it made him angry.

"I ought to be out there," he said, muttering. "She's no right talking to me or to Peter. What does she know about airplanes, anyway?"

"I think your father is going to take you away from us, Peter," he heard her saying. "I think if you asked him real nicely, he would take you away where you would have more toys and clothes and nice things, and—"

Heath turned away from the window and went out the door of the study. He was swearing and walking rapidly. He was saying that he would put an end to that.

When he reached the back yard, it was apparent that the airplane was not in the way of being a success.

"You'll have to brace the wings, Peter," he said. "They won't stay on long that way."

He didn't pay any attention to Mrs. Bartch. She seemed surprised to see him, but he scarcely looked at her.

"I got them nailed," Peter said. "I put a lot of nails in them. Ten, I bet."

"More than that," said Oopie. "They're tight. I put on the other one. It's tightest."

"You haven't any wheels," Heath said.

"There's the wheels," Peter said. "I could only get three off my wagon. I couldn't get the other one off, but Oopie got one off of his wagon."

"You only have two wheels on an airplane, Peter."

"Oh!" said Peter. "I just stopped to have a little talk with Peter," Mrs. Bartch said.

"Yes," said Heath. "I know."

"He's so sweet."

"Yes," Heath said, getting to work on the airplane.

"So lonely, too, I imagine, poor little—"

Heath stood up straight.

"Are you lonely, Peter?"

"Huh?" said Peter. "No. I'm not alone."

"Peter's not lonely, Mrs. Bartch," Heath said, not looking at her. "He's not, and I'm not. We're getting on fine, together."

"Oh," said Mrs. Bartch. "Well, if that's how you feel—"

"Yes. That's how I feel," he said.

He kept his back to her, and went on working, so after a little silent indignation she went away, saying, well—again.

Heath went on working harder and feeling better.

The plane became a thing of beauty, though impractical. It took shape only after much labor. It fell apart persistently.

Clumsy! Heath thought. If I can't write, I ought to be able to build an airplane. Hell!
He went at it with irritation and new vigor.

"'Ow!" Peter wailed suddenly, clasping a cut finger. He was careful not to cry.

His father glanced up for a moment from the wing-braces.

"Better get some mercurochrome on it," he said. "Run in the house and ask—run in and get the bottle and a bandage."

Peter trotted off and returned. His father straightened up. Heath’s back ached and he was sweating, and his hands were sore and dirty. It was to be a big airplane and handsome, and Peter and Oopie could both sit in it at once.

He bandaged Peter’s finger. Oopie looked on with critical interest. Work was resumed.

Sawing was fine. Exhilarating. The Kaiser sawed wood at Doorn and turned into a peaceful family man. The sawdust sprinkling down was fascinating. Gentle and soft and a pleasant smell. The propellor was the right length now. It would require whittling and probably make blisters on his hands. Splendid, healthy things, blisters.

Oopie lost interest. He said, "It’s almost done. Let’s play something."

"No," said Peter. "Going to finish the airplane."

Oopie wandered off. Heath sat down on a portion of airplane and began to shape the propellor while Peter watched.

"Pop."

"Yes, Peter."

"It’s going to be a big one, isn’t it?"

"Yes. Yes, indeed."

"Oopie doesn’t know much about airplanes. That old lady doesn’t either, does she?"

"I don’t suppose so."

"She said it wouldn’t fly at all."

"Did she so?"

"Yes, but—I bet it might fly, really."

"Oh, no doubt of it, Peter."

"Will it fly from here to Stillwater?"

"I expect so."

"Will it fly from here to Chicago?"

"Farther, perhaps."

"Gee!"

There was silence. Peter chewed absently on one of the chips.

"Pop."

"What is it, son?"

"Can a lot of people ride in an airplane?"

"Quite a few, I think."

"When we get it done, I’m going to take all the kids for rides."

"Yes. Do that."

"I won’t take that old lady Bartch —"

"Peter!"

"I mean Mrs. Bartch. But when I take the kids, then I’m going to take you and Mother and go for a trip to Chicago."

"Are you, son?"

"Yes. Oh, I forgot."

"Yes. I guess it will be hard to remember for a while, won’t it?"

"Yes, Pop."

Another silence. You would like this, Jessie, he thought—(quite clearly, and not confused, as he had thought of her for all these days.) You would like this because Peter and I are building an airplane for all of us to take a trip to Chicago. You would like us to go on, quite as if you were here. That’s what I wanted to do, Jessie, with the writing, but it doesn’t seem so important now
that Peter and I are here and I've got a blister on my hand. Besides, I don't know if I could write very well without you for a critic. Peter would have a tough time, and so would I. He would be lonely like that old—. He would be lonely and so would I. You liked us to do things together, didn't you? That's what you cared about most,—Peter and me. You cared more about that than about the writing, I believe now. You cared about the writing because I wanted to do it, and you cared about airplanes because Peter liked to build them. That's a funny idea, he thought.

"But Pop—"

"Yes."

"If Mother was here, then we would all go for a trip to Chicago."

"Yes, we would, son."

Heath thought a little. Then Peter said,

"If Mother were here, we'd all get in and crank it up, and away we'd go—. You tell me about it, Pop."

"Well, it would make an awful noise, but we'd get used to that—"

"We could oil it."

"Yes, of course. We'd oil it, and then we'd put on our goggles and our helmets, and—"

"Mother, too?"

"Oh, yes. Mother, too."

Peter laughed.

"Gee, Mother would look funny with goggles on!" he said, laughing harder. His father laughed, too.

"I bet we'd all look funny," Peter said.

"Like owls!" said Heath.

They rocked with laughter while they talked about it.

"Three owls flying into Chicago in broad daylight in an airplane!"

"I bet they'd be surprised in Chicago," said Peter.

"Especially if we hooted and blinked at them," said his father.

You ought to be in on this, Jessie, he thought. And then he sobered and thought again. He is very like her when he laughs, he said to himself. There is a lot of her in him, and a lot of me, too, she used to say. Immortality is certainly a funny, funny thing.

"That's all for the propellor," he said, "and I guess that finishes it."

"It's a good one," said Peter.

"Wait here a minute, Son," he said. "I'm going down to the drug store with some mail. I'll buy you a cone."

He went into the house and back up to his study. He gathered up a bundle of manuscript and put it in an envelope. Stupid, he thought, it will just come back again. But he looked for stamps anyhow, and when he opened the stamp drawer, there was the contract from the university. He picked it up and looked at it, and it said three thousand dollars a year.

"You wouldn't come back!" he said to it.

Then he laughed softly, just a little, to himself, watching Peter through the window. He imagined Mrs. Bartch telling the other respectable ladies how she had made him do the right thing for little Peter.

"It isn't Chicago, Peter, and we won't fly there, but I guess we'll all three go!" he said.

As he signed the contract and stamped it and put it in the envelope, he was chuckling quite a lot. Jessie, he thought, it's a funny kind of immortality, but I guess you can get used to it.
AN INTERLUDE
ALEX R. SCHMIDT

Bud and burr and berry burning
In the bridal noon,
The birdsong for you is long,
Mine a sigh, a swoon.

Bird and bee and mad bravura,
Trouvere in a tree,
For you sound the cycles round,
Briefly, a day for me.

Barely bares the branch and bramble
The outpouring lark:
In the wood an interlude,
Dying in the dark.

LOVER
MARGUERITE V. YOUNG

The silver river
He still must bear
And toppling mountains
And crystal air,

Although he aches
Beneath the load
And he walks weary
The golden road.

His mind grows bright,
His flesh grows dim,
But dust will never
Be all of him.

TO A GIRL POET
(Fallen out of Love)
HELEN MARING

There is beauty in your languid pose,
Fragility, exquisite as a rose,
Dawn-pale cheeks and blood-red lips,
Grace in your walk and your weaving hips.
But, as you move, your listless tread
Says flesh may live though the heart be dead.

You lift your pallid hand as though
All the strength that you could show
Were in the movement, sinuous grace
And utter lassitude. On your face
Are dream-far moods; and, as you stir,
A wonder of beauty for dreams that were.

FIELDS
CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

The rain is weeping
Over the fields in its keeping;
It knows the need that sows—
And prays—for reaping.

But it also knows of fields
Where the unravished earth yields
Its fruits in abundance and repose
To an unharvested close.
Toward the end of September, 1899, Chief Charlie, an old Peel River Indian, came into Dawson City with his retinue—hunters, trappers, and squaws. They had silver fox, black fox, marten, mink, and bear skins, and tanned moose and caribou hides. These Indians and their rich stuffs were the center of interest on Main Street for several days. However, the star attraction was the Chief's magnificent team of six matched huskies—dogs owned and trained by Charlie himself, and conceded to be the very finest of the native breed.

It was reported that Chief Charlie was willing to sell this team, but first wanted to use them to carry back supplies to his home four hundred miles away on the Peel River beyond the Arctic Rockies in the Great Mackenzie River basin.

One evening I took Ann—the girl I loved, one of the “Golden Songbirds” at the Palace of Pleasure—a pair of beautifully worked and beaded moose skin gloves which I had bought from Chief Charlie’s squaw. She was delighted and showed them around to the other girls in the stage dressing rooms.

Someone remarked, “Those are the Peel River Indians who have the wonderful team of dogs that Mr. Goldberg is going to buy to take Ann for sleigh rides this winter.”

“Oh, if he gets that team of beautiful dogs,” Ann spoke up, “I surely will be tempted to ride with him. I have always wanted to get out on the trails in the open and ride behind a dog team.”

After that—what could I do? Allow Goldberg or any other diamond-flashing sport to own the six matched huskies? I lost no time, but went direct from Ann’s dressing room to Charlie’s camp down by the Klondike River. We all squatted, Indian fashion, around the camp fire. I handed him and his bucks each a big black cigar.

“Charlie, I go home with you Peel River! Help carry grub! You sell ’um me huskies. I bring ’um back with load of furs. Copsnick?”

Charlie lit his cigar and threw a stick at two dogs that were picking a quarrel. He seemed in deep thought.

“Big chief up big show house heap like buy dogs. Him ketch ’um plenty white squaws up show house. Mebbe I sell ’um quick I come back Peel River. You buy, you pay ’um money now?”

“Charlie, I pay you tomorrow $1,200; you sign paper at lawyer’s.”

“Huh! You no got ’um white squaw, mebbe you want squaw, too?”

There was quite a stir and laugh at this speech, joined in by all the young bucks, women, and children. We seemed to be getting on fine.

Charlie held a long conference with his people. The big transaction was discussed by all the tribe.

“Well,” Charlie said in the end, “we come up tomorrow get money! Want buy heap stuff take home. You go long, too. Next day we start home. You be ready?”

“Sure thing!” I replied “I get ready to-morrow. We start the next day.”

We had our transfer papers fixed up at the old reliable trading office of the Alaska Commercial Company. Charlie would never go back on a bargain once closed with all the ceremony of a legal transfer.

“Well,” Charlie said in the end, “we come up tomorrow get money! Want buy heap stuff take home. You go long, too. Next day we start home. You be ready?”

“Sure thing!” I replied “I get ready to-morrow. We start the next day.”

We had our transfer papers fixed up at the old reliable trading office of the Alaska Commercial Company. Charlie would never go back on a bargain once closed with all the ceremony of a legal transfer. With the deal I got two Yukon sleds with iron runners, each sled seven feet long and two and one-half feet wide, made to fit the standard trail. Included also were belled harness for the dogs, and trappings befitting so royal an equipage.

My purchase created a sensation on the street. When it was learned that I would go all the way to the land of the Peels, away
up inside the Arctic Circle, almost to the Arctic ocean, as part of the consideration, returning alone with my dogs, then my fame grew even more. No one perhaps knew my real motive—except Ann.

It did not take long to prepare for the trip. After paying Charlie, buying a thirty-thirty Winchester and a forty-four Colt’s, ammunition, and a supply outfit, and putting two pokes containing two hundred ounces in dust in a safe uptown, I drew $1,000 in cheechako money and put it in my belt to take along to trade with.

At six o’clock in the evening I took the dogs to the girls’ cabin. “Come,” I said, “the royal carriage is waiting!”

There were tender partings that night; but in a few days I was engrossed in the arduous, fascinating life of the trail.

Gradually I won the allegiance of the six huskies. I had brought along rice and corn-meal in addition to the usual dried salmon. Every night I boiled a large kettle of this porridge, flavored with the salmon and sometimes with strips of fat bacon. By feeding the dogs this improved ration personally each evening after the day’s work, and thereafter not permitting them to eat until the full twenty-four hours had passed, I held them to a profound respect for their new master.

Growler, a massive brute with silver hair, piercing eyes, keen ears, and keener nose, was the wheel dog. He weighed one hundred and forty pounds, all bone, sinew, and muscle. His adaptation to the trail was inherent; and more recently his generations, like those of the other members of the team, had been improved by selectivity. Like the moose, the caribou, the wolf, and the Eskimo, Growler was in his native element in these Arctic wastes.

Prowler, his full brother, weighed but little less, about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. The entire team worked tandem, and the position of Prowler was second from the wheel. He was a true team-mate, never shirking his duty. There seemed to be just a little more understanding of their master, and loyalty to him, in these two dogs than in the others of the team; and I came to believe that traits of character manifest themselves in dogs as well as in humans.

Muggins, in position number three, was about the size of Prowler, but of shorter and stockier build. For a wolf dog he betrayed more dog culture or good manners than any of his fellows. Hence I gave him a near-central position in the string to minimize the not infrequent habit of sledge dogs, of going into a huddle when some one is passed or when a stop is necessary. Muggins would always speak his dog language, and back it up with a show of tusks, when any attempt was made to tangle the team.

Whiskey, number four, was habitually quarrelsome, although otherwise a splendid team-mate and well matched in size and fur with the other dogs. He ran more with the inferior breeds of the Indian dogs, and would rather steal a morsel of food than accept a gratuity. His code of morals I had resolved to reform.

Husky, number five, was a young dog, weighing about ninety pounds. He possessed all the fine markings of a royal wolf dog. He was purposely put next to the leader as an understudy.

Yukon led the team. A full brother of Husky, he was the lightest of the team, weighing about eighty pounds. Not only was Yukon a magnificent leader, but he possessed intelligence to an uncanny extent. Pride, and the responsibility of being the leader of such a royal team, had become conscious realities to Yukon.

On that outward journey we encountered the caribou in their October migration, and made two caches of meat;—one for myself, and the other, farther north, for the Indians. It was at this northward cache on the return journey that—after the affair of the princess Tucksoo [related in the Autumn, 1934, FRONTIER AND MIDLAND], which remains a beguiling memory—I parted from my Indian companions. I then faced two hundred miles of trail from the continental divide to Dawson; one hundred miles down the McQuesten to the south fork of the Klondike where my caribou were cached, thence one hundred miles down the Klondike to Dawson City.

As we pursued our course down the mountain canyon, now on the river ice, now across a timbered portage, the twilight of mid-day gloomed by the middle of the afternoon into
the full darkness of the long Arctic night. My thoughts ran the full span of my own place in this drama of life—its past, its present, its ultimate destiny. The great star-dotted universe overhead, the laws that held its suns in their courses, the perfection of the entire scheme of things, made me resolve to fit myself into the universal harmony. Ann was the link needful to put me in tune with the universe.

The ecstasy produced by my new resolve seemed transmitted to the huskies. Native to the dark days and thus far loaded light, they galloped merrily along to the music of their jingling bells. All was stillness and quiet in that kingdom of white and spotless snow, save for our own passing and the occasional pop-pop of a frost-riven tree. Yukon knew the trail well. Each camping place was known to him so that he led us unerringly over each portage, and down the banks of the stream; and finally, with the precision of a train despatcher, turned us off the trail at the accustomed stopping places.

The hosts of the caribou had passed more than forty days since; the moose likewise had sought the lower valleys. Fresh signs revealed the continued presence of timber wolves, however. They had remained behind in convenient packs consuming the October kill. Now they had finished their store to the last marrow in the bone and even to the tough hides. Hunger compelled them to prey on snow rabbits, on an occasional moose perhaps, and even to resort to cannibalism should one of the band weaken. Desperate enough and in large enough packs, they would attack any living thing.

As we proceeded further down the McQuesten they were more in evidence. As we passed over the divide into the Klondike several packs appeared to be keeping in our wake. Their savage howls in the night now seemed to carry a more ominous message to their half-brother huskies than they had on our way up six weeks before. The dogs would draw in to the camp fire, and little Yukon would snuggle closer to old Growler. The night was rent with the cries of the wolves out in the darkness beyond our camp fire and with the answering call of the huskies addressed to some unknown power, their muzzles pointed straight up at the starry sky.

On the fourth night we were due to camp at our caribou cache on the Klondike. It was a hard day’s drive. As we approached the cache in the late afternoon, the skulking forms of many wolves slunk away in the shadows of the surrounding hills.

Here hung the six caribou, but all around the snow was packed hard and the necks of the carcasses were chewed. But hope ever springs eternal in the brutish breast no less than in the human! And in mysterious manner did the god of the wolves work on this occasion his wonders to perform.

After keeping vigil all night by the blazing camp fire, I cut down and loaded the meat the following morning. The packs evidently noted the answer to their prayer, for all that day as we slowly moved our burden, now twelve hundred pounds, they kept flanking parties and an advance guard in observation, as well as a division to cut off possible retreat. Too long had they supplicated their animal god for these carcasses to come down within their reach, to let them now get out of their sight!

We made only about ten miles that day. I camped on an open sand-bar in a wide stretch of the river. Here, providentially, a large pile of drift wood had gathered. I prepared to keep a big fire all night, resolved to defend my meat and furs against these predatory beasts, savage with hunger, even though I was outnumbered a hundred to seven. Life was valued cheaply by that pitiless army as it drove in squads around our little fortress.

As darkness closed down I began to fire at the nearest furtive shadows, using my ammunition sparingly. Occasionally I would score a nip and cause a retreat. But always as the night advanced, the wolves circled closer to the red, raw meat their sharp fangs longed to grasp. Only when dawn crept over the hills did they give up and slink away.

That night, and on each succeeding night that we were in the hunting zone of the packs, my dogs stood shoulder to shoulder under the leadership of old Growler, defying the hosts of their savage brothers to come within the circle of our camp. The noble
faces of the brutes, which gave and accepted tender caresses with their master, now turned their fangs of death toward the common enemy. Here, I learned that the price I had paid for them had been cheap indeed. They labored with their heavy loads all day, and during the hours of darkness stood guard for me against their own kind.

Five days they labored, and five nights they kept their loyal vigil. On the sixth day it was given to me through a sudden accident to repay the debt in part. We were within forty miles of Dawson, traveling on the ice where the river had overflowed in one of its channels and newly frozen. All unexpectedly the weak new ice began to weave under our heavy load. Intuitively Yukon looked back at me over his shoulder, but we were skimming along over the glare surface at such a rapid pace that there was no time to cry "gee" or "haw." The ice was giving way!

The left shore was one hundred feet away, the right forty. A fallen tree at this point extended out onto the ice about twenty feet from the shore. Yukon swerved the team at right angles and made a leap for the extended limbs. He barely made it as with a crash the entire span of twenty feet of sleds and twenty feet of dog team went down into the icy water—all but Yukon! There he sat, perched high and dry on the protruding limb, while Husky, next in line, tried vainly to get his paws on the same life-saving branch.

My position, as always with a heavy load, was at the gee pole. This is a rigid stick attached at an angle to the front end of the lead sled on a level with the arm so that the sled can be steered and kept in the best part of the trail. Consequently, I was in the dead center of the flood. Behind were the two long sleds, each loaded on the bottom with three caribou and, on top fortunately, with the more valuable cargo of furs and my camp outfit. The sleds had sunk to the main ice, just deep enough to cover all of the caribou but leaving the furs, grub, and bedding above the water.

Ahead of me in a straight line, held in perfect position by Yukon on the limb, were the six dogs, five of them frantically swimming in the icy water but unable to move in any direction because of the rigidity with which they were anchored at each end. I stood with the water almost to my waist. Every dog began to speak to the heavens his mournful chant. Here they were caught by an enemy against which their valor would avail them naught. Apparently they could not see how even their master could help them.

In an instant, however, I leaped to the top of the sleds and loosened my tarpaulin, robe, and grub box. With all this on my back, I grabbed the camp axe and plunged back into the current. Axe in hand, I dived into the water where the singletree was attached to the sled and severed the rope.

Then, in a commanding voice, I called to little Yukon, "Come haw!" I now held the singletree to which Growler was attached; and as Yukon, like a martyr, leaped off the limb, I gave the order, "Mush!" Up the bank to safety we all scrambled.

I was covered with a coat of rapidly forming ice and could hardly drag myself along. Tying my outfit up in a bundle inside the tarpaulin and hitching this to the traces, I commanded the team to mush. I hadn't even a dry match! We must reach shelter, and that quickly!

Vaguely I remembered having passed a wood-chopper's cabin somewhere near this point on our trip up. And surely on this occasion the Lord tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. Just around the bend we came upon the first habitation that I had seen since leaving Charlie's village three hundred and sixty miles behind us.

No one was home, but dangling through a round hole in the door near the knob was a leather thong. Both the dogs and I were on the point of exhaustion. I could have gone no further. My clothes were frozen as though I were encased in boards. It was easily forty below. Gathering darkness and silence covered the land.

Was the door locked? Had the owner protected his home against possible trespass or burglary? With trembling fingers and a silent prayer I reached for the latch and pulled. The door came open!

Inside were kindling and wood ready by the stove, matches on the shelf, and grub in the pantry. The floor was of dirt, but two
bunks stood in the corner with blankets in one of them. I took the dogs in, lit the fire, and somehow got my ice-coated clothes off, cutting the thongs of my moccasins. I was thawing myself out when the owner appeared. He was concerned for my welfare, and happy in the opportunity to extend hospitality under such an emergency. I do not recall his name now, although I stayed with him three days getting my frozen cargo out of the river and melting the ice out of my caribou.

I don't recall his name; but I just hope that when, and if, I reach the pearly gate, my old friend the woodchopper will be somewhere near; and that, recognizing me, he will intercede in my behalf and again have a latch-string outside the door for me.

HIDE SHAKING
August Vidro

I had been working at the packing plant two weeks when I heard that the “old man” had sold all the hides he had on hand: three thousand beef hides and eight thousand horse hides. Since I was a new and extra hand I was one of the first chosen for the job of moving the hides out of the plant; and with this news came most unencouraging comments on “hide shaking.”

I soon found out the main reasons why the men disliked the job. In the first place, since the owner had to pay demurrage on the car after it had been in the yards over twenty-four hours, one car had to be loaded each day in order to have it ready for the switch engine that came every evening. This meant that a fast and steady pace had to be set in order to “shake” at least one thousand hides between seven A.M. and six P.M. In the second place the work had to be done in the hide cellar, which was hot, ill-lighted, stuffy and odorous. The rock salt used in curing the hides made the hands sore, and blood poisoning was not an uncommon occurrence on this job. It was impossible to wear gloves since they made the handling of hides difficult.

When I entered the hide cellar next morning I met a sight entirely new to me. The hide pile came within three feet of the ceiling, and stretched back out of sight in the musty room. The light globes were covered with blood and hair so that they shed very little light. Two queerly constructed tables were beside the pile; their tops were made of two-by-fours laid on edge and spaced three inches apart. This spacing, I learned later, allowed the salt to drop to the floor. As my eyes got used to the darkness I saw a bin in one corner, which I judged to be the salt bin. On its side many dirty yellow rubber aprons hung from pegs.

I soon found myself standing at the end of the table nearest the hide pile with one of the dirty aprons draped from my neck. Beside me was a veteran, “Ole.” At the other end of the table stood a little dried-up old man whom I learned to call John and with him was Fred, a young fellow, who told the “greenhorn” what to do. He told me that the fellows on the pile would hand us a hide and we would shake the salt from it by raising it up and down and striking it against the table. We each stood at a corner of the table and grasped the hide by the leg nearest us. The secret of good shaking, Fred told me, was not in the force with which the hide hit the table but rather in its tautness. He said if I leaned back as I pulled the hide down I would get the desired effect. A hide was soon handed to us, and we each took hold of a leg and raised it above our heads. In my eagerness to make a good showing I leaned way back and pulled down with all my strength; but instead of stretching the hide tight I pulled John half way across the table! After that I let him set the pace and I was never again anxious to outdo an old-timer.

I finally got adjusted to the work, and had time enough between hides to look around. There were five men on top of the hide pile; one turning the edges of the hides over with a long hook, two who pulled the hide to our table and two who shoveled the excess salt into the bin. These men did not have
room to stand erect; I was glad I was not one of them. After we shook the hide two or three times we passed it on to the table next ours, where two men folded it up in a small bundle. They put it on a third small table where it was tied securely with a stout cord. The hides were then weighed in lots of ten and wheeled out into the box car by means of hand trucks.

The work went along at an extremely fast pace; yet to my surprise we had to work an hour overtime to finish loading the car. I was glad when the shift was finally over, since the odor made me feel sick, and my arms and shoulders were beginning to ache. I was unable to eat any supper and when I went to bed it was still early in the evening.

The following morning I thought my arms would snap off if I moved them, but a few minutes of exercise loosened them up. I was able to eat a hearty breakfast. It was extremely humorous to notice the effect my appearance in the dining-room had on those who were not working on hides. They either got up and moved to another table or else left the room. But I didn't mind greatly. In about three days, the old-timers told me, I wouldn't notice the odor of the hides at all.

The job was estimated to last eleven days, and although both Ole and John were forced to quit because of blood poison, and had to be replaced by new men, we averaged one hundred and twenty-five hides an hour. And after the job was done, I knew a few weeks of scrubbing would make me normal again.

BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of Andrew Corry


The author of Romantic Copper is a well-known mining geologist whose thirty years of professional life have been spent in a busy engineering practise and not in writing or teaching, yet it is like a practised literary hand that he writes. The book is in fact so well written that, although he knows it is not the work of a ghost writer, the editor of the organ of the American Institute of Mining Engineers asserts that a good engineer has "no right to possess the flair for vivid narrative that this book reveals!" It is the adventure in the development of the great copper camps of the world that moved the author to write, the depression in the copper industry having furnished the time. Mr. Joralemon suggests that the well sifted folk lore of the mining camps may have "a deep er truth than the signed and attested version," and from it mainly this up-to-date scientist marshals his evidence for the conclusion that the theory of chance, rather than that of determinism, has played the larger part in the story of copper. No engineer of Mr. Joralemon's reputation could publish a book which is not fully authenticated; so entertaining a volume as Romantic Copper therefore affords a double pleasure to the reader, who will not encounter in it the propaganda, the half truths, and the gross errors which mar many popular works.

As any good Montanan would, I first read Chapter IV, "The Richest Hill on Earth." Having read that, I was interested in turning to the author's version of the folk lore from the other camps I am familiar with—Bisbee, Cananea, and Ajo. These chapters were so engaging that I had to read the book from beginning to end. Cyprus—birthplace of copper the cyprian metal, Spain of Rome's grandeur, and the archaeology of Lake Superior and Boston did not have for me, in spite of the lure of ancient times that lies in them, the fascination of the stopes of Butte and the poker tables of Bisbee. The last chapter, on "Fashions in Mines," should be read and reread by every one who seeks an understanding of the expansion of industry from the time when (as Sir Thomas Holland writes) a late Stone-age man picked up a copper flake to fashion it into a spear point to increase his efficiency as a hunter, to the twentieth century—during which over twice as much copper has been mined than in all previous periods.

Mr. Joralemon concludes that "before we realize it . . . engineers and geologists will once more comb the far ends of the earth for a new Roan Antelope or another Chile copper. And once more the Fate that watches our prospectors will choose the unexpected path and will add a new fashion in ore bodies to the romantic story of the copper mines."

C. H. Clapp

This is an unusual book that the general reader will find thoroughly entertaining. American social history of the period is surveyed in a distinctive manner: the author, instead of making broad generalizations on morals, religion, culture, industry, and other subjects in the field, presents his description largely in the language of the participants, adding significant comments which blend into a smoothly running narrative.

The subjects discussed include almost every aspect of the life of the period. Literature, the fine arts, the sciences; the acquisition of wealth, the progress of inventions, the labor movement; and more romantic matters, are presented in chapters which offer a well-balanced view. On every phase of the feminist movement, "Garlands and Chains," the author has marshaled contemporary opinions, many of which will amuse or startle the present-day reader. Every one interested in children will enjoy the chapter on "The Children's Hour" and will learn much from it. Religion, abolition, Transcendentalism, and reforms in general are treated in their more eccentric developments, but the evidence presented will tend to modify many preconceived views.

The style appears almost conversational in character, but it is shrewd conversation, with much wit, humor, satire. Interest never wanes. Many illustrations (most of them from rare originals) and an excellent index contribute toward making The Sentimental Years a valuable book.

P. C. Phillips

They Built the West; an epic of rails and cities. Glenn Chesney Quiett. Appleton-Century. 1934. $5.00.

Old Waybills; the romance of the express companies. Alvin F. Harlow. Appleton-Century. 1934. $5.00.

It is appropriate that these two books should appear simultaneously, as each contributes to a different but important aspect of the history of transportation in the United States. Mr. Quiett, in a well constructed story, shows the development of the great railroads of this country, and the cities which were built on these lines. Sometimes the railroads built the cities; sometimes the growth of the cities brought the railroads to them. The author succeeds in endowing these cities he describes, Denver, Greeley, Colorado Springs, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco (which he evidently considers most charming of all) Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane, with personality. He also tells the life history of, and gives individuality to, the various men who were responsible for the growth of each railroad and each city. It is noticeable that these men are uniformly a courageous and far-seeing band of pioneers in their own fields, though their methods of attaining their purposes were often devious and far from disinterested. There are telling and picturesque incidents in this story of railroads, usually connected with the rivalry between competing lines or competing cities, which give zest to this story. Such an incident is the driving of the Golden Spike which connected the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific, and the race that preceded it.

Old Waybills is a history of the rise of the Express companies in the United States. It seems even more dramatic story, because it depends so much on the courage of the individual in the face of physical danger. The valiant service of early express messengers, who were the only connection between the early settlers and civilization, and the enormous confidence placed in them, make them picturesque figures. The rise of the Overland Mail, the Pony Express, the days of the great train robberies, all make exciting reading. However, the organization of the many small express companies, 775 of which have been identified in the West, and their final consolidation would be of greater interest perhaps to the economist.

The books are well illustrated and we were especially grateful for the maps of rail routes in They Built the West. Both authors have written with humor and vivacity and have handled their large body of facts and evidence skilfully in such a way as to make seemingly simple clear narratives. They follow threads which are closely woven into our national life and yet have seldom been disentangled from the whole fabric of its history.

D. F. M.

The Call of the Columbia. Edited by Archer Butler Hulbert. Stewart Commission of Colorado College and Denver Public Library, Denver. 1934. $5.00.

This volume appears almost a year after the death of its editor, and students of western history will hope that the two remaining volumes announced for this series have also received the benefit of his planning.

The volume here considered presents material on three phases of northwest history between 1830 and 1835. The first hundred pages treat of the Oregon propaganda of Hall J. Kelley and of its critics. Then follows material relating to Wyeth's expeditions of 1832 and 1834 over the Oregon Trail. The book concludes with a description of the plains between the Missouri and the Rockies. The Kelley documents were written in 1832 and are in the author's well-known vehe-

Frontier and Midland
ment style. They present his usual arguments for Oregon settlement but emphasize Christianizing the Indians and also the new opportunity of a livelihood for poor people, especially prisoners for debt. This material was not included in Powell's *Hall J. Kelley* and is worth preserving. W. J. Snelling's criticisms of Kelley's schemes reveal the then-prevalent ignorance in the East regarding Oregon. Both Kelley and Snelling give interesting examples of American controversial style a century ago.

Wyeth's 1832 *Journal* was published in 1860 and is now rare. The letters of John Ball, a companion of Wyeth, show his fine powers of observation and present a view of the Battle of Pierre's Hole different from the dozen other contemporary descriptions. Extracts from John K. Townsend's *Journal*, upon which was based his well-known *Narrative*, show how a bare recital of events may grow into a glowing story.

Captain Lemuel Gord's *Summer Upon the Prairie* contains vivid pictures of the country and interesting descriptions of travel, hunting, and Indian life and customs. Of special interest are numerous references to Captain Gantt, the fur trader.

Mr. Hulbert has gone through all the little known material relating to this subject, and students of western history may accept this volume as probably the last important contribution of sources relating to Kelley and Wyeth in the Northwest.

P. C. Phillips

**Death on the Prairie: The Thirty Years' Struggle for the Western Plains.**


**New Sources of Indian History 1850-1891.** Stanley Vestal. The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman. 1934. $3.50.

These two books admirably supplement each other. Mr. Wellman has rendered a service by giving us in a single volume the story of Indian warfare on the plains from the Sioux massacre in Minnesota in 1862-3 to the killing of Sitting Bull in 1890. Mr. Vestal presents materials dealing with the Sioux Indians in general and Sitting Bull in particular, which he gathered while writing his biography of that famous chief. Both books were prepared by men who have spent years in the study of the plains Indians, and both are written from the Indians' point of view.

The Minnesota massacre, the destruction of Fetterman and his men, the Sand Creek massacre, the battle of Adobe Walls, Custer's fatal encounter on the Little Big Horn, the heroic retreat of Chief Joseph and the Nez Perces, the buffalo hunters' war, the last stand of the Cheyennes, the Meeker massacre, the ghost dance and the Messiah craze, and the death of Sitting Bull—these are among the high points in Mr. Wellman's account of the valiant thirty-year resistance of the Indians to white aggression. The book is written in a vivid, readable style, and with a commendable objectivity which enables the author while sympathizing with the Indians to give due recognition to the heroism of soldiers facing death in the pursuance of duty. Occasionally the writer makes statements that might be questioned. For instance, his characterization of Custer's annihilation as the red man's "greatest triumph in history over his white enemy" (p. 161) is a bit strong when one recalls the disaster which St. Clair suffered in 1791 or some of the achievements of Pontiac's conspiracy. Again, when the writer calls Sitting Bull "the most famous Indian who ever lived" (p. 134), he leaves room for some dispute. The book contains a bibliography of the better known printed sources, an adequate index, and numerous halftone illustrations.

Stanley Vestal's volume is divided into two parts. The first contains official and unofficial documents dealing with the ghost dance and the death of Sitting Bull. Among the longer papers are a brief autobiography of Mary Collins—a missionary at the Standing Rock agency—and an account of the ghost dance by Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy. There are also several letters and papers of Mrs. Catherine S. Weldon, who gained unmerited notoriety in connection with her friendship with Sitting Bull. Part Two is devoted to "information with regard to Sioux Indian history, compiled from statements of Indian and white eye-witnesses." All this material is interesting and valuable. It is difficult, however, to determine from reading to what extent these statements are a faithful record of assertions, recollections, and observations by Indians and other eye-witnesses, and to what extent they are colored by the compiler's own views and interpretations. This difficulty does not detract from the interest of the accounts, yet it does have considerable bearing on their value as "sources." It is to be regretted that the book has no index, and that there are not more extensive footnotes explaining the documents or identifying persons, places, and events. A little paraphernalia of that kind would add greatly to the usefulness of the book.

Dan E. Clark

**The Folks.** Ruth Suckow. Farrar and Rinehart. 1934. $3.00.

In some three hundred thousand words Ruth Suckow, in workmanlike manner, disposes of the lives of Fred and Annie Ferguson and their four children. It is com-
petent writing. It is very even writing when one considers the length—save that in recounting the tribulations of young Margaret, the dreams and disillusionments of the older, re-created Margot, Miss Suckow's vein has richer values than when she chronicles the affairs of the rest of the family.

In a small mid-western town, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson bring up their four children, Carl, Margaret, Dorothy, and Bun, with a background of "family," "church," and "farm." Grandfather and Grandmother Ferguson, exemplars of the family, die. The church disintegrates and finally the congregation disperses. The farm is abandoned to tenants; its stone house sits empty and forlorn. The children scatter widely, each following his own destiny.

The story traces the ways of the six Fergusons, showing the development of the crises and climactic situations in each of their lives. There is an intricate weft of many characters—friends, relatives, lovers,—interwoven. Margaret, the dark child in glowery search of "experience," who metamorphoses into Margot, bewildered and scarred by more experience than she can master, is the most interesting and best drawn character in The Folks. The struggle of her individuality to emerge is more intense than that of the others, although she arrives at no more definite goal. In this book there are gentlemen who weep and lose none of their integrity thereby. In this book there are ladies who indulge in promiscuity without forfeiting the reader's esteem. Yet in this book there are no morsels to delight the sentimentalist or regale the pervert.

Miss Suckow's style flows smoothly but has a steady undercurrent of impatience. Her books reflects the present time in its unending search for a meaning in life, and in its implied decision that the search itself is the only meaning to be found. It is honest writing.

Martha Harwood Maxey

The Little Dark Man. Upton Terrell. Reilly and Lee, Chicago. 1934. $2.00.

Mr. Terrell has given us with epic dimension the prose saga of the cattle kings, taking us with them, camp on camp, up the long trail from Texas to Wyoming. In prose almost too consciously sensuous and musical at times, he has given the dream of the cowman, moving across the virgin grazing plains, yielding from outpost to outpost before the pastured ways of land cultivation; holding human life cheaper than a dream's fulfillment; making its last stand in blood and tarnished scruple; taking its defeat with it from the last outpost.

This book is not a novel, as many think of novels, urging specific human fortunes through their cumulative drama to resolution. Rather, it is a study in the heroes of a lost way of life. Its narrative is too often dammed up and the dreams neutralized by interludes of historic background philosophically perceived. Its principal characters are too studied a projection of theme through types, too monomaniac for the warm complexity to human conduct. In coming to life they sometimes startle logic with a laconic unaccountability. Wick Bell, "the little dark man," and Jane Halley are above all symbolic figures, he the quintessential imagination that visions the cattle fief, she the guiding ambition, inspiring the adventure and making possible the brief fulfillment of the dream. Because of this permeating symbolism, the characters live remotely, though meticulously chiseled, like bas reliefs in stone.

Margaret Trusler


One might draw many conclusions and make many comparisons by using these three books for a point of departure. They illustrate quite perfectly the three different types of western literature: the accepted traditional, the actual traditional, and the western treatment of the more modern themes. And as the method differs, so differs the literary value.

The latest effusion of Vingie E. Roe could be recognized as valueless by the most naked and ignorant eye. The author has created a milk-white, utterly beautiful, and completely lifeless paragon of all the virtues and tossed her lightly into the middle of a gambling den. She is unquestionably virtuous; the men are either virtuous or quite the opposite. There are a lot of emotional fireworks and bullets fly, to the end that there may be a touching renunciation, tears, and a lifetime of selfless sacrifices. The rentals ought to lap it up.

In direct contrast is the treatment given this same wilder-west theme by Mr. Rhodes. We expect the authentic from his pen, and we regret deeply the gap left in the short ranks of the true western writers by his passing. Rhodes was a man's man, twenty-five years a cowpuncher. He knew the language and the thought processes of the men he used for models. He paid scant heed to dimpled femininity. His cattle rustlers attended strictly to the business of rustling.

Within the short space of 163 pages the writer of this first novel unfolds a story of rapid action taking place in the East and the West. The story concerns a "typical" unscrupulous businessman, his attractive daughter, and the upright and strong young cattleman who is part owner of the mine which the girl's father covets. Her mother, lately dead, left behind the Green Diary in which heartache and disappointment over the father's business and social hypocrisy is expressed. The book falls into the girl's hands and brings her to a sense of the actualities of her situation. She rejects a suitor whom her father had favored, and when she and the young Westerner are happily reunited the father is ready to admit that he had been reaching for worthless things.

The plot is held firmly in hand by the writer of the book. Its type characterization, chatty conversations, strongly-underlined cliches, and unpenetrating psychology are familiar to movie audiences and popular with them.

M. A. C.


When Peter Derwent discovered his sweetheart Elizabeth engaged to a man rather melodramatically called "The Thief," he picked up himself and a few worldly possessions and moved to a peninsula called Three-Finger Point. There Peter was taken in by a colony of Finns and especially by the Yammer-ups, who became Peter's "folks." With the aid of Yammer-up Yolson, Peter built himself a new house, a great ugly barren new house, where he lived and indulged himself by contemplating the nameless fears, inherited from his mother, which made him inadequate in the face of every emotional crisis.

In time Peter married, became the father of several children, built a school-house, a railroad, a cannery. All the while he was beset by a nostalgic yearning for something tangible. "Peter pushed his clenched fist out against the fog. In spite of the wet emptiness of it, his hand pained! That was it, the ache of grasping nothing." The style is adequate to the plot.

Priscilla Sayre

The Heart of the Skyloo. Ottis B. Sperlin. Metropolitan Press. 1934. $2.00.

Skyloo is "the creation myth name" for Pacific Northwest Indian tribes. The "heart" of the Skyloo is an Indian Maiden who, early meeting David Thompson and mysteriously seizing upon a few elements of the Christian religion, remains unmarried in order to devote her life to her tribe, chiefly in bringing to them the Blackrobes. The time covered is roughly the first half of the last century. The scene shifts all the way from the Pacific ocean to "Sent Louie." The persons of the novel are Indians, trappers, traders, missionaries, mainly the first—the writer "wished to set forth the natives' culture from their own point of view." The events are the trip of Thompson down the Columbia, the Astoria affair, the sending of Indians to Saint Louis for priests, and many others; the story however, is the Indians' own. The language is a mixture of English, of Chinook jargon, and of Indian dialects, so that one can read intelligently only by reference to the glossary, which is supplied at the back of the book. The author has gone for his understanding (over a period of twenty years and more) to contemporary sources—
Journals, mostly of traders and travelers—rather than to present day scientific research. Once immersed in the tale and accustomed to the writer’s manner of narration—which calmly jumps distances, of territory and time, and uses several names, somewhat as the Russian novelists do, for the same person and likewise for the same place—the reader finds himself warmly interested. The writer’s admiration for early Indian ways, beliefs and ethics transfers itself to the reader. This is clearly a partisan book, but one lovingly so.

H. G. M.


This book presents the well-known primary materials for a Life of Keats arranged in a form that should prove very acceptable to the popular-reading public. Years ago a former editor of Keats’ letters sententiously observed that “the best biography of John Keats, whether as man or as poet, was written by himself all unconsciously of what he was doing;” and this book carries the remark home to those who do not know the Formans’ editions.

After an introductory essay, Mr. Weller offers “The Prelude.” It is an abridgement of the article in the Atlantic Monthly for January 1861 on the school days of the poet at Enfield, written by his school-fellow Charles Cowden Clarke. The next section comprises about four-fifths of the text and consists in excerpts, divided by the compiler into seventeen chapters of compressed narrative, from Keats’ own letters written between 1817 and the end of November 1820, when he was about to leave for Rome. “The Postlude” follows: excerpts from the letters of Joseph Severn the artist, who accompanied Keats to Rome, on the last days and death of the poet. Twenty-five pages of notes, a bibliography, and a well-made index complete the book. It is a good piece of work which, as it consists of material not wholly written by the poet, should not have been given the title of Autobiography, a word that seems catch-penny in the context. On grounds of taste the churchily-sounding and rather sanctimonious headings called “The Prelude” and “The Postlude” should have been replaced by a more suitable and appropriate pair of titles.

Facsimiles of the title-pages of the 1817, 1818, and 1820 volumes of poems, a facsimile of the Hunt Libel summons, several portions of a strip-map of the country traversed by Keats while he was on his walking tour, and numerous full-page and chapter-head illustrations of Keats’ friends and friendly contemporaries and a few of the scenes in which he took a particular interest embellish the book. Mr. Wilkie’s drawings would be seen to better advantage if they were not printed on leaves whose reverse side is covered with text. The most distinguished illustrations in the book are an E. Daniell etching of Byron, a cartoon of Sir Walter Scott by Landseer—both hitherto unpublished—and, most charming of all, a colored reproduction of the Charles Hayter miniature of Keats, a portrait now in the possession of the editor of the volume.

A book with such contents as these can not fail to recommend itself to those interested in Keats.


Mr. Hill, prepared, among other ways, for the writing of such a long narrative poem as this one by translation of Chaucer’s tales, puts into poetry of smooth flow and subtle variation, especially in its rime patterns, the general story of a westward trek in 1847, and the particular story of a girl of culture who falls in love with a trapper. As both tales are conventional and well known, Mr. Hill’s power must be put into realization of situations and of persons and into description of nature. The first and the last he does with moving skill, controlling at will the reader’s imagination and emotion; but in the realization of characters he has in several instances drawn typical figures. The wilful but charming heroine and the wise and strong succor to the train.

The party of several wagons passes in more or less harmony to Fort Laramie; there discord develops, which at the parting of the ways to Oregon and to California threatens disaster. Bad leading of the California group and approaching winter bring disaster at the foot of the Sierras. From there a chosen party pushes ahead on foot to bring succor to the train.

The criticism of “literariness” that is often levelled against John G. Neihardt’s western narrative poems can hardly be aimed at Frank Hill’s; but a certain rawness or ruggedness in the former is not in the latter. On the whole, however, we possess no long western narrative in verse of finer quality than “The Westward Star.”

Continued on page 172

H. G. M.
INTRODUCTION

The history of the Flathead Indians, having an epic-like quality from their first encounter with Lewis and Clark, has persistently fascinated the historians and writers of the Northwest. The Garfield Treaty, one of the determinative events in that history, has its background in the even more important Stevens, or Hell Gate, Treaty of 1855 (negotiated at the Council Grove near Missoula), which first defined the relations between the United States Government and the Montana Indians west of the Continental Divide.

It was the intention of General Isaac Stevens, who negotiated the Hell Gate Treaty, that the three Salish tribes, the Flatheads, Kootenai, and Upper Pend d'Oreilles, who spoke a common tongue and were closely allied and interrelated, should go upon a common reservation, thus uniting their strength against their enemies, the Blackfeet and Crows, and making it simpler for the government to care for them and supervise their relations with the whites. He said frequently that they could have their choice of the Jocko reservation, which was defined in the treaty, or the Bitter Root valley. The Indians seemed to be willing to join forces, but each tribe was unwilling to leave its own habitat. The council dragged out to eight days, Stevens striving in vain to bring Victor, head chief of the Flatheads, and Alexander, head chief of the Pend d'Oreilles, into an agreement. Michael, chief of the Kootenai, was willing to accept Alexander's decision.

Upon the eighth day, Stevens seized upon a vaguely expressed sentiment of Victor's that he was willing to live upon the reservation which was best, and embodied it in the eleventh article of the treaty:

"It is, moreover, provided that the Bitter Root Valley, above the Loo-lo Fork, shall be carefully surveyed and examined, and if it shall prove, in the judgment of the President, to be better adapted to the wants of the Flathead tribe than the general reservation provided for in this treaty, then such portions of it as may be necessary shall be set apart as a separate reservation for the said tribe. No portion of the Bitter Root Valley above the Loo-lo Fork shall be opened to settlement until such examination is had and the decision of the President made known."

This represented a distinct concession to Victor, who agreed to the article, as it was interpreted to him, and thereupon put his mark upon the document. As Stevens summarized it in the recorded talk, "If the mission (i.e., around St. Ignatius on the Jocko) is the best land Victor shall stay there. If the valley (i.e. the Bitter Root) is the best land Victor shall stay here."

The Senate ratified this treaty at its leisure, and it was 1860 before the Indians received their first annuity payment for the extensive lands which they had surrendered. Other provisions of the treaty were forgotten in the throes of Civil War and Reconstruction.

*The Garfield papers, presented by the sons of James A. Garfield to the Library of Congress under terms which still deny access to the public, contain diaries which together cover the years from 1872 to 1881, a decade in which Garfield played a leading role in the nation's political life. To the kind permission of Dr. Harry A. Garfield, retired president of Williams College, Frontier and Midland owes the privilege of printing this extract containing the statesman's personal record of an historic mission to the Northwest for the negotiating of the Garfield Treaty with the Flathead Indians. At certain points the diary is supplemented by quoting in the notes, passages from Garfield's official report, p. 109-118 of the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1872.
tion, and it was 1871 before the memorials of the territorial legislature of Montana and the importunities of Montana's territorial delegate could bring Congress to a realization of its obligations.

The question had, meanwhile, grown more complicated and more delicate because of extensive white settlement in the Bitter Root valley. At first Victor welcomed the whites, and even invited those who were friendly, for the valley was large and could support more than his 550 followers. But after the advantages of the Bitter Root for agriculture and grazing became known, and the gold camps provided remunerative markets, whites pressed into the valley by the hundreds. It is estimated that by 1871 they numbered more than a thousand. The government had made no move to survey the Bitter Root in accordance with its promises in Article eleven of the treaty. As Special Agent, W. J. McCormick, in 1868, in a report showing unusual acuity (Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the Year 1868, pp. 208-15), pointed out that it was the duty of the government to have prevented the influx of white settlers until the government either had declared the region an Indian reservation or formally opened it to settlement, "but not so; the whites were permitted to occupy the most eligible portion of the valley for agricultural purposes, fields were enclosed, houses and barns were built, until now almost the entire valley presents a spectacle of thrift and agricultural prosperity rarely equalled or met with in any of the new States or Territories." McCormick also wrote: "I am fully persuaded that the Flathead Indians would not have concluded a treaty with the government if they had not been induced to believe by its representatives, at the time of making the treaty, that they were to enjoy and possess the portion of the Bitter Root valley designated in the treaty as a permanent reservation."

It could not be expected that the whites would now give up the valley. The only practicable solution seemed to be to move the Flatheads to the Jocko reservation, and President Grant in November, 1871, arbitrarily ordered that this be done. Congress in the bill for the removal of the Flatheads, which became law on June 5, 1872, provided that $5,000 should be appropriated to pay the expenses of the removal and that $50,000 in annuities should be granted them for the improvements which they would be leaving behind in the Bitter Root. James A. Garfield was asked by the Secretary of the Interior to undertake the mission of persuading the Flatheads to accept the terms. Agent Charles S. Jones of the Jocko reservation had falsely reported that the Flatheads were willing to come to the district. Governor Potts, Territorial Delegate Clagget, and Superintendent of Indian Affairs J. A. Viall, in urging the removal wrote that "The Indians themselves fully understand, that, by the eleventh article of what is known as the Stevens treaty, the President has the right to decide on their removal at any time." These assurances doubtless misled Garfield to think his mission would be rather easy.

James A. Garfield's importance in American history is as a parliamentary leader of the dominant Republican party in the years following the Civil War, particularly in Grant's second term and in Hayes' administration. He was a recognized leader of his party at the time of his Montana journey. Garfield had long been interested in Indian affairs and had been a sincere leader of legislative efforts to reform the admittedly corrupt Indian service. He had been born in an Ohio area which in his boyhood still possessed many frontier characteristics. He had been used to roughing it in the Civil War. In reading his diary we feel that Garfield welcomed the opportunity of experiencing firsthand the atmosphere of the mining camps and that he felt at home in life that he found there. He endured the difficulties of the trip with fewer complaints than many an old campaigner.

Several weeks before his setting out, he was endeavoring to familiarize himself with the background for his mission. On July 9th he notes in his diary: "Reading up the History of Western explorations. The travels of Lewis and Clark among others the adventures of Capt. Bonneville, a book full of interest" and, July 10th, "Finished Bonneville and read Desmets History of the Oregon missions, in which the missionary efforts of the Jesuits among the Flatheads are spe-
cially detailed." These books with their vivid descriptions doubtless heightened his interest in his mission and increased his appreciation of the country which he was to visit.

Our extract from the journal begins with Garfield at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

[August, 1872.] 8, THURSDAY. Answered letters, made calls, and completed preparations for Western trip. In the evening at ten o'clock accompanied by Major Swaim, took the cars at Leavenworth City westward on the Kansas Pacific Road. Reached Lawrence at midnight where we took sleeping cars. This part of Kansas was the scene of the great midnight where we took sleeping cars. This part of Kansas was the scene of the great contest between the free and slave forces of the country; but as the usual result of all contests a class of violent, and to some extent, corrupt men have been left as a residuum, although the cause of liberty gained in the fight. These results are observable I think in the political morals of the whole State of Kansas.

9, FRIDAY. Past the cultivated portions of Kansas and the evening reached Fort Harker and the desolate plains of Kansas. Buffalo skeletons are seen here and there along the road and the short buffalo grass covers the plains on all sides as far as the eye can reach. There seems to be a flavor of wildness in the buffalo grass which like the wild nature of the Indian and buffalo refuses to be tamed. They tell me this grass disappears when the prairies are cultivated; that it seems to die out in the presence of our agriculture.

10, SATURDAY. In the morning reached Denver and immediately changed cars for Cheyenne where we arrived at one P. M. and after dinner took the Union Pacific Train for the West. Before evening we had passed Sherman the highest point of the Rocky Mountains on the track of the Union Pacific Road. Took supper at Laramie.

11, SUNDAY. Awoke among the desolate Alkali Plains of the Rocky Mountains. Reached Ogden at 4 o'clock and Salt Lake a little before 8. Stopped at the Patterson House and immediately went out to one of the Ward Meetings and heard Taylor, one of the apostles preach.

12, MONDAY. Early in the morning went with Major Doty of the Pay Department to the Warm Springs and took a bath. Returned and after breakfast G. Q. Cannon, one of the 12 Apostles and the Delegate Elect to Congress took us in a carriage to the various points of interest in the City. The Tabernacle, the Temple, Brigham's House and Camp Douglas. After dinner he took us to the depot, where we met Brigham just coming in from Ogden. Mr. Young held our train 15 minutes for a chat, and after reaching Ogden we took the train for Corinne, where we arrived at 7 in the evening, and spent the night at the International Hotel.

13, Tuesday. Took the stage, holding nine passengers inside and two outside with the Driver. Moved up the Bear River Valley at a spanking trot and took breakfast 16 miles out. Took dinner at the head of Malade Valley 54 miles out and supper at

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1 David Gaskell Swaim (1834-97). Garfield's companion for the journey, was assigned to this detail at Garfield's request. Ever since Swaim had served on Garfield's staff in the Civil War the two had been intimates. Swaim often acted as a political intermediary and was particularly valuable to Garfield in the campaign of 1880. See T. C. Smith, Life and Letters of James A. Garfield, especially Vol. II, p. 916.
2 A former military post on the Smoky Hill River, in the present Ellsworth County, about halfway across Kansas.
3 John Taylor (1808-87), an apostle of the Mormon Church since 1839, became president of the twelve apostles upon the death of Brigham Young in 1877 and ruled the church in that status until his formal election in 1880 as third president, which office he held until his death. Like so many Mormon leaders he combined religious zeal with a keen business sense. He introduced sugar beet raising into Utah.
4 George Quayle Cannon (1827-1901), was at different times editor of the Deseret News and for three years, Brigham Young's private secretary. Though a polygamist, he served in Congress for ten years, 1872-82, without serious protest until the Edmunds law caused his retirement. His was one of the notable cases to arise under that law. He was a director of the Union Pacific Railroad and possibly the most influential man in Utah in the decade following Young's death.
5 Corrine, Utah, founded in March, 1869, where the newly built Union Pacific crossed Bear River, was in April, 1869, made the starting point for the Montana and Idaho stage lines. No longer did the passengers have to continue on to Salt Lake City. From Corinne, in 1872, Wells Fargo and Co. ran a daily line to Helena, distance about 500 miles, over a well-worn but natural prairie trail. The scheduled time to Helena was four days, traveling night and day. The route to Montana and stage roads in Montana at this period are best studied on the map compiled and drawn by W. W. De Lacy and published in various editions by G. W. and C. B. Colton. See especially the editions of 1870 and 1874.
Port Neuf canon. The scenery has been one of grandeur constantly varying. Broad level valleys with rough picturesque mountains on each hand. I have greatly enjoyed my study of the drivers. Rode on top beside them nearly all day. They are a wild rough warm-hearted peculiar people and have a distinct place among American characters.

14, WEDNESDAY. About one o'clock in the morning the shackle supporting the thorough brace broke and delayed us several hours. Swaim and I lay on a buffalo robe spread out on the ground and the sage brush for a pillow. We got an hours sleep while they were mending the carriage.

15, THURSDAY. Passed the divide between the waters that flow into Salt Lake and the waters of Snake River.* Passed in sight of the mountain Professor Hayden has named after me. It is covered with snow and its peak is the divide between the two oceans. The air is wonderfully pure and invigorating. Saw the three Tetons 150 miles distant. Reached Lyon's* late in the evening, and took the "Jerkie," instead of the stage.

The wonderful purity of the atmosphere in these high regions affords many surprises to a man accustomed to living in the plains. I am utterly deceived in my judgment of distances. What I would call five miles distant, I frequently find is forty or fifty or even more. The same thing appears in judging of the depth of water. The streams are so very clear and pure, that a stream appearing to be a foot in depth will wet the axle as we go through it.

16, FRIDAY. Reached Gaffney's* at day-break, where Gov. Potts met us and on his invitation took the stage for Virginia City, where we arrived before noon. Met Chief Justice Wade and our old comrade Sanders.† Spent the afternoon in visiting the town and the gold diggings and got a good nights rest at the hotel, after taking a bath at $2.50 aplace. Lewis and Clarke named the main stream of the Missouri, above its three forks, Jefferson, and called the other two streams Gallatin and Madison. When they came nearly to this place, they found that the Jefferson itself was formed by three streams, and, in order to have a dignified origin for the river named after their Chief, they called the three Wisdom, Philosophy and Philanthropy. The miners have degenerated this into Beaver Head, Big Hole, and Stinking Water.‡

17, SATURDAY. Visited the Supreme Court of the Territory, several prominent citizens and places and in the evening went to Cavanaughs§ in company with Governor Potts and W. F. Sanders, where after waiting until past midnight we took the stage for Helena. Reports are indicating danger of Indian Hostilities in removing the Flat Heads. I think there is a mercenary purpose on the part of some white settlers to secure troops in the

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* Galena's Station was near the modern Twin Bridges, and was the junction of the road from Virginia City with the main road that continued to Helena.

† Benjamin Franklin Potts (1836-87), territorial governor of Montana, 1870-88. was an Ohio man who had served throughout the Civil War, much of the time commanding an Ohio infantry regiment, and winning a brevet brigadier-generalship. He had been appointed by Grant, and was to prove a faithful servant of Montana's interests, thoroughly identifying himself with the state and remaining there after retiring from the governorship.

‡ Decius S. Wade (1825-1905), chief justice of the Montana supreme court, 1871-87, and Wilbur Fiske Sanders (1834-1905), famous frontier lawyer and first U. S. Senator of Montana, were both Ohio men. Wade, Potts, and Sanders were probably all known to Garfield from previous meetings. The first two were serving as Republican state senators in Ohio at the time of their appointments. Sanders was definitely the Republican leader in Montana, and, though defeated for territorial delegate to Congress in 1867, he had attended Republican national conventions at Chicago in 1868 and Philadelphia, 1872, the latter just two months previous to Garfield's journey. The occasion could hardly have been less than an Ohio Republican reunion.

§ The Stinking Water now appears on maps as the Passamari or Ruby River.

§§ Probably the home of James Michael Cavanaugh (1823-79), who had been Montana's territorial delegate to Congress, 1867-71. He was a Democrat, an eloquent speaker, and, up to that time, Sanders' only competitor as a politician in the territory. W. H. Clagett, backed by Sanders, succeeded in defeating him, however, in 1870, and soon after 1872 he left the territory to practice law in New York City.
Valley, that has originated these reports. I wrote this suggestion to the Secy of the Interior. 14

18, SUNDAY. A glorious days ride, among the mountains, and visiting old friends. Reached Helena in the evening and met several friends.

19, MONDAY. This morning, our party filled the stage and Colonel Viall’s Ambulance. In these two outfits we passed up the Valley of the Prickley Pear and over the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains and descended on the other slope to Deer Lodge. We met Mr. Claggett 15 at this place and got two hours sleep. Our route of today was in the track of Clarks return from the Pacific to the Atlantic slope. The gorge by which he entered the mountains East of Helena he called the gates of the mountain. The country is wonderfully beautiful.

20, TUESDAY. A little after two o’clock in the morning took the stage for Missoula. Our party consisted of Col Viall, Sup’t of Indian Affairs, Colonel Sanders, the Hon. Mr. Claggett, Major Swain and myself. Counting out stoppages for meals and change of horses, we made the distance to Missoula, 95 to 110 miles, in 9½ hours. It was not reckless but exhilarating driving. Spent the night at the Hotel at the mouth of Hell Gate. Our ride today was most exhilarating. Its interest was heightened by the spice of danger there was in it, from the furious rate at which we went. “Steve,” our first driver out of Deer Lodge was a rare character. His genius as a driver is exhibited in the ratio of his intoxication. He was very drunk and therefore exceedingly brilliant as a driver.

21, WEDNESDAY. After breakfast our party proceeded in carriages and wagons up the Bitter Root Valley to Fort Owens. 17 I had sent word ahead but the Flat Heads had not then assembled, so I postponed a council until the following morning. This is a lovely valley girded by grand mountain scenery. On our way to this place from Missoula we crossed the little stream, now known as Lo-Lo fork of the Bitter Root, but named by Lewis and Clark “Traveller’s Rest Creek.” On its banks those intrepid explorers rested for a fortnight on their way west and made another halt on their return. It is a shame that the old name has not been preserved.

22, THURSDAY. Held a council of six hours duration with the Chiefs and principal men of the Flat Heads. Found them greatly interested in the matter of the removal of their tribe to a new location. They were anxious to secure a military post, of two or three companies, somewhere in the valley, for the better protection of the inhabitants. It was further represented that the Flatheads were resolved not to leave the valley, and that the Nez Perces had agreed to aid them in resisting the proposed removal.

The governor had every reason to suppose that these representatives were in accordance with the facts, and had ordered three hundred muskets and thirty thousand rounds of ammunition sent to Missoula.

I strengthened the belief that the white settlers in the valley was to secure the establishment of a military post, and that the market which would thus be afforded for their home products was really a matter of greater consideration than protection against hostile Indians.

William Horace Clagett (1838-1901), who in 1870 had defeated Cavanaugh for the position of territorial delegate, had made it one of his first duties, upon reaching Washington, to prepare and push the bill which was signed June 5, 1872, providing for the removal of the Flatheads. Clagett, born in Maryland, had grown up on the Iowa frontier and spent some years before his arrival in Montana in Nevada where he had been a member of the legislature, 1862-65. In Montana he practiced law in Deer Lodge, both before and after his single term in Congress. Later he went to Denver, thence to Deadwood in the Black Hills, then practiced some time in Butte, and still later went to the Couer d’Alene district in Idaho. He was president of the Idaho constitutional convention in 1889 and was the unsuccessful candidate for U. S. Senator from Idaho in 1891 and 1896. His last years were spent in Spokane.

Jarret A. Viall was Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Montana from October 18, 1870, until his resignation in 1872. Previously until 1869 the territorial governors had held the position in an ex officio capacity. For a brief period of less than a year the Indian administration was in the hands of army officers, General Alfred Sully acting as Superintendent in Montana. In 1869 the Grant administration, civilian officers were appointed in 1876. Viall was an energetic and honest officer. James Wright, appointed to succeed him in December, 1872, held the office until June 30, 1873, when it was abolished, and the reservation agencies only retained.

Fort Owen is meant.

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opposed to leaving the Bitter Root Valley. The interview was somewhat tiresome but there were points of great interest to me in the Indian mode of thought. Slept as last night at Fort Owen. This is the valley down which Lewis and Clarke passed on their way to the Pacific in 1805. Before John Owens became a bankrupt and set, his career was one of interest. He seems to have lived like a prince here in the wilderness. His fine wines and luxurious appointments have been the theme of many army officers who have served in the West. Since the death of his Indian wife he has rapidly run down and is now quite a wreck.

23, FRIDAY. Held another conference with the Flat Heads at 9 A.M. and pledged the Chiefs to go with me to the Jocko Res. Left at noon for Missoula. Crossed the Lolo Fork which was the "Travellers Rest Creek" of Lewis and Clarke. Spent the night at Missoula. The sky is wonderfully pure and the weather clearer than any I ever saw. The springs are the only source of the mountain streams, except the snow.

After conference with the chiefs "Looking Glass" and "Eagle Against the Light" in the evening, visited the camp of Nez Perce Warriors and witnessed a war dance. Spent the night at the Missoula House.

24, SATURDAY. Our party reached the Jocko Reservation 30 miles distant about 2 o'clock P.M. It is a country of wonderful beauty. All the varieties of mountain, valley, prairie and woodland combined. In the afternoon went hunting and fishing. A few
grouse, a broken wagon and 5 pound trout lost off my hook were the principal events of the afternoon. The Chiefs arrived after sunset, and in the evening entertained us with a war dance accompanied by heroic re-
tials of the achievements of the Flatheads against their enemies the Crows, Sioux and
Snakes. These customs are very effective in keeping up the pride and warlike spirit of the tribe.

25, SUNDAY. Held a long conference with the Flat Head Chiefs and after almost failing
succeeded. They left us apparently satisfied with the arrangements.

26, MONDAY. Two of the Chiefs, second and third signed the contract, by which they
agreed to remove their tribe to the Reservation, when suitable buildings have been
erected to receive them, they having selected sites for their dwellings and the grounds
kept up the pride and warlike spirit of
the tribe.

so m u  teltb of the Government before they were required to leave their old home.

The provisions of the contract were determined after full consultation with the superin-
tendent and territorial Delegate, and finally the chiefs were requested to answer by sign-
ing or refusing to sign it. Arlee and Adolf, second and third chiefs, signed the contract,
and said they would do all they could to enforce it; but Chariot refused to sign, and said
if the President commanded it he would leave the Bitter Root Valley, but at present would
not go to the reservation. The other chiefs expressed the opinion that if the houses were
built, and preparations made according to the contract, Chariot would finally consent to
the arrangement and go with the tribe.

Believing that the most effective way of securing their removal was to carry out at
once our part of the contract, I directed the superintendent of Indian affairs of the Ter-
mor to make immediate preparation for erecting twenty cabins on the sites selected by
the chiefs, in accordance with a detailed plan and specifications already examined and
approved. We returned to Missoula in the evening, and, by my direction, the superintendent dis-
tributed to the chiefs about two hundred dollars' worth of blankets and other useful articles.
They left us apparently satisfied with the arrangements.

Father Palladino, then in charge of Saint Ignatius mission, wrote a letter protesting
the location of the Flatheads, which is printed as a document accompanying Garfield's official
Report, pp. 115-16. Garfield's reply dated at Washington, Nov. 12, 1872, was printed in
Idem p. 117.

24 Not until 1891, after Arlee had died, did Chariot give up the unequal struggle and lead his
band to the Jocko.

25 The letter was written to John Owen and published in the Missoula Pioneer for September
7th. Dated "Philadelphia, Aug. 13, 1872." It read:

Dear Sir:

Your letter is just at hand. I mailed a copy of my late report. Mr. V. Collyer [Vincent
Colyer, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners] spoke often to me of the in-
justice to the Indians, in forcing them to leave the Bitter Root Valley. If the Indians
cannot get their rights any other way, they are justified in combining for defense against
corruption.

If any religious body has charge of your reservation, summon them to your help. The
Sioux and Ponca are as much as I can contend successfully for. WILLIAM WELSH.
27, TUESDAY. Took the stage a little after two in the morning for Deer Lodge. The beautiful [ . . . ] River has been permanently ruined by the miners; and has been for three years as muddy as the Missouri. Before the discovery of gold, it was as clear and pure as any mountain stream could well be. Traces of Mullan’s road are seen all along our route and a part of the way we have travelled upon it. On the way Claggett shot seven crows in the space of five minutes. Reached Deer Lodge an hour before midnight. Steve being sober drove very slow and did not denounce Greeley anything like so fiercely as on the down journey, although he still refused to support him.

28, WEDNESDAY. After two hours and a half of sleep, at the Hotel, we took the stage for Helena. While riding over the dividing line, I found that one of the Express Messengers was Al Graeter, a Trumbull Co. boy. Everywhere on this journey I have met men whose career in this country is a romance of itself. Reached Helena at 4 o’clock, P.M. and found a large mail awaiting me. Good news from home and from Leavenworth. Took tea at Viall’s in Company with Swaim, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Judge Wade.

29, THURSDAY. Spent a delightful day at Helena. Accompanied by several gentlemen, we were driven at least 30 miles through the valley of the Prickly Pear. The fertility of the soil when properly irrigated is something wonderful. They showed me an acre of ground from which had been cut ninety-three bushels of wheat. We drove to the Warm Springs which are in themselves very wonderful. Took a late dinner at Col. Sande r’s in company with Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Judge Wade.

30, FRIDAY. Bidding our friends good by, we took the early stage for the South. Passing the dry gulch, where stands the great dead pine, on which so many men were hung, by the Vigilantes. The driver told me that he predicted, that the tree would not live ten days, after the first men were hung upon it. This was the driver’s philosophy: “Man is the master of this world, and when his spirit goes out, something has to go with it, and trees on which men have been hung always die.” Reached Gaffney’s late at night.

31, SATURDAY. The stock on this line have been fed only on bunch grass nearly all summer and are beginning to show the want of oats. The roads are getting a little heavy and we are losing time. We concluded on this journey not to wash our faces, and thus avoid the bad effects of the alkali dust on the skin. Our stage is less crowded than when we came up, but the “Jerkie,” which we took during part of the day is unpleasantly full. Reached Pleasant Valley for a late supper. Our appetites are wonderfully keen on this journey. The air is a perpetual inspiration and appetizer.

1, Sept. SUNDAY. Were delayed several hours because the “stock” could not be found, it having wandered into the mountains. Made slow progress. Reached Corbett’s late at night.

2, MONDAY. Heavy showers made the road hard for the horses and unpleasant for us. While passing the divide, from Marsh Creek to Malad, a rattle snake crossed our track, and this led to a long discussion on the origin to mans hostility to the snake. A good deal of curious philosophy and much talent was developed in the party; one being a distinguished Professor of Medicine, and another an Ex-Member of Congress from Missouri. Reached Malad City in the evening. Got a good supper at Kinney’s. They have dropped the “e” from the word “Malad” and the Mormons probably do not know the origin of the name of the place, which looks as sickly as the exterior of the houses, they having only dirt for their roofs.

3, TUESDAY. It was near daybreak when we reached Corinne. We are quite in doubt whether to take the Western train for San Francisco and to catch a glimpse of the Pacific, or to turn our faces homeward. Find-

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27 A space was left in the manuscript diary for the name. The Missoula or Hell Gate River is meant.
28 Pleasant Valley was the first station on the Idaho side of the divide.
ing ourselves, however, too late for the Western train, and the Eastern train being expected in the course of two hours, we reluctantly postponed, to a day uncertain, the pleasure of a visit to California, and taking the five o'clock train for Ogden, there secured berths in the sleeping car for the East. Out of the Echo Cannon and along the alkali plains, where here and there a flock of antelopes and a herd of prairie wolves were in sight, we swept on homeward, going to sleep a little while after we crossed Green River.

4, WEDNESDAY. Found on board a Mr. Lawrence of the Cleveland Herald who had just returned from China. He had been 35 days out of the reach of newspapers and was hungry for the news of what had happened in the U. S. during the interval. Good appetite and good meals and the prospect of reaching friends at home made the day pass pleasantly until 1 P. M. when we reached Cheyenne. Having nearly two hours to wait for our train to Denver, we called on Col Moore A. Q. M. and visited the post. He brought us back to the station two minutes after the train had gone. We made the best of it by visiting this young Capital of Wyoming and its surroundings.

5, THURSDAY. We took breakfast with Governor Campbell of Salem, Ohio, Chief Executive of Wyoming Territory. His wife was an old Washington acquaintance, daughter of Judge Casey's. After breakfast went out to the Post with Colonel Moore and amused ourselves by shooting at a mark at long range. My shots averaged the best of any of the party. Took the afternoon train for Denver passing the young colony of Greeley, whose Chief is N. C. Meeker, late a citizen of Hiram. His colony is a triumph of the co-operative principle and exhibits the success of irrigation in these plains. Reached Denver just before Sundown and took supper at the Hotel, with Dr. Woodbridge of Youngstown, Ohio. Took the evening train Eastward, but not being able to get a sleeping car, sat up all night.

6, FRIDAY. Over the cheerless plains, which I think it will be very difficult to make fertile, for want of water. A few buffaloes in sight, but they have been hunted until they are so wild that they keep shy of the train. These with antelopes and wolves and here and there a straggling hut near the station were the only signs of life today. Reach Salena and the borders of civilization tonight and we were able to secure a sleeping berth for Leavenworth. The prospect of rest unusually grateful.

7, SATURDAY. The Porter's cry of "Leavenworth in 20 minutes," woke us from a very sound sleep, and we had barely time to dress and wash before our train entered the Leavenworth Depot. An Orderly from the Fort with an Ambulance and four stout mules was ready to take us and our luggage and in ¼ of an hour we were taking a delightful breakfast with our wives at Major Swaim's Headquarters. All had been well in our absence except Mollie who had been sick with the chills and she was looking thin and pale. I return greatly improved in strength but nearly as much black and tan as the Flatheads whom I left behind.

8, SUNDAY. Spent the day resting and reading my mail and reading up what the world has done since we have been gone.

9, MONDAY. The political campaign has been waged with unparalleled bitterness and acrimony during the 30 days I have been absent. I find my own named [sic] dragged into some story which I do not understand but see only referred to in the newspapers. From the accounts I hear Ohio is apathetic and perhaps in danger and I must go home

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39 John Allen Campbell (1835-80), was the first territorial governor of Wyoming, serving from 1869 to 1873. He had commanded an Ohio regiment in the Civil War, winning the brevet rank of brigadier-general, and had served as Assistant Secretary of War before accepting his appointment as governor.

40 Nathan C. Meeker, born near Cleveland in 1818, became in 1867 agricultural editor of Horace Greeley's New York Tribune, and conceived the plan for this colony while upon a visit to the West in 1869. He won Greeley's fatherly approval and support, and the project was widely known because of the support it received in the Tribune. Good accounts may be found in D. A. Boyce, History of Greeley and the Union Colony (Greeley, 1890) and J. F. Willard ed., The Union Colony of Greeley, Colorado (Boulder, 1918).

41 Mrs. Garfield had remained at Fort Leavenworth with Mrs. Swaim.

42 This is Garfield's first reference to the Credit Mobilier scandal which had been exposed in his absence. His connection with it is ably analyzed in chapter twelve of R. G. Caldwell's James A. Garfield, Party Chieftain (New York, 1931).
and give what days I can to the Republican cause. Visited Genl Pope.** Made several calls on friends at the Fort and at two o'clock the Major took us in the Ambulance across the River to East Leavenworth, where we took the train for Kansas City and at 5 o'clock were on the sleeping car for Chicago making our way Eastward. Took supper at Cameron's and night closed over us amid the corn fields of central Missouri.

10, TUESDAY. Waked near Galesburg, Illinois. Our whole journey to day was a succession of rolling prairies and wonderful fields of corn. I am not surprised at the pride which Illinoisians feel in their State. Its growth is the wonder of modern civilization. Reached Chicago about 3 o'clock. Made our way with some difficulty through the crowded streets. They were full of business, industry, in its fullest exercise. At 5 o'clock we were in the sleeping car for Cleveland. When making our way around the southern point of Michigan saw more and more evidence of the bitterness and fierceness of the pending campaign. Wrote a note to Colfax* asking about the nature of the slander against him and me and others.

11, WEDNESDAY. At 7 o'clock this morning the odor of petroleum filled the cars and informed us we were reaching the suburbs of Cleveland. In five minutes, after our train stopped at the Atlantic and Great Western Depot, we were on the train towards home. At Solon we were joined by Mother and Harry and Jimmie.** Reached Garrettsville before 9 o'clock and at h'past ten were at home in Hiram. All the family are reunited after 50 days separation. Wrote letters until late at night.

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* General Pope of Civil War fame was at that time in command of the Missouri Department.

** Schuyler Colfax, Vice President of the United States, 1869-73. His connection with the Credit Mobilier is also described in Caldwell's James A. Garfield, chapter xil.

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MISSOULA, MONTANA
Letter after letter asks about publishing rackets. In general anything is a racket in which a writer is asked to pay, directly or indirectly, for the publication of his work. Any established verse writer could shake a fistful of requests for poems to be included in projected anthologies, all bearing the legend: "Without Obligation." Legend it is. Submit material or refer the anthologist to published work, and back comes euphony, an impressive list of titles to be included, and the hint, delicate or crass, that the writer support the noble work of the editor by pre-publication purchase (check enclosed) of dummy copies of the forthcoming—MAYBE forthcoming—work of art and graft. Ignore the appeal, merit drops from the writer's verse and the verse drops from the editor's files. Favored contributors to such anthologies can not clear their skirts by saying that they, personally, were not asked to pay. Better known names are bait for the innocent. A writer's business is to write; a printer's business is to print; a publisher's, as distinct from a printer's, is to publish, i.e. distribute; and a dealer's business is to sell. The confusion of these functions opens the way to rackets. Publishers of pay-as-you-enter anthologies make a living by exploiting the vanity and innocence of those who pay for seeing their work in print. Not vanity alone keeps rackets alive; innocence is a factor; and more than one poor simpleton has grieved because lack of cash has kept him from promised literary glory. Rackets will die when suckers do.

In the Satireview William Rose Benet comments on a typical pay-as-you-enter invitation from San Francisco, passed on to him by the recipient, Joseph T. Shipley of NYC. "This is just one small fact of what might be called The Poetry Racket of America," says Mr. Benet, "whereby poets desirous of publication either contribute gratis to some book compiled by an unknown, or are prevailed upon to purchase copies of that book. Poets of any degree of sagacity will demand payment for their contributions or refuse to participate in such an enterprise."

Mention of new publications in this column carries no indorsement or commendation. The Dune Forum, suspended, stands ready to make good unexpired subscriptions. No racket there. The editors have gone lock, stock and barrel for the Utopian Movement.


Little, Brown & Co., offer a centenary prize of $5,000 for the most interesting unpublished American non-fiction submitted before Oct. 1, 1936. "Brassbound" won Liberty's $10,000 contest out of more than 6,000 entries. The Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation, 523 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, offers six annual prizes from $50 to $500 for the best original ms of stories and plays for children. There's a chance for Eleanor Allen with her new children's operetta to be staged with puppets (score by Mary Evadene Calibreath) and three children's novels ready for a publisher. Her address is 715 Oregonian Bldg., Portland. Her newest novel, "Indian Drums," is based on the life of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces—and versatile Miss Allen adds radio programs, concerts and news features to her other activities! Wings, 930 Ogden Ave., NYC, offers $25 prize for best poem dealing with some phase of the modern dilemma of civilization. The Black Archer Press, 104 West Ave., Chicago, $50 prize for best essay on book collecting.

George Dixon Snell, III (The Great Adam: the Caxton Printers) "is sweating out a new novel, unnamed, chronicling the fortunes of 20 or 30 farmers, workers and communists 1930-1934," representing Mr. Snell's honest effort to "come to grips with the imminent collapse of the capitalistic system." Mr. Snell thinks perhaps it is proletarian Well, if he isn't sure Isabel Paterson will tell him! Her new novel "The Golden Vanity" was considered a best bet for probable sales by Donald Gordon of the American News Co. Her first novel sold 15,000 copies exclusive of Lit Guild sales. Ezra Pound (The A B C of Reading) says "Writers have a social function exactly proportioned to their ability AS WRITERS!"

Frank Bird Linderman finds Frank Ernest Hill's "The Westward Star" a beautiful thing. Much research in personal letters and original documents of the period went into the making of this historically authentic novel in verse. Mr. Linderman has completed a happily conceived juvenile dealing with a bear's life, for the John Day Co., his publishers. Katherine Newlin Burt's latest book (Scribner's) is a dude ranch thriller with something of NYC thrown in for good measure. LeRoy McLeod is at work on a new book with a log cabin in
Jackson's Hole, Wyo., for studio. B. M. Bower, once of Montana now of Portland, offers a western mystery with Idaho setting in "The Haunted Hills." Louis Larson of Salt Lake is doing a Mormon novel. Annie Pike Greenwood is on Appleton-Century's list with "We Sagebrush Folks."

Ethel Romig Fuller, verse editor of the Portland Oregonian, says Anne Shannon Monroe recently walked into Gill's book store with an advance copy of her new book of essays "Walk with Me, Lad" to show Eleanor McMillian, Gill's loan librarian. Her publishers, Doubleday, Doran & Co. are hurrying her for her new novel "Shawnee." She had an afternoon at Paul Elder's book store, San Francisco, Nov. 11, with the same fine response all her books have enjoyed there. Oregon writers were featured during book week on a program given at Meler & Frank's auditorium, sponsored by the Federated Women's clubs, Vivian Cooley, head of M & F's book department, and Mary Jane Carr (Little Pioneers). Eleanor Allen had charge of a brilliant tea at J. K. Gill's auditorium. Ada Hastings Hedges is teaching appreciation of poetics under the FERA. Mrs. Fuller has placed a five-page poem, "Origins of Beauty" with the American Scholar. Her work is to be found in the Ladies Home Journal, Household Magazine, The Sun, Successful Farming, Love Story Mag., Ainsley's and in ten current English periodicals. Corning had three of four short stories triple-starred by O'Brien, this year, and his fourth story reprinted. Fuller, Corning and Frances Huston were in the Fall Voices and Corning's "Only the Windless Meadow" from Poetry (Chicago) was reprinted in the Lit. Digest.

Helen Marling of Seattle, in private life Mrs. Lorrin Payne, was caught in October's furious storm and lived through it. She is writing like mad, and what with oil paintings, blue and gold draperies, Chinese lacquer red bookshelves and a paisley shawl she is living a colorful life—not to mention a fireplace with a spinning wheel beside it. She says Marion Thornton has stories in Good Housekeeping and Collier's.


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Genevieve Taggert's *The Mind and Life of Emily Dickinson* is one of the arresting titles on Alfred A. Knopf's list; James Laver's *Background for Venus*, his first novel since *Nymph Errant* will be published by Knopf.

Virginia Faulkner (*Friends and Romans, Simon & Schuster*); Dorothy Thomas (now writing at the home of the late Mary Austin); Ennice Chapin (*Love Without Breakfast*); Dr. L. C. Wimberly (*London Argosy, American Mercury, The Forum, Short Story Hits*) are writers that keep Nebraska in the public eye. A 100-page booklet of Nebraska writers has been prepared by Alice G. Harvey of Omaha. Citizens Printing Co. Montana needs something of the sort.

Paul Engle (*American Song*) and MacKinlay Kantor (*Long Remember*) are among newer names in Iowa's long list of literary celebrities. Raymond Kresensky has articles on current and economic topics in *The New Republic*.

Madeline Aaron of the Antonion Press is beginning her second novel for that house. Her sister, Mrs. Angela Clendenin, also of Wichita, Kan., is working on a religious brochure "Praying the Mass." Her "Altar & Sanctuary" has sold 15,000 copies.

Kansas writers mourn the death of Whitlaw Saunders, president of the Kansas Poetry Society; and of Hal G. Evarts, writer of Westerns. The death of Pierce Kouchneroff, whose occasional reviews have appeared in the FRONTIER & MIDLAND book section, removed a brilliant pianist from the circle of Denver artists.

Virginia Moore (*Distinguished Women Writers: Dutton*), Allen Tate and his wife Caroline Gordon of Clarksville, Tenn., are discussing a revival of Poe's Southern Literary Messenger. Mrs. Moore says, "Out of a dream we hope, by faith, to create the fact."

May Lamberton Becker's department in the New York Herald Tribune *Books* advises the reader desiring "a general picture of American life beginning with 1835" that E. Douglas Branch's *The Sentimental Years (1835-1860)* is "exactly the book for that period."

Frank Linderman's *American* has been adopted as a textbook in Texas. . . . Margaret Trusler (in private life Mrs. Vardis Fisher) has joined the editorial force of The Caxton Printers. . . . Doubleday-Doran, publishers of *We Are Betrayed*, third volume of Vardis Fisher's tetralogy, nominate it for the Pulitzer Prize.

*Apiatia* by Charles E. Waterman is a little volume of essays, "the results of companionship with honey-makers"—hardly well written, but alive with enthusiasm and adventure. The book may serve as a stimulus to further reading upon bees; a useful bibliography of the subject is appended. (C. E. Waterman, Mechanic Falls, Maine. 1933.)


In this book of poems Mr. Engle touches on many familiar American places and feelings—the land whose moulding force this poet feels so obviously, the far-marching people, the magic of strange names, the glitter of cities—and combines them, by accumulation, into a lyrical evocation of the genius of the country. Not all his themes are drawn from this land, however: there is the Europe of his “Troubadour of Eze” and the Shelley of his “Fire at Viareggio.” The quality of imagination, whatever the theme, remains the same; it is image-heaping, metaphor-spinning, rather than luminous and recreative. In technique and in command of his material Mr. Engle shows himself to be an immature artist; but that his immaturity is not wholly technical is suggested by his poem “Complaint to Sad Poets” and his “Letter to an Elder Generation.” These pieces raise the question in the mind of at least one reader whether or not Mr. Engle’s philosophical insight, into the nature of courage for example, is yet penetrative enough to inform his eloquence with the spirit of poetry. His poems do not bring to the reader of poetry a new technique of verse-making to be appreciated. What Mr. Engle brings that is, or for the moment seems to be, new is an optimistic and insistent gusto in “the dream of a land where men shall work their destiny Deeply as they will.”

Mr. Stuart’s book bears many of the clear signs of authentic self-discovery, the result of what Mr. Engle calls “turning in and finding yourself.” The seven hundred and more poems which make up the book are of uneven quality, yet the faultiest of them has a humble sincerity, a shining honesty of purpose in its attempt to clothe a significant idea in a significant form, and an unpretending modesty and freedom from cant, poetic or sentimental-patriotic, which set their maker apart as a poet to be watched. Mr. Stuart at present is happiest in occasional lines:

“Some say that night is kind to all young lovers
When they are fast asleep and out of mind;
But I prefer to walk above with lovers
Than trust those saying that the night is kind.”

WHO IS RIGHT?

People haven’t been able to make up their minds about the SEWANEE REVIEW. But they agree that it is good. In Culture in the South (Univ. of North Carolina Press 1934)

Jay B. Hubbell says:
“THE SEWANEE REVIEW has published some of the best literary criticisms of the last decade.” p. 168

Donald Davidson says:
“Under W. S. Knickerbocker’s editorship the SEWANEE REVIEW began to take a lively but obtuse interest in contemporary letters.” p. 195

To say what either Mr. Hubbell or Mr. Davidson said is a handsome tribute. To use such words of the oldest living literary and critical Quarterly in America with its established prestige and traditions is really saying something.

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The vitality in such lines promises poetic growth, in them there is the seed of a world which itself can penetrate and qualify and interpret the world of common experience.

"I am no better than those gone before.
Let me think death is process and a change
And I shall live again—be something strange.
Let me think anything; for no one knows,
And all we choose to think perhaps is vain.
But I do know I've come" . . .

These are lines that throw long shadows from the humble life on a farm up to the stars. The *Man with a bull-tongue Plow* is an impressive, at times a moving, work.

A. C.


This preliminary report of an expansive survey includes a dictionary of the place-names of but one Missouri county, Pike—that, incidentally, one of the richest in associations with the farther West. This listing is followed by classification of the eponyms, a discussion of "special features of Pike County place-names," and—happy thought—a glossary of dialect words and Americanisms employed in the local nomenclature. The whole is evidence of the painstaking care and passion for exactitude guiding this survey—which, carried on by students in the English Department of the Graduate School of the University of Missouri for the past six years, has now mapped the place-name history of some sixty counties and plans an application of the same admirable technic to the nearly fifty that remain. The greater part of the present volume is a description of this technic, including the detailed instructions put into the hands of the field-workers, and a general bibliography of library sources for place-name study that the lover of his own locality, whatever it may be, should find an inspiration and guide for his own curiosity.

E. D. B.


This book is a model of the art of selection. In clear, precise sentences that are never stilted, Miss Moore states the significant fact, tells the pregnant anecdote, gives the illuminating quotation. She chooses sixteen women of great talent or actual genius: Marie Bashkirtseff; Madame de Sevigne; Christina Rossetti; Dorothy Wordsworth; Sappho; George Sand; Jane Austen; Emily

FICTION

POETRY

BELLES LETTRES

William Vaughn Moody
By David D. Henry

The first extended study of William Vaughn Moody's significance as a literary figure. Includes some previously unpublished letters and some previously unrevealed facts. Valuable reference work for libraries. $2.50

Adelaide Crapsey
By Mary E. Osborn

"It is an excellently condensed piece of work, a fine memoir, and a genuine assembly of first-hand and invaluable data."—Louis Untermeyer. $2.00

Sonnets
By Flora Brent Hamilton

An essay on the sonnet form. Original sonnets in both French and English. A rendition of one of the sonnets of Edna St. Vincent Millay into French, and the transposition of a sonnet by Henri de Regnier into English. $2.50

Bright Avowal
By Sydney King Russell

"Here is a poet with a gift for detached observation, and trenchant, clear-cut portraiture. The sonnets in this sequence form a flexible well balanced and singularly even piece of work."—New York Herald Tribune Books. $1.50

The Vow
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A novel of present day Japan. Presents a very clear picture of life in the average Japanese home of the upper middle class. The author is one of the most popular of contemporary Japanese novelists. $2.50

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A youth who starts out to do his duty and does it too well. In novel form, a damning indictment of war. What price Peace? $1.25

Social Insurance and Economic Security
By Edward H. Ochsner

This book raises the question whether it is just or wise for any government to take the fruits of labor from the industrious, and give them to the lazy. Chapters on Compulsory Health Insurance, Old Age Pensions, and Unemployment Insurance. Concise but to the point. $2.50

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Spring Number
FRONTIER AND
MIDLAND


Bronte; Charlotte Bronte; Saint Teresa; Emily Dickinson; Alice Meynell; Elizabeth Barrett Browning; Charlotte Mew; George Elliot; Elinor Wylie; Katherine Mansfield.

And in a brief chapter she gives the essence of a fine and living personality. Incidental to the etching of these inner portraits, the essential happenings of a life are told. There is a hint of historic background; we see the woman—they are all so definitely women—in appearance and gesture. Her clothes are lightly described, her strength and limitations bared. In most cases we are even present at her death. The literary worth of the writer is described with fairness and a high critical standard. Most stimulating are the quotations given to show a trait of character, or to prove artistic excellence. They whet our curiosity. Further biography we feel is unnecessary, but we want to read the subject’s writings.

One could wish there were less of the morbid in some of these personalities, less of frustration in the lives of others. But neither the temperament nor the path of genius is smooth.

Margery Bedinger


In dialect and in slang we find the most peculiar and picturesque expressions in our language. Dialect is more fixed, slower to change, easier to record; it has long been the preserve from which scholars regularly bring back treasures for the admiration of a less learned public. But slang is oftener made up of colloquial novelties whose career is a fluid thing, violent and shifting, darting: by the time it attains respectability and rigidity, and scholars come to it, it is dead. Thus real slang, to most of us who read dictionaries, is an unknown language. Now Professor Weseen of the University of Nebraska gives the shelter of print to these oral fugitives in his Dictionary of American Slang.

He draws from the main reservoirs of slang, and he draws well. Crooks and criminals, hoboes and tramps, railroaders, loggers, miners, oil drillers, cowboys and westerners, soldiers, sailors, aviators, theatre people and circus folk, the men and women of the carnival and the radio, collegians, baseball and football players and spectators, boxers and prizefighters and their followers, sportswriters and sports fans, drinkers and diners, those who have money and those who do not but talk about it—all these supply the Dictionary with its contents. It is a comprehensive and, so far as I have tested it with especial reference to the Northwest, an all-inclusive collection. The writer will certainly find this book a useful work of reference; the general reader, moreover, can not fail to be instructed and entertained by this, the most familiar of dictionaries.

The poem "Pilgrimage," though addressed to esthetes, whose vision could not turn forward, sets the thesis for this volume of rebellious and often thoughtful poems, ("There is much time to wrap with my thoughts A blanket around me") dedicated "To a Bitter Age." The esthetes, with lives "identical with sadness," "unable to grasp the reasons for misery," typify for Mr. Macleod, one suspects, the bourgeoisie in the present state of society, who "would not take the key" to unlock the future promise of their days" if it could be offered them. "But," the author adds, "we could be sure, In the way that Spring comes to the soil, That their children would free them" although they themselves would be in their coffins without mourners. Several other poems in the volume would as well serve as key-tone.

Not many of the poems as poetry are Mr. Macleod’s best, but they are, probably, closest to moods and thoughts that were transitional from his older ones to his newer; and they contain many beautiful, many strong lines. To make the record complete this author should publish a volume of his earlier poems and another of his more positive proletarian poems. We hope he does so, for Mr. Macleod is a poet to know and watch.

H. G. M.

COVERED WAGON

JASON BOLLES, poet, no stranger to this magazine, after cultivating his fields this summer is now planting grains of rhetoric in the young mind at State College, Bozeman. AUGUST W. DEERLETH, "a thorough Wisconsorian; deeply devoted to nature in all its moods; always a writer," has as the momentary apex of a prolific career a crime-detection novel, The Man on All Fours. PAUL ELDREDGE, now sojourning in Oregon, will be remembered for his sturdy "Old Settlers’ Reunion," in our Autumn number.

The present story is the fourth by ELMAR GODCHAUX, of New Orleans, which FRONTIER AND MIDLAND has presented. Another whose creative work this magazine introduced to print is W. J. GRIFFIN, professor at INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS, JUNIOR COLLEGE. RICHARD HENDERSON, also a cap-and-gown man (at the University of Illinois), sometime truck-driver, journalist, thespian, translator of Racine for the MODERN LIBRARY, has published stories in CANADIAN FORUM and STORY.

RAYMOND KRESJEK, writer of stories, articles, and poetry, is an Iowan whose work has appeared in various commercial and "little" magazines. NORMAN MACLEOD’S new book of poetry is reviewed in our current Bookshelf. DONALD MACRAE, IOWA-BORN, saw
his first short story in *The Midland*, 1932; he is now acting head of the English Department at Washington State Normal, Ellensburg. *James Morgan*, of Kansas City, Missouri, was first published in *Frontier and Midland* and *Prairie Schooner*. *Joan Nold*, of Illinois, student of manners auctorial under John T. Frederick, “who has helped me not only in the actual saying, but has pointed out many pleasant things to say,” was represented by an essay in the latest number of *Midwest*; “The Sheep” is her first published story.

*Charles Ouluf Olsen*, of Portland, Oregon, is a writer by profession. From the manuscript autobiography, *Youth! Youth! and Yukon*, comes another reminiscence of the Alaskan adventures (in 1899) of Stanley Scearce, merchant at Ronan, Montana. *Alex R. Schmidt* is resident at Piedmont, California; and P. M. Sterling, here introduced, at Lincoln, Nebraska. *Richard Sullivan*, of Wisconsin, with “Ship and Sea” makes his third appearance in *Frontier and Midland*. Another poet making a welcome return to our pages is *Claire Aven Thompson* of San Francisco.

*Albert Edmund Trombly*, professor at the University of Missouri, widely published poet, will be remembered with particular appreciation by readers of *The Midland*. After a residence in Billings, Montana, *Gwendolyn Damon Wagner* has been “doing platform work in New England towns, speaking on our Plains Indians,” and plans to write radio scripts in New York this winter. *Bob Wise* lives in Tulsa; and *Margaret V. Young* (who has published in *Poetry*) in Indianapolis. *August Vidno*, of Anaconda, was a 1934 baccalaureate in physical education at the University of Montana; he is now in Army service.

**BOOKS RECEIVED**

*Ten Introductions.* Edited by Genevieve Taggard and Dudley Fitts. The Arrow Editions, New York. 1934. $2.00.

*Threshold and Hearth.* Marya Zaturenska. The Macmillan Company. 1934. $1.50.


*Songs of a Little Brother.* Kate Rennie Archer. The Zenith Press, San Francisco. 1934. $0.50.


*Smoke in the Chimney.* Raymond E. Manchester. Edwards Brothers, Ann Arbor. 1934.
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Lessee
WE ARE BETRAYED
by VARDIS FISHER

Cloth bound, $2.50

Off the press January 2, 1935

This, the third volume in Vardis Fisher's tetralogy, shows Vridar searching in books and in the hearts of men for the meaning of life. We do not believe that anywhere in fiction can be found a person who more passionately sought vision and courage, or who was more heartbreakingly self-deceived. For this story now comes to its terrific crisis; and Vridar, betrayed utterly by the false and puritanic ideals of his country and his time, finds himself in his thirtieth year on the shore of a new world.

WE ARE BETRAYED has been eagerly awaited by readers and critics alike. Alvah C. Bessie, writing in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, January 28, 1934, spoke for the growing army of Fisher admirers: "If, in the two succeeding volumes, Mr. Fisher can handle Vridar Hunter's maturity with the consummate understanding he has employed for his childhood and adolescence; if he can still further refine a style and a technique that are, at their best, lucid and sensitive; at their worst, slightly old-fashioned, he will have written a book that for profundity of insight and felicitous form will overshadow the work of all his contemporaries."

Published conjointly by The Caxton Printers, Ltd., and Doubleday, Doran and Co.

FROM THE HID BATTLEMENTS
BY DOM PLACID
December, 1934. Cloth bound, $2.00.
A book of collected poems by the priest poet of the Carolinas, with a foreword by Benjamin Musser.

I PRAY YOU, LAPIDARY
BY HALA JEAN HAMMOND
December, 1934. Cloth bound, $1.50.
Sonnets finely wrought, possessing an intense, spiritual quality.

AN INDIAN ODYSSEY
BY DR. MARSHALL O. KEITH
January, 1935. Cloth bound, $2.00.
The epic story of Washakie, Chief of the eastern Shoshones of Wyoming.

LUCRETTIA ANN IN THE GOLDEN WEST
BY RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD
Spring, 1935. Cloth bound, $2.50.
Sequel to the well loved "Lucretia Ann on the Oregon Trail."

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