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Volume XVI AUTUMN, 1935 Number 1

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Manuscripts, business communications, and subscriptions should be addressed to Frontier and Midland, State University of Montana, Missoula, Montana.

Copyright, 1935, by H. G. Merriam. Published in March, June, September, December.

Entered as second-class matter May 4, 1928, at the postoffice at Missoula, Montana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Commemorating the 25th anniversary of the creation of Glacier National Park, the Great Northern Railway company issues *Blackfeet Indians*, a volume of 49 color portraits of Blackfeet subjects by Winold Reiss, who conducts an art colony in the park. The accompanying text is contributed by Frank Bird Linderman, and the book contains brief biographical sketches of the collaborators. Issued at cost, the book can be secured from the Educational Director, G. N. R., St. Paul ($3.50). It is an important item of Northwest Americana.

August W. Derleth of Sauk City, Wisc., is revising an autobiographical novel, *Now in Spring*, part of which appeared some years ago in *Frontier and Midland*. He has finished reading proof on his fourth mystery novel, *Sign of Fear*, coming from Loring & Mussey in Oct. His first serious work, *Murder Stalks the Wakely Family*, is on the press in Sweden. His first serious work, *Place of Hawks*, exhausted its first edition promptly under praise from Edward J. O'Brien, Dashiell, Ben Botkin, Hansen and the Book of the Month Club. Indefatigable, Mr. Derleth has completed three more mystery novels; a problem novel, *Wind in the Elms*, and one about the characters appearing and to appear in *Scribner's*, *Atlantic*, *Household*, and *New Stories*, called *We Live in the Country*. *Now Is the Time for All Good Men* will be out in an autumn *Scribner's*, and *The Alphabet Begins with AAA*, in an early *Atlantic*. Mr. Derleth has recently taken on the additional work of a contributing editor to *Outdoors Magazine*. Of concern to him are financial difficulties threatening *Voices*, one of the oldest and best of the poetry magazines, founded and edited by Harold Vinal.

Mark Schorer, one-time collaborator of Mr. Derleth's, has a first novel, *A House Too Old*, from the press of Reynal & Hitchcock in Sept. Its setting is the Sac prairie region. Another Wisconsin novelist, Edward Harris Heth, makes his appearance in *Some We Loved* to be issued by Houghton-Mifflin, Sept. 12.

Jon Edgar Webb's delayed *Sanctuary* is off the press. Address 693 E. 99th, Cleveland.

A. J. Buttitta, once editor of *Contempo*, is directing the publicity for the first national hook-up of a southern symphony orchestra broadcast by the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra, Asheville, N. C.

Erling Larson appears in recent issues of *Space, Manuscript and New Talent*. He has completed a novel, with another under way.

The *Idaho Historical Quarterly*, University of Idaho, published with the cooperation of the trustees of the State Historical Society of Idaho prints material from their archives and emphasizes original source material. Contributing editors include the Hon. Byron Defenbach, Boise; Professor George Morey Miller, U. of I.; Professor H. L. Talkington, Lewiston State Normal School; J. A. Harrington, Boise; Professor Eugene B. Chaffee, Boise Junior College; F. A. Miller, St. Anthony; Professor Samuel M. Beal, Ricks College; Annie Laurie Bird, Nampa; Susie Bolete Trego, Blackfoot; Dr. Minnie F. Howard and Jennie Broughton Brown, Pocatello. Sub. $1.50 yearly. From Philip H. DuBois comes the information that the *Idaho Historical Quarterly* is a non-profit enterprise devoted to the fascinating history of Idaho's rich region. Oregon has had a historical journal since 1900, Washington, since 1906.

Work on his Guggenheim project keeps Jack Conroy dashing here and there, recently to Detroit. It is a book of non-fiction dealing with present conditions in the American near-East—Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and will be pivoted on the Southern workers attracted to these centers during the boom, then, as Conroy puts it, "cast aside to root hog, or die." His second novel, *A World to Win* received an exceptionally penetrating review by Dorothy Brewster in *The Nation*. Mr. Kingsbury of the Kingsbury & Cross Lumber Company, Moberly, Mo., (Conroy's home town) patronized home talent to the extent of buying thirty-odd of Conroy's first novel, *The Disinherited*, for distribution here and there. He sent a copy to Ed Howe—who gave it Hail, Columbus! Mrs. C. H. Isely of Wichita received a copy of her own biography on her 93rd birthday. It was written by her son, Bliss Isely, newspaper man. *Sunbonnet Days* tells of early Kansas as Mrs. Isely saw it, and contains a picture of her at nineteen, in a Godey's Ladies' Book costume, as she appeared when she first came to the state from her birthplace in the Swiss Alps. Mr. Isely is the uncle of Paul Wellman, author of *Death on the Prairie*.

Madge Sparks of the American Book Company, Chicago, offers new lists of home and club reading books to those interested.

The next issue of *The Magazine*, Jan. 1936, Beverly Hills, Calif., inaugurates a critical department, and a series of essays, the first by R. P. Blackmur.

Waldo Frank is chairman of the League of American Writers, 156 Fifth Avenue, Room 525, N. Y. C. "So that writers need not stand alone, the League was organized—in order that writers could face their common enemy together, and together develop their role in a changing world."
In September

LOVE LETTERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV
BY ALEXANDER BAKSHY

CHINA CALLS THE WHITE MAN'S BLUFF
BY THOMAS STEEP

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BY ARTHUR MACHEN

HENRY FORD'S GREAT ADVENTURE
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An interesting venture, *I Cover the Bookfront*, comes from Ralph Shaffer, Jr., 119 East 8th, Topeka, Kan., at $1 the year. Josie Brech and Margaret Whittemore do woodcuts for it. Mary Angell Webster, May Ward William (poet and born saleswoman) and Madeleine Aaron are among many lively writers who contribute essays and book reviews. From Madeleine Aaron we learn that Charles B. Driscoll's *Book of Pirates* (David McKay Co.) was in answer to the deluge of letters asking, "Are pirates real?" "Did they bury treasure?" "Did they wear earrings and red sashes?" So with Montfort Amory as artist he presents the story of a Terror of the Seas whose real name was Edward Thatch.


Julia Boynton Green of Los Angeles, contributing editor to *Verse Craft*, Emory University, Atlanta, won second place in the prize contest recently sponsored by *Poetry Review*, London. Mrs. Green mentions Benlah May's book of verse, *Buccaneer Gold*, as a distinguished product of the Fine Arts Press, Santa Ana. Grace Reini's play, *Vines Keep out the Sun*, was sold to Walter H. Baker of Boston after three local presentations. Pauline Curran's play, *Moonlight on Willow Well*, also presented at Ebem and other clubs, sold to Samuel French. Anna Hamilton's *Wings Against the Wind* has received wide praise. Her article on poetic rhythm is in a recent *Four Arts* issue.


*Central City Nights*, the fourth annual play festival at the old Central City opera house, was the most glamorous since the revival of this old Colorado mining camp in 1932. It was directed by Robert Edmund Jones. The old Teller House, into which President Grant once walked from his carriage on a pavement of silver bricks, was crowded with Denver socialites and eastern visitors.


Harry Hartwick, Iowan, brilliant author Continued on page 84

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**ATTENTION PLAYWRIGHTS**

The Montana Masquers announce their third annual one-act play contest open to everyone.

Plays accepted will be produced by the Montana Masquers either in the summer or fall of 1936.

A royalty of $10 will be paid for each play produced.

Manuscripts may be submitted any time before the deadline, March 1, 1936.

Manuscripts should be addressed to Barnard Hewitt, Director, Montana Masquers, Montana State University, Missoula, Montana.

Manuscripts will be read and reported on within a month of receipt. A criticism will be given only when requested.

Return postage must be enclosed, if the author desires his manuscript returned.

Plays by ALICE HENSON ERNST, (Oregon), RICHARD SULLIVAN, (Wisconsin), FLORENCE BAKALYAR (Iowa), and HELEN GENEVA MASTERS (Nebraska), have been accepted from previous competitions.

The Masquers hold this competition in the hope of making contact with new playwrights and of securing for production new one-act and later new full-length plays.
THE TRAIL TO MISSOULA

A. L. STONE

"Howdy, Stranger?"
That was the greeting to the traveler seventy-five years ago, when he emerged, footsore or saddle-weary, from the narrow defile of Hell Gate canyon and paused at the little settlement which had just begun its life in the ronde which is now called the Missoula valley.

It is the same salutation which greets the traveler in 1935 when he leaves the railway train which has followed the course of the trail of three-quarters of a century ago.

Every trail in the West has its story. The story of the Hell Gate trail which ends at Missoula is more than usually interesting.

Trodden first by the moccasins of the Selish, this trail has been followed by Indian warrior and inquiring white wanderer; it has been traveled by priest and prospector, by missionary and miner, by trader and trapper, by explorer and immigrant.

The first narrow footpath through the forest which early clothed the canyon was widened by the scratches of the travois poles as the Indian jaunts became more frequent. Came then the packtrain of the white and, a little later, his rumbling freight wagon. Next in natural sequence the stagecoach followed and the trail became a road of sorts.

The Indian was a good highway engineer. Two great transcontinental railway lines now wind their way through Hell Gate canyon but their locating engineers were unable to discover a better grade through the mountains than that which the Selish had blazed for their journeys back and forth.

Scenically, Hell Gate canyon is attractive. It has its beginning about seventy-five miles east of Missoula, where the Deer Lodge and Little Blackfoot rivers merge to form the stream which bears the name of the canyon, Hell Gate. Steep mountains form its walls and sheer, tinted cliffs close in upon the traveler at intervals. There are, here and there, broad mountain meadows where the canyon widens and verdant sweeps vary the monotony of the journey through the hills. Then abruptly the defile narrows again and the road hugs closely the rugged cliffs on one side with the river rippling below on the other. The western gate of the canyon is dramatic in the
touch which it gives to the scenic effect—a few miles of narrowed vista and the canyon ends; buttressed by sharply sloping mountains, Hell Gate opens and, without warning, the traveler is out of the hills. The canyon has become a broad, beautiful valley and just at the gateway is Missoula.

Whence the ominous name, Hell Gate, for such a delightful mountain pathway? Its recesses afforded perfect places of ambush and, especially in the little ronde just east of its western portal, there were many sanguinary encounters between the Selish and their foes, the Blackfeet and the Crows, from the eastern slope of the mountains. So the Selish gave it the name, Place-of-Dread, which the early French voyageurs paraphrased into Porte d'Enfer, later translated literally.

This pass through the continental divide may well be called, as far as Montana is concerned, The Canyon of Beginnings. Here was started practically every phase of the activity which transformed a wilderness into a famed commonwealth.

Along this trail in 1806 marched Captain Merriweather Lewis, eastward bound from the Pacific coast on his way to rendezvous with Captain Clark after their remarkable trip of exploration which gave to the United States the first detailed knowledge of the Northwest. The records of the expedition established the fact that the Lewis party camped at noon, July 4, upon the present site of Missoula. This is the first official mention of the canyon.

It was twenty years after Captain Lewis’ march that a group of Christianized Iroquois Indians came over this trail. They had fled before the crowding whites all the way from their Mohawk home. They remained with the Selish, who adopted them into the Bitter Root tribe. It was from them that the Selish learned of Christianity, and the desire to know more of the New Gospel led to that series of Selish journeys to St. Louis between 1833 and 1839 which resulted in 1841 in the coming of Father Peter DeSmet and his companions who, journeying down through Hell Gate canyon blazed the first
trail into Montana which did not turn back. The Mission of St. Mary’s was established and the first permanent white settlement in what is now Montana was founded.

The canyon and the Missoula valley were in 1841 mapped as a part of the Oregon country. White settlement of the Pacific coast was rapid in the next decade—gold was discovered in California, the wealth of the Willamette and the Puget sound regions became known. Washington territory was cut off the Oregon map and Missoula and the Hell Gate were in the severed portion.

In 1853 General Stevens, the new governor of Washington, came with his retinue through Hell Gate. In addition to his normal executive duties, Governor Stevens had been assigned two special tasks—the one, to make treaties with the Indian tribes; the other, to make a survey to determine if it were possible to find a practical route for a railway through the mountains and to the coast.

By courier he made appointment with the chiefs of the Selish nation for a council in the Missoula valley at which definite agreement was made for a formal council to be held two years later. At that council, July, 1855, the first treaty between the federal government and Montana Indians was agreed upon and signed. It established the reservation system. This first treaty was signed at Council Grove, a few miles below the canyon’s gate. It was at the crossroads of the east-and-west and the north-and-south trails. It was but natural that a town should be located at this intersection, as more and more travel developed. Captain Christopher P. Higgins and Baron Cornelius O’Keeffe, who had been members of the Stevens expedition, returned to this valley—Higgins with Frank L. Worden as partner, to found the first mercantile establishment in Montana and O’Keeffe to locate a great farm, which yet bears his name.

Lieutenant Mullan of the artillery corps was the engineering officer of the Stevens expedition. He spent two winters in this region, making surveys and careful study of the rainfall and explorations of the passes through the ranges, east and west. As a result of his report, he was ordered to construct a military road from Fort Walla Walla in Washington to Fort Benton in Montana. He built the first graded highway through the Rocky mountains.

Meanwhile a trading post had been established near St. Mary’s mission by Major John Owen; one row of its adobe barracks yet stands. A halfbreed, Benetsee, had shown Major Owen some gold which he said he had panned in a stream which flows into the Hell Gate fifty miles east of Missoula. Major Owen did not attach much importance to Benetsee’s story, but he related it to a party of young men who were his guests in 1858.

So in the spring of that year, James and Granville Stuart, Reese Anderson and Tom Adams journeyed up the Hell Gate trail. They found the stream and they found the gold, the first authentic discovery in the gulches of Montana, which were destined to yield hundreds of millions of yellow dust and nuggets.

Gold creek is the name which has been given to the stream in which the first Montana gold was found. Up it, above the dis-
covery point, there is now operating a great dredge which is adding to the total of the millions already credited to the camps of Pioneer, Pike’s Peak and Yam Hill, which flourished in the placer days. At the mouth of the creek slumbers in decay the one-time bustling town of Gold creek.

Farther down the Hell Gate trail is another Town That Was—Bearmouth, “the little village at the mouth of Bear.” Northward from it extends Bear Gulch, whose sands yielded more than fifty millions in gold dust in the sixties. Up at the head of this gulch are quartz mines which are now being operated and trucks rumble where once pack mules furnished the only means of transportation.

Cramer gulch opens into the canyon a little way below Bearmouth, alongside Beavertail hill. It looks quiet enough now, but it was not always so. In this gulch, now a farming section, was fought the locally famous logging war, a battle between rival timber crews for the great yellow pine logs which were felled there.

The old town of Hell Gate was never large, but there was always something doing along its little street. Not only was the first mercantile business in Montana established there, but also the first saloon. Higgins-Worden store has become one of the great mercantile establishments in the Northwest, but Pete Bolt’s saloon lasted only about eighteen months. But it was in this saloon, cleared for the purpose, that the first trial by jury was held in Montana—it was Washington then—a trial presided over by Justice Henry Brooks, the proceedings being opened with proper dignity but interrupted by a riot when the opposing attorneys resorted to physical force when weight of argument failed.

In the Higgins-Worden store in January, 1862, was conducted the last of the vigilante trials in Montana. In a blinding blizzard outriders from Alder gulch rode down Hell Gate canyon in the night. They were after the stragglers of the Plummer gang and they found them at Hell Gate. Four of them were captured and convicted; the trial was of the typical vigilante procedure. By morning, four forms swung in the wind, suspended from the crossbar of a corral gate. Two others were found and executed the next day.

When one knows something of the events which have here been outlined, the ride through the canyon becomes more interesting. The ghosts of those who have traveled this trail in years agone ride with us. They found cordial greeting as they emerged from the mountain defile. And so it is today. There is that same welcome awaiting you when you ride out of Hell Gate into Missoula:

“Howdy, Stranger. ‘Light and rest your saddle.’

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—Thoreau.

**THE ROYAL FAMILY**

MORTON ELIOT FREEDGOOD

**JUSTICE**

Justice Fisher woke at four in the morning. He woke sweating, blinking into the hot gloom, and then he became aware of the lower part of his body, swollen, enormous, and unseen and unfelt in the dark. He screamed "Ada," once, and then his fear and pain caught him by the throat and he was unable to word his screams. Ada jerked awake and rolled over against him. He pushed her away with his hands claw-clenched, his body threshing, his screams coming hoarse and strangled from his throat.

Ada sat up, shrinking away from his beating arms, her eyes lost in the wide-screened whites. "What's de mattuh, Justice? Justice! What's de mattuh!" she whispered. Her whisper sizzled out against his scream. "Justice!" She could see Flora's white nightgown hanging in the doorway, moving towards them; she heard Jules' sounds coming stumbling across the room. Ada screamed "Justice!" and her voice broke up the dark, showing her Jules' sounds coming across the room. Ada screamed "Justice!" and her voice broke up the dark, showing her Jules with his hand on her shoulder, and Flora bending in a white arc over Justice.

"Hush up," Jules said. "Hush up, you hear, ma," with his hand on her shoulder shaking her quiet.

Across the bed Flora was shaking Justice, shouting against his harsh screams: "Shet, you damn ol' fool. Stap yo' carryin' on." She bent closer over him and shouted into his face: "I tole you, shet. You ain't daid yet, and you ain't nohow dyin'. Shet, shet, SHET!" Gradually his voice died away to a whisper, and then it was silent, with his head shuttling from side to side on the pillow and his hands cupped over his middle.

Jules said, "Light de lamp." Flora went across the room, a whiteness suspended from nowhere in the dark. She found a match on the table and put it lit to the lamp. The light spread yellow into the room, and she went back to the bed. Jules was bent over Justice, his head black and round, cutting off the yellow light and throwing a shadow on Justice's yellow face. Justice's hands were clutched between his thighs, unwilling against Jules' fingers trying to pick them off. Jules straightened up and said, "Go inta de udder room, y'all; I'll take care o' pa."

They went into the other room and sat down in the dark on the bed, warm yet with Flora's smell. Clyde was sleeping in a warm bundle well over on his own side of the bed. Flora rumpled her hair and yawned. "De ol' fool," she said.

Ada said dully, "Don' talk lak dat." "Ol' fool. De doctor tell him he hafta quit liftin' dem big crates by hisse'f. 'N den he go 'head 'spite de doctor an' get hisse'f hurted good." "Yo' pappy cain't give up his wukk, Flora."
Clyde began to snore very softly. Then he snorted sharply and turned over and slept soundlessly. Jules' voice came from the other room, blurred, unworded, beating down Justice's rattling with phlegm and with pain...

**Ada**

When Ada came into the kitchen there was bright yellow sun on the walls, and bright yellow broken up on the wooden table and on Jules' cup with little swimming flecks of dust in the black. She swept the crumbs of his eaten hoecake into the cup, and carried it to the cupboard. Then she made herself some coffee, and poured it into a cup, and soaked a piece of hoecake in it. When it was soft enough to masticate with her gums she lifted it out with her fingers and carried it dripping to her mouth.

After she had eaten she went out back of the house carrying a pan with hoecake soaked in water. Rafe came from his corner yelping, and snapped at her heels until she put the pan down. Then he bent his head into the pan and ate quickly, with his long silky ears dangling and his pale pink tongue pushing the mush into position.

Ada went back to the kitchen. She found a piece of pencil on the cupboard and did figuring on paper torn from a brown greased and darkened bag: Five dollars for Justice—or four, if he couldn't go in to work today . . . four, or maybe more, if it was a good week, for Flora . . . that makes nine or ten, and Jules brought home seventy-five cents on Thursday. Fifty cents for Miz Wryly's wash and fifty for Miz Birch's that was hanging on the line outside almost dry. Altogether about ten dollars, but the rent must be paid tomorrow, eight dollars. Pa would have to wait until next week or maybe after to get the truss.

She rubbed her gums with her forefinger. She would have to wait until Jules got a steady job. Unless she was lucky like Martha Loomis, who had bought old Mister Reamer's for five dollars from Sara when Mister Reamer died.

She put the pencil and paper behind the cupboard and went out in the yard to take down Miz Birch's wash. But first she had to tie up Rafe, because last week when she had her arms full of wash that she had just taken down he had jumped up and snapped at her, and all the wash had fallen into the dirt, and then she had to do it all over again, and Miz Birch was mad because it was late and didn't pay her for it.

**Jules**

Jules pushed open the sliding door of the Black Cat diner. Mister Robbins was standing behind the counter with his hands on his hips, talking to a man who was eating a doughnut with his coffee.

"'Mo' nin', Mistuh Robbins," Jules said.

Robbins said, "What you want?" without turning towards him, continuing to talk to the man who was eating.

Jules waited until Mister Robbins had finished talking, and then he said, "You tole me you was gonna let me do yo' dishes t'day."

"'Did I'?"

"'Yessuh.'"

Robbins said smiling to the man who was eating, "Did you hear what the nigger said? He said I told him he could wash my dishes today."
The man looked at Jules and laughed. "You tol' me yestuhday you was gonna need me t'day on 'count yo' reg'luh boy was sick."

"Did I tell you that?"

"Yessuh, you did, Mistuh Robbins."

"Do you remember what I told you I'd pay you?"

"Yessuh. Seventy-five cents."

"Seven—you goddamn lyin' nigger! I told you fifty cents." He turned to the other man. "'Cain't trust these niggers nohow. They just as soon lie as eat."

"But yestuhday you tol' me . . ."

Robbins turned on him fiercely. "You tellin' me I'm lyin'? I'll kick yo' pants outa here in 'bout two seconds."

The man who was eating said, "Do I have to eat with him standin' 'round stinkin' up the place?"

Robbins said, "If you want to wash them dishes get in back o' there right quick."

"Yessuh," Jules said. He went out of sight into the back part of the diner.

Robbins winked at the customer and said loudly, "Feature the nerve o' that nigger tellin' me what I told him I'd pay him."

**RUFUS**

Two years ago this month Rufus had graduated from the Normal School. The same afternoon he set out for home. He followed the road, walking in the dirt lining, kicking up fogs of brown Alabama dust. All afternoon he followed the road, hoping for a negro truckdriver to give him a ride. When the road became devious, branching off disconcertingly with no designating signs, he would climb down the side of the cut that walled the railroad tracks, and walk the south-going ties that looked like an endless picket-fence lying on its back.

At eight o'clock it began to get dark, and he climbed back onto the road, fearful of the swift unstopping trains that roared up to him, clicking along the tracks and sending him scrambling into the ditches. It had been dark about an hour when a truck slowed up beside him and then stopped. The driver said: "Want a ride?"

Rufe said, "Yessuh," and climbed up to the seat beside the driver. The truck started again, riding into its own light. Rufus looked at the driver and saw that he was a white man. He took his hat off and held it carefully on his knees. Whenever the ear lurches he grasped tightly to the door to keep from brushing against the driver.

Once the driver said to him, without turning his head from the road, "Where you bound for, boy?" Rufus told him, and after that they did not speak. Later the driver pointed ahead of him at the windshield to where the road branched off, and said: "I turn yonder."

Rufus said, "Thank you very much, suh, fo' yo' kindness." The driver nodded.

They bore down on the fork and the driver said, "Here."

Rufe halfopened the door, and still sitting, slipped one foot out on the runningboard, waiting for the driver to stop. When he saw that he was not going to stop he stepped out onto the runningboard with both feet, holding to the swinging door, and then he stepped off. The truck was past him, swaying rump-like, the red stoplight twinkling, and Rufe's feet were running, carrying him too fast towards the dark trees off the road. His feet were
still running, his body crouched, trying to straighten, when he rammed into a tree. He felt the blow flatten on his head, and he heard the bones in his neck cracking . . .

Flora

Miss Lila’s place was set well back off the street. It was a grey two-storied house umbrellaed by a high leaning magnolia tree. There was a small garden growing at the foot of the porchless steps leading straight up to the door. The door was a heavy oak one in which a round hole had been cut. The hole was covered inside with a piece of heavy cardboard, and it served as a grill.

Arthur opened the door for Flora. “You late fo’ de matinee, honey,” he said.

Flora walked past him and into the sittingroom. Miss Lila was on the couch talking to a tiredlooking middle-aged negro in overalls. None of the other girls were around. “Aft’noon,” Flora said.

Miss Lila turned her head on its thin stringy neck. “Where you been, girl? What you mean traipsin’ in here dis time o’ day! We been right smart busy, an’ you out moochin’ when—” she broke off suddenly and smiled and got up. “C’mere, honeylamb, I wants you t’ meet Mistuh Johns. Dis Mistuh Johnses fust visit here. Mistuh Johns may I present Miss Fisher. . . .”

Flora sat down on the sofa, and Miss Lila went out to take her post in a chair just outside the sittingroom. After a few minutes Flora came out followed by Mister Johns. She walked up four steps and stopped and stood fixing her hair while Mister Johns found a quarter deep in the pocket of his overalls. He handed the money to Miss Lila, who smiled and said, “’Bliged,” and smiled again and waved to him walking up the stairs behind Flora.

Later they came down the stairs, walking together, with Flora listening casually to Mister Johns talking to her earnestly. There was noise from the sittingroom, a man’s voice thick and stuttering, and a girl’s voice humming, and Miss Lila’s voice laughing. Miss Lila looked out of the room and said, “’Bye, Mistuh Johns. Hurry back, you hear.” Arthur opened the door and Mister Johns stepped aside to let three young negroes enter. Then he said, “’Bye,” to Flora, and nodded to Arthur and went out. Before the door closed behind him Flora said, “Hurry back.”

Clyde

After breakfast Clyde went into the yard and played games with Rafe. First he chased Rafe around the yard and then Rafe chased him, and then they wrestled, rolling on the ground, first Rafe on top and then Clyde, with Rafe growling playfully and snapping at Clyde’s clothes. Then he went down to Milgrim’s brook and he went wading with Bench and Carlton Binnis. After that they came back and played in front of the house with Carlton’s wagon that he had made with four old bicycle-wheels. About twelve o’clock Ada called to him and he went into the house.

He stood in the kitchen and watched Ada help Justice, walking with tight careful steps across the kitchen to his chair at the table. He sat down, and Ada served them with plates of okra and turniptops with lumps of pork mixed in. When they had begun eat-
ing Clyde asked Justice to tell him again about his great great great great great grampappy who was a king.

Justice told him about him, how he used to live in a place called Africa that was a million miles away, and he was the king of his village, what they called headman but it meant king, and there were no whitefolks there, only colored, and they didn’t wear any clothes only maybe a little piece of cloth. And he had a palace only it was made of straw and he had a lot of wives, even more than Solomon, and he was the smartest man and the strongest one and that was why he was king and everyone was afraid of him and respected him...

When he finished, Clyde said, “An’ was he sho’nuff my great great great great great grampappy?”

“He sho’nuff was,” Justice said. “An’ Flora’s an Jules’ an’ Rufus’ too?”

“Sho’nuff,” Justice said.

**TAUT**

_Elinor Lennan_

Glory in fierce, emphatic days,
When all the strings of life pull taut.
Out of the formless, placid maze
Cherish the hours that stab you. Thought
Periled may find a wider door
Than any it unhinged before.

**THE DRUMS OF DEATH**

_Norman Macleod_

You have come on a slender splinter of sunlight
(Morning over the hollow of the land),
And weariness has been the thread
Of your song.

The fields of yellow grain and the dark silver
Of oats coarse on the plain.

It will be nightfall not far hence,
Leaving the prairies a middle splendor
Journeying westward,
Where the ocean beats
At the death drum of our brains.
RIVER MOUTH CITIES

Tom Bair

Terwah is down
    and the river will carry long dugouts no more
over the bar and under the fog.

Orick is down
    and the pits of the sweat-house remember alone
the odor of willow and ochre and smoke.
    Salmon, the grey eels, rushing over
the salt sand, are the ghosts of dark sweet soft-sky
yesteryears, Indian seasons of fog and pale sunshine
and plenty; are the ghosts of netters watching the tides
under the flames of their great fir torches; are the
timid ghosts of quiet children.

Wiyot is down
    in the low mounds of clam shells, in the whispering
spit-sand. Wiyot is down in the cool clean graves
of old lagoon men; moulders of dreams, of untold legends,
of water reflecting the bright warm wound in the dead
buck's throat over the hunter's back at sunset.
    Dark, dark———current and tide.
Dark, dark is the meeting over the bars of youthful
snow-water singing the song of inland ranges and weary
wave crests curling the colors of dusky memory
against the foot of the great red bluffs where tall fires
guided the boatmen home and women, waiting, dissolved
their fear in the spread of mountains, sea and sky.

What will be said
    and what will come of a people that dwelt in the
cities of turf and split-board?
    What will be said and what will come of
these cities of Terwah and Orick and Wiyot?
    What shall be said that will speak their
decline and the dream of their power or will fill the heart,
when in the sand is discovered a polished elk-horn spoon,
and pelicans, over the waves in scalloped flight,
are seen at dusk, cold symbols out of the dream of
distance and of time?
THE DEEP SEA

DAVID E. KRANTZ

It was the first time he'd been on the water; so he stood on the wooden seat and stared out of the window. Although the window was closed, his mother had one of his legs gripped tightly; her hand was warm and sticky through his black stocking.

Sultry green waters tossing, the pulsating motion in the very wood of the ferry . . . the sea-birds swooping and resting on the surfaces . . . the sotted rubbish heaving lazily, here a broken chair, ludicrous in an upright position . . . the swish and hissing, the thick, white, foamy seethe . . . it was new to him and from the window he drank it in and was excited.

This was something, his heart sang; and behind him people talked and laughed and argued, or were still with the soporific rise and fall of summer river, and didn't seem to know what the river meant, what it held in some unutterable voice and tongue, what it contained in its very core and being, what strangeness . . . but he knew, and though he could not find easy articulation, still he understood.

He trembled and strained his little neck and his thin face reflected some inner holiness, his eyes burned with that crazy light. Sharp elbows digging into the sooted sill, dirty palms and fingers suctioned against the dusty pane . . . then swiftly, everything behind and around him became unreal, dimmed, softened to nothingness and only out there, under a white sky he lived . . . and the river widened and the hazy shores swept apart and the whiteness came down close to him. The vista was flattened and distended, but almost as swiftly a blink of his eyes restored it to naturalness, and his mother was holding his leg again and behind him people were laughing and talking in many voices.

But he didn't forget, and though he had never been on the water before, his senses cried recognition, mysteriously, unaccountably; and while his tongue couldn't fashion one word so that he could speak it to others there was something, some surge and rhythm inside of him that could, in its own way, sing it. A cataraet of wild sound was raging in his heart, and that sound was utterance, was an orderly picture of the beauty outside, when the naked features had been intensified—but if he had cried out with that strange singing, it would have been chopped, inchoate.

Even in the train, long after the ferryboat had been nailed to its haven of lashed logs, he remembered the river vividly.

The train ride was long. He sat by the smudged window, his mother quiet at his side. A thin rain had started to fall and now the flying countryside was tinged a deep olive green and the clouds had settled into a murky layer of scud. Although it was early afternoon a darkness had sifted earthward; soon the sky grew to heavy gloom and sadness. The train lights were a feeble, tarnished gold, a sick crying against the outward pall, dull and depressing. It was meaningless, it weighed on him, it filled his little body with an emptiness—he closed his eyes and would have slept and dreamt.

. . . Sometimes, rocked in night
shadow, he was again part and being of a wide, lilting rhapsody, finding strength and meaning and substance; now, opening his eyes in a short while, the deep monotony of rain and the unending motion of the train smote him full in the face. He wasn’t aware of his crying until his lips tasted the salt tears.

He wept silently for many minutes, with no great sobbing but with a grief that may have found its birth in his own dark beginning, and other beginnings before him—the sorrow not of many men, but of one, one straight, naked man in his first nascent darkness, weeping and wailing in a long obscurity of faded centuries... then his mother took him and pressed his face to her soft breasts and whispered in his ear.

It would end soon, he needn’t cry. Come, her boy wasn’t a baby any longer. His aunt would greet them and he could have cakes and chocolates, and see the country, the big trees, the curving hills, the white farmhouse... didn’t he remember his aunt? She had come last year and brought him that building-set.

It’s broken, he sobbed, it’s broken! and wept with a new bitterness.

His mother caressed him, her fingers playing smoothly on his fierce black hair. But could his mother understand? How many times had he hidden his wet face so that she would never know?

His weeping had never been for himself or his toys, or his failures and frustrations. At odd times something rose choking and poignant to his throat and pressed the tears to his eyes suddenly. But he couldn’t tell why, he couldn’t tell why!

... Fighting with that little wop-boy outside school that day, the quick thrusts and blows, the rushing sound in his ears that closed out the cheering of the older boys and the girls in white middies who had formed a small circle and urged them both on, the feel of his fist on a watery mouth, the pain in his own stomach, the blood which came from his nose in a gush, the red blindness and then his defeat, in a snap, when he lay on the sidewalk, bruised and broken. They had lifted the other boy to their shoulders and carried him off, cheering, and those who remained just stared. Then picking himself up, he had gone home, but he hadn’t cried one tear!

He wouldn’t even tell his mother, and the fight forgotten, that night he had suddenly burst into tears on the white bed, and wept—for many hours. It wasn’t the fight, it was something else... he couldn’t tell what.

When he heard that his aunt would be waiting at the station he felt ashamed and secretly rubbed his sleeves on his cheeks; and then he was standing near the door as the whistle in front screeched once or twice and the train slowed down with a check and gasping of tremulous steel.

He was lifted off the steps by a huge man with a red beard, his uncle, and his aunt bent down and kissed him hungrily, leaving his cheeks wet. Then they were in a black car that sped over a grayish-blue road past lone stretches of field and an occasional house set off a way from the road. The rain swept by in gusts, and above not a bird relieved the desolate, arched wastes.

They turned off the smooth road and bumped over a rutted, brown one. The wheels lifted muddy sprays. They were jostled. He sat on the front seat,
next to his uncle, who was driving. His aunt said it was a shame, this awful rain, and with the sun shining he could have played in the fields. She said, It would be like this the first time he came and visited me! She said, What makes him so sleepy-eyed, so pale—his eyes are sunken, isn’t he getting enough sleep?

His mother sighed, He’s such a strange boy.

He sat with them at the kitchen table after they had eaten, and listened.

... And the tomatoes lower by the bushel, so what sort of money is there for the farmer... whatever happened to that Marroway girl, you know, who ran away with that boy from... but I’ll say this about all hired-men, they’re... and her baby is still measling... twenty-one years they lived near us and we were the best of friends until... who opened a dance-hall with a bar and everything but it’s too far in the hills... well, his mortgage is paid off but... yes, but in the city...

The droning talk made him sleepy and when he would have dozed off, the food warm inside of him, an unrest shook antagonistic fingers and stirred him to stark wakefulness. After a desultory wandering about the house, peering timorously into black closets and a room where a sewing-machine slept in the dust of Sabbath rest, and into bedrooms, white and green in color, he found himself in a tiny room, with drapes and paintings, and small narrow windows.

It was still raining; if anything, the gloomy heavens seemed mingled more with the cloudy mists of ground, until in his great imagination the white farmhouse swam in the dusky expanses of night and dawn. Thinking again of the river, something stirred in his heart that wouldn’t give him peace, that thrashed about in his bloodstream seeking escape, seeking birth....

Then the piano took form in his consciousness. He observed it gravely; it was different from any piano he’d ever seen. It was small. Straining on his toes he could touch the top of it. It was black, but with a rich, viable blackness. On each side of a gaudily scrolled music-rack two candle-holders, yawning like holes in a hard earth, were encrusted with sculptured tallow streams. It seemed to be sleeping, seemed caught in a paroxysm of frozen inertia—an old, strange piano. Its hidden melodies seemed buried forever, sang sadly of other years and customs, of loves now decrepit and interred under summer-sun and winter-sun. The blue dust of patient years grew on its burnished mahogany until it was as a halo sacrosanct to memory alone. It stood lonely, forlorn, in a corner of the room.

He stood before it humbly, and lifting the cover saw a symmetrical array of yellowing ivory. It was really a very small piano. He could almost span it with outstretched arms; trying to do so his fingers touched lightly two variant keys. A single tone was evoked, a mellow tone echoed by the tinkling resonance of the lighter key. It was a startling tone; it fell upon the body of the room with a cruel insistence, emptying it of all its thoughts, drove away its secrets and made nothing of its once-upon-a-time glories. He was drawn to it and his marrow flowed down between the yellow keys; it seemed that never before had he been drawn so close to anything, or anyone.

Vaguely he understood it was all
woven into one piece—the green river, the nebulous night-shadow, his crying for inscrutable reasons, the deep pounding music of whole worlds and swift minutes . . . everything in his past and in his future seemed tied to the rare moment as he stood before the old piano.

The rush of the seas came to him in bright whispers; he touched a far note with his left forefinger, and pressed it again and again—and now he had the deep sea. It was remarkable, magnificent!

Here and there he touched other keys, some black and mute, others triumphant and gravid with sound . . . softly and swiftly meaning came to him. Some of the sounds were far away, others held permanence in his thoughts and hearing. There were uncounted variations and combinations of tone, each different from the other but part of a whole, like stars in the night sky.

The seas came to him in whispers, and his fingers sang their great songs . . .

Of soft tides and flowings of gentle country brooks, of ripple and billow on mighty Okhotsk under the yellow disc of sun. Of blue-white depths in the Mindinao and white crests in the ice-laden waters of the far Arctics . . . of the changing greenness and the reflection of low-hanging sky by day, and the still gloom of midnight when the undefined clouds shelter the shy moon-maiden. Of Amazon in the fearful jungle where the beasts howl weirdly, of the endless Nile that laps at the crumbling feet of once-powerful dynasties, of muddy Jordan where a great faith was born, of the yellow Euphrates where was the cradle and the creation . . . of the antipodes and distant littorals where men speak strange tongues, of a ragged beggar of the sea calling to it for his bread and fortune.

This the child could see, could hear as he saw, could feel with the fingers of his soul; this he felt coming to him in surge and swell, this he fashioned in old rhythm and new rhythm never thought of before—and feeling and seeing and hearing could not yet fashion one word so that others could understand him, and his sounds and his music.

The seas came to him in their own whispers; in confidence they came. They sang to him of eternal unrest and tossing, and a brown man at that moment dying and sinking in a churn and struggle. The eternal peace, and the unrest again . . .

They sang to him of new conceivings in ancient hours, of small birds piping their thin threnodies from naked boughs over steep falls, of the fury of squall and typhoon that falls down on ships and scatters their pitiful contents like grains of dust, of prayers in the loneliness, of cowardice and earthly fear and passioned screaming, of the last few silences, of the sogged derelict tossing, tossing . . .

The haunting whispers of the sea, older than man and his golden idols, older than his creeds and his stone houses, more lasting than his ephemeral glories, more known to him in its moods and never understood in its might. The haunting whispers of the sea, attuned only to the gentle songs of man.

The seas spoke to him; and he saw himself sailing a frail craft over uncharted waters, afraid but still. And many centuries tugged on his heart with an awful weight; but strangely
he could bear this weight. The seas
 came to him, sang to him, the seas
 opened their deep hearts for him.

Come tempest and gale, come ty-
phoon and beating storm, come rain
unto rain—thus it was in the begin-
ning, thus would it end.

The child understood this, for hadn’t
this been his unrest and his darkness?
And he built tonal effects with incondi-
tate skill, capturing nevertheless its
color and sadness, its change and
strength, its cruelty and its wide magni-
nicence. His little fingers played on
the keys with a great, driving speed....

They were still talking in the kitch-
ен; after a while he came to them.

Was that you fooling around with
that piano? his mother asked.

His aunt asked, Does he play?
He came to his mother. You must
get me a piano, he said, you must.

His aunt said, But he can take this
one. It hasn’t been used in twenty
years. It’s old and out of tune.

Would you give it to me? he de-
manded eagerly, not daring to believe
they would really.

His uncle shrugged heavy shoulders
and his round beard shimmied with his
speaking. Sure you can have it, it
only takes up space here.

Can I have it, really have it? Will
it be mine? I’ll play on it every day,
he added hopefully, praying with all
his might, Let them give it to me, God,
let them give it to me!

His aunt said, We don’t need it. It’s
an old French piano that’s out of tune;
no one ever plays on it.

His uncle said, A neighbor left it
with us once, but he never came back
for it. He was a little man with long
hair and sick eyes. Maybe he’s dead
now.

His mother said nothing.

It was late at night when they were
on the ferryboat again. Now, stand-
ing by the window, he could see noth-
ing outside but many lights, singly and
in sprays, golden in the concentrated
blackness. It was the river in death.

Shall we put the piano in my room,
he asked anxiously, or will it—
Piano! his mother exclaimed, that
piece of firewood!

Despair blanketed him in black waves
and anguish shot through his heart.
But mother, he began . . . and could get
no further.

. . . Wouldn’t take that piece of junk
into the house, his mother was saying,
rather angrily, but he wasn’t listening
to her. He was sinking through earth
and mud and water, back to an old
beginning.

GULF

HELEN MARING

Despair is abysmal. The gulf of woe
Knows the depths where a heart may go,
Knows that bottomless grief is found
Beyond the starlight, below the ground.
Nothing can measure the loss of hope;
Agony swings on a death-hung rope.
AS THE NIGHT FALLS
Gladys M. LaFlamme

My father’s hands were the man’s hands
   Firm
   shaped to the plough
   indifferent:
At night they were still.

Mine are the unmanly   the woman’s hands
   Held to the shape of words
   indefinite:
At dusk they are the moving   the unstill.

Dark   the incurious   the weightless
Falls like an ash
   and is mute
Over the unquiet
   and the still.

DE CORPORE MORTIS HUIUS
Milien Brand

Grey to black clouds that point
over the inlet (atoms swerved,
unfallen scarf), here anoint
out of storm and storm-curved
edges an hour decently sad
—the surf has cast in just now a woman dead.

Scroll of struggle on the wet
sand, one dark ribbon
(weed) closes her nostrils that
breathed the sea, sets in
her tied arms its continuing sign
of the larger binding life had been:

for days that moved in sun and air
fastened need on her breath
more gasping than the waves are
descended, and not death
went with her in the sea’s room
but the necessitous request of home.
Here was something Frances wanted to know. Her question needed careful approach, because when Jim saw it coming, unless he'd been amused into an answering mood, he'd tell her about a swell mystery story he'd been reading in which the motive for the murder was a mole.

When Jim grew alliterative, or Anglo-Saxon profane, it was just as well to wonder aloud whether the button chrysanthemums would blossom before the heavy frosts.

Looking into the wing mirrors of the dressing-table, Frances was assured that the braid of her dark hair was coiled to its usual perfect contradiction of her inquisitive nose. Even Jim couldn't always tell whether to respect the queen's coronal or tweak the imp's nose, and he usually compromised with a threatened slap to her posterior that never quite landed.

Frances meant to see that it never did. The arrested gesture was a constant minor triumph for her, but her desire to speculate about it now gave way to the immediate consideration of the powder on her nose. She looked younger with a highlight there, and she used a fresh puff to induce one.

Better. Distinctly better. But now her mouth, full and soft, with a sweet curve, crashed a discord in the harmony she was composing. She didn't want to look like a hussy tonight. The thought provoked a smile which she repressed as she wiped lipstick off her mouth.

If she were to go into this thing with laughter all ready to burst, it would be no trick at all for Jim to make her revert to the chrysanthemums, and a certain gnawing doubt would grow into a nuisance if she didn't lay it pretty soon. Her methods had often enough coaxed answers from Jim, but never when her own amusement crimped her technique.

She heard Jim come in downstairs, but he'd be raiding the refrigerator after his duty dinner in town. With his mouth full, he could hardly be expected to appreciate the something special about her tonight. A nice sense of timing suggested delay.

With the utmost seriousness she withdrew her two profiles from the wing mirrors of the dressing-table, to regard her full reflection in a long mirror on the closet door.

The white dress was certainly as good a contrast with her dark skin as the coronal was with her nose. Smocking at the shoulders enhanced what was already good, and at the wrists did something fascinating to her slim brown hands. The long narrow skirt tapered expertly to green sandals.

As she reached for some coral knitting on amber needles, she heard Jim go into the living room. While she waited until he should have had time to read the headlines in the evening paper, she watched herself knit. Then, before he could become engrossed, she went down.

Jim was sitting in a big chair just inside the door of the living room. He looked over the edge of his paper for a casual invitation to be kissed, but when he saw her, he lumbered out of his chair to give her a "Hello, Beautiful," and a light kiss.
"Sit down," she laughed. "I don't merit so much attention."

"Your entrance had all the dignity of an approaching situation," said Jim, resuming his chair and reaching to a tabouret for his briar.

Frances disposed herself and her knitting in a Windsor chair near a lamp whose light would do justice to her nose.

"It's been quiet today," she said. "I'd like to chatter."

Jim drew at his pipe and remarked, "That was good aspic, Beautiful."

Food was almost as tricky a diversion as murder mysteries. "Crook," she said. "That was for tomorrow."

"No aspic should stand that long. You're getting too forehanded lately."

"I have a club meeting tomorrow morning," said Frances, jerking her ball of yarn to release the thread. "Had to be forehanded. Who was at the dinner?"

"Puggy Jenkins."

"Oh. Who won?"

"He did. Ten dollars and eighty cents for balloons at the tennis dance."

Jim put another match to his pipe and changed his big chair to flop on a davenport nearer Frances. He could see in the dark, of course, but Frances welcomed his closer scrutiny, which he performed apparently without looking at her.

"You don't really want to chatter about the dinner," he said. "You're pretty orchidaceous."

He was gazing at her now, lazily. His moving to the davenport might have been altogether encouraging if he hadn't exaggerated his air of expectancy. Frances never could understand his ability to suspend comment when he knew what she was up to.

That he never asked a question when he didn't know put her at a disadvantage. This time she'd mark time by flirting a little.

"I always look nice," she said. "But I admit I'm special tonight. I wanted to ask you why you didn't wait for me at the club Saturday."

"You said you'd be out at five. I waited half an hour, and I got tired of waiting."

"You didn't think I was trying to show the girls how attentive my husband is?"

"I think a lot of things about you, but not that you're stupid." Jim was talking around the stem of his pipe, which he removed to add, "If that's all, I'll go back to the paper. Seems a bit trivial for so much scenic effect though."

"Perhaps I wanted you to make love to me."

Jim put his pipe down on the arm of the davenport.

"Come on over," he invited.

"No. Not like that. Like this: I'm crazy about your crooked nose and little, smart eyes and bald head and the way you bumble."

"We've been married two years," said Jim, stretching.

Frances laughed. "All you said then was 'Let's get married,'" she reminded him.

"We weren't children."

"We weren't in the grunting stage of articulation, either."

"So now you're afraid I'm not so crazy about you as you are about me. Well, Beautiful..."

"Stop that."

"All right, Frances. I like your bright mind, and the way you don't imitate men when you smoke. I like
the way you greet guests, and the way you talk to children. We ought to have some."

There was a topic that wasn’t going to be discussed tonight. France’s sharp little teeth flashed in laughter again. She talked fast. “Yes. But I belong to three clubs and I play golf and I’m up on the latest in the Abyssinian situation and I don’t keep a maid. Now if you’re going to go into the narrow worlds of housewives, we may as well get to the murders at once.”

“I like the way you don’t snore,” finished Jim.

“I was trying to talk about love.”

“Like isn’t such a bad word,” commented Jim. “But I do love your little brown paws and the straight seams in your stockings.”

“I know how observant you are. You needn’t catalog. But you’ll be telling me in a minute about the mole-motivated murder.”

“The mole is a pretty devious little animal.”

“And here I thought all the time you meant a kind of wart.”

“You didn’t think any of the time I meant a kind of wart.”

“I didn’t then. You tell me what I’m thinking ten miles before I get there. I wish you’d ask something besides ‘Where’s my shirt?’ just once, and I’d fix you.”

“I certainly don’t know where you’re going this time. I’ll ask the question.”

Jim sat up to flip two burned matches toward the fireplace across the room. They landed on the rug. Frances picked them up and put them in a tray on an end table at the foot of the davenport. She moved the table to a place beside Jim.

“‘Thank you, Beautiful,’” grinned Jim.

Frances resumed her knitting. “Question, please,” she said.

“You didn’t want to know about the dinner. Nor about my leaving you last Saturday. Nor whether I can make love.”

“Mole, yourself,” said Frances.

“Just what did you want to know?”

“The setting was the veranda at the Chapman’s a week ago Friday.”

Jim tamped his pipe, missing the little tray with the ashes, and waited as Frances flipped the ball of yarn again and twined the slack about her third finger.

“I was sitting in the long chair in the corner under the vines when you came out to smoke.”

“You were dancing with Blake.”

“He was pie-eyed, and stopped for another drink. So I went out through the library.”

“And then I came out, and you worshiped my powerful torso and pig eyes from your corner.”

“I couldn’t see your eyes. You were just throwing your fag away, when little Vivacity Smithikins came out.”

“Kitty.”

“Perhaps. Anyhow, she put her arm through yours and snuggled.”

“Canst work i’ the ground so fast?”

“That’s the mole again, I suppose.”

“The mole does get there at last.”

Frances dropped her knitting and rested her hands on the arms of her chair. “Why didn’t you kiss her when she asked you to?” she asked.

“For the same reason that I didn’t wait for you. I didn’t want to.”

“She’s very pretty.”
“I’m accustomed to pulchritude.” Jim yawned honestly. “I’ll read the financial sheet now, if the point of the chatter is settled.”

He dragged himself off the davenport and resumed the chair where he’d left the paper.

He was bored, but even at the risk of irritating him, Frances had to know what she had to know.

“If you had wanted to, would you have kissed her?”

“Of course.”

He rustled the paper as he folded it back to the financial page.

Frances rolled up the ball of yarn and thrust the needles into it. That yawn hadn’t been so good, but she had reserved an extrication from any relegation to stupidity, though she didn’t get to it at once.

“Coming to bed soon?” she asked, as she got up.

“Pretty soon.”

She started toward the door, but stopped in the middle of the room.

“There’s a moral to it,” she said.

Jim looked at her over the edge of the paper. “Not one that you got!” he exclaimed.

“Yes. The Pandora story would have been a better one had the box been empty.”

Jim lowered the paper. “Tell me, Beautiful,” he said, “did you phrase that sentence before the chatter began?”

“Yes, of course.”

And as she passed his chair, a quick, graceful reverse curving of her body once more eluded her husband’s slap.

**DOWN GLACIER WAY**

**KARI C. GOULD**

Man has carved bewildering things, but no man could have carved a crystal creeping hill; left unblazed ways on sheerness, wielded so, north of the sun, such boundless sweeping skill. White master of the solitudes, you hold the memory of the clamor and the din when cataracts were poured into a mold and brushes, dripping blue, dipped in; when restless liquid fingers drew a bridge across clear onyx and the hanging gardens of the snow swords grew stand on fragile shimmering stand; when ripples of the wind danced on the floor new laid in silver; and Aurora’s glow lighted the crackling caverns more and more till splendor lived in one continuous flow. Now as we walk on reverent questing feet beneath a glacier’s finished minarets our steps instinctively retrace the beat of rhythms from the Arctic castanets.
THEY reached Pueblo’s freight yards that second night away from home. Gary, alone, might have become another of those lost tramps who choose a stretch of rail to smear out the hopeless present. More likely, he would have endured the stench within him and returned to his home and its shame of insecurity. But Donovan was with him, and upon Donovan rested the decisions. Gary walked beside his dark bulk through the cindered yards, crawling over cold iron couplings, avoiding direct glints from red and green signal lights, walking away from the loosely clanking switch engine and the eternal ringing of its bell. He smelled the sourness of his own garments, and he tasted the futility and black hopelessness within a man who has no home and no tomorrow. He said nothing to Donovan and Donovan said nothing to him. Each was aware that his own emotions and thoughts were not unique. The agony of clinging to the pitching top of the fruit express over Tennessee Pass had so dulled them that speech was an effort, a fruitless increase of weariness.

Donovan sensed the intangible guideposts which place a jungle, and Gary followed him because there was nothing else to do—nothing more to do but sleep. They found the levee easily enough and the dark space of weeds, quietness, and summer night, which men had used before them and had contaminated as animals must.

There was a tree in the center of the field and sleeping men were huddled on the barren ground under it, spending the night in accordance with their need and their wealth. Donovan and Gary did not lie down with them. Two days of misery are not sufficient to cause a man to seek the warmth of a stranger; and they found a rank growth of weeds, upon which Donovan laid the smoothness of two cardboard packing boxes he had picked up near the yards.

On this bed Gary sank into an instant dream that he had been pitched from the top of the express train and was plunging down upon the rail. He heard his choked half-scream as he struggled to save himself, and awoke. He stretched the numbness and stiffness in his legs, felt the keen wound of a lingering caress from the cold night air, and moved closer to the warmth of Donovan. Freda would be sleeping now between the softness and comfort of woolen blankets upon the softness and comfort of a bed; and, after he returned to sleep, he dreamed of her and the warmth and nearness of her bridal body in the fresh bed. But it was not her warmth and nearness; it was the sun upon his stomach, and it was not the weight of her arm upon him, but the arm of Donovan.

He sat up from the labored uneasiness of Donovan’s breathing, as the hot Colorado sun spread the odor of these men’s privacy through the jungle. Gary had not yet become inured to the natural expedients of unhoused men; and the odor and the sight were intensely revolting. He stood upon the tottering weakness of his legs and retched his sickness upon the ground.

Donovan arose from his side of the bed, loosening his cap from his cindered forehead and rumple of black hair, pushing his tongue thickly around the
unwashed condition of his teeth. He pulled his cap back down, and slipped an arm around Gary's convulsing body, holding him easily, one hand upon Gary's forehead. Gary swayed in the revulsion that turned within him and the easy strength of Donovan held him so that presently he could relax and swallow upon the bitterness within his mouth and throat.

He walked with Donovan's arm about him to the hydrant at the end of the alley wedged between the coal yard and the jungle and washed his face with the soap which a wet-bodied negro prof ered him. "Here, boss, wash up with that." There was that in the negro's face and voice which Gary accepted as he had accepted the arm of Donovan. Without words he recognized sympathy.

He washed his face in the water which the City of Pueblo, or the coal company at its edge, furnishes without charge; and the water struck the smooth gleaming board and splashed upon his dusty shoes and corduroys, sprayed into the blue suds of the negro's washing and into the black miasma of mud. The water was cold upon his face, fresh from high mountains, and with the grime from his face it washed away the deeper contamination so that Gary felt once again that he had not died and might still view the end of that day though he never see the sun tomorrow.

Donovan sat Gary under the tree they had avoided during the night.

"You need something hot in that lean gut of yours, my rabbit friend," he said, looking down from the shadowed space above the red trunk of his neck. "I'll do the scoffing today. You take it easy while you harden up a bit. There's no use both of us begging. I can handle it all right until you feel a bit better, more like yourself."

A good rich tenor voice was Donovan's, qualified with the penetration of a gimlet and the bite of a sharp file.

Gary watched the blue sweater and gray cap of Donovan disappear around the sharpened stakes of the coal yard fence, and he felt the ruthlessness of this strange world separated from him now only by the friendship of Donovan. Before, there had been Freda. After Gary's father had said plainly and yet uneasily hurt that he could no longer support them, that Gary must get out and look for work, he had been willing enough to leave her, to kiss her goodbye at the foot of the orchard, and glad enough to feel the genuineness of his emotion at the sight of the tears in her eyes as her touch left his. Her hair had shone redly in the late sun, as it had shone that first afternoon he saw her when her eyes had responded with boldness to his Byronic posture in the university hallway. Now that he was away from her he could see her more clearly, and he could see that she was more true and worthy than he had known at home. Home: the rich fragrant smell of home and the pantry, fruit bottled in bright rows, red raspberries soaking in their own juice, the dark ripened aroma of home-baked bread welling from the lifted crock lid; her pleasant face pleasantly flushed, and Hulda's brawny arms pressing out a layer of white pie dough; the white tile gleam of the kitchen sink, clean, fresh, fragrant.

Three fires were going in the weed-filled lot, and around each curl of blue smoke lounged a group—old men, young men, negroes, and, in one of the groups, a white woman in a red sweater.
A man in whose bearing Gary read a relish for hoboing akin to his other perversion, squatted loosely upon his heels over a competent fire of sticks, frying in a tin plate a layer of steaming hamburger. The man was crowned with a brightness of new silver cap, visor turned back from the red flesh of his face, and gray stubble of bony jaw. "Scoff me up some wood, punk," he said to a boy. The boy shielded his hands and leather wristlets over a match and dragged smoke from a cigarette. "Rats to you. I got you the meat, didn't I? Didn't he tell you he'd break your damn neck the next time you showed around? Scoff your own damn sticks." He flung a broad chip to the cook. The old man broke it below his red face with his dark fingers, and banked the pieces against the fire. "This is better'n wood. Ask any old timer."

The woman in the red sweater blew her nose gently and efficiently between two practiced fingers, much as her plebeian ancestors in the Mayflower might have done; and polished off on the loose red sleeve. Gary turned his head and swallowed with all his strength. But the noises of this nation's bulwark were upon him, the spitting of old men, coughing of raw dusty throats, pungent simmering of stale hamburger, hot lifting of wind from the spoor of humanity, the violently loud cursing of young boys, deep lapping of negro laughter, and the sickening stare of sunken eyes and sunken mouth of an old man, lying this warm and pleasant day of his old age in the shadow of a levee tree, sick of a cancerous cheek.

In this loss, this black change from the home he had known, Gary sat, aching with the knowledge there was no hope of earning a living, no hope of ever getting anywhere. Donovan returned when the sun was higher and hotter, and brought with him rolls and coffee. On the ash-covered coals which the man with the gray stubble had left, Donovan broke a handful of twigs. The circumstances which had ground Gary into a state that had no expression brought to Donovan a flush of words. "This is the life, my bonny baby boy. This is the life. By God, sink your teeth into the rump of this splendor; here's the fair mantle of this gracious morning flung about this city and these bright inhabitants of our land." He poured a handful of coffee upon the surface of water steaming in the black can. "There's a woman for you, fleshpots like wine sacks of the finest quality, fashioned from skins of goats from Gilead and fitly set. Oh, Beloved, I will get me unto thy hill of frankincense. I will skip like a young roe upon the hills, and thy belly shall be like the smell of a jungle, fresh and fragrant and spiced in the morn." The coffee began to boil and Donovan lifted it from the fire with a stick through the bale, dropping only a few pieces of bark into the brew. Gary long remembered that moment, Donovan's face ruddy, eyes narrowed against the coil of smoke, Donovan crouched on his thick haunches paraphrasing the Song of Solomon, lifting a black can of coffee steaming from the hot ashes, a picture that was a knot for the entire bundle of his first day in an American jungle.

Donovan offered to the old man of the foul cheek the coffee which was left; and the old man drank the few dregs without a sign of thanks, as though he had begged the makings himself and brewed the drink with his own hand.
The mat of gray hair which covered his head made an elegant and distinguished frame about the sooty bottom of the can which blotted out the sourness of his face.

They saw the old man again on the road to Chicago, in the same box car as they, humping across the dreariness of Kansas. He sat at the opposite side of the car, swaying with the pitch and buck of the car, his rheumy eyes protected by closed lids from the hot wind and dust of the vast plains which reached into the gray sun.

Donovan slept on the wooden floor, his dark head rolling loosely in the cradle of his arm, his face red with sun and windburn, nose pugnaciously turned upward from circles of grime, and saliva drooling from his half-open mouth upon dusty slivers. Gary almost hated Donovan that he could sleep in the blackness of this carload of men, sleep after the nauseous experience of begging for their food; sleep through the heated argument of two wise guys fiercely debating the possible mileage a man might ride in the subways of New York without retracing at any point his journey; sleep through wordy memories of two ancient travelers, each heavy with his past of towns and railroads and jails; through the puppy scuffling of two eleven-year-old boys, their cursing unbelievably foul because of their youth. Through all this Donovan could sleep as if he were a part of it. And that was a capacity in him which made him different and divorced him from the kindliness Gary had felt for him when they first met at the university. A young negro, dressed in a denim cap and blue coveralls that blended into his face and made that face seem merely a darker shadow in the shadow of the wall, moaned a deep lament as wordless and profoundly sad as this new world in which Gary found himself, the lament of those who have seen and those who are lost, old as the races that have moaned since the spawn of time in their sad slow pace under the whip.

Before the coolness of evening had progressed to darkness the old man untwisted the wire laces of his shoes, took them off, and unpeeled the ragged lace-work of socks which separated the gnarled flesh of his feet from the ash-heap quality of his shoes. Donovan awoke and sat up to look with no particular expression at the expanse of uninhabited drouth reaching into the western sky of evening. He ran his tongue around his teeth, spat with disfavor and sourness, and pulled a sack of tobacco from his shirt pocket. He rolled a cigarette and breathed out his emotion in a blue ruffle of smoke that drifted across the nostrils and eyes of a high-school youth squatted next to him.

"What's the chance for the butt, mister?"

Donovan glanced at him as if something mildly curious had been said which he had not quite grasped.

"After you get through, I mean."

The eyes and dim faces of those in that end of the car stared hostilely at the youth. After all, if the youth hadn't spoken, the rich Irishman might have thrown the butt onto the floor instead of out the door, and each man might have had an even break . . . .

Donovan handed the youth the cigarette wet from his lips. "Here. I'll roll another."

He shook out more tobacco, and Gary casually studied the youth, who now leaned back against the swaying wall of the galloping car in a sweet and calm
ecstasy of enjoyment, eyes half-closed, a deep lungful of smoke oozing from his mouth, drifting upward to his nostrils and before his eyes. The youth smoked only half the cigarette then pinched it off and placed it carefully in some secure nook of his clothing where a casual pickpocket might not find it. Half a cigarette, it occurred to Gary, was better for breakfast than nothing.

Gary swallowed on the emptiness of his stomach and the certainty that he could never find anything no matter how far he rode with Donovan. Can a man stand before the sneer of an office manager when he smells like a garbage can and looks worse? Can he ask for ditch digging when there are no ditches to dig? On the road there are no jobs and no hope and the only escape is riding to the next town. Home, home, steaming plates, odorous with that fresh savory smell of stew, bright yellow carrots, bright green peas, white potatoes graced with sprigs of parsley and succulent bits of rabbit, white table-cloth clean and snowy under the chandelier, and water glasses sparkling with cold mountain water. His bones ached against the incessant pounding of the box-car, and there was no promise of relief in the long wail of the locomotive ahead, throbbing across Kansas.

Gary walked to the door and felt the cool air pouring past the car. Away at the edge of the flat desert, the moon smoldered on the horizon like a great hay-stack on fire, and its color was blended with blood as if the shadow of America were passing across its surface.

They quarreled the first time at Council Bluffs. Here an efficient representative of the railway unloaded the men from the box car, making the noises and gestures that a dog would use in emptying a carload of cattle. Donovan and Gary spent a day trying to sleep among the friendly persistence of the flies. During the morning Donovan refused to go out on the streets to beg for their food. It was time Gary took a turn at it. Hadn't Donovan done all the begging since they reached Pueblo? What was he supposed to be, the husband? Gary developed sufficient desperation over Donovan's refusal to feel the shame of his dependence. He left Donovan asleep on the ground, shaded by a loading platform, and walked into the city. Far enough away from railroad yards to find a district which might still be unhardened to the hunger of a fellow man, he knocked at a screen door and waited for his execution. Oh, Lord, that a man must beg!

The woman who opened the door looked him over casually. "Yes?" she said. There was enough drawl in the way she tucked a loose strand of blonde hair back of her ear to bring back that day in the grass opening of the willow thicket, fishing with Freda, when he had stood before her with a somewhat similar request in his heart and she had looked at him with the same question as this woman and had known the answer before he made the request. "Have you anything I might do, in return for just a little something to eat?" He felt the dark flush of all his old habits and all his old life spreading through the blackness of recent time, burning in his face.

The woman looked at him with something in her eyes, and he felt that he must reach for her hand which rested against the brace of the screen door, or touch merely her dress. But he denied himself the assurance, and decision replaced the shadow in the woman's eyes.
“Well, I don’t suppose it’s any harm done. Come on in. We haven’t anything you can do, everything’s done around here, but you’re welcome to a snack.” She held the screen door open, and he walked in ahead of her with his dust and shoes and his odor like a rank quilt about him. “Has it been long since you ate?”

When he had eaten and enjoyed the woman’s interest in him until that interest lagged and changed into desire to be rid of him, he left, and left behind a kitchen not so large as the kitchen of his childhood but a kitchen with the same cleanliness and the same goodness. He still felt the surprise of that spotless linoleum—how like a jewel in brightness; and the enameled sink—how like a rare and precious stone from the hands of a cunning workman. Somewhere in the house was the unbelievable luxury of a bathroom, and somewhere beds, supreme invention of the human race.

He returned to Donovan and Donovan sat up from the ground, bits of excelsior sticking to his gray cap and black hair, and his red cheek creased and wrinkled with a map of ground upon which it had rested. And Donovan’s eyes were bloodshot. “I see you’ve been foraging, my good Jonathon. I smell apples in thy breath and the savor of meat.” He stood up, his eyes keen and ironic upon Gary’s empty hands.

Gary felt the slow shame of his forgetting to ask the woman for a lunch to take with him, but even more he felt a bitterness toward Donovan and toward the sneer forming upon Donovan’s face. “Ah, my Jonathon returns to regale me with flagons of wine, to comfort me, to wipe weariness from the brow of his love.” He sauntered to the hydrant near the track where the sun blazed upon steel rails, and there he washed his hands and face and brushed his teeth.

Gary sat in the sun upon the loading platform, frying slowly in the heat and considering with hatred the form and countenance of Donovan. Donovan belonged to this life. He enjoyed it. He could sleep in the stench of the lowest classes, and he was stupid with the same stupidity that gave to these hobos and bums the ability to laugh and sing and hide from themselves their own wretchedness. Donovan liked that life, it was natural to him, and he would always be a stranger to culture and the finer things of life. Gary understood now that moment in Donovan’s room when he saw the portrait Donovan had painted of Freda. Before Gary even knew that Freda existed, Donovan had placed her upon a stool under the frosted north skylight of the school studio where no shadows accentuated the clean strength of her head and the diffusion silked a warm light upon her rich red hair, flushing the white skin of her slender neck. And he had molded her loveliness upon the warm vivacity of the white surface.

When Gary first visited Donovan, that lovely face had gazed calmly and aloofly at him across the disordered bed. He had seen that she was the same girl he had married, yet a girl unknown to him. There was in that face a quality apart from Freda, a pain, a somberness, an untouched line of passion through the shadow of neck and eyes and lips.

Do you like it? Donovan had said looking up from his sagging seat on the bed, and his eyes had been mocking—hard and lustrous.

Yes, very much.
Donovan rolled a cigarette, lit it, and tossed the smoking match toward the radiator, a smile upon his lips. I’m glad you do.

I think it’s a striking likeness. It had been a striking likeness and yet it was not the Freda he knew. Gary had wondered that he, who had lived with her, had not found as much in her as Donovan, who had only seen her.

That’s another bit of work that’s good. He nodded his head, blowing smoke through his nostrils. The one over the dresser. The town’s best flossie sat for that. Good quality about the mouth, generosity, vice, faith.

Gary, sitting in the sun, sweltering in his knowledge of his friend, knew now that Donovan had painted into that face of Freda his own feeling toward women of a class better than his; and Gary knew that he could never leave the class he belonged to, nor ever accept as equal Donovan this poison seeping through the arteries of the nation. Gary sat in the hot sun listening to the dark whispering of voices not his own, and the day was a burden too intolerable to bear; yet only a day, in which the sun shone upon the railroad station at Council Bluffs and a few bored citizens of the land waited for a train to take them somewhere else.

No more was said of the incident at Council Bluffs, yet Gary was aware neither had forgotten it and that underneath Donovan’s lone foraging for both of them rankled an unpleasantness which Gary felt as a wedge driving between them. But Gary could not bring himself to beg, to grovel, to accept his companions in travel as Donovan had; and he was apart. No one asked him for a butt, no one gave him an apple stolen from an orchard, or offered to share a strip of stolen canvas laid upon the box-car floor. No one asked him how far it was to the next division or the best route to Chicago or the time of day; the only men who spoke to him were a negro who tried to get him into a card game, and a foreigner dressed in a black beard, a gray buttonless sweater, which flapped from his shoulders like a blanket on a line, who climbed onto the oil tanker at Joilet and sat next to Gary jabbering to himself in his strange language through the din and splitting roar which accompanied them the entire distance into Blue Island at the outskirts of Chicago.

His first night in Chicago he spent alone on a park bench under a tree and a drenching rain; for Donovan had left him in Jackson Park and drifted up one of the streets, foraging. The bench Gary sat upon was constructed with ample provision for ventilation but little for warmth. When it first began to rain he had expected it to stop soon. Anyway, Donovan had told him to stay there until he returned. As the shower grew stronger he had trusted the thickness of leaves and branches above to protect him, but the luxuriance of foliage was only a measure of the moisture which had produced it. He became so miserable squishing his shoes on the soaked grass about the tree and bench in the rush and downpour and thunder of rain drenching the leaves about him that he no longer felt like cursing even Donovan, but only thought of the dry room Donovan would be sleeping in now, the warm dry blankets, and Donovan cozy under a roof that would drum pleasantly to the rain. He wandered through soggy bushes, down saturated trails, under great dark sponges of trees in the park, until he came to a pavilion half-
mooned about one end of a playground
now flooded like a lake, a pavilion
occupied by benches and a dark huddle
of men who found it pleasanter to sleep
under the wide and starry skies than the
roof of a home; and here Gary found a
vacant end of a bench, where he sat
dribbling water like a retriever, shaking
in the violent grip of a chill, listening
to the subdued clamor of city night that
held Donovan, to the snores of men
about him, the uneasy mutterings of
those most sensitive to the coolness of
a rainstorm. The chill did not leave
him until the sun poured its great
warmth upon his exhaustion and he fell
asleep dreaming of Freda dead and
buried in the earth.

He woke to the hand upon his shoul-
der, and sat up, his face burning from
the sun and his clothing steaming and
hot. He leaned against the back of the
iron bench weak and sick, and yet,
because of his weakness and sickness,
grateful for Donovan’s wide white smile
and musky smell, and the white paper
bag under his arm.

“Well, you at least got the bath
you’ve been groaning for, my half-
drowned rabbit.”

“Did I get drowned or did I get
drowned? I never spent a more miser-
able night.”

“You must have. What was the mat-
ter? Sleep through the rain? How you
have fallen. Before you left home you’d
never have slipped into water without
at least taking off your hat and necktie.
What are you coming to? And yet it
can’t be said it wasn’t a good thing.
You got your suit cleaned even if the
press does look a bit like the hired
man’s pants on a bedroom floor.” Donovan tossed the paper bag to the bench.

“Push your face into that.” He eased
himself onto the bench, hooking his
elbows across the back and squinting his
eyes upon the playground and the white-
wing pushing a hand cart. “By God,
I’m tired. . . . Swear to God I couldn’t
lift another finger.”

Gary opened the sack. Hot hamburgers wrapped in white paper nap-
kins, toasted bun enfolding a delicate
strip of green dill pickle upon brown
luscious hamburger seasoned with pe-
pper and salt.

Donovan snuffed deeply. “Isn’t that
fresh and delightful? A morning dri-
ping with freshness and rain and a white
seagull touching the nipple of a tree like
a lover. For, lo, the winter is past, the
rain is over and gone; the flowers
appear on the earth; the time of the
singing of birds is come, and the voice
of the turtle is heard in our land.”

Gary bit into the delight of a hot
hamburger, chewing it between a speed
fast enough to satisfy the craving of his
stomach and slow enough to thoroughly
acquaint his taste with the feeling of
toast and meat. “And what the hell
happened to you? I don’t see you
wringing out your shirt. . . .” He
pressed his hand against the burning
of his cheek where the sun had scorched
it. “I suppose you were in some hotel.”
Despite his effort at banter, he could
not keep his bitterness over Donovan
from sharpening his tone; and the sharp
edge, he saw, cut Donovan.

“Who, me?” Donovan’s hard eyes
looked at him coldly. “What do you
think I am? And even if I did, did
you want me to go out and stand in
the rain just to please you?”

“No. I didn’t mean it like that,
Donovan. Don’t take me wrong. I’m
glad you didn’t get wet. It wasn’t
pleasant by any means. I wouldn't wish it on anyone."

"As a matter of fact I was working all night. I was standing in the station when it started to rain and while I was waiting for it to stop and cursing this damn sprawl of an overgrown country town, I got a chance to help muck the tile. It was only a nigger's job, but I rated a whole buck. Here, I'm not cheap. Here's half.''

"No, Donovan, you keep it. You earned it."

"No damn it, here. I mean it." Donovan's hot eyes bore more resentment than the occasion demanded. "It's only thirty cents but it's half. I got so damn hungry I spent two dimes on myself."

"Oh, forget it. You know it doesn't make any difference. I wouldn't last two days in this town without you."

Donovan's hard face and eyes studied Gary.

"You're a strange duck." He shoved the money back into the cramp of his watch pocket and returned his elbows to the back of the iron bench and his eyes to the study of the opposite trees, green and splendid arches in the bright sunlight.

At the postoffice Donovan examined the weather map of the United States while Gary got three letters that were addressed to him and read them, leaning against a pillar with enough of his back toward Donovan to hide his face and hands. The letter from his father enclosed two five-dollar bills and asked him to come home, things were looking up. The letter from his mother enclosed her love and asked him to come home, father was looking much more cheerful since the company opened up a new body of high-grade ore and gave him back his old job. The letter from Freda enclosed two one-dollar bills and asked him to come home; she would have something delightful for him.

Gary walked with Donovan through the crowded streets of the loop, wondering whether he should offer half the money to Donovan. Had Donovan seen the green bills? After all Donovan had offered him the thirty cents. Gary felt glad that he had not accepted Donovan's generous offer. At least he himself had established a precedent that would discourage Donovan's accepting the six dollars. Twelve dollars would see him home, even buy him a ticket on a bus if he took a freight train part way; and Donovan was a man who could take care of himself only too well.

Donovan walked rapidly, shortly in advance, stepping nervously, energetically. At the first fountain he stopped to drink, and he bent over for a long time, water spurting from the corners of his mouth at each swallow. As he stood up, wiping his fleshy mouth on the back of his hand, his eyes caught Gary's, and Gary was strong enough not to turn away. The knowledge was fresh that Freda had said, "But please do come home and that as quickly as possible. I have missed you no end. You are really more important that you should be, and I am most unmaidenly in thus brazenly suggesting what I have waiting for you. Remember that day by the river when you promised—"

Donovan laughed. "Do you remember those two bums riding east from Council Bluffs? Those two ourang-outangs who thought they were riding a train headed west down the Colorado river to Boulder dam? I wonder if they got the jobs they were looking for. What a pair of cockroaches they were. And
that woman in overalls with the bull fiddle voice who trussed them up with as neat a belly thrust as I've ever heard. What did she say? That really struck me funny. The way that wise guy laid on a leer, and gave us the wink. 'Why don't we jungle up together, Nell? Why don't we hitch?' Remember how she gave him one little winsome smile and wiped him off?' He laughed and ran his tongue over the savory memory.

They slept during that day upon the iron of two benches in the quiet shade of park trees, and late in the afternoon spent twenty cents of Donovan's money for hamburgers and lounged down to the soft sand of the beach where city dwellers who owned bathing suits sported in the waters of Lake Michigan.

To Gary, who had done nothing in his whole life more spectacular in generosity than playing the good fellow at a beer party, where the role was inexpensive since the obligation would in its turn pass to one of his friends at the next party, the splitting of his fortune was a sacrifice which assumed proportions somewhere between a deed generous enough for Damon and foolish enough for Don Quixote. This twelve dollars meant more than just playing the good fellow. It meant return to life, return to home, return to Freda. His dividing it with Donovan would be an expression of the finest in friendship. But did it truly express the finest in friendship? Wouldn't it be doing something finer in relieving Donovan of the burden he had become? After all, Donovan could take care of himself.

Gary thought of the task he must perform in telling Donovan he had decided to return home. This would be even more painful than keeping the entire twelve dollars. He lay in the sand and stared across the beach and lake to the clouds that swelled upright from the lake bosom; and the lake smoothed toward him from the clouds, clean, dark, blank, not like the clouds of last week and the week before, scummed upon a sky of drouth, trailing dust and heat from the plunging back of prairie wind. He thought of boxcars, swaying, swaying, across the car an old man dying of cancer, the car itself foul from the foulness of those who had ridden it before, too late to stay at home and too late to leave, poles clipping by, swaying, riding with the smell of death.

What a romantic adolescent he had been that first night in the yards, actually intimate with adventure! Happy to leave home. Happy to be on his own. Happy the depression had forced him from the tiresome walls of marriage. How sweet those switch engine bells had sounded, how melodious their monotony of chant. When he clutched the iron rungs of the ladder, he had nearly fallen from a heady dizziness of emotion which had seemed the consummation of romantic experience. He had actually exerted himself to remember the precise color of the signal lights, to note the remote sad quality heard in far-away train whistles. And the hiss and thunder of a Mallet had given him a sensation close to fright.

From the depths of his present sophistication he looked back at the greenling, the sentimental romanticist of two weeks ago, and sneered. In one thing, though, he was superior to Donovan. If Donovan had not experienced the false romance of hoboing, neither had he felt its complete degradation. Donovan was inured to this life; he could always eat. Donovan didn't need the six dollars.

Gary pressed his hand tighter upon
the need for announcing his departure, the sick feeling last night’s exposure had left in him, the glare from sand and water. On the beach, people crowded the hard ripples of sand, some in the water, splashing, swimming. Children cluttered a matronly bulwark loosely caught in the fat folds of a bathing suit. A girl tossing a yellow beach ball shining in that flat yellow shine of late afternoon, poised briefly and superbly, a girl printed on a magazine cover, gaudy, stale, a golden girl molded for the lusts and passions of men like Donovan who saw ever in beautiful women no more than expensive luxury owned by another class, a luxury and a need from which men like Donovan had been savagely deprived. She poised, her brown legs a sensuous arch, her hair yellow and tawny, flung back in a ripple of waves and curls to the dark slope of her neck and shoulders.

Gary rolled his arm across his forehead and the muscles spread loosely and coolly over the necessity of telling Donovan he was leaving and going back home. And under his arm he felt more deeply the guilt, the cheapness of his approaching actions; and in his pocket the crinkle of twelve dollars.

At the fountain counter long ago Marshall revolved the dark glass slowly in his hand, studying with that dull, intent intelligence of his the snapping bubbles. But don’t you think there’s something about Donovan? Something hardly regular? With his voice he underlined gently the word regular. Something revolutionary? Solid, compact Marshall, school’s brightest student, laying aside for old age and respectability, nose thin and stubbed, not the wide sensual flare of Donovan’s nose. The sharp length of bone in Gary’s arm pressed through the coolness across his eyes. It pressed his body closer to the sand and he felt bound to the sand, sinewed, and the heat of the ground came to him as a filter of pain for the loss he would feel in never again seeing Donovan.

Donovan’s foot moved in the dry resistant sand, scooping a depression. Always Donovan’s movements, even the most trivial, were easy, charged with strength. And Gary lacked that strength, or in the final analysis is it harder to give six dollars than three dimes? Donovan himself would not have done that so easily.

The shout of the crowd surged upon the continual percussion of motor cars whipping the boulevard, and the sound fingered the sky with the strong searching fingers of a surgeon—exact, merciless, probing. This the night of parting. This the night, Donovan . . . Dear Donovan, sweet friend, as sweet a friend as ever a man had.

A passenger train pulled out, a bright chain of square links, people undressing, drab paunches, lovers, a porter’s dark face at the end frame of window, passing like a mask into the night, secret and contained, blank to the far away whistle of a train.

Gary felt the quick pressure of Freda’s lips, the damp fierceness of her love. How good your flesh, Freda, the scented lemon in your hair. “But please do come home and that as quickly as possible. I have missed you no end. You are really more important than you should be, and I am most unmaidenly in thus brazenly suggesting what I have waiting for you. Remember that day by the river when you promised—”

So you’re going with Donovan after all.
The dark strand of vine drooped from the porch roof like a long arm reaching for the richness of her hair, and the white flower was a white finger at the end of the vine.

I thought you were going alone, Gary. He cleared his throat, fumbling the guilt of going with Donovan.

It’s not that you’re going away . . . you haven’t much choice. I know it’s like your dad said, you’ve got to get out and find a job, dear. I’m not stupid. But you’re going with Donovan.

Weary things. Automobiles ripped through the constant glow of noise from the bathers and each car rolled across the void. What pictures did Donovan’s head enclose? His home and mother and long Dakota twilights? Wind blew rain across the lumber pile and our hands touched. My hands touched the hands of this man of coarseness, this man who could live his life in jungles and freight trains and become no more than expert tramp and finish his bright talents nursing old age in a boxcar, eaten by cancer. My teeth chattered in the cold and misery and I pressed against Donovan’s warmth, his strength, the broad bosom of his friendship. He held my head when I was sick.

A flask flew from a yellow roadster sliding by. The bottle burst on pavement, spraying a bright shatter of glass. The girl waved a bare arm.

"Are we leaving tonight, Donovan?" He pressed his arm tighter, waiting for the splash from this brick heaved through thin ice.

"Tonight! What the hell’s the matter now?" The strong Irish rasp of Donovan’s voice struck with a force as vigorous as if it had been flung by the same quick hand that threw sand at the heavy shoe.

"I’ve had enough of this kind of existence. I’ve had all I can take. I’m going home."

"Home. That’s an illusion." The sneer lashed. "Your old man got his job back?"

Gary contained the guilt. "Yes. Things are beginning to look up."

"I thought part of your reason for going was to get away from that humdrum."

Gary protested quickly. "No, it wasn’t that. I had to get a job." His voice lost its tenseness and he explained casually. "Dad’s back on all right. He’s promised to get something lined up for me."

The golden girl widened the arch of her legs and bent over the ball like a football center, her tawny head upside down over the yellow between her legs, hers a faded head of Freda. And the pulse, the quick pain of loss, of never again seeing Donovan came to him, aching as the lost and the past, and the blankness of that one gone was between him and his arm. Never more his hand, never more the sagging cap, never his voice, in all that wide ringing hall, never his voice.

"Why delude yourself, Gary? What is there home?"

"Plenty."

Donovan snorted. "Don’t delude yourself. Home. That’s an illusion if there ever was one."

Into his feeling of guilt and the crinkle of bills, Gary dipped a sop he knew would not be accepted. "Why don’t you come back too?"

From under the dark edge of his arm, Gary saw Donovan’s face, hard, knowing, strong.

"Don’t rope me in on any of your snares. What is back there for me?"
Frontier and Midland

Gary shielded his eyes from the sun. It had been wise of him not to mention the money. "There's the coeds at the university."

"And that's another illusion."

"Why?"

"Why should I say? . . . Ah, hell, Gary, I knew this was coming. I felt it long ago. You've got a family, a wife. What have I got?" He shrugged his shoulders. "I'll always eat. I'll get by. What the hell. I'll see this country, and I'll see these times. Maybe more than is good for me." Sand dribbled through his fingers upon the gray trouser thigh, tracing the wrinkles delicately in tiny streams.

Early evening and hills darkening at the west. Donovan waited at the foot of the library steps. His voice, shy and delicate as a virgin's, stopped me. I noticed your drawing in the exhibit. It's really good. I liked it very much. There's a lot of talent there. Black curls mounted the corners of his forehead like horns and those long afternoons and evenings were born, mystic with Catholicism, childhood, and the pain of time passing. In those days Donovan came to me. Now we are separating, and it is not so much the leaving as it is his acceptance.

The hobnailed shoe moved, kicking a spurt of sand, and he sensed Donovan sitting up. "Well, we might as well get it over, now that you've decided."

"Don't be down on me, Donovan."

"Now you're letting your emotions run away with you. I'm not down on you. You decided. I'm just helping."

Gary looked again at the sand, the noise, the girl in a yellow bathing suit. If he were really to exercise his strength—in the manner of a boss to his secretary—hand Donovan six dollars, express in fitting terms his appreciation of Donovan's friendship, and leave as men of courage should leave each other. . . .

"You sprawl in the sand, homesick as an Indian in jail. And damn it, I feel sorry for you. As I sit here, with all the sincerity I'm capable of, I feel sorry."

The girl ran lazily through the groups of bathers, breasts swaying loosely, gaudily, and Donovan turned upon her as if the cloth of the past were worn out and he had discarded it for a newer pattern.

"There, my rabbit friend, is something every man should have in his house. There's the freshness, the newness, the virginity that goes well with a silver service and velvet drapes. A woman a man could dine upon. A platter of roast fowl, steaming, fragrant, gravied, running with grease and seasonings, something a man can sink his teeth into, toss the bones over his shoulders, pick his teeth upon with the rank oiliness of a king. And you, corrupt with gloom, on the sand like a dirty coat wiped on the floor of a boxcar."

Donovan looked down over his meaty shoulder and arm at Gary. "You're a strange creature, caught between the bottom and the top, intelligent enough to make an average intellectual."

Night, the press of time, the swift stroke. Night and city, the deep embrace of night and city, vast as sky and dreamless.

"But get those legs. Beautiful as evening at home and the prairie stilled for night, lush as a dream, hills fit for the skirmishing of great armies, smooth as the flanks of a mare. And I will build me a winding stairway about thee and slide down the bannisters, peering in at the casements. Yea, I will even
trail thee at night over the city's hot asphalt, and I will cry out in a loud voice, and the perfume of thy scented feet shall be as a guide and a star. Yea, my love, I will trail thee and the city shall find out our love and fall in bitterness and ashes about us."

The girl bounced the yellow ball upon the stomach of a youth lying upon his back and ran toward the water, squealing, as he leaped to his feet and chased her through the crowd, springing over dormant bellies and heaps of sand.

Girl and youth and all the bathers, the lake and pyramided clouds caught a dry flush of sunlight from evening. The water glistened.

"So you want to go home." Gently sand spills from his fingers, so friendship, so time. His voice touches gently, kindly.

"Yes."

"I don't blame your wanting to go back... Freda, you know... and well, Freda, isn't that enough?" In the acid tones, Gary felt a note closer to the thing Donovan than the glittering threads of his mind and the vague gesture of his hand, closer even than his aloofness, his self-contained strength, his mighty ability to take care of himself. How can he know Freda? How can he know himself? Sad colors of day shadowing into dark and clouds dissolving in black. A bonfire began to burn against the uneasy coil of water. People slowly silhouetted. Where had the golden girl vanished? In that lost street of faces dimly seen and partially recognized, street of all the past, street of Donovan and the black trains of night.

Gary stirred from the sand and sat up, for this was the night of parting and the swift beat of time ached in his fingers.

Donovan spat between his hunched knees and bared his teeth, clean whiteness on the bronze of his face, and the bonfire charcoaled the dark flare of his nostrils, as he stood up, the tightly buttoned cloak of individualism, the black Irish strength and sadness. Oh, Donovan, lost, forever gone.

The glare of Michigan boulevard channeled a white river to the illuminated skyscrapers of the loop and the neon signs were a ruddy glow on the night sky. Days with Donovan burned brightly in the flame of this last hour, fanned as if the pain were fire blown into the dry tangle of the past. Icy struggle over Tennessee Pass, filth at Pueblo, begging from the woman at Council Bluffs, negro washing his great black chest and singing deep sad notes of a song no one had heard before, a song to which each man must listen until the voice ceased and the world again tightened the vise of its day. Comfort, friend, Donovan—and the night became dark, poignant as an old wound. On the throat of the city, the boulevard glistened. Gary felt for the space of a keen and scarring breath the sharp thrust, the long stairway, the erasure of death.

"You meet a person and you know them for awhile... like a scrap of paper in a wind..." Donovan's hand lay upon his without moving, flesh of stranger, hand of Donovan.

"You've changed since I met you, Gary. God, you've changed. You're richer, deeper, stronger, immeasurably stronger. This trip has done you more good than you know. You're bigger too. That's the trickery of it. Don't let this warp you, Gary. Life isn't worth it. Don't let this warp you." His hand
tightened and, in the rawness of feeling, Gary felt the pain as if their hands had been flayed and clasped now on naked nerves.

"My folks sent me twelve dollars, Donovan. I want you to take half."

There it was, out now and the iron band broken. Gary could breathe again as a man. He shoved his hand into his pocket, into the crumple of bills.

There was in Donovan’s face a harsh sadness engendered of intimate perception into friendship and the qualities of Gary. "No, Gary. You need it. Keep it. I can take care of myself. What the hell. I’m glad they sent it to you. Keep your money. Your folks sent it to you. They didn’t intend it for me. I’ll be able to get by."

Gary looked at Donovan, and the guilt returned, his uneasy recognition of inferiority to Donovan. Damn Donovan. He could at least have unbent that much. He looked away from Donovan to the flush of electricity upon the buildings of Chicago and felt his hand sweating on the damnable bills in his pocket.

When they reached Blue Island at the outskirts of Chicago, it began to rain again, and the rain came down steadily and beat endlessly, slanting between them and lamp posts and black windows of houses. Water dripped from their noses and chins, trickled down their necks, and sidewalks gleamed like washed stone. Rain swished and sighed and gutters gurgled.

"You look like the beard of a prophet after he’s prayed for rain," said Donovan. "And I will take me unto the desert and shout to the Heavens for rain and rain shall descend upon the land and a great flood shall wipe out the wickedness of cities and abomina-

ations of man. You look like a mop fresh from the bucket, unwrung, turgid to the bawdy hands of the chambermaid."

Soon gone forever and past, his face gone, the heavy bulk of his shoulders, wandering with the golden girl down the lost street. A wind from the heights, wrapped like a shroud about the friend that was Donovan.

They sat under a railroad bridge over which a freight would soon pass slowly westward, and rain trickled down the muddy bank and gathered in puddles under the bridge.

"I guess we won’t see each other again, Gary."

Lost forever, forever lost, all the continuity that linked us, sliding apart, sliding. Now the heavy rumble and roll of freight cars down the track. Under the keen blade of his emotions Gary found a hardness. He was capable of leaving, and he was going to leave.

"You couldn’t wait one more day, Gary?"

"It’s too late." Gary was equal now to Donovan. He possessed a strength of his own, an expansion of maturity.

"A single day wouldn’t matter. We’ve seen a lot together."

"It’d be the same tomorrow." Gary felt all the wisdom of his pronouncement. He spoke from a sophistication which he knew was his own and which Donovan could not know.

The bridge shivered and the engine ground its load of steam and power across the rain and the light from the lamp at the end of the bridge. Upon the coupling joints, freight cars clicked, continuously beating.

"Well, so long, Gary. There’s some things can’t be said."

"I know what you want to say."

"No you don’t. You never will."
They shook hands fiercely. Under the lamp and drench of rain they caught the painful stare of each other’s eyes and then struggled up the slippery clay to the lamp post.

Gary felt Donovan’s hand again, and in the hand a coin. “Take it, Gary. You need it worse than I do.”

“The hell I do. It’s all you got. I’ve got twelve bucks. Damn it, I’ve had enough of your generosity.”

“Don’t talk back to me. Take it. I won’t need it. I’ll throw it away if you don’t.”

Rain rolled down Donovan’s dark cheeks like sweat and the steel automobile car swayed, looming larger, sliding upon the rails as if they were soaped.

The coin smoldered in his hand. Donovan’s voice blew like hard grain through the chaff of train noise. “Sleep dwell upon thy eyes, peace in thy breast.” The freight train rumbled with the weight of death and blackness, grating upon the rails. Here now. Donovan, dark curls lacing a wet gleam to the circle of his cap. Aloof, unapproachable, as he has always been. Gary placed his hand on Donovan’s wet shoulder, the rough wet cloth, the weight of flesh beneath. And the lamp shone with a strange gleam upon Donovan’s wet cap and neck and shoulders. Donovan’s eyes watched him from a shadow as inscrutable as night and blackness, all time between him and Donovan, and Donovan across the widening gap.

Gary turned from that last glance of Donovan’s and caught the icy rungs of a ladder. He clung to the swaying iron belly, and the rain beat coldly upon his face.

**Frontier and Midland**

**THRESHOLD**

Charles Oluf Olsen

Below me the great city lies,
Innumerable lights for eyes.

Beyond the land is vast and dim,
Past where the distance rounds a rim.

Oh life—in all this endless space,
Somewhere your hand—somewhere your face—

I tremble lest the gods that be
Seclude you in the dark from me. . . .
DOWN TO THE CIMARRON

Maurine Halliburton

Big Ben Barley and little Sam Coe
Came down to the Cimarron, years ago.

The cottonwoods the trail along
Rustled their dry leaves, "Wrong, wrong, wrong!"

Neighbors they were and their ranches one
Wide sweep of land with fences none.

Barley couldn't make ranching pay
But Sam had money put away.

Big Ben Barley was a bachelor
But little Sam Coe had an Indian squaw.

The moon was down; the stars were pale;
The fireflies danced on the pitch-dark trail

When Big Ben Barley and little Sam Coe
Came down to the Cimarron, years ago.

As Big Ben Barley walked along
He knew why the cottonwoods whispered, "Wrong!"

For down to the river's sandy shore
Little Sam Coe would come no more.

He'd fix up a story without a flaw;
He'd have the ranch and he'd have the squaw.

He'd have the money Sam put away...
Who said Ben couldn't make ranching pay?

Friends and neighbors for years gone by—
What makes Barley's glance so sly?

There in the cottonwood's deepest shade
What makes little Sam afraid?

Down with the blackjack, up with the knife—
Big Ben has taken his neighbor's life!
Sam's low cry is strangled in blood,
He slips to the ground with a quiet thud.
It is dark as death by the cottonwood!

Barley's hand in Sam's coat felt;
His fingers touched Sam's money-belt:

Packets of silver and coins of gold,
Pay for the cattle he had sold.

He stooped in the place where his friend lay dead,
But something white stood at Sam's head,

Rustling and white where the dead man lay...
How soon does the spirit desert the clay?

The white wings whirred in that deathly place,
They fanned Ben Barley's frightened face.

Down dropped the silver, down the gold
He was strong to take but weak to hold.

He stepped back once, his eyes shut tight,
Fearing the thing that rose up white.

One step more and down he sank
Over the edge of the river-bank.

Over the edge, and his eyes flew wide;
He clutched at the trees on either side,

Clutched, but nothing stayed his hand—
Down he fell to the sucking sand.

He cursed and clawed in the treacherous bed
While a white owl circled above his head.

He loosed his hands but his legs were fast:
His cry, "Sam! Sam!" was his very last.

(In the ranch-house half a mile away
It was heard by the squaw and a man named Ray.)

Thus Big Ben Barley and little Sam Coe
Came down to the Cimarron, years ago.
JOAQUIN MILLER'S CALIFORNIA DIARY

JOHN S. RICHARDS

In 1912 a bundle of dirty, worn old notebooks, backless and scribbled over in faded ink, was sent to Ina Coolbrith, the California poet. The sender was Mrs. Lischen Miller of Eugene, Oregon, a sister-in-law of Joaquin Miller. In the accompanying letter, Mrs. Miller wrote:

Dearest Ina Coolbrith:

The old manuscript goes to you by express today. Joaquin commanded me to burn it. If when you have looked it through, you think it should be burned, please order the cremation ceremony. One thing I am sure you will agree with me in—it is not fitting that others should see it. Indeed, if you were not the truest, best and wisest friend Joaquin has or ever had, I should not dare to send it to you. If this record of forgotten days contains anything that should be preserved, you will discern it . . .

It is not difficult to understand the dilemma in which the family found themselves regarding "this record of forgotten days." If Miller's diary were burned, as the author insisted, American literature might be the loser. If, on the other hand, it were to fall into unsympathetic hands, old tales might be resurrected and substantiated; old tales which the poet's family hoped would soon be forgotten after sixty years of conjecture. For unless authentic accounts of Miller's Californian escapades were set down in this diary,* no proof existed to uphold them.

Miller himself had used these tales for all they were worth. Those first three years in California—1854 to 1857—were feverish indeed if one could believe his own accounts of them: frequent trips to Arizona and New Mexico, "With Walker in Nicaragua," an idyllic interlude with an Indian princess, frequent battles against the Indians in which he was wounded twice, an attempt to establish an Indian Republic and subsequent banishment as a renegade. All this in addition to experiences as cook, miner, and school teacher; and at least one session in jail for horse stealing.

This autobiographical material was set down in all seriousness, in a large body of notes: footnotes, prefatory notes, author's notes—"shredded memoirs," Stuart Sherman called them—and formed a biographical accompaniment to the poems and prose romances which Miller began to turn out in 1871. Writers dealing with Miller have dipped into this storehouse and have selected from the confusing and contradictory details what they believe to be true or, in some cases, what has best suited their purpose. As a result, no account of Miller has been published which is free from the inaccuracies arising out of his own autobiographical records. Even so authoritative a work as the Dictionary of American Biography appearing in 1933 shows the effects of "Miller Mythology." The date of birth is wrong, although it is two years nearer the correct date than Miller himself was wont to give. The chronology of the period is incorrect, and certain inferences are made which follow the old accepted pattern; as an example, the statement that Miller had

*The diary is in the possession of Mr. Willard S. Morse, Santa Monica, California, through whose courtesy this article has been compiled.
to leave California as a renegade after the Pit River Massacre.

If we accept Miller’s exploitation of his California experiences, we have a definite motive for the suppression of the Diary. After almost sixty years of romancing with facts, he realized that many a fabrication or overstatement would be spiked if the Diary became current. While his relatives feared the sensational or even scandalous disclosures for which he had prepared them, Miller himself may well have foreseen an anti-climax if the Diary became public property. The swashbuckling bad man would become an unsuccessful, sickly young miner who went into voluntary exile with the Indians to escape the grim reality of a miner’s life.

The diary covers only a part of the three years in question, but first drafts of personal letters written during the period do much to fill in the gaps. From a letter written to Edward Parish under date of November 20, 1856, we learn that Miller arrived at Yreka on November 12, 1854, where he mined during the winter. He made enough to buy himself an outfit, and in the spring of 1855 he started for the headwaters of the McCloud River where new mines were being opened. Enroute he camped at Lower Soda Springs, where the horses and provisions were stolen by the Indians.

Quoting from the letter:

We raised a company and fought them in the Devil's Castle. Many of the Indians were killed and we were victorious with the loss of three killed and five wounded. I was numbered among the latter. An arrow struck me fore on the neck. It was an awful wound, and I thought I would die as it was a terrible thing, Ed, to lay there among the dead and dying of both friends and enemies. What wild and dreadful thoughts crowded through my mind. But thank God I have recovered. We could get none of the horses or things that we lost and so again I was broke and obliged to stay on this the Sacramento River. In September I left this place for Shasta City.

The diary begins at Shasta City in October and for the ensuing nine months there is a daily record which tells of Miller’s attempt to find gold. The entries indicate grueling hard work, with little gold as a reward. The life of a miner was not to his liking. Soon after his arrival, we find:

Rested and enjoyed it too as never better, for it has been a hard week’s work. At work at sunrise in water up to my knees until twelve o’clock. Then a little snack for dinner and at it until sundown as hard as you can hit into it, and this is life in land of gold. It is worse than slavery in the South.

Under date of March 6 is to be found this entry:

It is now verging on six months since I first landed in Shasta County. But how different are my feelings now to what they were then. Then I thought I would pass the coming winter working a claim and take out ounce after ounce of the shining metal. And I fancied that the opening of spring would find me seated on a splendid horse with a pocket full of gold and a joyous heart abounding away for my Oregon home and bidding forever adieu to the miner and the miner’s life and laying down the pick and shovel to rest forever in the gulches of California. But alas, how different do I find myself from my bright anticipations. I have dug and tugged, starved and economized the winter through and I could not this day
raise the miserable sum of twenty-five dollars. Yes, here I find myself in this damned hole of Squawtown in poor health as I have been all winter; without water, no money to leave the place on and no prospect of making any. I cannot tell what I shall do or where I shall go. Neither do I care, but such luck as I have had is enough to drive the noblest of men to almost anything.

About three weeks later, he wrote:

Worked for Dennis Noonan for $3 per day. I have such hard luck in mining for myself that I shall hire out altogether until I can get a stake.

Soon after this, in a letter written to his family in Oregon, he says he will be home in October. On July 7, unable to stick it longer, he turns his back on Shasta City or Squawtown, as the mining community was called, with the following entry:

Bid adieu to Squaw-town. My debts, accounts, etc., were as follows: one joint note with Volney Abbey to N. Walcott for the sum of $28 due Christmas, 1855. It is not lawful, first because he failed to fill his contract. One separate note to S. Johns for the sum of $15. It also is unjust. I have paid Melanty but he says I still owe him $3.30. I owe William Johnston and Alanzo for the sum of $75. I have given Alanzo a receipt. Abbey is owing me $3.75. Squaw-town for the present farewell. I leave thee for Yreka with my Pojona [wife] trying to recruit up for I have had some hard times the last few months. Though I find it poor recruiting for it keeps me busy attending to drying the elk meat.

From this point, Miller writes less frequently but at greater length. There are long accounts of elk hunts with the Indians in which he writes simply with no idea of playing the hero.

A hasty pursuit and on we went helter skelter rip and tear up and down hills and over the timber as fast as we could run over the hard frozen snow. I was fast falling in the rear when after about five miles we struck the head of the McCloud. Here another council was held. The word was follow . . . We followed...
about a mile as fast as we could run and I was fast falling in the rear when I saw the Indians draw their band. When I came up the band was just climbing up the bank of the river and were about fifty in number. I pulled on the first one that I saw, but my yoger snapped. The next I aimed at was a three year old heifer that an Indian had shot. I was out of breath and shot badly as to break only its leg, but that was enough. I then crossed the river and followed the band. I met one coming back. I shot at it sixty yards, but I was so out of breath that I could not hold my yoger steady and I missed it.

During this period, Miller describes in some detail an Indian dance for the cessation of rain. He participated in the dance and his account shows an elaborate piece of rationalizing.

Yes, I, the high minded, proud-souled Hiner Miller join in a digger Indian dance for a change of weather. Well really, I must laugh and wonder at myself. Yet after all what can there be wrong about it? I say that it is nothing. I who have been raised in a Christian country, who have been taught to go weekly to the house of God and there offer up my prayers and to kneel at the family alter when the shades of evening gather round. I say that in these prayers offered up to the God of their being, there is more true faith, more pure religion and less hypocrisy than there is in the best branch of worshipers that the Christian religion ever gave birth to.

Under date of March 10, Miller records his trip to Pit River from Squaw Valley, stating that "My object in going was to learn all that I could concerning the massacre of the white settlers in Pit River Valley and the situation of the hostile Indians." The expedition made with two friendly Indians was obviously for the purpose of reconnoitering. He tells of the hardships of the trip through the deep snow. He is discovered by four squaws of the Pit River settlement and expects that he will have to fight it out but is unmolested and finally makes his way back.

Any question of his complicity in the massacre is set at rest by his joining the company of volunteers of Yreka against the Pit River Indians on March 15. The four entries dealing with the War of the next six weeks are short and lacking in detail. One entry under date of April 13 reads: "Took five squaws and one buck. Hung the buck and freed the squaws." The last entry dated April 23 reads:

Attacked the Indians on the main Pit River. The expedition was commanded by Captain Langley. I commanded part of the attacking party. Thirty-nine Indians were left dead on the field. None of the whites were hurt. A number of prisoners, all of which were turned free except the children, 16 of which were taken into the settlements by the volunteers. I remained with the company until the close of the war.

In May and early June, Miller is taking his ease in Squaw Valley and expanding under the influence of spring. Already in retrospect his experiences have assumed a breath-taking quality hardly justified by the contemporary accounts.

This is indeed a lovely day. My Indian has gone hunting with the break of day. My squaw is out digging roots. My dog is lying at my feet. My rifle is by my side. My pipe is in my mouth. A dozen or more naked digger Indians that follow me from one place in the morning to another are lying stretched out in the bright sunshine, and I trying to pen the scene... You see I have chosen for my subject, no
Frontier and Midland

desperate Indian fight with a dozen against me, in mortal encounter with a Grizzly, being lost in some wild fastness of the mountains where white man’s foot never before has trod, or living three or four days on nothing at all, and such scenes as these are commoner to me to meet with than it is for me to meet a white man or to eat a piece of bread...

A memorandum dated September 6, 1857 informs the reader that Miller arrived at his home in Oregon the last of June and six weeks later on August 6 started the return trip to California, where he arrived at McAdams Creek the 26th of August. September and October and part of November were spent in prospecting on McAdams Creek, although Miller gives few details. The last entry is dated November 4, and it is evident that he left for Oregon soon after; on December 18 he is writing from Columbia College as a student.

So much for the outline. Except for the six weeks’ visit to Oregon, Miller spent the entire time within a radius of fifty miles of Shasta City. He was wounded in the Battle of Castle Rocks, and fought for about six weeks against the Pit River Indians. The rest of the time was spent as an unsuccessful miner and in self-imposed exile with the digger Indians. The horse-stealing episode, definitely dated 1859 by an indictment against Miller on file in Shasta County, belongs to a later visit to California.

The diary decides for all time the controversy over the date of Miller’s birth. In later years, he consistently gave the date as 1841 or 1842, explaining the uncertainty in the year by stating that the family Bible bearing the record had been lost while the family were crossing the plains. As though to fix this uncertainty for all time, he gives this bit of evidence in his autobiography:

For when I was first in Europe and some began to ask when I was born, papa gave the former year according to his recollection of the trivial event; while mother insisted on the latter, both giving the same day of the month.

Realizing that Miller could not have had his experiences in California as a lad ranging from thirteen to seventeen years of age, writers have solved the problem for themselves by putting forward a variety of dates beginning with the year 1835, assigned by George Sterling in his interesting article on Miller in the American Mercury for February 1926.

Miller himself decides the matter in the diary by giving the real date and then telling why he found it convenient to change it. Not only does he state that he was born on September 8, 1837, but he corroborates the year several times by referring to his age. Then towards the end of his California experience, he decides on impulse to go into politics. In his own words:

And here a new idea flashed upon me. Why not be a politician? No one will dare challenge my age. [He is now twenty.] The beard upon my face is half an inch long, though rather white and fuzzy, and sir from that moment I felt that I was a man. I have not been weighed since I left home, but I really thought I weighed at least 170 and I am now certain that there was a mistake in the record of my age of two or three years. My mind was made up to be a politician.

And so his age became uncertain. The two or three years later became four or five, and the matter was ultimately doc-
umented. When the autobiography was written years later, Miller probably believed the fiction.

The diary fails to show Miller in the swashbuckling hero role which he contrived for himself in his later writing. In fact there is much in this contemporary record that points to unhappiness and frustration. The most obvious conclusion is that Miller in his literary work undertook to fabricate for himself the romance which he missed in his pioneer experience. In his autobiography, written many years later, he states:

—I being “a renegade” descended to San Francisco and set sail for Boston, but stopped at Nicaragua with Walker.

In the diary under date of December 21, 1855, the following entry appears:

Went to Horsetown four miles distant to learn what the chance was to enlist in the Nicaragua expedition. Found terms not very flattering and did not enlist.

**THE FROGS’ SYMPHONY**

**ALEX R. SCHMIDT**

Krick
Krack
Kr-r-r-ick
Kr-r-r-ack

When the water is high, and the night is black,
In the wedges
Of dank sedges,
In the grasses keen as sabers,
They play woodwinds, brasses, tabors,—
Tones full and deep and rich,
Never off pitch.

Who is the god of sound
That makes their pulses pound?
Whose is the baton when
A lone bow sounds and then
A trumpet blows, a drum
Beats tum-ty-umty-tum?

On lily pads, haunched side by side,
The mad musicians round a ring;
The treble roll is like a tide
That rises in the earth in spring;
I wonder, do these bandsmen play
To some god foreign to our clay,
A tribute paid to fear, maybe,
Of an imagined deity?
MY FRIEND Travis, salesman for Continental Oil Ltd., keen observer and interested in all things under the sun, was talking avidly—a warmth of words against the late December chill that pervaded the waiting-room of our flag-station. He cut short the laudation of a new saw-oil to gape at ‘Woe-unto-you’ and the swarm of children that surrounded him.

There was no point, anyway, to the saw-oil recommendation. Our company was not in the market, as Travis very well knew. There was little activity in lumber. Our Timberton mill had been shut down for three months, and there was no telling when we would be able to resume. Our community had dwindled to the essential few required for the protection of the plant and the loading of an occasional car of lumber.

‘Woe-unto-you’, a frail appearing man with an inward fire, had been our dock carpenter for going on sixteen years. He was one of the last of the dispensables to leave. He had come to the office the night before to bid us goodbye; said he had the promise of a job with a ‘co-worker in the Lord’s vineyard’ who was a building contractor in Denver. The bookkeeper and I came from behind our desks and solemnly shook his hand, wishing him well from the bottom of our hearts, and when he closed the door behind him we both sighed.

I saw Travis counting the children. “How many?” I asked when we had walked out of earshot.

“I counted fourteen,” he said. I felt him shudder.

I thought that was about right, counting the baby in the oldest girl’s arms. “But of course they are not all his,” I said.

He looked at me in a comical way. “I should hope not! Do you mean to say they are all together?”

“It is one flock, all right,” I said, “and ‘Woe-unto-you’ is the good shepherd, but he is father to only the black-haired ones. The whites were wished on him.”

“You mean that faded, muddy bunch grouped together and away from the rest?” I nodded.

“They look like some kind of litter.”

It was an apt description. A stretch of only five years covered the six of them: three sets of twins, the oldest pair about eight and the youngest, three. Congenital lues had robbed them of nose-bridges. They had the stupid, open-mouth expression of adenoid carriers, and their dull eyes reflected their slow intellect. The oldest pair after two years of school were still in the primary grade.

The blacks were better. But even they had cock-eyes like their father; all except the oldest boy, who had blue eyes and red hair. This lad was already celebrated in our community for his scholastic attainments; he had just turned twelve and had entered high school. He had a flair for theatricals, and his bearing on a platform vaguely reminded me of someone I used to know. The rest of the children were quite ordinary. There was only one child older than the red-haired boy, and that was the girl who carried the
baby; she was about fourteen, although if you judged by her face alone you might think her twice that age. In fact, all the rest of the little ones seemed prematurely old, with their coarse, black hair and sallow, somber faces.

We became aware of a rumbling in the rails and turned back toward the station. 'Woe-unto-you' was out by the tracks, and like a distracted hen clucking the more adventuresome of the little ones away from the rails. The red-haired boy was carrying some baggage to a point where the baggage-car usually stops, and the girl came out of the station door with the baby wailing. Travis poked a finger at the little one, at the same time making chk-chk noises with his mouth to divert it. But the girl backed away and would not let him come near. A cloth lay over the baby's face and dulled its cries. Then a locomotive appeared, but it was hauling a freight train and going in the opposite direction. Our station is on a curve in the mountains—near the summit of the Coast Range in Oregon—with the track visible only a short distance in either direction. And as it is a flag-station there is no agent.

Something was wrong. The passenger was already late, and now there was no chance for it to come until the freight had reached the side-track at the next station. We decided to telephone the agent there for information. I told 'Woe-unto-you' we would send back word to him, and then started for the telephone at the mill office.

"Where is the mother?" asked Travis when we were again beyond hearing.

"That is a long story," I said, "I'll tell you about it if we have time."

"But you say they are going to Denver. How will he manage that bunch alone?"

"The Lord will help him, 'Woe-unto-you' will tell you, but quite likely the red-headed one and the girl will carry most of the responsibility—and feel it, too."

"'Woe-unto-you'! Hell of a name! How did he come by it?"

"In the usual way: someone said it and it stuck. You see he is something of a religionist, and 'woe unto you' is one of his favorite expressions. He has others such as 'behold therefore', 'verily I say', and 'blessed be ye', some of them he uses oftener, but none as impressively. When you see him on a platform, his frame vibrant like a dynamo, his eyes glowing with religious zeal, shaking an admonitory forefinger and moaning 'Woe unto you'; I tell you it gets under your skin. You can scarcely believe him the same man who begs you to walk on him in his daily contacts."

"A kind of a nut—a fanatic," said Travis.

I didn't reply to that. I enjoy Travis's company and do not want him to think me queer. What I wanted to say was, one must consider the point of view. Practically, the man was crazy, of course; but if morality and not money was the pragmatic basis, he was not only sane, but infinitely wise. He was a Christ-like personage, and therefore misunderstood. There was no church in our community, but 'Woe-unto-you' arranged to use the schoolhouse for religious purposes. There was no ordained minister available, so he delivered sermons himself. He also
organized a Sunday school. On Thursday nights he gave special talks to the men; on those occasions the pool room and poker tables would be practically deserted, and the little schoolroom crowded.

No doubt some came to do homage, but most of them were seeking entertainment. What the majority expected was something to laugh over or jeer about. On one occasion when there was a strike in the sawmills of the Harbor district, and much violence, he talked of the rapacity and greed of capitalists and the iniquity of employers, at which the room shouted in accord; but later when he argued the futility of strikes as a means for betterment and deplored violence, some one in the room yelled: 'Yeah, you'd crawl on your belly and beg.' Others hooted, and there were catcalls and insults, but 'Woe-unto-you' shook his finger at them and emitted his sonorous 'Woe unto you.' He talked them down. He said: 'If the workers will strike against the use of liquor and tobacco instead they will succeed much better. If the laboring men of the world will stop using these poisons and save the money they now spend for them, and also use their spare time to educate themselves instead of wasting it in pool rooms and playing cards, it would not be long before they would themselves own all industries.'

Of course his declamation was more sketchy and more dramatic than that, but such was its substance. There was something hilariously incongruous about the man at such times—his meek and apologetic manner and the fierce earnestness of his words. Someone in the audience, not listening too intently, would be sure to notice it and laugh; the spell would be broken, all would remember how crazy the man was, and the assemblage would again be in good humor.

At the office we learned that there had been a slide over the ridge of the mountain, and that the train would be four hours late. I sent word to 'Woe-unto-you' that he and his troupe might spend the afternoon in the dining-room of the cook-house where there were plenty of benches, and instructed the cook to prepare for them a substantial hot meal before train time; thinking, no doubt I'll get credit for being an instrument of the Lord. Travis unpacked his fishing-rod and we went down below the dam where the water is white, and I told him the following yarn:

When 'Woe-unto-you' first came to work for us he was a single man. It was not long before his virtues became known and religious service established. One of his first converts was the daughter of a gandy-dancer on our logging road; a young woman of impaired intellect and shabby morals. She confessed her sins and wept over them. 'Woe-onto-you' first comforted, then married her. I believe he did it as an obligation to God, and to save her soul. Certainly she was dutiful: the babies arrived regularly about eighteen months apart.

About three years ago a fellow named Jody came out from an employment agency on our call for a stock-picker for the lath mill. He was a silent, unprepossessing sort of a man, but a good worker. After he had been with us a short time he asked and received permission to build a house for himself and family. Others have done the same. It is an advantage to
have family men in an isolated place like this; there is less turnover. We have a few acres of cleared land across the river reserved for this purpose. The men erect their own houses. We furnish the lumber and charge them no rent. ‘Woe-unto-you’ lived there. He had fixed a place at the lower end near the river where he raised garden truck, and kept chickens and a cow. Jody erected his shanty at this end, near the mill.

When he came in with his family I had an impulse to order him to turn around and go back. Since then I have often wished that I had done so. They arrived in a wreck of a car with a trailer carrying their household goods, a conglomeration of junk that looked like a load for the dump. But it was the sight of the family that appalled me; the blanched, noseless, vacant faces of the four children and the straggly appearance of the mother, her hair matted over her cheeks, her eyes wild and scared.

The conveyance halted in front of the commissary while Jody went in for provisions. We saw them from the office window, and as a matter of courtesy I went out to welcome them. When I looked into the rear of the car where the children squirmed on the seat and floor, I thought of maggots. I spoke to the mother, but got no response; I seemed to frighten her. I returned to the office, where all of us stared at them surreptitiously until Jody came out and they drove away. They left an air of dejection about the room that took a long time to dispel.

A month later the company doctor reported that the Jody family had been increased by another pair of twins and that the mother had died giving them birth. Of course ‘Woe-unto-you’ was the good Samaritan who took charge. His wife was nursing a child of her own at the time and he proposed to add the twins to her cumber. The doctor would not allow this because of the blood taint. But the children had to be cared for, and as things were finally arranged, Jody knocked down his shack and used the material to make a lean-to on ‘Woe-unto-you’s’ cabin. ‘Woe-unto-you’ had seven children of his own at this time so, as he apologetically explained, six more did not matter.

‘Woe-unto-you’s’ oldest daughter, then twelve, was taken out of school to help with the strange children. She cared for them in the lean-to during the day-time, feeding the infants from bottles, and at night Jody himself looked after them. I happened to drop in there one morning when Jody failed to come to work, and since then I’ve known what squalor means.

About a month after this arrangement had been effected, ‘Woe-unto-you’ passed a subscription amongst the crew to aid Jody with his debts. The community had little use for Jody, and I doubt that a single dollar was contributed on his account, but ‘Woe-unto-you’ passed the paper, and even those who held his extraordinary humility in contempt and his piety in derision could not help but have a liking for the man himself, and respect for his integrity. It was the community opening its heart to ‘Woe-unto-you’ that made the solicitation a success. The subscriptions amounted to a little more than $250. Jody’s total indebtedness to the undertaker, the doctor, and the commissary was about twenty dollars more than that; a sum we in the office
made up so as to make a good job of the charity.

The money was turned over to ‘Woe-unto-you,’ who in turn passed it on to Jody. Early the following morning Jody drove out with his old car and returned in the evening with a spic-and-span Ford. He had hushed the undertaker with twenty-five dollars on account and used the balance as down payment on the new car.

Naturally ‘Woe-unto-you’ became the butt of unmerciful ragging from all who had contributed. He went about his work with tears and sniffles. We discharged Jody with the idea of ridding the community of him and his brood; but he lingered on. It created an absurd situation of which the community became straightway conscious. ‘Woe-unto-you’ working, weeping, praying, supporting a wife and seven children of his own, six of another’s, and an able-bodied idle man with a new car, became suddenly old and shrunken. A few of our townspeople wept with him, but most of them guffawed. As for myself, I was too disgusted at the time to see either comedy or tragedy in the situation.

One evening I walked over to ‘Woe-unto-you’s’ cabin with the idea of driving Jody out of town. It was quite dark, but I could see that a garage had been built for the new car. Using my flashlight, I discovered the material was a recent run of shiplap. A runway of three-inch dock plank extended from the garage door to the roadway. No sanction for this material had been obtained at the office. My anger was aroused and my resolve to get rid of the man was strengthened. I walked to the rear of the house and saw a square of lighted window. I looked through it and in the dim light of a lamp I saw a row of backs, big and little. The two men, the woman and the children were on their knees praying. I walked to the river and let the water ripple through my fingers and grew composed. When I returned they were still praying; but presently they got up and I rapped on the door.

I asked ‘Woe-unto-you’ to come to the office with me. There I told him what I proposed to do, and why. His eyes had been red; now they blazed with a queer fanatic light. His whole frame quivered. He leaned forward in his chair, pointing his forefinger at me, his arm shaking as though with palsy.

He said: “Judge not, that ye be not judged!” His voice boomed. “Woe unto you, ye scribes and Pha . . . ”

“Shut up!” I said.

For a time all was still, no sound of any kind. Then I swung around in my swivel chair, raised my feet to the top of my desk, avoided looking at him, and assumed a nonchalance I did not feel. I said: “Go back now and tell Jody to have his limousine at the filling station in front of the commissary at nine o’clock sharp in the morning, with all six of his kids in it. We will fill his tank with gas and also give him a big basket of lunch for himself and his children and a quart of milk for the babies, all free. And then he is to drive and keep on driving until his tank is empty, and if he ever shows his face around here again we will land on him as hard as the law allows. If he does not comply, I’ll be over there with the sheriff before noon, and what we have got on him will surprise him. Be sure to tell him that.”

I picked up a lumber journal, pre-
tending to read. Presently I heard a movement behind me, a snivelling and a murmur. I looked around and saw that ‘Woe-unto-you’ was on his knees by his chair praying semi-audibly. The sight exasperated me and I yanked him to his feet.

"Now go!" I said.

He faced me trembling, his face twitching. He began: "The Lord saith: "Suffer little children . . . \""

"For Christ sake, shut up!" I shouted, "Beat it out of here quick before I commit murder!"

He shuffled toward the door and stopped. He turned and said: "Please, Mr. Nelson, I want to say something."

"Go ahead," I said, "but make it snappy."

"Jody has been converted, Mr. Nelson. You didn’t know that. We pray together, and he wants to do right. If you will give him only one more chance I know he will pay all his debts and redeem himself. I am sure he will. We have talked about it and he knows he did wrong to buy that automobile. He wants all the boys that gave him money should have it back, and I am going to help."

I had to laugh. "It seems to me," I said, "that your first duty is to your own family. I don’t see how you can take care of them properly, to say nothing of helping another who has absolutely no claim upon you. Do you think you are doing the right thing by your own children? How can your conscience let you assume the responsibilities of a stranger, especially such a worthless fellow as this man Jody has proven himself to be?"

"God’s love embraces all!" he said, "the Lord will provide; he has never failed; blessed be the name of the Lord! If you believe in God, Mr. Nelson, you could not be so hard-hearted. You would give him another chance. It would be the saving of his soul. For Jesus’ sake, give him another chance! Do this, Mr. Nelson, you see I am begging on my bended knees..."

He was staggering back toward my desk jabbering incoherently, agonizing as though something were clawing inside of him. It was comic, pathetic.

"All right," I assented, "we will give him another chance if he wants it. Go get him. Bring him back with you right now, and we will see what sort of arrangement he is willing to make."

I outlined a plan whereby ‘Woe-unto-you’ would have first consideration out of Jody’s pay-check for his and his children’s keep, the balance to be divided pro rata among his other creditors. The business was to be handled in the office, and Jody would get no actual cash until he was clear of debts. Jody, of course, realized that it was either accept or get out. It must have struck him as better policy to stay, at least for the present, for he agreed to it all. ‘Woe-unto-you’ fairly danced around him, jubilating, praising God, patting him on the back, shaking his hand! Forgiving and forgetting the past in the joy over a saved soul! He did not note the sullenness of Jody, but I did.

We got him out of payments on the new car by trading in his equity for an old machine. It was a wrench for him to part with it, but he had no choice. The undertaker, the doctor, and the commissary never did get entirely paid up. He got into the habit of laying off a half-day two or three times a week, and that cut his pay down to where there was little or noth-
ing left above his board money. He pleaded illness, but I felt certain he was malingering. Still, I couldn't figure how he was benefiting by his action. Of course it would have brought him no cash to have worked full time, as the money would have applied on his debts; but if that was the reason, why work at all? It became clear to me later, but at the time it surprised me that he did not take French leave. He had money enough for that. He got it from somewhere, for he bought snuff and tobacco at the pool hall, sometimes gambled on the punchboard, and the mill-foreman said he often smelled liquor on his breath. He stayed on, however, and after a time began working steadily again. I began to think I had misjudged him.

Then about a year ago he apparently got religion in a serious way. He had attended church with 'Woe-unto-you' before, but only haphazardly and had taken no active part; now his voice was heard in prayer every Sunday. To be sure, there was something queer about it. For one thing his praying was awkward; no accentuation, no emotion, hesitant, as though groping for diction or repeating a lesson hardly learned. Of course this may have been inaptitude merely, but how account for his churlishness? He performed as a tiger does under the trainer's lash! He was disagreeable and even rude, a sort of dominating rudeness that focused attention to himself. It got so that when people spoke of 'Woe-unto-you's' menage, they were as apt as not to say: "Down at Jody's." For all his professed piety, he hovered about the place like an evil spirit.

It was just previous to this manifestation of religious zeal and crude of-
Her voice was an inarticulate murmur. It was a painful proceeding.

Things went along in this manner until about three months ago, when the mill shut down. Jody was then through, but we kept 'Woe-unto-you' on for some repair work and to generally batten down the plant for a long spell of idleness. When he came home for dinner one day his daughter told him Jody had taken the car to hunt for another job and that mother had gone with him. They never came back. I proposed that we have the sheriff hunt them down, but 'Woe-unto-you' turned on me with his admonishing forefinger and fanatic glare, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!" I washed my hands of the matter. On following Sunday 'Woe-unto-you' prayed loudly for them in meeting; then as the town dwindled the services petered out.

Back at the cook-house Travis and I ate a meal off the kitchen table. It was nearing train time, and the 'Woe-unto-you' group had already left for the depot. The train had pulled in when we got there. The red-haired boy was up ahead by the baggage-coach seeing to it that their belongings got on. The conductor was helping the children onto the step of the day-coach where 'Woe-unto-you' stood shunting them through the door of the car. The girl with the baby was already on and we saw her settling into a seat next the window. She raised the child to change its position and the shawl which had covered its face dropped down. Travis and I were bidding each other good-bye when the movement behind the car window attracted our attention. We both looked up and got a full view of the baby's face. Travis gasped, but I was not surprised. It was of the white breed.

Travis stepped on the train and the conductor signalled to go. The red-haired boy came running from the waiting-room of the station where he had gone to see if anything had been forgotten. He waved farewell as he passed me, his eyes alert, his face beaming, a mischievous imp in a camp of somber Israelites. The train disappeared around the curve, but his face stayed with me, and presently it merged with that of an Irishman who spouted Shakespeare's sonnets and managed our log dump a dozen years ago. He had come from somewhere outside, stayed with us a year and then disappeared. He owned a brace of game-fowl which he raised with 'Woe-unto-you's' poultry.
AND NO BIRD SANG

PHILIP LIGHTFOOT SCRUGGS

The boy finished his breakfast and stood up, moving his chair back soundlessly, making no sound as he moved, like an animal long trained to the danger of sudden sound and movement. He was tall and thin, his face thin and tired, the blue eyes lustreless; and the blond hair, with a tendency to curl, was bleached almost to whiteness by the sun. The cool air of dawn was sweet in the room. Beyond the window the boy could see the garden fresh with dew; he could smell the fragrance of the garden but already, as the sun’s light strengthened behind the mountains, he could feel the day’s approaching heat. He stood beside the table and waited for his grandmother to speak.

“Plough the creek flat,” the woman said, “You can finish it today. The late corn must go in.” Her speech was clipped and harsh, her face hard. Sixty she must have been, but she was tall and gaunt and hard, her hair’s bleached softness, like the boy’s, not softening the hardness of her face. Her eyes, blue and opaque, stared at the boy without emotion. “Go along,” she said. “You must finish it today.”

The chirp and twitter of birds sounded in the garden. As the first yellow light of the sun crossed the mountains a bird burst into song. With a technical flourish a mockingbird went through its repertoire of song; and the boy knew that the bird was perched on the topmost twig of the pear tree, waiting for the woman.

The woman moved, took a saucer of crumbs from the table and started out. “Go along,” she said.

The boy started down to harness Dan for the ploughing but he could see, as plainly as though he were there, the mockingbird fluttering down to be fed with crumbs, tame and without fear of the woman. It was her one softness and the bird was the only living creature on the farm that did not tremble with fear of her.

When he drove Dan toward the creek flat, dragging the heavy plough, the sun was over the mountains and the boy could feel its heat on his back; he could feel the greater heat to come and knew that the day on the flat would be a burning hell.

He was tough and strong but his lightness made him give all his strength to holding the plough steady in the thick loam. After the first three furrows he was soaked with sweat, his blue denim shirt and pants were dark with sweat. His right forearm began its automatic movement to wipe the scalding sweat from his brow.

Why she hated him the boy did not know except that it had something to do with his mother and father, dead before the beginning of memory in him. It had something to do with a forbidden word he had heard whispered. There had been no one he could ask for explanation of that dark word and its connection with him. It became blended with all the darkness, the sharp anguish giving away at last to numbed endurance, that was his existence.

There had been no memory of any softness in his life. From the first he had worked, carrying wood for the kitchen stove when he first could walk alone in the yard. Gradually there
had been heavier tasks, until in time he took over the work formerly done by a tenant. From dawn to sunset he worked on the farm and only on necessary trips to the village store saw anyone beside the woman. Even then he had no speech beyond what was necessary for his purchases. Like the woman, he was shunned.

He had asked her once about his mother and father. The hate that blazed from her eyes then had kept him from ever asking again. It had been like a live, searing thing, that hate that passed between them, never expressed in words. She would look at him and a nameless, uncontrollable fear would shrivel his soul. For a long time he had ceased to question or to think. His days were made up of exhausting work. Rebellion had never found place in his dulled brain.

It was nearing noon when the white heat of the sun seemed to bake his skull, bake the leanness of his body. As he turned a furrow near the green bank of the creek he looked toward the white house on the knoll. Nothing moved there, nothing moved anywhere. The sun's heat had stilled all living things. The boy dropped the reins and sank on the cool sand of the creek bank. Dan, the horse, stood motionless in the sun, as though fear held him there, afraid to move a few paces into the shade of the creek willows.

Flies buzzed over him as he lay stretched on the sand but he had no energy to brush them away. Close by was the cool murmur of the creek, torture to hear. He thought how the water would feel on his baked flesh. He lay there and after awhile knew, without looking, that she was standing on the porch. He could feel her eyes on him like the lash of a whip. Stirring, he went back into the white heat where the fresh-turned furrow had already dried. Blindly he gripped the guide rein, the plough handles, and the horse tugged the plough forward through the rich earth.

The second furrow around he saw that she had gone. "Damn her!" he muttered. "Damn her!" There was the accumulated bitterness, the hate of sixteen years in his voice, so that the horse cringed at the sound, threw his weight against the traces and the plough jerked free of the earth, jerked the boy forward on his face in the fresh-turned earth.

The tautness of his numb pain snapped. The heat, the fear, the slow accretion of hate for the woman and for all that was hers made him jerk the short whip from his belt; made him hold the reins tight as he lashed the horse with all his lean strength. Great welts showed on the horse's flanks. Blood showed; and the boy continued to strike. The horse shuddered with a shudder of human pain, yet the boy held him while the whip lashed forward again and again, until his arm was numb.

He knew she was watching, but for the first time he did not care. Throwing the lines aside he stumbled across the field, up the hill, the whip still gripped in his hand. On the porch he faced her and the stare of her hate for him. His eyes did not turn. For an interval that seemed hours they glared at each other; and for the first time there was no fear in the boy's eyes. He turned away and entered the house.

When he had washed and come back to the porch he saw her coming up the hill. The horse was not in sight. The
whip was thrust into his belt as he sat on the steps and waited until he heard food being put on the table. She was never sparing with food. Going in he ate, not looking at her. He could not lift his eyes without meeting the stare that, for as long as he could remember, had made him choke over his food.

All that afternoon he lay under a tree on the cool grass, his sluggish mind working feverishly. There was a strange light in his blue eyes, no longer lustreless; a look of cunning alien to his face. They sat through the evening meal without speech; and after eating the boy went to his room. Until the long twilight had faded, he cleaned and polished the rifle taken from its rack in the kitchen. When the bore was smooth and clean and the mechanism oiled and working smoothly he put the rifle under his mattress and went to bed. Sleep was slow in coming, for his long dormant mind was working.

The routine of the farm went on. There was no change in anything; not outwardly. The ploughing was finished and the corn put in. Each morning at breakfast the woman would state whatever needed to be done. He would leave, knowing that she was going out to feed the mockingbird, always ready with its burst of song while they breakfasted. He would smile, now, to himself. He would smile as he went down the hill to the day’s work.

Gradually, as summer went on, the cringing fear in her presence left him. Especially on Sundays when he returned he met her stare with that sly smile, smiling even while he ate.

When August came the woman looked forward to Sunday with a nameless dread. She listened for the sound of the rifle, sitting on the porch with her head half turned, beads of moisture on the hard wax of her face, a look of expectant fear transforming her.

A curious stillness came over the farm as August waned. The valley was golden with maturing crops. The great valley of the Shenandoah rolled away from them toward the dim blue of the

He gave the woman a cunning, triumphant smile as they sat down to supper in the kitchen.

Summer went on and men came to thresh the wheat. The boy hoed the new corn, worked as usual during the week; but on Sunday he would disappear with the rifle to be gone all day. The woman, listening now, listening always for the sound, heard the occasional sharp reports of the gun. When the boy returned he gave her that strange, sly smile, though she gave him only that unwavering cold stare of hate that was the only expression he knew her to possess.

Frequently, now, he would pause and watch her as she fed the mockingbird each morning. The bird would flutter down, go through a mimicry of distrust, then come to peck the crumbs from the saucer the woman held. There was no glaring hate in the boy’s eyes for the bird. Instead, he seemed to derive some pleasure from the sight. He watched long before leaving for the day’s work.

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western mountains, its hills and vales rich with crops maturing. In the distance, away from the farm, there was life and movement. At night blurs of light moved on far hills where cars passed. When the nights were damp they could hear the faint sound of horns, the faint, lonely sound of a train. But on the farm, near the farm, all was still.

They would sit on opposite ends of the porch without speech or movement. When the moon rose and turned the valley to patterns of black and silver a flood of song came from the garden behind the house. The mockingbird would sing and its song reached a crescendo of passionate despair at the passing of summer. Sometimes when the bird sang a low growl came from the boy’s throat and the woman’s chair would creak with movement.

Now the valley became soft with the haze of impending autumn. The harvest was in and the fields were bare. On the higher slopes of the mountains color showed on the trees and color began to creep down the slopes. The work on the farm was light and the boy was no longer seen around the house. Each morning, now, he took the rifle and left the house, returning only at sunset. He left with an eagerness, a desperate intensity in his blue eyes, hurrying across the meadow to the woods. She avoided him when he returned, avoided that sly, triumphant look, that cunning smile.

It was time for fall ploughing, but the boy did not go to the fields and the woman did not speak. Dan, the horse, was growing fat in the far pasture by the road. The woman did not speak. It was a long time now since there had been any word between them. Silence was on the house, on the farm; silence spread through the forest and up the slopes of the mountains. A spell of silence was on the earth, broken only by those reports, farther away now, fainter, so that the woman stood in the garden listening as the faint reports of the gun extended silence like a live thing to encompass the earth. The mockingbird’s song was the only remaining thing of summer’s richness; the only bright thing left in the world. The song of the grey bird was the only thing that shattered the silence on the farm. When its song stopped silence rippled back like the surface of a lake that is once more still after the leap of a fish has disturbed its surface.

With the return of the moon the nights were cold; but the boy still sat on the porch. He sat with the rifle across his knees. Always, now, he kept the rifle by his side. With the moon’s fulness the bird sang in the garden, but its song now had a hollow sound as though thinned by the cold. The woman, sitting inside, would half rise from her chair at the sound. She sat with a fire in the grate, hunched close. She sat warming her hands, huddled in her chair, though winter had not come.

She heard the boy leap from his chair on the porch. She heard the low growl in his throat. The report of the rifle shattered the house with sound. Listening, the woman heard the faint honk of wild geese overhead, a strained sound piercingly sweet. She heard the boy swear, heard him pass down the steps, heard the rifle crack repeatedly. In a shudder of fear she went to the window and saw him standing in the bright moonlight, firing into the sky. She saw him shake his fist at the sky.
and heard a low, inhuman growl in his throat; desperate, impotent.

The woman then felt a curious, fierce joy. Fear left her in a sudden mad surge of triumph, suffusing her grey face with rare color, making the opaque blue of her eyes suddenly alive. When he came in she stood facing the door, tall and erect, her gaunt strength returned.

"Ah!" she cried. "Ah!—you could not kill them!"

All through the next morning there was no sound. There was no sound to shatter the still, grey afternoon. At dusk the woman stood in the garden and saw him come from the forest, into the garden and toward the house. When he passed he did not look at her; there was a hard, cold look of despair on his face, of frustrate, impotent despair. The woman stood on in the dusk until she heard him enter the house. Her face was hard again, and the triumph on it was the nearest to a smile her face had known in sixteen years.

At dawn the boy was sitting at the window of his room. He had been sitting there for so long a time that his hands, gripping the rifle, were blue with cold. There was no sound below, no sound in the house; he wondered why the woman was not fixing breakfast. It was the first time in his memory that she had not been preparing breakfast at this hour.

The clouds had gone and the sky was a pale hard blue when the sun came up behind the mountains. The boy had not moved when he saw the flutter of wings, saw the mockingbird light on the topmost twig of the pear tree, its leaves blackened now with frost.

As the pale sunlight filtered down into the garden the bird made those chirping sounds, those tentative gestures toward song such as birds make in early spring before green things come. He fluttered away from the tree, returned; the boy could see that the bird was impatient for his food. There was no sign of the woman, no sound. At last the boy could see the bird gather itself for an effort, stretch its slender throat and burst into song.

As the bird sang the boy lifted the rifle. His movement was deliberate and sure, as though he had rehearsed it many times. When the rifle cracked the song ceased. The bird fell, limp and grey, catching on twigs, dropping in little flights and pauses to the ground.

Moving like a creature of the forest, silent, with silence tangible and alive around him, the boy took up a bundle and went down. In the garden he picked up the bird, dangling it limply by one wing, and went to find the woman.

At the door of the little sitting-room he paused. The woman sat before the dead fire, hands folded in her lap, her head turned slightly against the chair's back in a listening attitude. It was some time before the boy knew that she was dead. As the light strengthened outside he saw her face clearly, saw her hard triumphant smile. Even in death she seemed to be telling him what he knew, that she had won, that she had evaded this last gesture of his, this climax of hate: the dead bird in his hand.

The old look of cringing fear was in his eyes as he backed away. It was in his eyes as he saddled Dan. He mounted the horse and sat staring for a long time at the white house on the knoll.
The horse moved away, pausing to crop at grass along the road. The boy sat staring at the house as the horse cropped the late, sweet grass. He mumbled to himself in impotent despair as he rode away toward the valley pike. He gibbered to himself as the horse moved slowly down the road. Around him the farm was still; nothing moved anywhere; and no bird sang.

THE ROCK
Howard McKinley Corning

Enamored of the sky, for long the rock had stood
Foundation of a certitude of space
Through which we strove; and if its mood
(Than ours more calm) bore grace
To make us more content, that was the one
Unaltered truth we shared.

At least
By times we were content. What hungers had begun
Our lives had well go on; the yeast
That moved to doubt might true enough be false,
Inciting toward some fantasy—what more?

... Until the rock became our point of view,
A fact of vision sharpening on the pulse.

It stood upon the desert’s stubborn floor,
Our ranches spread about. It grew
Out of our harvests and our cattle pawed
The stream the fissure uttered, seeping clear
Across our tawny acres. Stormed on, flawed
By every scouring element, its sheer
And rainbowed countenance hung near.

I do not think we looked upon it awed;
It was our separate selves and being that
Absolved our falsity. It was the truth
Of selves we were. If hate or pain begat
Terror we drew apart, as first in youth
Toward pity, here toward pride
In strength of spirit. Whatever sensitized
Unduly was made meaningful, supplied
With that serenity the rock could give.

If one had asked—we would not be surprised
It was the rock that was our strength to live.
BEER mellows some people a great deal, frees the memory and loosens the tongue. Many an evening of pleasant fellowship has bubbled up with its foam, and not a few good stories have accompanied its flowing. The night when the Professor told us about the cat, we had been sitting around a table drinking beer and everybody talking about all sorts of things; everybody, that is, except the Professor, who had been sitting very strangely, his thin body slumped wearily in his chair. His long, nervous fingers were quiet, and his restless eyes had not flashed once all evening, save when the leaping fire across the room drew an occasional flick of response. When the noisy group of students had thinned away, leaving us alone in the empty-tabled room, he did not look about, but stared dully at the oak paneling. The conversation had drifted to the inevitable subject of woman, and Hargraves began to liken them to cats.

"No," the Professor interrupted, putting down his glass, "I assure you that you are maligning the creatures unjustly. Cats are very frequently disparaged and compared unfavorably with other animals. This is quite unfair in view of the intelligence, the lithe beauty, and the occult friendship which characterize the species." He stopped, toyed with his glass. "I had a cat walk in on me once." Hargraves winked at me, the shy student coughed encouragingly, and we settled back to listen.

"It was a bitter night," the Professor began. "I had closed my windows, contrary to my usual hygienic custom, because of the biting wind. I could not go to sleep, and found myself lying wide awake, staring at the bright outline of the window which the low moon was silvering on the opposite wall." Hargraves and I smiled at each other in anticipation as the Professor warmed into the elaborate phrasing on which—it was an open secret—he prided himself.

"There was something fantastic about its slow oblique glide downward along the wall. Suddenly a hump of black protruded into the whiteness; a strange shadow leaped across its lower edge and stopped there. I turned to the window, but could see nothing. For a long time I lay, dully wondering what the shadow might mean, watching for any movement. At last I got up, threw a robe about my shoulders, and tiptoed across to the window. There in the pale light, curled up snugly against the cold eddies of wind, was a cat. It had leaped from the fire-escape onto the sill of my window. I turned to go back to bed, but stopped; my pineal eye, I suppose, saw the cat move. It was shivering. Acting on an impulse, I raised the window, reached out and lifted in the cat. It seemed not at all afraid, sniffed curiously about, then looked at me with its fathomless eyes. It was scarred, its tawny hide slashed with many rough sores, its color almost buried under greying dirt. I searched through the mass of dishes, cans, and books upon my table, and found a fairly clean bowl, into which
I poured milk. The poor devil fairly lapped it up, and I am sure he looked at me gratefully.

"When I awoke in the morning the cat was prowling anxiously about the room, meowing. He refused milk, looked at me appealingly while I dressed, as if I were wronging him. I could not think of what he might want, until suddenly it flashed upon me that the cat had been housebroken, and that he was anxious to relieve himself; whereupon I ran down to the basement and got a small box half full of sawdust. I left him milk and a saucer of tinned salmon while I went off to my lectures; naturally I chose not to turn the fellow out into the cold. The city in winter offers no abiding place for an unattached cat, nor even in the best of weather is it a pleasant place for a homeless creature.

"That evening Mrs. Smeedley was standing in her doorway when I came in. ‘Professor,’ she said, ‘you know that our rules forbid having dogs and cats in the apartments.’ Mrs. Smeedley is a healthy woman, not yet past the age of suitors. She is not thin, like many widows; but she has a full figure and a proud head of hair, curling in glossy ebon masses down over her rounded shoulders. Her hair usually catches one’s gaze, so that one seldom notices her face, although it would be considered handsome by many people —dark skin, full lips, and evenly modelled features. Her eyes bother me; solid blue, they cut straight through you. I had had but occasional glimpses of her before, since I was always out when she made up my room, and she always passed on very quietly whenever I met her in the hallway. She had never bothered me before, even about the mess of my house-keeping, to which so many landladies had objected, but now she stood regarding me very seriously, hands set determinedly on her hips as though she expected me to argue.

"I did. After some little playing upon her sympathy I beguiled her consent to my keeping the cat until the blizzard should have blown itself out; and she was persuaded to come up with me to see my guest. He was curled lazily on my deep throw rug, the only bright spot, despite his dirt, in that dull room. He got up and walked carelessly over to the landlady, rubbing his back against her legs. She bent down to him, smoothing his tawny fur and crooning softly, then straightened suddenly before my stare and went swiftly away. I was somewhat astonished at her affectionate manners with the cat, not having thought of her before as a sentimentalist.

"The cat and I never made such undignified display of familiarity. He always followed me about the room, and when I was sitting at my desk he would lie on the rug and watch me. It was strange to me at first to look about and meet his steady stare, but I soon grew to take pleasure in his company; and when we had spent many quiet evenings together it was almost as if we understood each other and enjoyed our silent companionship. He ate gratefully the fish and milk which I gave him, but I do not believe that he ever intentionally rubbed against my legs, nor did I ever pet him save by accident.

"I became quite accustomed to Mrs. Smeedley’s spending the evenings in my room. She would tap quietly upon my door, inquire after my health, and
at my invitation sink readily into my one easy chair. The cat would leap into her aproned lap and cuddle up, purring, while she sat quietly fondling him. And she would talk, slowly at first, then more freely, her voice low and careful, about her squalid childhood in the mining district of the North, her early hopes and longings for a home and family of her own, her marriage to an uncouth miner, and her later hardships in the city. She never spoke of her husband, but I guessed that she had been very unhappy with him, and had not greatly regretted the careless blast which had crushed the life out of his tough frame. She had had a very lonesome, unsatisfactory life. So little understanding, so much brutality. I came to feel a great sympathy for her loneliness, and once found myself sadly watching her hands endlessly smoothing the soft fur, my self thinking how soon those hands would be worn harsh and bony by the scrubbing and sweeping of these dreary rooms.

"I began to look forward to her evening visits, and felt disappointed when she did not come. I found myself excuses to go to her apartment whenever I could, and took a secret pleasure in seeing her. I thought I was beginning to understand the fathomless depth of her eyes, the quietness of her manner, seemingly so distant and detached, yet so warmly present and real. Somehow I felt more alive, more interested and alert when she was present.

But soon her petting of the cat became distasteful to me; I would watch him, cuddled so contentedly in her lap, and gradually a dislike for him grew within me. Without consciously deliberating the matter, I found myself planning how I might get rid of the cat. It was useless to ask why he must go; his presence became increasingly a source of discomfort to me—I conceived an aversion to being in the room with him. There he would lie, his saucer eyes, as inscrutable as fate, ceaselessly fixed upon me. I was torn between my desire to have Mrs. Smeedley in the room and my bitterness at watching her fondle him. I tried hard to conceal my feelings. I avoided the thought that perhaps it was the cat whom Mrs. Smeedley came to see. I remembered how pleasantly she had suggested that I keep him all winter. And the cat would turn and stare into my soul as I pondered these things, and I knew that he understood.

"The warm wind from the plains at last ventured up toward the city, shyly at first, then confidently as it felt the snow thin and break before it, until it had wrapped the city tightly in its lusty arms.

"I awoke one morning to find the cat gone. Yes, he had sprung out to the fire escape and vanished into the maze of alleys from which he had come. Gentlemen, it was mating time."

The shy student shook his head admiringly. Jove, the Professor could roll them out.

The Professor picked up his glass of beer, sipped at it slowly. The room was very quiet; even the fire had ceased to crackle, its embers glowing dully as they lingered still half alive, only a soft glow warming the dark old woodwork. We sat still, smoking in silence.

"And Mrs. Smeedley?" Hargraves asked at last.

"She never came to my room again," the Professor said softly.
Wisconsin is still a young man with names remembered.

He can think of Black Hawk and Red Bird and Yellow Thunder, and he can think how slowly years turn past things under.

Hearing the long cry of locomotives in the night and motors humming in the air, he can remember how canoes came down his waters, and how the rafts, and how the river boats went up and down. And he can think of ox-carts trailing into valleys from the hills. Every spring and every summer he can hear the whippoorwills singing in the early evening, and in the nostalgic sound he can tell himself again a round of memories.

Legend-tired Frontenac, wanting knowledge of the stream called Father of Waters . . .
John Jacob Astor and the outposts of his fur empire . . .
Imprisoned Black Hawk sick with longing for his hills and prairies, for his dying sons and daughters . . .
Senator La Follette fighting lumber kings and railroad kings and despoilers of his land with his death-bound fire . . .

Wisconsin is still a young man with centuries remembered.

Carver and Marquette and Joliet drowsing down his yesterday;
Dewey and La Follette scarcely gone,
Schurz and Garland fingering his dawn.

Still a young man sprawled in the deep grass of a summer afternoon, remembering how the Sacs and Foxes, and how the Chippewas fell back, and how soon the forests came to end, dreaming memoried footfalls soft against unquiet earth . . .
Quebec and New Orleans, and Pere Marquette seeing in a dawn how the Ouisconsin gave birth to that elder stream, proud Black Hawk fronting General Streete on the Prairie of the Dog, “I am Black Hawk of the Sacs, surrendering.”

Wisconsin is a young man knowing kinship with the whickering hawk along the upper air, but restless—restless, and afraid of change, and with white in his hair.
THE OPEN RANGE

A SILVER DIME
Colorado in the Early Sixties
As Remembered by "H. L." Pitzer in 1898
Compiled and Edited by R. C. Pitzer

My tenderfoot summer in the mountains, in 1860, had been great fun. Part of the fun was a fine, new buckskin bag that I took up from Denver into the hills, with every expectation of bringing it back in the fall chock full of dust. All it had in it was a silver dime—my luck piece. That dime got to be quite famous among my friends. They knew I'd found it at O'Fallon's Bluffs on my way out across the plains, and that I'd landed in Denver in June with just that dime and nothing more. Charley Harrison of the Criterion Saloon had offered me ten dollars for it, saying that it was obviously good luck; and when I pulled out in the early summer for the hills I thought, for sure, that the gambler's idea would prove to be right. That dime was going to find gold. It did, too, in the American Gulch; and the only thing that kept me from coming back not with one bag of dust but with two or three, was myself. I'd walked over fortunes in the American and Georgia, sure enough, and on Gold Hill, too, and had come back no longer a tenderfoot, but just as poor as when I'd set out.

Well, I was young, and I'd have better luck next time. Being twenty-six, and in the pink of condition, I had taken foot-passage back from Boulder to Denver, and arrived at night, as hungry as a wolf. My silver dime still wouldn't buy me a potato; it was for ornament, not use; so I tightened my belt and rolled up on the prairie in blankets that were a lot the worse for wear. So for that matter were my clothes, and pretty full of patches. As for my hair and beard, I guess I must have looked like the original wild man.

Next morning I got breakfast with my friend, Noisy Tom Pollock, and then set out to see what was to be done. Maybe the present day crop of young men would have been stumped, but we were of a tougher breed back in the Sixties. Of course, I had plenty of friends in town; I've always had lots of them everywhere; but one reason why I've had them and kept them is because I've never sponged off of them. Tom's breakfast was as near that as I've ever gone; and I paid him back as soon as I could. Rough clothes and no dust wouldn't have mattered a bit with any of them; we judged men in the old days by something more than what they wore or owned. But for all that I kept away from them while I puzzled things out.

I might have taken the dime to Harrison, but I was stubborn about that. I didn't want to be beholden to him, though I liked the rascal well enough, even though by then secession talk began to get going, and Harrison was a staunch Southerner. So finally I took the dime over to Uncle Dick Wootton's store on Indian Row—though by then it had changed its name to Ferry Street—and pawned it for a chance to sleep upstairs and eat out of the cracker barrel. As for the Taos lightning, which was his main stock in trade, I wanted none of it.

In consequence of the great crowds of boomers that reached Denver in the summer and fall of 1860, there was not work or business for all by a long chalk, especially as there were many unsuccessful prospectors like myself coming back to town for the winter. I counted myself a full-fledged miner now, but I wasn't above any old kind of work. So I looked around and found a job, or rather I made myself one: I traded my forty-four for a buck-saw, made myself a
saw-horse, and before noon on that first day in town I was sawing stove wood. There was no coal at that time, of course, and snow was at hand. The wood sold well. I didn't have to pay anything at all for the timber; just got it on the bottoms, sawed it up and peddled it. I made myself a tidy little stake, too, for stove wood was high-priced right then. A few other odd jobs helped my pocket-book; then I redeemed my dime, got some fine clothes, and appeared in society once more. But before that one of the ladies who had crossed the plains in the same train with me caught me peddling wood, and insisted upon cutting my hair and trimming my beard for me. She did a mighty good job. Then I stumbled on to a place for the winter as a ranch hand for ten dollars a month and found. That is, I found I had to live all winter on biscuit, bacon, coffee and dried apples. Now and then, though, we got a jackrabbit, and several times we shot antelope, which came to a salt lick pretty close to our cabin on the South Platte. Some of the Denver boomers thought that we lived high, for they had dried apples for breakfast, drank water for dinner, and the apples swelled up for supper.

Now was the winter of our discontent made pleasant by chopping cord wood, building fence and driving ox teams: all work congenial to me. One day a wild goose got in front of my gun. We cooked that goose for two days, and finally got some broth out of it, but the bird itself we had to throw to the coyotes. They had better jaws than we had. Wild goose is fine eating, so they say; but our goose didn't measure up to the praise of hunters. I think it was Old Man Goose himself, as ancient as California redwoods. Maybe he fed on their cones when they were young.

There was a colony of beavers near our cabin, with a big dam in the Platte and their house on the bank near our house. As we never disturbed them they got to think of us as neighbors, and weren't shy with us at all. They had cut down trees that were almost as large around as a man's body, and from the trees they had gnawed logs about six feet long. With these they made their dam. Though they did not know it, their two quiet and harmless neighbors were not good examples of the new race that was taking possession of land and water. The beaver's day was about over, and like all wild things, whether animal or human, they were about to find that the Caucasians had come. When our white dominion is complete, I sometimes wonder what the next great change will be, and who will push us off into the history books as we have pushed the Indian and the beaver.

The cabin where I spent the winter was near the new farms of John and Isaac McBroom, two as good men and true as ever walked around. It was a pleasure to visit their cabin on Sundays. That old cabin of theirs still, in this year of 1898, marks the spot of their early-day life in Colorado. John was then a bachelor, but Isaac and his wife and baby had come that summer from my own Glenwood, Iowa. A third brother, Harvey, came out later. Both John and Harvey are at rest. No family not related to me has ever meant as much to me as that of the McBroom's. Even today their homes are more like home than any place outside the four walls of my own family.

Up to this time, women were scarce. One woman in a neighborhood was a great civlizer. Everybody dressed better, spoke better and acted better because somewhere in the background there was a home woman. We had been, generally speaking, a sort of wild-man crowd, nearly all intending, not many moons hence, to return to "God's Country," but now some were preparing to make Colorado their home. Few of us, though, thought that right here the desert would be made to blossom like the rose.

During this winter of 1860-61 there wasn't much in the way of amusement, or excitement, either. No churches, no dances; only checkers, euchre, and whist, and talk. If there had been dances, it's likely that the few women would have had their feet danced off. But everybody was sociable, hilarious, jovial, hearty—whatever word helps to show the happy spirit of fellowship and hope for the future. The outlook pleased us all, miners and ranchers alike.

Of course, out on the ranches we didn't get in to town very much, though a short gallop would take us there. Now, in 1898, these places are all suburban, and no doubt before very many years will be a part of the great city of Denver. Then, coyotes ser-
enaded us, deer and antelope were frequent visitors, and during the snows we cleaned out more than one wild-cat or wolf. Down in town there was an occasional entertainment of one sort or another at what I think was then called Apollo Hall, on Larimer Street. The hotels and bars flourished, of course, and the gay gambooleer cornered the town's dust.

There were lots of Southerners, good and bad, in town, whose boast was that if the South cut free the West would go with it. Some mighty good men were arguing that we had no ties at all with the Yanks, and that Colorado's great destiny was obviously with the men of Dixie. Postmaster McClure, several fellows with military titles in true Southern style, and some of our best business men were for secession from the start of the talk. Well, they were all right—earnest, fine citizens. But then, there was Charley Harrison and his Bummers—what was left of them—men like the two Reynolds brothers, who afterwards led the famous Reynolds gang of road-agents cleaned out in '64—and others of that stripe. Most of the gamblers and blacklegs, whether they were Southerners or not, wanted war, and were hot for rebellion. It was about their one chance of getting things into their own hands again.

That's the way things were when spring came and I left once more for the hills. Colorado became a territory that spring, and the newly elected Lincoln appointed William Gilpin governor. I've heard him criticized a good deal, but one thing's certain, he held the country true to the States through all that trying time. After Fort Sumter, a Confederate flag was raised over a warehouse on Larimer Street, with Harrison and his Bummers cheering it. But the Unionists were in the majority, and the coup didn't come off. Instead Gilpin's Pet Lambs, the First Colorado Cavalry, got the upper hand without bloodshed, and corralled the Rebels. That didn't work out, either, for sympathizers got hold of just about all the percussion caps in town, so there couldn't be much armed opposition, and then about one hundred men marched out for the South. They were overtaken and brought back, but they escaped again—I've heard that the authorities were just as willing to be rid of them as the men were to go—and moved down into New Mexico. We were to hear more from them, later on.

I was glad to be out of the mess. I'd been brought up in Illinois and Iowa, but I was a Kentuckian and my father a Virginian; and though he'd been an abolitionist and a friend of Lincoln, and though, too, I had no sympathy with slavery, in the first years of the war it was hard for men with any Southern traditions to line up with the Yanks. If it hadn't been for the Bummers I imagine that I'd have been a lot more sympathetic with the Rebs than I actually was. So, when in the early spring an old friend, Nuckolls, came out from Glenwood and offered me a job, I was mighty glad to get out of the mess and back into the hills again.

It seems to me now, looking back, as if Colorado must have pretty nearly depopulated the peaceful Iowa town of Glenwood; and I wonder if all eastern towns had the same number of young men to pour into the wild West. Anyhow, Nukolls and a man named Casey wanted to start a bakery and grocery in Nevadaville. As I had not yet acquired enough of a stake for a good prospecting outfit, I was willing to take up any work that offered, so Nukolls hired me at seventy-five dollars a month and I got back into the mountains.

All that spring and early summer I clerked in Nevadaville; and then California Gulch broke loose. Well, that ended my clerking. I'd been pretty restive over being penned up, and at the first shout of Gold at Bough town, as the strike was first called, I was through with anything as prosaic as storekeeping. I'd come West to get away from that sort of thing, and from farming! And, besides didn't I have that silver dime, which was bound to bring me good luck? If it would help Harrison at a faro table, surely it ought to help me with pick, shovel and prospect pan! I'd been right on the top of a fortune in the American Gulch; it wasn't the dime's fault that I got tired digging! You can guess with what haste and hope I put all my savings into a new outfit and took the trail, broke again, but outfitted, and still with my good-luck piece. This time I surely would hit it! It wouldn't slip through my fingers the way the other bonanza had.

All the territory had the same idea. The trails looked like ticket lines out in front of
one of Jack Langrish's theaters. Most of Denver came piling up the Range. We heard that Oro City was bigger than Denver. It got a couple of churches right away, and Redstocking and her girls, and most of the territory's liquor. Some of my friends were in early, and cleaned up, but as for me, I never saw California Gulch that summer. The fact is, I was still a tenderfoot, and mining was exactly like playing faro to me. I was a gambler and didn't know it. On the trail I met a group of seven pilgrims who were crazy as loons about a brand new strike that they'd just heard of somewhere above Central City. One of the seven, named McCarty, I already knew. Everybody and his wife was in California Gulch; nobody'd be able to find a place to bed down, much less to stake a claim. Besides, it was probably all talk. But this new field! Why, there was nobody there at all; actually nobody! You could have the cream; and when the news finally got out, why there you'd be, the king pin of the bonanza! I threw in with them, but not before a long camp-fire talk, and a lot of hesitation, like a fellow deciding which pocket-book to pick up. Finally I thought of my silver dime. It ought to be pretty good medicine. I tried it for heads or tails. That's why I got no more money out of California Gulch than out of the American.

The eight of us, after rushing around for a few weeks, and not being able to locate the boom that McCarty had heard about, finally decided that we couldn't go wrong if we located on Peck Gulch, where there was nobody but wolves. That was in the approximate location of where the find was supposed to be, anyhow, though nobody in Central City had heard anything about any boom except over the Range. Anyhow, the colors in Peck Gulch were promising, so we buckled down to hard work, and went at that gulch like beavers until the ground began to freeze. We got just about enough out of our sluices to pay expenses. When we could no longer run the sand through, everybody quit except Mac and myself. I remembered about the bedrock of the American, and intended to keep right on going down until I found nuggets as big as my head. Mac and I made a long tom, for we couldn't run the frozen sand through our sluices, and rocked out a few dollars a day until the freeze at last put a stop even to that. Still, we had confidence in Peck Gulch, and when at last we pulled stakes we had every intention of returning in the spring. I'd learned what it meant to quit too soon. But I hadn't learned the opposite, how not to keep on too long.

I was again broke, except for that lucky dime, so something had to be done. A winter job, cutting cord wood, proved to be that something. It stacked up a little differently to the soft job of clerking, but as it was a ground-hog case the dose was taken with laughter. My friends have always said that I'm an easy laugh. And I guess I can laugh at myself with as much real fun as at anybody else. So I had a good laugh over my silver dime, and then cut cordwood. The work paid fairly well, and I could always think about what I would take out of Peck Gulch the next summer.

Not being much of a chopper, I naturally fell behind the old, experienced hands. On a good-sized log I always left my mark so that there was no doubt as to which woodsman had cut it. That is, I'd pretty often hit the log where I had missed it before. Experience finally trained me so that I could sometimes strike twice in the same place, but I cut for some time before my average got above two cords a day. I had heard that Michigan and Minnesota choppers could cut five cords, so one day I started out to better that record. I put in my best licks, and did about the hardest day's work that I've ever done, chopping from early morn till snowy eve. No growling about long hours, or being sorry because I had that particular sort of a job! I've always believed in getting as much fun as possible out of living, and being interested in whatever you have to do. The reward of that particular day was three and three quarter cords of wood; and whoever thinks that to be an easy job on a snowy and short day in winter can try it out for himself, and be undeceived.

Several of us batched in a saw-mill house, and we surely had uproarious times. Big gray wolves, and sometimes mountain lions, serenaded us at night. Not a man in the house had a gun, not even a revolver. I'd traded mine in Denver the previous winter for a buck-saw, and hadn't had the cash to
sare since for another. Nor did I especially need one. And that is another example of what the West was really like; for people now think of us as having been walking hardware stores. Without firearms, we didn't try to catch any mountain lions, and weren't any too eager to strangle wolves, either. Now and then if a man was chopping alone, he might have one of the beasts stalking around in the near-by woods; but there were no casualties, either of beasts or men.

The nearest thing to tragedy with wild beasts occurred one evening when a group of us were out of doors, around a big blaze, where we'd cooked supper that night and had stayed to smoke and swap stories. A man named Ell Dickenson and I had our backs against a fallen tree with the fire in front of us. The blaze had died down to a mass of red coals, and we were thinking of getting indoors, when all of a sudden there was a crash, a roar, and a wild scattering of coals and ashes; then a leap into the gathering dark. A lion had mistaken the fire for his prey and had landed squarely in the middle of the hot coals. Men on the other side of the fire said that the lion came over our log, jumping down from the thick limb of a spruce just behind us; in which case he was probably headed for Ell or me and missed his aim, maybe slipping on the wet trunk as he jumped. It's the only case I know of where a lion, no matter how hungry, has ever dared to attack humans. And, moreover, a fire is supposed to keep them off. All I can say is, he must have been mighty hungry and in a pretty bad temper as well. And I guess that jump didn't improve his temper, whatever it did to his hunger.

One of our men, a Frenchman named, I think, Parenteau, had an experience—some time later, though, after he had left the woodcutters' camp—that knocks this lion story all hollow. He was just beyond the head of Peck Gulch when he saw a brown bearcub and shot it. Almost instantly the mother bear was out of a thicket and at him, too quick for shooting. In the struggle, he managed to get out a bowie knife, and finally held its haft against his chest as the bear grappled. He killed the bear with that knife, too, but not without getting clawed and chewed up, so that he lost all one side of his face, including the eye. But he pulled through, and prospectors came along in time to tie him up and get him down to Central City. He had crawled two miles, though, before the men got hold of him.

In the spring two of my brothers, Sam and Newton, who both later went into the army, came out from Glenwood, hauled by old Buck and Berry across the Great American Desert. I met my brothers in Denver and got them both into our Peck Gulch Company. Some of us started afoot, the rest with brother Newt and his ox team. We floundered through three feet of snow—three feet in Peck Gulch, that is—and sank a trench nearly eight feet deep to bedrock. We washed out the pay dirt from that and surprised ourselves with fifteen dollars.

"Slow but Sure," as we called Buck and Berry, came along some time afterward, with Brother Newt and the rest of our crowd. Fast travel was then unknown in the territory of Colorado. There were few stages as yet through the hills, but we could fly east to the States in four-horse coaches, of which Hinckley's Express was the fastest. For most of us, however, the ox team still did very well. There's always more than one month in a year, and generally more than one year in a lifetime. This business of being in more of a hurry than Time is doesn't get a man ahead of Time at all.

At the beginning we all pitched in to get our fortunes out of Peck Gulch; and we worked as fast as Hinckley's Express. We wanted, at the first clean-up of the sluice-riffles, to see a hatful of dust. In a sort of joking way, I wanted to see my lucky dime vindicated. Well, there wasn't a spoonful at the first clean-up. We were shocked. Finally we decided that there was something wrong with the riffles and that we hadn't saved the gold. We rebuilt our sluice boxes and made better riffles, then turned the water in and shoveled over the dirt again. But the second clean-up was no better than the first. Of course, the gold had washed away again! We were sure that it was there under our feet. Think of all the dust under the ground in the American Gulch! Think of all the dust Ferguson and Wells were slinging around from their strikes in California Gulch! Keep right on thinking about it! Why, there were ten thousand men in
the California, and only ten of us in Peck; moreover we'd claimed practically the whole gulch between us. We were bigger monopolists than the gang we've got here in 1898, running and ruining the world. I'd forgotten all about my democratic theories of everybody having a claim. We'd cornered it all. The only trouble was, how to get it.

I suggested quicksilver in the riffles. That was a good idea, for at the next clean-up we did some better, finding, too, a five-dollar nugget. All stopped work to gloat over it. There was hope. Next, our water gave out with the snows at the head of the gulch, and we found ourselves located in a dry creek-bed. This was worse than last year, but we stuck to it, went over to Buckeye and Miner's Gulches, and dug ditches along the hillsides for four miles so that we could bring in enough water to work our sluice. The sluice worked, all right and we washed the face of that gulch from Dan to Beer-sheba. But—we all got rich alike; which was not at all. I began to lose faith in that silver dime. Anybody could have had it for a dollar.

No one accused another of taking more than his fair share, that's sure. I don't know how many unpleasant talks, and perhaps quarrels, maybe even worse, we escaped that summer by not finding anything to quarrel about. By mid-summer we were pretty well agreed to part, good friends in sunshine and shade, without a harsh word between any of us. All gave it up as a bad job, that is, except my brothers and myself, and I guess they stuck because I did. I still had faith in Peck Gulch, and, besides, the boys had come West at my suggestion, and I couldn't see myself letting them go back empty, after we had used up all the provisions they'd brought. Then, too, I was stubborn about that dime. Anybody could have had it for a dollar.

The company, on quitting, agreed that we three brothers could have the gulch and anything we found in it. So we buckled down to hard work again. To our surprise after a while we hit a pay streak quite far up the mountain side, and in three weeks we had a large buckskin bag full of dust and nuggets. I felt pretty good, because my faith was justified. So, in the fall, the boys lit out for the United States of America, leaving me, at my own request of course, like Robinson Crusoe in the monarch business. Between me and Central City "my right there was none to dispute."

Though I didn't have a red cent in my pockets, or a glitter of dust in my buckskin bag, while my clothes were ragged and my grub was getting scarce, yet I did not feel a bit like giving up. I had that silver dime, and that's all I had, in the fall of 1862. But they say, "Where you lose it is the place to find it." And so I did, to the tune of five dollars a day until the ground froze hard. Finally, I went out of Peck Gulch, not rich, but happy as a lark. I could have stayed there, as I later realized, and drifted my trenches back and forth over the lower slopes, making a better living than I did for more than one year thereafter. Working, cooking and living alone, after one got used to it, was agreeable enough; and a little yellow dust every night was a good foundation for sleep. My evenings were passed musing by a big fire in the corner of the cabin, wandering around through the sweet night of the hills, or listening to the music of the wind in the pines. Also, farm boy that I was, I whittled a great wooden chain out of a square stick of wood. Our big gray wolves, which at first used nightly to serenade us, came no more; McCarty had put out a lot of strychnine for them, and they were either killed or frightened away. I heard only one all fall. It seemed in distress for the loss of its companions, as it doubtless was. For other company, though, I had the big pack-rats. One day I found a large nest in a cliff of rocks near the cabin, made mainly with sticks from six inches to a foot long; and in the nest were several knives, a spoon, McCarty's big ball of beeswax which he seemed to think some of us had taken, scraps of cloth, a hat that one of the boys had lost, and a revolver holster that hadn't belonged to any of us. There were other things, too, so if you ever live in a mountain cabin and things begin to disappear, look around for pack-rats before you suspect humans.

I was still batching when the first snow came, with a fall a foot deep. There was no wind. When night closed in a scene of wild beauty was about me. The moon came out in her silver splendor, flooding the snow-covered forest on the hills and the grand...
old spruces along the ravine, with a lovely light, as unreal and beautiful as romance. There was perfect silence, and in wandering around I saw scenes that even Walter Scott’s poetic pen would not have been able to draw in their reality. I don’t see how, while memory lasts, I shall ever forget this night in the wilderness. It was right there that I felt my whole search for gold justified, and my lucky silver dime as in a way the giver of riches more lasting and more real than the treasures underground. The real treasury of the hills was here in the silver moonlight, and the cloaked forest, while Denver gambled, and the States killed their young men.

HISTORICAL SECTION

FICKLIN’S EXPEDITION TO THE FLATHEAD COUNTRY IN 1858

Edited by CLYDE MCL EMORE

BECAUSE the authority of the federally appointed civil officers in the new Territory of Utah on occasions had been belittled, and for the more potent reason that the polygamy of the Latter Day Saints was shocking the national mind, it was decided at Washington to order thither an impressive army, to serve as a monitor.

The United States Army for Utah, 5,000 men, marching from Fort Leavenworth via the Overland Road, arrived at Fort Bridger late in 1857. Camp Scott, headquarters for the winter, was there established by the commander, Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, 2d Cavalry. Early in December Benjamin F. Ficklin was dispatched to the Flathead country to purchase horses and beef cattle. His report of that journey follows:

Camp Scott, Utah Territory, April 15, 1858. Sir: I left this camp on December 9, 1857, with my party of ten men, twelve horses, six mules, and thirty days rations, for the Flathead country, with instructions to contract for the delivery at this point of five hundred head of beef cattle by April 1, 1858; also to induce the mountainneers and Indians to bring in any horses they might wish to sell.

The route to be traveled was left to my choice. In order to avoid collision with any party of Mormons I selected the route up Ham’s Fork to the California emigrant route, followed that to the Soda Spring, on Bear river, thence due north across the mountains to Snake river, to a point 25 miles northeast of Fort Hall, arriving at Snake river on December 27, a distance estimated at above 200 miles.

At the time of leaving this camp there was only about one inch of snow, but it gradually increased, until before arriving at the
California emigrant route it was of an average depth of two feet, and in many places so much drifted that it was necessary for the men to open a trail for the horses to pass through. Traveling was very slow and laborious, both for animals and men.

No incident worth mentioning occurred, except in descending the mountain to Snake river; I found it necessary to follow the side of a steep hill to avoid the snow drifts; a pack mule slipped and rolled to the bottom (about 200 feet), and died a few days afterwards in consequence of its injuries.

I was induced to seek a new route across Snake river mountains, because it was more direct than the route by Fort Hall. Perhaps it was fortunate that I did so, as I afterwards learned that about fifty Mormons had, in October last, made a settlement on Snake river, at the mouth of Blackfoot creek, immediately on the Fort Hall trail; had, during the fall, built a fort, saw mill, etc., and had prepared grounds for this year's crop, but in the latter part of January the settlement had been broken up and the party returned to Salt Lake City.

After getting into the valley of Snake river the snow was from nine to eighteen inches in depth. Believing it hardly possible that I could cross the mountains directly into the Flathead country, I concluded to go by the Beaver Head, on the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri, the wintering ground of a number of mountaineers, and the Hell's Gate pass. Following the Snake river forty miles north east, thence north fifty miles by an Indian trail, arrived at the foot of the mountains which divide the waters of Snake and Missouri rivers; was three days in crossing this mountain: on the third day was in a snow storm; had to make a forced march of thirty miles to get off the mountain; was compelled to abandon a horse and two mules. After the storm was over sent back for them, but only found one mule alive, the other having frozen to death.

After getting on the headwaters of the Missouri the snow entirely disappeared. On the 4th our rations were exhausted, but I was not uneasy, as I expected to arrive soon at the Beaver Head, a point on the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri fifty miles from the Three Forks of the Missouri, and one hundred east of the Mormon settlement on the Salmon river, a popular wintering ground for the mountaineers, on account of their stock.

To my surprise, on arriving at Beaver Head, I found all the evidences of the mountaineers having left recently, and hastily, and taken the trail in the direction of Flathead valley. As I had no reasonable expectation of overtaking them soon, had to kill a broken down horse to eat.

On the 10th overtook the camp of Mr. Herriford, where I obtained a supply of beef, and learned from him that about December first they had heard of the burning of the supply trains by the Mormons, and of threats uttered by the Mormons at Salmon river fork, against the mountaineers at Beaver Head. Fearing for the safety of their stock, they had started for the Flathead valley, as a more distant and secure point.

On account of the jaded conditions of my animals, I left my party at Mr. Herriford's camp, and with one man started for the Flathead valley.

At the Deer's Lodge overtook another party of mountaineers, with whom I made a contract for the delivery of 300 head of beef cattle, by April 16th, at ten dollars per hundred, also to bring down about 100 head of horses. Afterwards proceeded to the Flathead valley, where I could have a contract

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*Route of present Union Pacific R. R.

*January, 1858.

*Fort Lemhi, on Lemhi fork of the Salmon, founded June, 1855. W. J. McConnell, Early History of Idaho (Caldwell, 1913), pp. 43-46.

*One of those "mountaineers" has mentioned Fidklin's visit. Spending the winter on the Beaverhead and Deer Lodge rivers were Richard Grant and his sons, John F. and James C.; the Stuart brothers, Granville and James; Reece Anderson; Thomas Pambrun; L. R. Maillet; John Jacobs; John W. Powell; Jacob Meek; Robert Dempsey; and Robert Hereford. Granville Stuart (Paul C. Phillips, ed.). Forty Years on the Frontier (Cleveland, 1925), I, pp. 125-130.

*Of Johnston's army for Utah.

* Ned Williamson, guide?
for 200 head of cattle, but their fear of the Mormons was so great that no price would induce them to undertake to deliver them here. Several were making preparations to move their stock to Walla Walla this spring, in order to be beyond the reach of the Mormons.

Horses are very scarce, on account of the large number sold in the last few years, and a distemper which killed large numbers last summer.

Great uneasiness was felt by the traders and Indians on account of the Mormons.

I spent several days at St. Ignatius mission, situated on one of the branches of Clark’s Fork of the Columbia, on 47th parallel, established by the Catholics, for the benefit of the Flatheads, Pend d’Oreilles and Hootenais.

The Flatheads are undoubtedly the best Indians in the mountains. They often boast of never having shed the blood of a white man. Under the direction of the priests they are improving rapidly in agriculture. This year they will sow about 300 bushels of wheat; they raise large quantities of vegetables, especially potatoes, cabbage and beets. Their horses are superior to all other Indian horses, in size and power of endurance. The tribe, about sixty lodges, own about 1,000 head of cattle.

Frontier and Midland

There were about fifty lodges of Nez Perces in the Flathead valley, returning from a buffalo hunt. They had caught the smallpox from the Crows. As it was impossible to buy stock in Flathead valley, on conditions contemplated in my instructions, on March 3d I started for Deer Lodge, expecting to start immediately on my arrival with what stock I had contracted for at that place. The contractors refused to deliver their beef at this place, but offered to deliver it there, as they were afraid of being robbed by the Mormons on the road.

The Bannock Indians had, about March 1st, attacked the Salmon river fort, killed two Mormons and wounded three; had also killed and run off all their cattle, about 300, and most of their horses. The cause of this outbreak on the part of the Indians, is not known; but it is known that these Indians were extensively engaged in stealing stock on the Mclisle and Humboldt, and selling them to the Mormons. An express was sent from this fort to Salt Lake, and a party was sent to their relief. The settlement on Salmon river was broken up, and all returned to Salt Lake; one portion being two days ahead of me on my return, and the balance, with three days’ bread, behind me.

Buying a few animals, to replace those

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28 The Crows had contracted the disease at Fort Union in 1856, while waiting there for their annuity goods. Alfred J. Vaughan, Agent for Blackfeet, Report Com. Ind. Affairs, 1857.

29 Accompanied by two local residents, Dr. Munroe Atkinson and Fred Burr, he had called upon Bannack John Owens, proprietor of the trading post in the Bitter Root valley and agent for the Flatheads. After presenting his letter of introduction from Governor A. Cumming of Utah Territory he was Owen’s guest, January 23-25. He again visited at Fort Owen February 25th on his way to Fred Burr’s and on the 25th as he was passing down the valley en route to Hell Gate Ronde. John Owen (Seymour Dunbar and Paul C. Phillips, editors), Journais and Letters (New York, 1927), I, pp. 189-193.

30 On the basis of a statement by Snagg, a Bannock chief who was to be murdered by ruffians at Bannack five years later, the secretary pro tempore of Utah Territory asserted that the attack on Fort Lemhi was incited by John W. Powell, for whom a county in Montana has been named:

“Secretary’s Office, Utah Territory, Great Salt Lake City, April 13, 1858. Sir: ... On the 25th February last a descent was made upon the herds of one of our most northern settlements by 250 Shoshones and Barts. Two settlers were killed and five wounded; 220 head of cattle and 35 horses were driven off ... nor had there ever existed the slightest misunderstandings until (as a Shoshone chief, Snagg, states) a small detachment of ... men from the camp of the soldiers at Bridger came to Beaver Head to buy stock; and that from the camp of this detachment a white man named J. H(W). Powell came to the lodges of the Baraks and Shoshones two days previous to the massacre ..., and incited the Indians, giving them his aid and participation in the affair. The chief Snagg further states that subsequent to the massacre a quarrel occurred among the Indians, whereupon Powell left, and after appointing a meeting with the Baraks at Soda Springs, or the Bear River lake, says Ficklin, whence he would conduct them with their stolen stock to the camp of the troops, accompanied the detachment to Bridger. U. S. District Attorney, William H. Hooper, Secretary pro temp. (To) His Excellency A. Cumming, Governor of Utah. ...” Report, Sec. War supra, 114. A similar charge was said to have been made by the Salt Lake City Desert News of April 14.

31 Denial was made by Ficklin, Powell and Craven Jackson, in affidavits made at Fort Bridger April 21. “The attack ... was induced by the Mormons furnishing a party of Nez Perces arms and ammunition to make war upon them (the Baraks),” says Ficklin. Jackson adds that the Mormons had angered the natives by their failure to pay for the land which the settlement had been established.

Powell’s affidavit: “Utah Territory, Green River County, John W. Powell, being duly sworn, upon his oath deposes and saith: That he came into the Territory aforesaid in July,
lost, started on March 12th to return, with thirty days' provisions, expecting to be able to make the trip in fifteen days.

The new grass was beginning to grow finely before I started, on Jefferson fork; contrary to my expectation and information I had received from the oldest mountaineers, found the snow in the mountains, between Missouri and Snake river, from three to six feet deep for a distance of twelve miles; were three days in making eight miles. At the end of that time the horses were unable to go further; four of my men were helpless from being snow-blind; a heavy blow had filled up the trail, so as to make it as difficult to return as to go forward.

For the next two days had a heavy snow storm; two Indian horses died from hunger and cold. On the third day the men were sufficiently recovered to be able to travel. Luckily for me, by two o'clock a warm sun had softened the snow, so that I was able to make two miles that day and two the next, which brought us into the valley, when before reaching Snake river the snow had entirely disappeared.

The animals were so reduced by the suffering on the mountain that I had to travel very slowly. The men did not suffer very much; one man had his toes frozen.

After crossing the mountain from Snake river, found the snow from one to two feet deep, until I arrived at Pherni's fork of Bear river; after leaving that point it soon disappeared.

On the 7th (April) my rations were exhausted. Some of my horses were so jaded, that I left one man and four horses on Bear river, with some Indians, whose arrival I am hourly expecting. With the balance I pushed forward, and arrived at this camp on the 10th.

The weather, on my return, was very unfavorable, either raining or snowing 25 days out of 30. Respectfully submitted by B. F. Ficklin.

(To) Major F. J. Porter, Assistant Adjutant General, Army of Utah.

1855 . . . left . . . in August, 1856, with an outfit of Indian goods, for the purpose of trading with the Bannack and Shoshone Indians. He was at Fort Lemhi, on Salmon river, in February, 1858; there he found six Bannack and some Shoshone lodges. These Indians stated that a war party of Nez Perces Indians had been at the Mormon fort in search of them, the Bannacks; that the Mormons had furnished this party with arms and ammunition; had fed them upon the products of their (the Bannacks') lands; that subsequent to this the horses belonging to the Bannacks and Shoshones were stolen by the Nez Perces; that they had never received any compensation from the Mormons for the land occupied by them; and they were on this account enraged at the Mormons, and would drive off their stock. The Bannacks inquired of him if the government would accept of their services and allow them to join them in their difficulties with the Mormons; he told them that the United States was strong, and would not allow them to join them . . . . The Indians then determined to attack the Mormons. He warned the Mormons, and told them to guard their stock; he was not engaged in the fighting in any manner. Six Indians attacked the Mormons, killed two, and wounded others, drove off all of their cattle and some horses. He states that Brigham Young had endeavored to bribe these Indians . . . to join him in fighting the troops of the United States. He also says that he has seen cattle in possession of the Mormons which he knows to have been stolen from emigrants. This is all he knows in relation to the Indian and Mormon difficulty at Fort Lemhi; and further saith not. John W. Powell. Subscribed and sworn to before me, April 21, 1858. D. R. Eckles, Chief Justice of Superior Court, Utah Territory.

Report, Sec. War, supra, pp. 68-71.
AUTUMN SHELTER
Elinor Lennen

My heart will not be cabined
By walls of man’s device;
For harboring from this time forth
The fields alone suffice.

My spirit begs for shelter
In the brown tents of the corn,
The yellow tents of wheat and hay,
From dusk to autumn morn.

Great fields, absorb and cover me,
With your insouciance.
Restore my old integrity
In bleakest circumstance.

THE TURNING
Helen Maring

There is a sigh in the earth’s green
breast;
Suddenly, summer hungers for rest.
Having no wish to endure, or be brave,
It asks but leaves to cover its grave.
Having no wish always to be
Summer longs for eternity.

This sudden gold, this beauty turning,
Autumn is flame from the earth’s heart
burning.
The year’s long dream caught in a
breath—
Glory of color, and beauty of death.

BOOK SHELF
Under the Editorship of Andrew Corry

DREAMERS, THINKERS, AND A LECTURER


Mr. Yeats’ book contains four short plays, written and acted between 1926 and 1931, and a greater number of pages of first-rate prefaces, written more recently. The first of the plays is a remarkable piece of dramatic realism; the other three are more like Yeats’ earlier dramatic work, their themes drawn from ancient story. The prefaces show that Yeats, like an increasing number of great writers, is absorbed with the shape of the new society that may emerge from our anguished day. “Today imagination is turning full of uncertainty to some-thing that it thinks European. . . . We must, I think, decide among three ideas of national life: that of Swift; that of a great Italian of his day [Vico]; that of modern England. If the Garrets and the Cellars [the Irish intellectuals] listen I may throw light upon the matter.”

If I understand, Yeats is deeply out of sympathy with democracy and with modern scientific philosophy, and feels them to be passing. “All our thought seems to lead by antithesis to some new affirmation of the supernatural.” Catholicism and Communism may be the next two systems to dispute the world’s mastery, and out of Communism by antithesis may arise the belief that “all things have value according to the clarity of their expression of themselves, and not as functions of changing economic conditions or as preparation for some Utopia.” Yeats himself prefers to believe in a third and older myth, which he finds new support for in the writings of Vico. “I am satisfied, the
Platonic Year in my head, to find but drama.” The four plays, then, reveal not only the new direction of European life—the more convincing to Yeats because the matter came to him in story symbol—but also eternally significant emotions at high points of expression.

In “The Words Upon the Window-pane” a medium in a seance in a Dublin room where Swift had lived speaks with the voice of Swift and Vanessa. Most of the group, and the medium herself, think that the seance is a failure, but a sceptical student finds in it full confirmation for his theory that Swift “foresaw the ruin to come, Democracy, Rousseau, the French Revolution; that is why he hated the common run of men,” and why he remained childless. Yeats believes in spiritualism, but holds that such appearances as come to most persons are but secondary dramatizations, or evidence of “something beyond time... expressing itself in whatever crude symbols they could best understand.”

Yeats is describing his own as well as Swift’s idea of society in these words:

“All States depend for their health upon a right balance between the One, the Few, and the Many. The One is the executive... the Few are those who through the hereditary possession of wealth, or great personal gifts, have come to identify their lives with the life of the State, whereas the Lives and ambitions of the Many are private... set them to the work of the State and every man Jack is ‘listed in a party,’ becomes the follower of men of whose character he knows next to nothing, and from that day on puts nothing into his mouth some other man has not already chewed and digested. And furthermore, from the moment of enlistment thinks himself above other men and struggles for power until all is confusion.” And he adds, with approval I think, that for the sake of this balance Swift was prepared to sacrifice what seems to the modern man liberty itself.

The other three plays are shorter and more poetic. All are written in prose. In “Fighting the Waves” Emir, the wife of Cuchulain, saves his life by renouncing the hope of his love. In “The Resurrection” Christ appears just as a crowd of Dionysians is chanting and the Moon” a lame beggar and a blind beggar (soul and body) go to Saint Colman’s Well where they may choose to be cured or to be blessed. The lame man chooses to be blessed and is cured too. The dramatic artifice, the verisimilitude, the real and exact, if slight, characterization, and the language of these plays is so fine that we may be content not to be too sure of their “dark, mystery secrets” and even to forget that Swift’s last voyage was to a race “whose grand maxim was to cultivate Reason, and to be wholly governed by it.”

Mr. Joad is all for Reason. He has no inclination to say with Mr. Yeats that “we assent to the conclusions of reflection but we believe what myth presents,” or with Mr. Eliot that “Destiny waits in the hands of God, not in the hands of statesmen.” He sees coming something of the same thing that Mr. Yeats sees, but he wants to save us from it. The mood of civilization is changing... and Fascism may well constitute the first indication of the new valuations of the future... Unless we can succeed, as in England we have done so often, in directing the flow of change into distinctively English channels, the new stirrings in the minds of men is likely to prove as destructive of liberty here as it has been on the Continent... The forces of Communism and Fascism are gathering for its overthrow... Their most potent ally is the new mood of the young—a mood which demands leadership, accepts guidance, and submits to authority.”

J. S. Mill, whose democratic principles Mr. Joad feels he is only giving new application, feared that democracy, preaching liberty, would conduce in practice to a level of mediocrity. Mr. Joad fears that democracy, more deeply concerned today about economic security and equality, may be persuaded that dictatorship would be more effective than political liberty to those ends. No dictator, Fascist or Communist, he feels, could achieve those utilitarian ends, or would ever willingly restore liberty to the individual. He accounts for the declining faith in democratic government not on the basis of any philosophic or spiritual decadence, but of unusual but manageable circumstances which come about mainly from the size and complexity of the modern state, and from the modern paradox of want in the midst of plenty. “We must use political liberty to introduce a greater measure of economic equality, or economic inequality will destroy political liberty.”

Joad’s wave-lengths are better attuned to our generation than are those of Mill’s classic essay, but a repetitions topical arrangement and some passages that do not feel well-freshened in the author’s consciousness keep it from being quite the fine liberal’s handbook that it might be.

Sir Arthur proposes in the title-section of his book to consider “the right place of Poetry in a well-ordered Commonwealth and the right value of the poet as a citizen. The consideration is not profound. The thesis is that “the enormous shifting[s] (in Christian times) of men’s concern—(1) from concern for his city into concern for his own soul, (2) from his soul’s cheerful liberty of enquiry to limits laid down by one invisible dictatorship, and interpreted by a close professoriate—have in fact and through ages worked to
man's detriment." And this detriment is extended into our own times, on the one hand by "the cult of personality," making for self-awareness and for biography, and on the other hand by Mr. T. S. Eliot, whose fine awareness of the value of tradition in poetry is spoilt by his unfair interpretation of English Liberalism as ego-worship, as "anything which questions dogma; which dogma, to be right dogma, is the priestly utterance of a particular offset of a particular branch of a historically fissiparous Church." It is not that the author's positions are insupportable, but that he does not support them, which bothers. Whenever he seems to be in dead earnest, in a moment he will be cheated out of it by erudition or fine phrasing.

The second section, "First Aids in Criticising," is happily delivered matter that is incontrovertible. The third section of miscellaneous essays is, I think, the best, especially "Tribute to Ireland," an appreciation of the gay writing of two Irish women, E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross. Having laid down the principle earlier of not trying to explain an author's work by his private life, "Q," finally, proceeds to abandon the principle and do another of the best things in the book on "The Early Novels of Thomas Hardy." In his attack on the 'cult of personality,' Sir Arthur evinces no awareness of the reverence for life that interferes the curiosity which pries into the private life of artists (witness Yeats' Tragic Generation and Read's Wordsworth) and offers no recognition to any of the poets of our day who are not self-centered and who might be of use to the State if the State would use them.

Missoula, Montana

E. L. Freeman


Salutary to a revolutionary age are the ideas of Vardis Fisher, Idaho author of In Tragic Life, Passions Spin the Plot, and We Are Betrayed. In The Neurotic Nightingale he has, in a series of four essays containing a connected argument, articulated the philosophy behind those much discussed novels. The volume, a shoddily bound collector's item in an edition of 300 copies, contains the fruit of one of the most brilliant and matured minds of our age. Fisher is a revolutionist in his own right.

The important heritage of the human animal, Fisher tells us, is shame for his true nature, fear, evasion of himself, and the need of dominating not only his fellow man but all other things. Ashamed of what he is and what he has been, man has shaped all things into his own image and shaped the image into an impossible distortion. Even the most intelligent flee into a blind, label it their sense of humor, and from behind it contemplate each other in ridiculous postures. Humor, other than slapstick, is ironic, says Fisher, settling a question which has vexed psychologists; and those without humor go various ways. A significant portion of them become radicals, out of an excess of self-love; and they espouse a cause. A compensatory idealism sends them, frustrated and driven, as are to some degree nearly all intelligent men today, to find an ideology under which they can respect themselves; and in the war between classes they find their religion and end in life. Self-deluded, they help to further divide a tragic and bewildered world against itself; and their very frustration and dark hatred helps make them antagonistic to each other and alienates them from those large sections of the population whom they seek to lead. Socialism is not likely to be scientific or revolutions of the Bolshevik order other than superficial, although to a degree successful both politically and economically, until the traditional human heritage of evasion and bewilderment is removed from the necks of the people.

Man's next great frontier is the conquest of self. Calling for more thorough realism than even the Communists possess, this means the scrapping of nearly all our traditions, superstitions, and conventions: e.g., religion, marriage, private ownership of property. The overthrow of one class by another is not the solution to our social muddle, for both are driven by the same human needs and ambitions. More important is the necessity for every person of intelligence to honestly appraise himself, his heritage, and the forces that have combined to produce him. Intellectual and emotional honesty can only be achieved through a long process of education. Fisher hastens to defend professors from malicious attacks by reformers, for he is mindful that a nation of people devoting themselves so enthusiastically to the cult of the mediocrity will not send to universities students eager for culture and intellectual fellowship. As long as institutions of higher education are controlled by politics and dictated to by the will of the majority we shall not have any true culture; and as long as the people approve and allow such conditions to prevail we are, in a collective sense, getting all that we deserve.

Fisher writes skilfully, with a balanced degree of wit, irony, and satire, always with sincerity and power, in a prose that is not wholly devoid of mannerisms and self-consciousness.

Readers of his autobiographical tetralogy will recognize the source of his ideas, will find in "The Neurotic Nightingale" the same honesty and mature wisdom as in his novels.
Frontier and Midland

REGIONAL NOVELS


Maine has long been a favorite of the regional writers, not because her people are more vocal, but because they still possess a tradition, because their blood is relatively what it has always been, the slight intermixture with the incoming French and Pole having as yet no great effect. Material for the novelist lies at hand in that tradition, and even a minor work becomes significant through the use of it.

It is a tradition that creates a character conscious of race, honest and silent, emotionally held by the soil from which a living is obtained only by most exhausting labor,—a character that is miserly and cautious, that is frustrated and stubborn, but lighted by a love of nature, particularly of the mountains and lakes and the hard coast-line. Mrs. Carroll’s A Few Foolish Ones shows how this tradition and this character persist in spite of industrial revolutions, foreigners, and depressions. “Stumps had too long roots for most men lately, but the roots would keep on growing longer and still there would come men who would be glad to spend their strength on them,” thinks Gus Bragdon, her protagonist, at the end of his long years; Gus, who had descended from another such as himself, and whose life and work were repeated by his daughter Kate, his granddaughter Maddy and her husband, Fred Thibedeau—those who stayed at home on York Road, while the wastrels and geniuses of the family went out into the world.

Mrs. Carroll’s book is reasonably successful, marred only by the fact that it is too short to establish its many minor characters. Its main figures, however, presented during a period of some sixty years, are precisely drawn, their lives, from which most of the amenities of existence are absent, fully indicated. And the whole is written in a gentle, rather undecorated prose that avoids the sentimentality inherent in the subject matter.

The actual importance of A Few Foolish Ones is minor, being too thoroughly a portrayal of the Maine tradition in the manner so satisfactorily achieved many years ago by The Country of the Pointed Firs. Despite the fact that it is undoubtedly dignified by its linkage to a prevailing culture, the book adds nothing to what we already understand of that civilization. To reaffirm values already known and to suggest their permanence, as does Mrs. Carroll, is not to provide us with any new reordering of experience. Familiarly we watch her characters move, recognizing their reality as individuals and as types; pleasantly we agree to the consistency of their viewpoint, though no desire rises in us to imitate; and contentedly we close the book, accepting its climax and technique. More we cannot do.

Sheffield, Mass. Hugh MacMullan


Perhaps the old Blue Book, Adventure, Argosy, and Top Notch are still on the magazine stands. I don’t know. Not so many years ago I was burning gallons of kerosene in the perusal of all four. Insidious Orientals, blasphemous bucko mates, rose-twirling medieval swordsmen, stabbed, whacked, and hewed their ways through the fibrous pages. But the real captains of carnage were the heroes of the plains, the chaps and saddle boys, with their .45 caliber smoke waggon; I shall never again, I suppose, read anything with quite the robust, whole-hearted relish that was generated in me by the high-minded mayhem of Rattlesnake Dan and Mustang Mike.

These gentlemen, under many names, in an endless succession of twenty-cent incarnations, fanned their hammers, dabbed their twine, and scratched their cayuses high from the Rio Grande to the Saskatchewan. At last even a fledgling thirty-thousand-word-a-night reader became saturated.

Some of the unrecapturable part of the rapture I experienced was due to the novelty of first reading in quantity. Another part of it is associated somehow with the fact that in those days I dearly enjoyed bread swabbed in corn syrup, for which viand my appetite since has declined.

Another element entered into my gratification; namely, that the western story was in its heyday—that is, writers were still experimenting, still finding new twists, still creating. There was a gloss of enthusiasm, a sparkle of auctorial zest.

I think that the relationship between the general public and the western story rather closely parallels my own. I think that a large part of the populace began to read magazines for pleasure about the same time I did. Certainly there was a tremendous boom in the magazine business in those years. I think that the public taste began gradually to weary of crudely simple victuals. After all, our democratic policy of education for all is bound to show some effect as the generations rise. And I think that as the new readers, and the boys who write for pork chops all got fed up with the western story contemporaneously.

The ore of public appreciation seemed to be pretty well gutted on that level. But had all the values really been exhausted? The old Western Story diggings certainly had been a rich property. Some miners have kept plugging away at the low-grade. One or two have found splits of the main vein and have been gophering away industriously in
divergent directions, with some profit. Some few workers have been cautiously blasting up the bottom. It has remained for a newcomer, this man Upton Terrell, to study modern methods of management and production and to bring to the problem a true prospector’s faith and acumen. He has sunk the shaft, turned off a new level, and—to the eye of this sampler—he is sending up some very fancy mineral.

*Adam Cargo* is western story stuff. It is not the insipid comestible that has cloyed the general palate. It is the first western story I ever read. Not quite that. It is a kiss from a boyhood sweetheart—delivered, this time, with post-marital technique. One more try: *Adam Cargo* is the western story grown up.

To Upton Terrell, one reader’s thanks. "Bozeman, Montana  Jason Bolles

**Probing America in Fiction**


"It was a crazy, fantastic country; hard, impossible to define. I was never entirely sure about anything I thought or observed about America." Thus Louis Adamic confesses his bewilderment in a passage from *Grandsons*, and his confession is a topic sentence about which the authors in this group might have built their novels. Not quite sure, but striving to be sure, setting down the bits of America that they know, they have given us a varied and colorful land—a land of uncertainty and promise, a land of triumph, disillusion and a land of contrast, a land of paradox. The sum of it all is America—the United States, if you will—your country and mine; anybody’s country for the taking. Crazy, fantastic, impossible to define—it’s America.

*Grandsons* deals with the three grandsons of Anton Gale, a laborer killed in the Haymarket Square riot. Peter Gale grows up with an increasing sense of the importance his grandfather has unwittingly played in the history of the United States. His feelings on the subject are a little foggy but they get him interested in the real story of the riot and he grows determined to write a book that will deal with the affair and trace its indirect effect on Anton’s three grandsons, the two brothers, Anthony and Peter, and their cousin, Jack. This is the book Adamic eventually writes.

Tony is a gangster, not so much at war with law as with other gangsters. Jack is a worker, married to an agitator and so thrown into contact with I. W. W.’s and Communists until he becomes a sort of labor leader and agitator. Peter is the writer and thinker, searching always towards a better understanding of his country, hoping, by this method, to find himself, as well. What he finds, however, is the sham—the self-glorification of Jack’s wife, Mildred, and her fellow-agitators who are more concerned with the spectacle they create than with the cause that should prompt it; the pseudo-literary groups making of art something unhealthy and parasitic; the hypocritical patriotism of the conventional, self-centered Roger Smiths; the Beverly Boys, “corrupted, perverted, frustrated American intellectual....” Of them all, Jack is the only admirable character. He, at least, is honest, justly proud of what he is doing, possessing in his mind a glimmering of what he wants. In relation to Jack (and because he considered Jack his principal character, so in relation to the book) Peter writes in his notebook, “Labor is the thing—creative work... conducive to order and progress, an integrated civilization...” Jack loses his life for his cause, Tony is “bumped off,” and Peter, clinging to life, loses it in a moment of careless exuberance.

The story is told in the first person with free use of the quotation mark, most of the work a verbatim account of Peter’s story as he told it to Adamic. The method accomplishes one thing, defeats another. We gain a fine perspective which allows us to take in groups as we might individuals—the workers, the writers, the gangsters. Such forces come to life, animating the picture of America. But the personalities themselves, Jack, and Mildred, and Boyd, are blurred into the whole, for we never see them apart from the forces they represent.

*A World to Win* by Jack Conroy, although vastly different in style and lacking the thoughtful finesse and integration of *Grandsons*, deals also with two brothers, one a worker, the other an intellectual who comes eventually to join the workers, to sit “enclosed warmly in the comradeship of sorrow and weariness and anger, fellows of the men and women... who cry out relentlessly and passionately at factory gates... their breath a whisper that will not die—the prelude to storm.”

**Frontier and Midland**

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Frontier and Midland

The progress of Robert Browning Hurley through college does not differ greatly from that of the other educated protagonistas in these novels. They seem to share in common the idea that universities are a shallow tradition. Leaving his school in disgust Robert goes through a period of working and not-working, drinking beer in a cellar, being supported by his mistress, and not writing a successful novel. Leo, his brother, scorns all schooling—he never was very smart at it—and, marrying young, fathers a large family. He goes from one job to another, making money at first, until the periods between jobs lengthen into long spells of poverty. His wife dies in childbirth and he, in an attempt at suicide, is swept quite by accident into a crowd of strikers, branded as a leader because he waved a revolver intended for himself, and becomes a sort of hero. It is because the role pleases him, one feels, that he convinces himself there is "a world to win, nothing to lose." Robert joins him under the Communist banner and the gulf that has always separated them—class distinction—is bridged.

Judgment Day by James T. Farrell is the final volume of a trilogy, and brings to an end the career of Studs Lonigan. Studs is a young man of Chicago—hardened and worldly,—but, in this volume, broken in health from a strenuous youth devoted to the pursuit of happiness. His impending marriage to Catherine is alternately a pleasant and distasteful prospect. Catherine is not beautiful, but she is the sort of person who will make a good wife. Work is scarce, and Studs loses his savings in the stock market. When Catherine finds she is pregnant Studs' wife dies in childbirth and he, in an attempt at suicide, is swept quite by accident into a crowd of strikers, branded as a leader because he waved a revolver intended for himself, and becomes a sort of hero. It is because the role pleases him, one feels, that he convinces himself there is "a world to win, nothing to lose." Robert joins him under the Communist banner and the gulf that has always separated them—class distinction—is bridged.

The Pumpkin Coach by Louis Paul is a rare book filled with a joyous, contagious exuberance. It tells the story of Van Koe, a native from the South Seas, who becomes John Coe, hoboes across the continent, meets a girl, and becomes a prizefighter. To John, everything about America is swell; the sky-scrapers, the noise, the people. He has naive faith in the good intentions of imperfect strangers. Through this faith he is beaten roundly, loses his money, is thrown in jail. But also he meets Jenny, and Roger Orr, and Lane, and Haley—the unforgettable Haley, prince of vagabonds.

John’s career is a sort of Horatio Alger affair with Luck and Pluck on the side of our hero. But the characters are not the arch villains, nor the sterling lads, nor the silver voiced heroines of Mr. Alger. Louis Paul introduces us to many persons and each of them comes alive, is individual. The author falls back on a harmless and effective literary device to gain suspense in putting his last chapter first. Though it serves its purpose well enough, the trick was unnecessary to hold the reader’s interest.

The Hillkin by Rollo Walter Brown is the third volume in a tetralogy. The hero’s name is Giles Dabney which really does indicate just what one hopes it will not. Giles comes to college filled with a great zeal which leads him unscathed past a charming widow, to and from the hotel room of an actress, and finally to building a model city and winning the hand of the little girl who played in the yard next door. Somehow, what Giles Dabney accomplishes in the next and concluding volume of the series seems of colossal inconsequence.

Most of the latter half of Dale Eunson’s Homestead is strong and compelling, suggesting at times the Scandinavian writers with their unsurpassed tales of the soil. The action is swift and integrated, the reader’s sympathies are with the heroine. Unfortunately disaster is piled on so heavily towards the conclusion as to muffle the effect.

A series of episodes taking the seasons for their pattern make up Dora Aydelotte’s Long Furrows. The author’s “hank’chieves,” “bread’n butter,” and “p’serves” are annoying. There is, however, something warm and comfortable about the story of the little country girl who is not unlike such other little country girls as Anne of Green Gables and Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Dora Aydelotte knows her material—farm life in the early part of the century—and writes with a homely familiarity of surreys and strawberry socials.

Eugene, Oregon

James Crissey

Western Materials


Beginning with a smashing prize fight on Thanksgiving eve and ending one year later with the expected fadeout—“His lips touched her hair,” Starlight Pass would be just another action story of hero, heroine, and villain, were it not for the setting. As back-
ground for conflict and love Tom Gill drew upon his experiences as a ranger in the United States Forest Service, in the valley of the upper Wind River, in Wyoming. His pictures of the life of the logging community include the ordinary seasonal activities of a typical lumber camp as well as the more sensational, such as a destructive forest fire and a tremendous log jam. Of course the villain, Bert Pogue, boss of the North Continental Development Company, wishes to discredit the forest rangers and to cut timber in violation of all regulations. Although he and his halfbreed henchman, Jean L'Abbat, stop at no crime, they are finally defeated by the mysterious stranger, Corrin North, who is the embodiment of all of the virtues of the frontier.

**Starlight Pass** is so crowded with action that neither the author nor the reader has time for the adequate consideration of those aspects of the subject that might lift the book out of the time-killing class. The descriptions of the scenery and of the logging industry are cramped by the evident desire of Mr. Gill to keep the plot going at boiling temperature. The characters begin to take on individuality only to slip back into the stereotypes of melodrama. At times we catch glimpses of the regular activities of ranger or of logger that whet our appetite for such an authentic book covering the life of the woods as is Andy Adams' *Log of a Cowboy* in respect to the cattle industry. Such a picture, however, is not likely to appear in conjunction with a Wild West plot.

The best part of *Bright Yellow Gold* is the author’s collection of stories concerning the social and business development during the past half century of Denver and the neighboring mining community of Cripple Creek. In fact, Mr. Bennett’s book would be much better if he had devoted all of his pages to undisguised autobiography and reminiscences instead of mixing in a somewhat flat love story and instead of representing the accounts of olden times as having been poured into the ears of an eager young Easterner by such pioneers as David H. Moffat. Mr. Bennett would have done well to have left out the historical sections, also, or to have had his work proof-read more carefully; in the second sentence of the preface the date for the Pike’s Peak gold rush is given as 1878, instead of 1859. In addition to the diverse materials already mentioned the book contains Mr. Bennett’s opinions on such subjects as labor unions, dial telephones, and the state of the Union.

In spite of artistic limitations these two new books are significant. The author of each has shared in a vital and an under-recorded portion of the life of the West; we welcome all such attempts at portraiture. The true shortage in Western literature is in the realm of factual and yet entertaining works concerning the periods of exploitation and development that followed the subsidence of the various gold rushes.

**University of Denver – Levette Jay Davidson**

**QUIET NATURALISM**

**Light From Arcturus.** Mildred Walker. Harcourt, Brace, N. Y. 1935. $2.50.

In *Light From Arcturus* one finds the same quiet naturalism, reminiscent of Willa Cather, that distinguished its author’s first novel, *Fireweed*, published in 1934. It tells the story of Julia Hauser and her husband Max, a story which is given three focal points: the Centennial Exposition of 1876, the Chicago World’s Fair of 1893, and that of 1933. Julia and Max visit the first of these on their honeymoon, and the Fair becomes for Julia a symbol of all she misses from life in the frontier prairie town of Halstead, Nebraska. Max, who is in the produce business there, is satisfied, but Julia sets her heart upon going to the Fair of 1893, and leads him to sell his business and establish a home in Chicago for her and the children. No one is made happy by the change, not even Julia, for whom it now comes too late and as too much of a sacrifice for Max. But life goes on, as it will, and in 1933 we get a final view of the family, Max now dead, Julia a grandmother.

The characters do not come to life; while we learn a good deal about them, they lack that flesh-and-blood-ness that actors in great novels have and in many good ones do not. But the book has plenty to recommend it. It is carefully documented. The style is natural. The story moves along in a dramatic way with little or nothing included that is unessential; quietly yet not without emotion. The author rejects the meretricious tricks by which many a worse tale is made to seem better than it is. *Light From Arcturus* may not seem so impressive at first, but it will last longer.

**Laramie, Wyoming – Arthur Coon**

**FANTASY**

**Under the Linden Tree.** Thames Williamson. Doubleday, Doran, N. Y. 1935. $2.50.

*Under the Linden Tree* is comfortable and quaint and not likely either to injure or advance its author’s fairly secure reputation. In writing it, Mr. Williamson has earned the privilege of being classed with the small group of American authors who frequently annoy the radicals by ignoring the more
obvious national problems and turning out pleasant novels that seem to strive only to tell a good, firm story in a traditional English style.

The scene, for no apparent reason, is Germany; the time, one vaguely feels, the present; and the jacket blurbs brazenly that the tale is a fantasy. Fraulein Emma lives alone with cat, dog, and canary, because, twenty years before, her lover left her to seek his fortune in America, and disappeared into a callous silence. Fierce, spinsterish resentment has taken her well along the way to insanity, one ingredient of which is a belief in the theory of the transmigration of souls. "Animals into people, people into animals, and if you have pets around you for a while there is no doubting it."

The canary escapes, is presumably killed, and shortly thereafter Liesl, girl with a birdlike voice, walks into the book, slender-bodied, yellow-haired. The cat is killed and, no Mehitabel, becomes a sinister young man whose appetite is as quickly aroused by Liesl as was the cat's by sight of the bird. Karl, appropriately, is without humanity. Purposeless evil is his mainspring, and for a dark reason he becomes necessary to the irrational old Fraulein who, unlike Karl, is weak and virtuous and unhappy. The old dog remains as Liesl's only protector, and when Karl kills him his place is immediately taken by an old man who continues to serve her with dog-like devotion.

With such a simple and inoffensive situation, plus a true-love for Liesl and the return of Fraulein Emma's Josef from America, Mr. Williamson manages a simple and inoffensive book, which, one presumes, is exactly what he wanted to write. All is managed quite solemnly. There is none of the self-conscious and apologetic banter that frequently mars a Christopher Morley fantasy. The author's odd boldness in choosing Germany as a background for this plain piece of fairy-tale poetic justice is in itself attractive, and considerable suspense is achieved in the melodramatic climax, where bloodshed and pursuit and vindictiveness almost miraculously combine to convince the reader that what he reads is genuine and dangerous.

The conscious unreality of the whole book kept it from moving me as deeply as did Mr. Williamson's earlier Woods Colt, and, largely because of the too precise mechanics of the symbolism, it lacks the impudent brightness of Robert Nathan's Woodcutter's House, a much better book in similar vein. However, the fact that the author here has not written as happily as another in the same vein, nor as he himself has written with different material, should not keep the reader from enjoying the present work.

Ellensburg, Wash. Donald MacRae

Pacific Coast Drama


Alice Henson Ernst has the courage and the sound sense to seek dramatic material in her own Pacific Northwest.

The first three plays, Spring Sluicing and The Valley of Lost Men, one-acts, and Out Trail, full length, are appropriately grouped together. They deal with characters and incidents of the Yukon country in the '90s. In Spring Sluicing and The Valley of Lost Men the gold fever is the dominant theme. In these two plays the characters are alive and the action is competently handled. The dialogue, however, is characterized by a monotony which tends to nullify the violence of the action. There is an odd sameness in the length and structure of the sentences.

Out Trail, as its title suggests, is concerned not with the gold fever but with the apathetic backwash which followed the great prospecting wave. All the various and colorful characters are drifting out of Dawson; love of adventure or the mere necessity of making a living is drawing them away from a land whose glamour is already worn thin. One feels that this backwash should be the main theme of the play, but Mrs. Ernst uses it only as a picturesque setting for a drama of individuals, the struggle between Holy Johnny and "Joner" Briggs for the love of Joan Winters, a struggle which is not an integral part of the larger movement. Nevertheless, in richness of character portrayal and variety of dialogue Out Trail shows a marked improvement over the two preceding short plays.

The Wooden Wife stands by itself in material and in merit. It is a drama of the Chilkat Indians before the white invasion. Mrs. Ernst has here achieved a genuine poetic quality without falling into solemnity or prettiness. The Wooden Wife has strength and simplicity as well as charm; it can stand on its own feet (with no allowances for regionalism) in any collection of one-act plays.

These four plays should be of interest to the reading public for their new material and their sincerity, and to the theatre enthusiast because they clearly show the steady growth of an honest playwright working without benefit of the professional stage.

Missoula, Montana Barnard Hewitt

Rocking Horse Pegasus

The last few months' accumulation from the minor poets points a moral. We are reminded of Charles Dudley Warner's garden sign, "Children Beware." Not that the material is the least improper—far from it—
it hardly harbors protoplasm; pleonasm, rather. The danger is that while bits of this accumulation are good art, most of it is not art at all and will do undesirable things to the unfounded taste.

It is poor because it is easily written—no wrestling with angels here. Better to go mad with poor Palissy over his moon gift than to display trinkets of lazy or no design and uneven finish. Bethink yourselves, poets, and take stock of your methods. Nothing else matters in your art but enduring beauty. Why clutter it with else?

With this approach let us consider Poetry Concert (Henry Harrison), pay-as-you-enter (we suppose) selected poems from ten authors. In the order of paging we should say Helen Stickney needs to write up to her best and to discard ruthlessly. Jack Greenberg should think the thought bare. Some of his verses chatter. Carolin Smith confuses opinion with emotion. Frank Rice has a real vocabulary and a more than average acquaintance with the quality of art. Mary Flanigan needs to cut and clarify. Lawrence McAtee has stuff for poetry but has achieved rhymed prose. Elizabeth Beddow shows flashes but the sustained light is not yet. Arthur Harris has graciousness of language and a degree of distinction in ideas and with bitter effort might go far. Julia Glass has a sense of contrast and suspense, and might with sharpened subtlety handle real narrative. Pauline Stephens shows experience in vocabulary and form but seems undisciplined in thought and needs stern training.

Here are five other books from Henry Harrison:

Luminous Hours. Bertha Williams comes near real lyricism; she could profit by expert critical advice.

Trumpet Call. Grace French Smith is more propagandist than poet, which may account for the unmelodic beat of her serious verse.

Plumes of Song. Angela Lusk needs to rewrite and prune and rewrite. She has a wealth of detail from nature that calls for the unmelodic beat of her serious verse.

Pencilled Hands. H. Nelson Hooven could use expert analysis and criticism. He must achieve clarity with the subtlety he attempts.

The Golden Trove. Francis Potter Daniels has here collected his poems of a lifetime. They are well done in the classic mode but not of great appeal today, although they leave some bright and tonic pictures in the mind.

From the house of Vinal comes Amethyst Mist by Charles Anthony, in the Friendly Books series. These are bright thoughts and sweet, a bit over-adorned. Rewriting after hard study of melodic effect and emotional values would bring these to the highest grade of newspaper verse.

Frank Akenbrand Jr., offers the first of a series of tiny chapbooks, Fantasy for a Beggar's Opera, beautifully printed by the Alpress. The vignettes, unrhymed and melodious, are sometimes awkward but most are pleasantly memorable.

From Dorrance comes The Bronze Hunter by Isabel McLennan McMeekin. The title poem is not successful. After the good introduction in rhymed pentameter come some pages in irregular meter, dignified and musical; but from there on through forty pages, Daniel Boone's language is neither idealized nor natural, and the poem deteriorates. The material is worthy and inviting; we should like to see the Bronze Hunter in slightly different form. Other poems in the volume are short lyrics, melodious, colorful, poignant, and memorable.

The Caxton Printers offer four volumes: An Indian Odyssey, by Dr. Marshall C. Keith, of Casper, Wyoming. The book is in blank verse, 218 pages, written with serious effort, presenting in orderly sequence the life of Washakie, Shoshone chief, who lived the whole of the nineteenth century. The book might be very valuable as a source book for high school students of Indian history, provided they are warned that the verse, though carefully written, is marred by archaisms and inverted constructions and is uninspired.

How Strange a Thing, by Dorothy Bennett, is an experiment with the mystery story in rhymed pentameter. The author is clever with words and meter. She knows form and her verse rises intermittently to lyric beauty and intensity. The nature of the plot prevents the paragraphs from being sonnets, but they try to be, and occasionally are, unostentatiously; and they give the reader a new appreciation of the naturalness of this classic form. The plot falters a breath here and there but the general tension is well sustained. The book offers 102 pages of good reading for the mystery lover, moving and full of surprises—a new development in mystery stories.

Pickpocket Songs, by Edna Becker. These rhymes are acceptable as newspaper verse to be read at most one a day. They are a grownup's idea of what a child might think, a fact brought out in the unique illustrations. They are neat in form but only the section called Circus Menagerie, really witty, could be the nucleus of a better book.

Mnemonic and Other Verses, by Sarah Trousdale Mallory. Every page has a possibility but, with the exception of six out of the forty-nine very brief verses, where the idea is most worthy the music fails, and where the music gives promise idealistic rambling jars the cadence.
Frontier and Midland

The Bookfellows publish The Henchman of the Moon, by Antoinette Scudder, through the Torch Press. It is a play in blank verse, five acts, 110 pages. The author had already attracted our attention with a thin volume from Henry Harrison, East End, West End—brief narratives of a seashore tourist camp, in uncertain pentameter, swinging for lines at a time to hexameter, dropping into prose frequently, touching the bizarre and the sentimental but showing poetic insight and real dramatic quality. It is a pleasure to note her great progress in this last book. The play is a fine attempt, beautiful and dignified, and significant in its suggestion of a proportion discoverable between man’s individual advance and the historical progress of his own time. Diane de Poitiers, already six years dead at the opening of the play, and Bernard Palissy, master craftsman who claims to have discovered the secret of white enamel, are set, detached and individual in beauty and engrossment, against the colorful intriguers of Catherine de Medici and Henry of Navarre’s Marguerite de Valois. The poignancy of the situation is felt quite independently of one’s knowledge of a history of the time. College and possibly high school players could do this very well.

Rodanthe, by Beatrice Harlow, is privately published—215 pages of carefully composed verse, old-fashioned in conception and execution but conveying a sense of rich, happy and gracious living.

Missoula, Mont.

Mary Brennan Clapp

HISTORICAL MATERIALS


In this book Miss Sickels employs a device which is unusual and which will attract the interest of adults as well as of young people of high-school age, for whom her book is especially designed. The fictionizing of history is not necessarily original, but the author has made it significant both by elaborating her material imaginatively and by making clear, in prefatory and bibliographical notes, how much is history and how much fiction.

The nature of the book is more original. It is composed of eighteen short stories of American women who played significant parts in the early history of our country. Nor are these women all the famous women of our country’s history; but many are those who typify the quiet heroisms of every-day people. They are chosen also so that each pictures a historical setting in a different part of the United States beginning in 1608 and ending in Civil War times. The stories vary in interest; where more historical facts are available, a richer narrative results. For instance, the story of Harriet Tubman, the negro woman who was known as “The Moses of her People,” makes more colorful reading than that about Anne Burus, the first English bride in the New World, concerning whom little is known.

This book should be used in high-school libraries as illustrative material in American history. Many young people will enjoy it simply as narrative. It is fine for them to know something of the heroism of women, which it is not so conventional to extol as the heroism of men.

Missoula, Mont.

Doris F. Merriam


Sunbonnet Days sweeps clear the horizons of our modern age, and brings back the days when steamboats whistled around the bend, and the sunbonnet was the badge of the pioneer farm woman. The book is bound in pink-checked gingham which gives one the spirit of its pages at the very start.

It is the story of Elise Dubach Isely, now 93 years old and living in Wichita, Kansas, whose life was closely knit with the settlement of the Middle West. Written in the first person, in an honest lucid style, these valuable reminiscences are set down just as she told them to her son, Bliss Isely, author of several volumes on early days in Kansas. In 1855 the Dubachs and three children, 12 year old Elise, Fred and Adolph, left Switzerland for St. Joseph, Missouri, lured by Mr. Dubach’s brother who had written glowingly of the new territories, Kansas and Nebraska. They left Havre in February and were 56 days on the Atlantic where a storm caused regrets among the immigrants, and one woman reiterated, “Oh, if we had never gone to Iouay!”. They landed at New Orleans “when that Mississippi harbor was white with sails bringing throngs to populate the Great Valley.” A steamboat took them to St. Louis, and in May when the bluffs of the Missouri were lined with the beauty of wild grape and basswood blossoms, they reached St. Joseph. They settled on a farm across the river in Kansas; a fire was built, the blessing said, and a bit of old world culture was transplanted to the frontier.

From this point, as she grows up and marries another young Swiss, Christian Isely, and has a Kansas farm of her own, Mrs. Isely makes every chapter a close-up of pioneer days. It is her keen attention to the smallest detail of that pioneer life that makes this an unusual book. Farming on the prairie, frontier tragedies, the imbroglio along the Kansas and Missouri border, the Civil War casting its shadow on the bright land, the good neighbors, the first school
and churches, prairie fires and grasshoppers—all these become an animated mural as one reads.

Lovely sketches, photographs and daguerreotypes contribute much to the charm of this book, which has been well called an encyclopedia of frontier lore.


The Mission Bells of California, by Marie T. Walsh, is an interesting study. Although the author shows a wide knowledge of the literature of her subject, the best sections of the book are those which give personal experiences in her tour of the missions. Unlike most scholars, Miss Walsh has the distinction of having risked her neck in seeking her materials, in climbing high and dark steeples to reach some bell to read its inscription. Despite the limited interest of the general subject, some of the stories about old missions, some sympathetic descriptions, and the fables and tales in various chapters, have a broader appeal. To the treatment of all these matters the author adds a becoming overtone of piety.

But the style of the book is frequently feminine in the worst sense, and overwrought: "I could see in his eyes that he knew he should never again tread the green hills to his beloved time-mellowed mission by the blue waters of the Pacific." But sometimes, almost despite herself, the author describes with precision: "The old grape arbor still flourishes, cool and secluded, and the garden is lovely in its riot of old-fashioned flowers and shady vines."

The general reader will learn much about bells from this book. The date and the name of the maker usually appears on the bells, and sometimes, instead of the traditional short dedication, a lengthy inscription, such as this one: "Praise Him on high-sounding cymbals: praise Him on cymbals of joy; let every spirit praise the Lord." There is a section on bell making. Anciently a "model" of hair and earth served as a mould for the molten metal. After the casting came the intricate task of tuning the bell. But now a specific ratio has been found "between the weight of a bell and its diameter" to determine tone. The chapter on "Bell Ringing and Mission Bell Ringers" is full of tales of an art that is rapidly becoming extinct. Bell ringers are practisedly gone, and the bells are no longer carried around the Horn from distant lands. At the missions now the bells are pulled "not by the sun-browned hands of Indio or the gentle hand of a friarse, but by intricate electrical appliances."

Oakland, California  
Cynthia Warren

Frontier and Midland


In the interesting Gold-Rush days in California no section in the Sierras was busier, more colorful, richer in historic lore, than that which is now the Tuolumne County. Within its small terrain of strange, majestic nature there were enormous, quickly realiz-able riches in placer and lode gold. Here towns and camps sprang up like mushrooms, human passions flared often and violently, and chance played the dominant role in the lives of men; all this created an atmosphere of unreality, of violent contrasts and conflicts. It is perhaps conceivable that from Tuolumne could come a modern saga. But it would be written by a far greater artist than is Edna Bryan Buckbee. She does not possess in sufficient measure the poetic imagination, deep-rooted interest in human nature, sense of the dramatic, the heroic and the romantic, the feeling for nature—qualities indispensable to a writer of such an ambitious project. Instead of the saga she has given us an accurate, amazingly detailed and quite comprehensive factual history of the County of Tuolumne. True, it is amateurious, poorly organized and often badly written, but that does not deny its undeniable value as a reference book. However, that value is greatly minimized by the unforgivable omission: there is no index.

Oakland, California  P. Malozemoff

Rascals and Frontiersmen


A historian would have it that our geographical frontiers were advanced and consolidated by men who braved the wilderness because of their desire for free land, free trade, or because of wanting to escape what bound or irked them at home. But such a modern wanderer at heart, as well as in deed, as Charles J. Finger would seek kinship to these hardy pioneers and explorers of the past by interpreting their impulse to pry into the unknown, not as material, but as a yearning for the Distant Prize, which, though not the same for all men, means to all the "fullness of life."

However, both would agree that the great majority of men to whom we owe the extension of our frontiers, whatever underlying motives they had for wandering, were certainly not concerned with the spread of civ-
ilization, or with building new empires or adding to the store of human knowledge. They were plain men, and their aims were purely selfish. Few of them had a spark of greatness. Yet collectively these men were vital for the opening of new territory by showing the way to the colonizer and aiding the settler with their knowledge of the wilderness.

California Joe, or Moses E. Milner, his real name that very few knew, was one of these frontiersmen who contributed a share in the conquest of the West in the middle of the last century; yet as an individual he was far from being a great historic figure. That he played no salient role in history becomes obvious after reading "the first and only authentic history of California Joe," written by his grandson, Joe E. Milner, and Earle R. Forrest. It would be futile to look for lasting historical significance in his desultory activities as a scout and guide, in his unprovoked murders, in his meting out frontier justice by shooting down unsuspecting victims at great distances, thereby making "some of the most remarkable long-range shots in all the West." Little wonder that there is almost no historical record of this man, which forced the authors to draw heavily upon "family records" whose "... authenticity is beyond question," despite the fact that they comprise in the main accounts by word of mouth unto the third generation. One cannot but feel that to write a serious historical work on such a man is effort wasted. In the light of history men like California Joe were significant collectively, not individually.

But let the same men be treated imaginatively, endowing them with a romantic motive for wandering, and they become metamorphosed from mere pawns in a historical game into appealing individuals that one reads about with pleasure. For from their lives can be culled countless incidents of adventure, wonderment, and humor. This in sum is what Charles Finger does with the "plain men" of the American Frontier in his book about rovers, rangers and rascals. But they were not the only ones who interested him. In the same engaging style he gives glimpses of men of stouter mettle and of greater historical consequence individually: inspired visionaries, empire builders, leaders of men, prophets, warriors—wanderers all, drawn by the call of the far-away. When on the subject of these better known figures, all chosen from the history of exploration and settlement of North America from the earliest times to the nineteenth century, Mr. Finger is historically authentic; and in bringing to light the lesser known episodes from their lives he supplies the element of novelty that one looks for in the book of adventure that he has given us.

Oakland, California Plato Malozemoff

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A Psychologist Looks at Poetry
By JOHN CROWE RANSOM

Poetry by Elizabeth Madox Roberts,
Conrad Aiken, and others

Discussions of New Books
COVERED WAGON

Tom Bair is a young California poet. Millen Brand, Jackson Heights, N. Y., contributes his first poem to the magazine. Howard M. Corning, Portland, Oregon, has contributed to Frontier and Midland almost from its founding as a regional magazine in 1927.

August W. Derleth, Wisconsin, is one of the well known young writers of the country.

David C. England, a sawmill worker in Oregon, died three years ago. Morton E. Freedgood Brooklyn, contributed After Sandro to the spring issue of this magazine.

Maurine Halliburton sends her ballad from Oklahoma. Joe Hansen, Salt Lake City, contributes his third story to Frontier and Midland.

The favorite mediums of Charles E. Heaney, of Portland, Oregon, are wood cuts and linoleum cuts, although he has done some aquatint etching. He has exhibited in Seattle, Los Angeles, Wichita, and Philadelphia, and held one-man print shows at the Seattle Art Museum, the State Normal School at Bellingham, Washington, and at the University of Oregon. We hope to print several of his cuts this year.

Grace Hostet teaches in Blackfoot, Idaho. This is her first published story. David E. Krantz's Who Could Catch Stefan, a story, was in our summer issue.

Gladys Laflamme sends her poem from Burlington, Vermont. Eleanor Lennan, lyric poet, lives in southern California. Norman Macleod is a poet of national reputation. Clyde Mclemore lives in Helena, Montana.

Helen Making, Seattle, for seven years edited Muse and Mirror. Joseph E. McDowell is a student at the Montana State University. Charles Oluf Olsen lives in Oregon. John S. Richards, executive assistant in the University of Washington library, had access to Miller's diary, written during his first years in California, 1854-1857, through the kindness of its owner, Mr. Willard S. Morse of Santa Monica.

Alex R. Schmidt has contributed many poems to this magazine. He lives in Piedmont, California. And No Bird Sang is Philip Scrugg's first story to be published in Frontier and Midland.

A Silver Dime, by "H. L." Pitzer, has been prepared for publication by his son, R. C. Pitzer, of Irvington, New Jersey. A former installment, Fire and Flood in Early Denver, appeared in the January 1934 issue of this magazine.

BOOKS ABROAD
An International Quarterly of Comment on Foreign Books
Edited by ROY TEMPLE HOUSE and KENNETH C. KAUFMAN

The magazine will offer in its Autumn Number (out October 1) a significant list of articles, among which will be "Nominations for the Nobel Prize for Literature," presented by such distinguished writers and critics as H. L. Mencken, Arthur Livingston, Burton Rascoe, Joseph Wood Krutch, Marquis James, Sinclair Lewis, George Jean Nathan, Albert Guerard, and Sherwood Anderson. It will contain, in addition to its reviews, the following:

THE LEGEND OF ITALIAN SKEPTICISM...Count Carlo Sforza
THE PUBLISHING INDUSTRY IN JAPAN............Shio Sakanishi
SHAKESPEARE AND A POOR SWISS PEASANT............

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Roy Temple House
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And other articles and departments

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UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS
NORMAN, OKLAHOMA
LITERARY NEWS
Continued from page vi
of The Foreground of America Fiction, has concluded a series of broadcasts over an eastern hook-up.
Recent releases from Caxton Printers are Pickpocket Songs, Edna Becker, introduction by William Allen White; Sonbonnet Days; Al G. Barnes, Master Showman, by Dave Robeson; and a third printing of Byron Defenbach's Red Heroines of the Northwest.
Every Writer can feel vicarious excitement in Robin Lampson's success. His novel-in-verse of the California gold rush, on which he has worked for seven years, writing full time the past two, was accepted by Charles Scribner's Sons by telegraph one day after the manuscript was received by them. It will be published Oct. 4 and is featured at the head of their fall list in the June 29 Publishers Weekly. This novel, Laughter Out of the Ground, is a book of 344 pages written in easy smooth-flowing verse almost as easily read as a prose novel.
New Theatre Magazine (114 West 14th St., N. Y. C.) has issued its first number.
The Bobbs-Merrill Company has just put out a new book on copper, which is of interest to readers of Western material, C. B. Glascock's The War of the Copper Kings.
Chester A. Fee has a book on Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians just published on The Press of the Pioneers, and a volume of verse by The Metropolitan Press, Portland.

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