SPRING
FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

BUN .................... Rachel Jean Taylor
THREE WOODCUTS ...... Charles E. Heaney

POETRY

JAMES STILL
VERNE BRIGHT
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MARY J. ELMENDORF
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STORIES

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FRONTIER AND MIDLAND is a member of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce.
Montana! The name of this Treasure State brings visions of a playground for the nature lover and a paradise for the sportsman. These thoughts plus the fact that spring is here with its fascinating freshness, carry us to plans for vacation-time. Probably no other state has within its confines so many diversified attractions for the vacationist, the tourist, the nature lover, and the settler.

Western Montana, in particular, holds within its embrace a vast storehouse of delights for the visitor. Rugged and precipitous peaks, glaciers, waterfalls, lakes, streams, green hills, entrancing valleys and peaceful meadows are Nature’s contrasts which one may see in a day’s journey through this part of the state.

Realizing tremendous possibilities to make Montana a haven for vacationists and tourists, several enterprising men shortly after the World War began building accommodations which would attract people from all over the United States. These accommodations were hot springs resorts, hotels, tourist camps, summer homes, and dude ranches. All of these attractions have prospered and grown considerably in number and enjoyed a great popularity. But the most prosperous of them all are the so-called "dude" ranches.

Saddle horse party crossing a stream in wild country that knows no bridges.
Breaking a mean bronco provides many thrills for dude ranch visitors.

The dude ranch seemed best to typify the free life of the frontier. Ranch homes where cattle kingdoms once were ruled were equipped to bring visitors the thrill of the Old West. Open ranges and secluded valleys, where trails of Indians and cowboys still remain unchanged, where herds of cattle and horses graze, and where wild life still enjoys freedom, have made a tremendous appeal to lovers of the out-of-doors.

The industry has grown until now there are more than 80 dude ranches scattered about the state, offering the most typical of western vacations. They are located in the Mission and Flathead range country of northwestern Montana, in the Beartooth, Absaroka and Gallatin National forests north of Yellowstone Park, in the foothills of the Rockies near Glacier Park, and in the prairie country of the southeastern part of the state.

Missoula, a beautiful and thriving city in Western Montana, enjoys a location in the heart of the most prosperous dude ranch area. She has watched the beginning and growth of this industry. Among the ranches are the Double Arrow, E Bar L, Circle W, Gordon, Binko, and Laird's Lodge. There are also the resorts, which include Holland Lake Lodge, The Tamaracks, Hiawatha Lodge, and Otter's Resort.

Let us see what a dude ranch consists of and the activities and recreations that make them so attractive.

A typical dude ranch has from five to ten rustic log sleeping cabins with two to four rooms each, housing from two to six peo-
The rooms are modernly equipped with running hot and cold water and the best beds obtainable. The main cabin has the dinner-room and a large lounge and veranda. The environment is always picturesque. Good wholesome food is served with plenty of fresh milk and cream and vegetables. The lounge usually has a radio, piano, and a library.

Then, of course, there will be the regular ranch buildings and corrals in which the visitor finds many things of interest and may witness thrilling events like the breaking of horses and the branding of cattle.

The thing that one will remember about a vacation of this kind, though, is his saddle-horse pack trips. Parties go out into the wild country led by a picturesque guide who is a replica of the Old West days. Any length trip may be taken from one or two days to three or four weeks. Pack horses carry the provisions and bed-rolls. These parties travel in easy stages through some of the wildest and most beautiful country in the United States. You will pass through mountain fastnesses full of natural wonder and beauty and revealing wild animals in their native habitat. It is an experience which makes an indelible picture in your memory and which creates a desire that can be satisfied only by more of the same thing. In other words it will "get into your blood."

For the man who loves to fish and hunt a dude ranch vacation in this region is the answer to his fondest prayers. Western Montana is full of swift-reaching trout-laden rivers and streams which will delight and satisfy any angler. Numerous small, beautiful lakes, teeming with mountain trout, afford excellent fishing, also. Every dude ranch boasts its own favorite fishing "spots" which are easily accessible. In autumn there is hunting. This territory is full of game so that the hunter has no difficulty in getting his share. Duckshooting begins in the latter part of September, as well as the season on pheasants and grouse. The deer and elk season opens the middle of October and is open for a month. There is also bear hunting, both in the spring and autumn.
During days and evenings spent on the ranch grounds one may find pleasure in the facilities for swimming and for games of various kinds. For those who love to hike there are always several interesting trails where one may roam to his heart’s delight.

The dude ranch industry in Montana has developed and grown to a high mark in the past few years. Eight years ago The Dude Ranchers Association was formed with the object of establishing better relations between the different ranches, exchanging ideas, and of setting and maintaining certain standards for its members. To become a member of The Dude Ranchers Association each ranch has to pass inspection by a board of inspectors who note particularly the facilities of the ranch, its personnel, and what it has to offer for recreation and entertainment. Then the board classifies each member into “dude” ranches, lake resorts, hot springs resorts, or hunting lodges. The purpose of this is to represent correctly each ranch or resort so that there will be no disappointments or disillusionments by visitors after they have arrived for their vacation.

The first-class dude ranches are also selective in the people they invite. Because of the close relations among the guests, it is necessary that everyone be sociable and able to enjoy the company of others. The warm cordiality that is manifested by the host always fosters a congenial spirit among the guests.

Missoula is proud to recommend a dude ranch vacation to you. We know that you will enjoy it. We also know that you will enjoy a visit to this city. You will be impressed by the warm hospitality and the willingness to “lend a hand” that is manifest throughout Missoula. The true spirit of the Old West still exists here.

In conjunction with your stay on a dude ranch we invite you to spend some time in Missoula, Montana’s Garden City.

This advertisement sponsored by the following organizations:

Missoula Chamber of Commerce  Missoula Mercantile Company
Interstate Lumber Company  John R. Daily Company
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The Red & White Stores
The judges of The All-Nations Prize Novel Competition, closing April 30, 1936, promoted and to be managed by the Literary Agents, Eric S. Pinker & Adrienne Morrison, Inc., of New York, and James B. Pinker & Son, of London, are Carl Van Doren, Hugh Walpole, Johan Bojer, Dr. Rudolph G. Binding, and Monsieur Gaston Rageot. The prizes are significant. Details of the contest can be secured from the promoters.

Two national items are noteworthy: In the event that the novel chosen by the United States judges is not selected as the ALL-NATION’S prize winner, Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., will publish the novel in the United States and Canada. Also, the Literary Guild of America will purchase the book club rights. Publication of the prize winning novel, which is guaranteed in all countries sponsoring the competition, will be made simultaneously on a date to be arranged by the associated publishers. The countries sponsoring the contest are England, France, Canada, Germany, Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, United States, Spain, Italy, Holland, Norway, Czecho-Slovakia.

Two Literary Fellowships of $1,000 each (exclusive of subsequent royalties) are offered to writers of promise who need financial aid to complete some literary work. These fellowships will be given to the writers who submit, before April 1st, the most meritorious projects for books (either fiction or non-fiction) that they wish to write. For details and application blanks address Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park St., Boston.

The International Mark Twain Society is offering its annual prize of twenty dollars for the best essay of approximately a thousand words on “Authors I Have Met.” Contest closes June 1, 1936. Address inquiries to Cyril Clemens, Webster Groves, Missouri.

$500.00 cash prize is offered in a CCC book competition, announced by Happy Days, the authorized newspaper of the Civilian Conservation Corps, and the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Open to anyone. Manuscripts submitted may be either fiction, or non-fiction, but they must relate to the CCC. Manuscripts and queries should be sent to the Competition Editor, Happy Days, Washington News Building, Washington, D. C. The competition closes April 1, 1936.

“The Rise and Fall of the Choctaw Republic” by Dr. Angie Debo has been awarded the Dunning prize as the most outstanding contribution in the field of American history for 1935, according to announcement made by the publishers, The University of Oklahoma Press. The award of the $200 prize is made annually by the American His-
Montana State University's

1936 Summer Session

Gives You An Unequaled Opportunity
to Combine Study With

A Vacation in the Rockies

You may spend your summer in a region where bright, balmy days turn to clear, cool nights and where the climate is unequaled for comfort and health. In addition, you have the opportunity to attend summer school and obtain credit toward degrees regularly granted by the State University.

Eighteen departments and schools offer you one hundred fifty courses in these fields of work: Accounting, Anthropology, Astronomy, Biology, Botany, Business Administration, Commercial, Creative Writing, Current Events, (now a certificate subject), Dramatics, Economics, Education, English, Fine Arts, French, Geography and Natural Resources of Montana, Geology, German, Greek, History, Journalism, Latin, Law, Library Science, Mathematics, Music, Nature Study, Physics, Physiology, Political Science, Psychology, Physical Education, Sociology, Spanish and Speech.

The best available resident and visiting faculty will handle the cour-

Main Hall
ses of instruction during the summer session. Students will find their expectation of stimulation and guidance justified. The student body is not large, and there is every opportunity for close contact between student and instructor.

The Montana Conference on Educational Problems will be held during the fourth week of the summer session. The program will include lectures and round-table discussions of present-day problems. In addition to the regular summer school staff, outside speakers, noted educational leaders, will be featured during the Conference on July 6, 7, and 8.

A Special Music Conference will be held from July 13 to July 18, inclusive, for teachers and supervisors, in which the resident members of the School of Music faculty, assisted by music specialists brought in from the outside, will give demonstrations, lectures, recitals and concerts.

In the Music School several courses have been added to the curriculum to meet the needs of directors of bands, orchestras, glee clubs, and choruses.

Creative Writing has been given special attention in the Department of English in courses and in laboratory work in the short story, verse, drama and novel.

Much individual attention is given to students working toward a Master of Arts degree. The number of students enrolled is small enough for informality and friendliness, and large enough for well-filled classes and many activities. Credits earned at the State University may be transferred to other institutions and rated at full value.

Out-of-state teachers are given an opportunity to conform to Montana State Board of Education requirements for teacher's certificates.

Many week-end excursions are sponsored into the realm of mountains that surround Missoula and bring you acquaintance with some of the most glorious scenery in the world. The trips vary in length from one day to four days and three nights. Altogether, including the 500-mile round-trip to Glacier Park, there are over 1,000 miles of automobile travel and 11 days spent outdoors. These excursions are accompanied by members of the University faculty who are familiar with the plant and animal life, geologic formations, and the historic places of interest in this region.

Recreation in swimming, tennis, golf, and fishing is easily available. Picnics and impromptu hikes may be taken into the beautiful nearby hills and mountains.

The railroads are offering special rates to students and members of their families who attend the summer session.

For further information, or for the Summer School Bulletin, write to the

DIRECTOR OF SUMMER SCHOOL,
MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY, MISSOULA, MONTANA.
Bun
Rachel Jean Taylor

Bun lay on his side in the warm riffle, making a dam of himself and watching swarms of minnows. If he kept still they came nuzzling up to him and tickled his bare arms and legs. When he moved they darted away, flitting through the clear water like cloud shadows. A red-winged blackbird sang his three liquid words over and over from a wild rose spray on the bank, and from the edge of a still pool somewhere upstream a bittern kept saying "pump-er-lunk, pump-er-lunk."

The girls were building a rock castle in the creek. Katherine sat on a grass tufted hummock, feet in the water, building layer on layer of smooth brown stones. Daisy was wading across the creek, stepping gingerly with tender feet, her dress tucked up under the elastic of her bloomers high on her white slender thighs.

"Oo-oogh! Ish!" She threw down a big rock that she had wiggled loose from the bottom of the stream, shuddering and twisting her face with disgust. "Ugh! Those nasty things on the bottom of the rock! Ooey!"

Katherine laughed with a ten-year-old's callousness. "Oh, they're not anything. I don't pay any attention to them."

Daisy was thirteen and more ladylike. She shook her shoulders again. "Oof!" she said.

Bun listened lazily to the rilling of the bright water, the clear music that went on and on, never tiring. He held out his hand and watched the steep water brawl against it. The push of the current made a pleasant numbness in his hand.

"Say, kids," he yelled, in the voice of discovery, "when you scoop your hands upstream like this it feels just like you got a handful of jelly. It does! Come and try it."

"Le' me see." Merry came scrambling down the bank, her fat little legs scratched and scarred. She squatted in the water and waved her hands in the ripples. "Yep, it does," she cried. "It sure does feel like jelly."

"No, here! You're not doin' it right. Curve your hand around like this, see? Like a cup."

She tried gravely. "It sure does feel like jelly," she cried.

"Hey, you're gettin' your dress-tail wet," Bun said.

Merry made a scrambling movement to get up, slipped, and sat down splash in the water.

"Oh, gosh, look! Merry's as wet as Bun now," said Katherine.

"Heavens, that child!" said Daisy. Philip lay on the bank and laughed.

"Damn it," said Merry calmly, twisting around to see the back of her dress. "Them stones is too slippery."

Bun and Philip laughed again. Daisy looked shocked.

"Heavens!" she said again. "It's a
wonder your mother lets her talk that way, Katherine."

"I know it," said Katherine, not disturbed. "She tries to get her not to, but Dad and the boys teach it to her all the time. They always have. The first thing she ever learned, Bill taught her to say 'Go to hell.' Whenever anyone talked to her, Bill would say, 'Tell 'em to go to hell, kid,' and she'd say 'Do to he-o,' like that. 'Oo do to he-o,' she'd say."

Bun could remember when Merry used to talk like that. He shut his eyes and laughed, remembering.

"We don't hardly try to stop her any more. She's too little to know what she's saying, Mom says."

"I'm not too little," said Merry. "I'm going to be five."

"That's not much," jeered Philip, from up on the bank. "I'm more than twice that old. Katherine's even twice as old as you are. You're still a baby."

Philip threw a stone into the water and splashed Merry's brown legs some more.

"Quit it, you darn fool!" she screamed. "I'm not a baby." She threw a rock at Philip. She was a pretty good shot and it hit him on the leg. He laughed at her.

Daisy and Katherine finished their castle, with a white rock standing up right on the top.

"Wait a minute," cried Daisy. She ran across the gravel bar to a mustard bush full of yellow blossoms. "Here are the prince and princess that live in the castle. See his green suit and her fluffy yellow dress? They can be out here on this porch, sort of, looking out over their dominions. They are the king and queen of the castle."

Bun lay and listened to Daisy's story about the king and queen of the waters, and their hundreds of soldiers, and the treasure buried under the castle. He liked Daisy because she imagined beautiful stories, and she liked flowers, and didn't laugh at him when he felt sorry for a bird with a broken wing. Katherine and the boys thought Bun was silly if he said the sky was pretty when the sun was going down, but Daisy exclaimed over the sunset herself. Bun was glad she was their cousin and had come to spend the summer with them.

"Ssh!" Daisy stopped her story suddenly. "Look. There's their fairy steed, lighting at their door. It's come to pull their chariot for them."

"It's a dragon-fly," said matter-of-fact Katherine.

"That's an airplane coming to your castle," called Bun.

"Where?" Merry craned her neck, looking up through the cottonwoods. The other kids shouted with laughter. "Right there on the rock castle," Bun told her.

Merry gazed in startled wonder; then her face looked disappointed. "Aw, it's just an old dragon-fly."

"It's a snake-feeder," said Philip from the willow tree. "Them blue ones are snake-feeders."

There was a clatter and clashing of hoof on stone, and they turned and looked downstream, under the arching tunnel of willows. A black horse with a tall rider splashed into the creek and stopped to drink, pushing the water with his nose and champing at the bothersome bit.

"It's Bill!" said Bun. "Bill's home."

None of them knew where he had been for a week.

"Yoo-hoo, Bill!" Merry shrilled,
waving her hand energetically. "Yoo-hoo!"

"Shut up, you little fool," Philip told her. "He don’t want you yellin’ at him."

But Bill did turn and wave at Merry before he rode on out of the water and up the lane, leaning loose and easy in the saddle. He went toward the corrals, but as he was going across the flat they heard him shout. He swerved his horse and galloped over to the fence.

"It’s Cowboy,” said Merry. “He’s yelling at Cowboy.”

"Cowboy’s digging something again,” observed Katherine.

Bill threw something at Cowboy and made him slink off with his tail between his legs.

“Bill’ll shoot that dog yet, some- day,” Philip bragged importantly.

"Steve won’t let him,” said Bun.

"How can he keep him from it?”

"Bill’s oldest,” said Merry.

“Steve won’t let him kill Cowboy,” said Bun stubbornly. Steve had risked his life crossing the Missouri when the ice was ready to go out, just to get the big white dog from the foreman of the K-Y, who said the brute was too vicious to keep. Cowboy had never been vicious with anyone who let him alone, but he was always finding something interesting to dig at, and it made Dad unaccountably furious. He would shout and chase Cowboy away, and swear that he’d kill that damn dog yet, and go for his shotgun. But he couldn’t shoot Cowboy, because he was Steve’s.

Bun jumped up and came across the gravel bar, his bare feet leaving wet tracks on the warm brown stones. He rolled down his overall legs as he came, so they would dry faster and Mom wouldn’t see that he’d been in the creek with them on. His feet squished delightfully into the wet earth among the roots of the bright lush slough-grass, and the cool scent of the mint came up to his nostrils. As he brushed under a willow tree, there was a flip of wings and a turtle dove flew out of the tree and across the creek.

“Dove’s nest!” yelled Bun and Philip together.

You could always tell by that flip! sound of its wings if a dove was flying from a nest and not just from a perch in the tree. The girls came running.

“I see the nest,” cried Merry, the first one there.

They all craned up at the flimsy lattice of straws in the fork of a branch.

“Them doves sure are lazy,” said Philip in disgust. “Too lazy to build a good nest.” He began to poke up at the nest with a crooked stick.

“Don’t,” wailed Daisy. “Don’t hurt the poor birdies’ nest. Just think how you’d feel if—”

“I won’t hurt it,” Philip muttered. “I just want to—” Suddenly two white eggs rolled out and fell. They almost fell in Philip’s face. He jumped back, and the eggs smashed on the ground.

Bun looked at the yellow mess with a shudder of distaste. He felt surprised at Philip and disgusted. Bun never broke birds’ eggs, because the girls wouldn’t let him. They told him harrowing stories of the heart-broken mother birds and father birds; they treated him like a criminal even when he broke old sparrows’ eggs in the shed roof. When they weren’t around he smashed sparrows’ eggs, and it was fun. But other birds were different; he felt guilty if he harmed their nests.
He looked now to see what the girls would do to Philip. Daisy was staring at him, her face flushed with exasperation; tears were welling up in her big gray eyes. Katherine wouldn’t cry, but her dark face was darker and her black eyes snapped.

“You darn fool!” she burst out hotly. “You—you darned old meanie, you! What did you have to go and do that for? You’re the meanest boy that ever lived. You—you’d kill a little baby. I just hate you!”

Philip’s face was getting redder, too. He looked ashamed, but he swaggered and pretended he didn’t care.

“Aw, what difference does it make! Whatcha wanta make such a fuss about a damn old bird for? Girls are silly about old birds, aren’t they, Bun?”

Bun had to agree with him because he was a boy. Merry sided with the boys, too, as usual.

“Damn old birds,” she said. She picked up a scrap of eggshell and threw it into the creek. They watched it bobbing along on the waves, now in brown shadow, now in sun. Daisy kept on crying.

“We’re never going to speak to you again, Philip Jackson,” said Katherine. She put her arm around Daisy, and they started back to their castle. Philip started to swear. He picked up a rock and threw it. It knocked the white stone off the top of the castle. Katherine screamed.

“Quit it! Don’t you dare spoil our castle!”

Philip threw another rock and smashed in one whole side of the castle. The prince and princess floated away down the stream, tossing and tumbling pitifully in the rapids.

“Come on, Bun,” cried Philip. “Let’s make war on the enemy castle.” They threw more stones, with deadly effect.

“Boom!” cried Bun. “This is a big cannon that can shoot clear across the ocean. Boom! Boom!”

Daisy had to run away to keep from getting her dress splashed. Katherine picked up a stone and threw it at Philip. It hit a tree. Merry wasn’t interested in the castle.

“I’m going to see Bill,” she said, and promptly set off at a trot across the alkali flat, her brown legs twinkling through the gray sage brush.

“Gosh, that kid’s got tough feet,” said Philip. “Hey!” he called after her. “If Bill’s the way he was last time he came home, he’s gone to bed with a chair against the door and he’ll knock anybody’s head off that bothers him.”

Merry kept on.

Bun looked at Daisy. She was funny with dirty tear marks on her cheeks. The family was always saying of Daisy, “You’d never know she was an Indian.” She was their first cousin, but her hair was light brown and wavy, instead of straight and black like Katherine’s and the others’, and her eyes and her skin clear. She sure was a cry-baby, though; ten times more than Bun was, and he was only eight. Daisy was even older than Katherine. He wondered if everyone out in Washington State was a cry-baby. Daisy’s mother was, for he had heard Mom say so. Once when she was talking about her brother Jim she said it: “That little blonde cry-baby he’s got for a wife,” she said.

Mom was nice to Daisy, though. When she first came to visit them, Mom said, “You have to be good to her;
she's not used to playing with rough boys. She lives in the city, and she won't like wild ways of doing things.'

"She better not come to this reservation then," Steve had said, and the big boys had laughed.

"Do people out in Washington know your Dad's part Indian?" Philip had asked her once.

"Of course," Daisy had answered. "What do they think of that?"

"Why, they think it's just wonderful." The boys hooted. "Why, they do," she insisted. "They think Indians are awfully fascinating." She pronounced the word with relish. "They say we should be very proud."

"They don't think that around here, do they?" Mom had said, laughing queerly.

"By God, I'll say not," said Steve in his quiet voice, holding his lips very straight over his cigarette and narrowing his eyes the way he did.

Bun was thinking about this while he and Philip started toward the house. It reminded him, for some reason, of two ladies he had seen once, a long time ago, before he started to school. They had seen him in the store, and one of them had asked his name. When he told her she laughed and wanted to know if his mother had called him that because he was round and brown and soft like a little brown bunny; and he said yes, but his real name was Joseph. Then she had laughed and patted his head, and he was very uncomfortable.

"Look at that black hair, cut like bangs," she said to the other lady. "Isn't he the darlingest thing? And look at those big brown eyes. Mmmmf! They look right into your heart!"

But the other lady had stood back away from him and said, "Still, he has that Indian look. They all do."

"'Why, of course he has!' cried the first lady. "That's what I love about him!"

"Well, Thelma," said the other lady, in a cold voice, "if you lived on the reservation, as I do—"

Bun was used to having people call him cute and talk about his eyes. He wondered what that Indian look was, and why the people out in Washington thought Indians were awfully interesting. He thought about Mom and Bill and Steve and the girls and himself and Philip. He couldn't see anything awfully interesting about them. He thought about Dad. Dad was the only one in the family who wasn't an Indian. He was more interesting, because he got terribly mad sometimes, and the kids were all afraid of him and had to be pretty careful. All but Mer-

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"Well, Thelma," said the other lady, in a cold voice, "if you lived on the reservation, as I do—"

Bun was used to having people call him cute and talk about his eyes. He wondered what that Indian look was, and why the people out in Washington thought Indians were awfully interesting. He thought about Mom and Bill and Steve and the girls and himself and Philip. He couldn't see anything awfully interesting about them. He thought about Dad. Dad was the only one in the family who wasn't an Indian. He was more interesting, because he got terribly mad sometimes, and the kids were all afraid of him and had to be pretty careful. All but Mer-

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out what Bun thought about the goatee, they laughed like everything. Steve told him what a goatee was and explained that a baby goat was called a kid.

"And Grandpa Merry didn’t have any little white kids, so far as we know," Bill had said, laughing.

Bun and Philip crawled through the barb-wire fence and pattered up the dusty road. They didn’t cut across the flat because there was too much cactus there. It was all in blossom now, beautiful yellow flowers with flimsy petals that shrunk up when you touched them. Bun had pricked his fingers many a time picking some for his mother to put in a saucer of water on the kitchen window-sill. The smell of the alkali and greasewood came hot on the dusty wind. Philip tried to talk to the girls, who were following along behind; but they were still mad and paid no attention to him.

When they got to the house, Merry was chasing the pigs about the yard, yelling and whirling a horsehair rope Steve had braided for her. She flung the loop expertly and caught one of the pigs by his hind foot. The pig tried to run, and tumbled Merry down on the gravel and dragged her a little and made her arm bleed. She got up clutching the rope and braced her feet.

"Damn you," she yelled. "I’ll teach you damn pigs to stay out of this yard." Skidding and scrambling, she came to the gate-post and snubbed the rope around it.

"That’ll hold you!" she panted. She tied the pig to the post, though he kicked so hard the rope almost jerked out of her hands. She kept swearing at the pig. He squealed deafeningly, piercingly; the other pigs stood around and made a great commotion, grunting and champing their jaws with terrible threat. Merry swore at them.

"Heavens! That child!" Daisy said again in shocked tones.

The others looked at her and laughed. There was no one in the kitchen or the living-room. They swiped some doughnuts. Merry turned on the phonograph. Philip peeked into the bedroom.

"You’ll be sorry if you wake Bill up," he said.

Merry played the phonograph anyway.

"They’re branding something at the corral," Bun said at the window.

All the children ran out and climbed the corral fence. Dad was heating a branding-iron at a little fire outside. Several wild-eyed, shaggy-maned range horses crowded in the far side of the corral, stamping and snorting. A yearling colt was stretched out on the ground and Steve was sitting on its head to hold it down. Bill was there, too, holding a taut rope tied to the colt’s feet.

"You darn liar," said Merry aside to Philip. "Bill’s awake."

The colt was breathing in gasps; now and then it struggled wildly and gave a choking squeal. One of the mares in the bunch neighed back to him. Dad came up with the branding-iron. The kids watched with keen relish. It wasn’t the stamp iron with the B lazy E on it. It was just a straight iron, red hot.

"Looks like that yearlin’s already branded," Bun said suddenly.

The kids didn’t say anything. They watched Dad while he swiftly traced marks on the brown thigh. A choking
smoke and stench of burning hair arose. The colt squealed again. Then it was over and they let it get up.

"The poor thing!" crooned Daisy. "Think how you'd feel if you had to—"

"Shut up," said Philip. He wanted to hear what Steve and Dad were saying. Dad was coming across the corral, his eyes narrowed to blue glints, a loose grin on his mouth.

"That fixes it," he said to Steve and Bill. "I guess we're even that time."

Bill laughed. Steve wasn't grinning; but then he hardly ever grinned. His lips were straight and his eyes were black, and you couldn't look back into them like other people's; you just looked at the front of them, like at a shiny rock.

Dad looked at Steve now, and his grin changed a little and he talked in a louder, bragging voice. "A man's a fool to have a brand like that," he said. "A three, you take it, it's almost a B already made." He stopped. Mom was standing at the corral gate; she had her apron full of fresh eggs, and her face looked as if she had seen something or heard something she didn't like. Bun wondered what it was. Philip had slid down from the fence and gone somewhere.

"Go and get the eggs in Old Ben's manger, Bunny," Mom said.

Bun climbed down from the fence and went into the barn. In the far corner he came suddenly upon Philip, crouched behind the manger. He didn't see Bun at first. He was taking a little box out from under some straw, and he had a silver dollar in his hand.

"Where'd you get that?" Bun demanded.

Philip jerked around, his face surprised and guilty, and then he looked as if he would like to hit Bun; and he grinned his sly grin. He waved his hand toward the door, where Steve's beaded leather jacket was hanging. Bun caught his breath.

"He'll lick you," he said.

"He'll never miss it," Philip replied. "Or if he does he won't know how he lost it. Unless—" his voice changed—"unless you tell him, you little sap. You won't dare tell him."

He came close and stared hard at Bun, breathing on his face, and then he grinned at him again. Bun had a curious feeling. He felt as if he didn't like Philip. The feeling grew stronger until he loathed him. Philip made him sick. He wouldn't have minded so much if it had been Bill's money. Bill wasn't such a great guy for a brother, though he did laugh and play with the kids and tease them a lot more than Steve, and sometimes was very good-natured and gave them things. Still, Bill was often very ugly and mad like Dad, and Steve never got mad at anything, only sort of disgusted.

Philip, looking at Bun just standing there, seemed to be growing angry.

"What's the matter with you, you little fool?" he demanded. "I'm the first guy that ever stole anything, I suppose? You'll run and tell Steve I stole his money, I suppose, will you?"

"Stole!" The word snapped.

"That's stealing! That's stealing!" Bun cried. "You're a thief, that's what you are. You're a robber! You're a—a criminal. They'll put you in jail for that."

"What of it?" Philip shrugged.

"Jail's a pretty good place, I guess."

He laughed a big swaggering laugh. Bun was suffocating with fury.
"You're the worst kid on the place," he cried. "You're the worst guy on the reservation! You're crooked. You're as mean as the devil, and you take other people's money. I don't care if they do put you in jail. You sneaky old thief!"

Philip was mad now, Bun could tell, though he kept smiling that hateful smile.

"Well, I guess I won't be the first one. Where do you think Bill's been? Did you know he just got out of jail? You didn't? Yah! And where do you think Dad's goin' to be, whenever they catch him?"

Bun glared speechlessly. He believed what Philip said about Bill, though he was surprised; but Dad—the world was getting black!

"You're crazy!" he sputtered. "They won't arrest Dad. What would they arrest him for?"

Philip laughed a gloating laugh. He looked out through the barn door and pointed at Cowboy, scratching at something out behind the chicken house.

"Look there," he commanded, sneering. "What do you think Cowboy's always digging for? What do you think is buried all around over the place, that makes Dad madder than hell whenever he sees Cowboy sniffing around trying to dig it up? Huh?"

Bun had often wondered about that, dreaming darkly of treasure buried, but knowing it was more sensible to believe that Dad just didn't want holes dug all over the place.

"What's he digging?"

"You go dig yourself," retorted Philip, "and see what you find. You'll find horns and hoofs and hides of JCR cattle and YL cattle, that's what you'll find. Why did you think Dad always buried the hides after he butchered the cattle for our beefsteak last winter, huh?"

"I didn't know he did," said Bun, fascinated.

"Well, why do you think he had to be so careful about it that he wouldn't even let his own kids see it? And why does he get so mad whenever he sees anyone on a horse just standing up there on the rim looking down this way, and swear they're watching him? What do you think they do if they catch anybody changing a 3L to a BE? I s'pose you're a little angel boy, aren't you? I s'pose you never thought anybody would really steal!"

Just as Philip's taunting voice reached a fury of scorn at Bun's wide dazed eyes, he suddenly stopped. Steve was standing in the doorway. He hadn't heard the part about the dollar, but he had heard the last few sentences. Bun saw him come walking over, and his eyes and mouth were like iron. He slapped Philip, hard, on the side of his face, and Philip tried to hit back and sputtered and started to swear. Steve slapped him again, and Philip walked out of the barn.

Steve turned to Bun, and Bun couldn't look at him. He went outside and climbed up on the corral fence. A sparrow twittering beside him on the straw roof of the shed maddened him; he scrambled upon the shed and shouted at the bird. Then he saw a nest. He took the eggs out, four of them, and climbed down on the corral fence. He looked at the eggs; then he looked across at Katherine and Daisy.

"Daisy, look!" he called and threw the eggs, two and one and another, as fast as he could, at Daisy's face. They
splashed over her hair and dress, and they were rotten. Daisy’s yell was outraged, and so was Mom’s face, and Dad’s, when he saw, was worse. They were coming toward him, both of them.

“Joseph Jackson, come here to me,” Mom was saying sternly. Dad picked up a good-sized stick. Steve rode up and took Bun from the corral fence to the saddle in front of him.

“I need the kid for an errand down at the house,” he said. He trotted his horse down to the yard gate and let Bun slide to the ground. “Run and bring me a drink of water,” he said. “Beat it.”

Bun went cheerfully, wondering why Steve couldn’t have got the water for himself. He was glad Steve brought him, though, because he didn’t know what Mom would have said about the eggs on Daisy, and he didn’t want Dad to touch him. Mom wouldn’t have let Dad beat him, but he didn’t want Dad to come near him. He was surprised that he had thrown them at Daisy, for he really liked her and she was gentle. He wasn’t sorry though.

Steve took the dipper and drank and threw the rest out instead of letting it drip playfully on Bun’s head as Bill would have done. He handed back the dipper and rode away without saying “thanks.”

Bun saw Merry playing with his braided rawhide bridle reins that Steve had made for him, and he went and took them away from her and hit her with them and hid them under some logs.

WINDSINGER

Norman Macleod

Windsinger buried in crypt of leaves,
The autumn’s album is a locked
Hasp of hunger. No rotogravure
Relics the reams of memory!
Entablature of days
That seasons bruit with sorrow
Yellows the wind.
And starlight comes
(Scent of pinion on pointed butte):
Accessible music.
The image of earth
Is spiral smoke
Dwindled with death
As faggots of cedar split.
AFTER we would walk around all day I’d get pretty tired but he never did. I guess he must of been used to it before he ever got holt of me. Nights I’d be so tired I wouldn’t want to stay up and wait for him but it didn’t do me any good to not want. He would always stay and talk as long as any of them would listen. Most of them would stay long enough because they didn’t have anything else to do. They wouldn’t go until the Greek turned out the lights, and he wouldn’t know it but go on talking until some of them would cuss and then he would know the lights was out. Then I’d lead him over to our room and at last I could go to bed. It would take quite a while for him to be settled though, and I always helped off with his shoes and brought him his water for his false teeth. Even when he was in bed I would sometimes stay there by him because he wanted to give me hell so I wouldn’t run off. Later I would get on my camp cot and then after a while where he had pinched and squeezed would not hurt so much and I’d get to sleep.

Mostly we would start out pretty late unless business was bad the day before. If we never got much it would be worse for me, not only because the next day we would have to start out early. It would be worse because he’d always be laying it on me because business was bad and cussing me out and doing that to my hand all the time while it looked like I was his beloved son, like he always tolled anybody that listened. It hurt pretty bad because he had strong fingers and he never cut his finger-nails. When it would begin to bleed he’d stop and later on scratch open the places and make a little more blood come out. It was worse for me that way because he always did it if business was bad. He would always wake up early the next day and we would get down on the street to catch the morning office crowd. Usually there wasn’t much in it, he said, because they was all in too much of a hurry. But he would get up to get what he could to make up for a bad day. Then all day long it would be pretty bad for me unless business picked up.

Usually we would get a late start though. He would lay there and snore until ten or ten-thirty but I’d go out and get him some coffee which he always had to have before he got out of bed. After that he would start counting his money, only he called it looking over his accounts. He would do this for quite a long time some mornings while I’d clean up the room and make our beds. He liked counting his money, I could tell by the way he would always be feeling the coins. He could tell whether it was a penny or a nickel or a dime or anything by how it sounded dropping. I know because once a woman dropped a dollar in his cup and then took it out and put in a quarter. I could see he was thinking, and so I tolled him she dropped in a button by mistake and took it out, because I knew he would be mad if he knew what she done, and it would be worse for me all day. He got awful mad then and hurt me more than usual, and when it got dark gave me a smack on the ear that made my ear ache for
quite a while. He never felt that dollar but he heard it and when he wasn't doing something to me he kept calling her a tight scrouging old bitch to me all day. He liked to feel money though, and if he had a lot he would be pretty good-humored and hardly do much at all. We would be ready to go out after he put it back in his box under the bed and locked it. We would get out in time for the noon crowd and usually pick up quite a bit then.

If it was a warm day he would put on his best shoes and pants and the longest coat and make me put on mine. These was all holey and the worst clothes we had, but he called them the best because they always made the business good. His toes would stick out of his shoes and there was dirt and things on his clothes and mine, and a few patches which made our clothes look like we tried to keep them up. He would pull his glasses quite far out on his nose so you could see in behind where his eyes used to be and when they would see it all red and watery and the stuff coming out they would usually loosen up better. Once he tried going without his black glasses, but mostly they would not stop at all, and the women would look sick and hurry by without dropping anything in his cup and so he put his glasses back on. If it was cold though, he would put on his army coat and I would have to wear the one that was cut out of another old one because he said it looked like he was a veteran. That would work good too but not as good as the best clothes. If anyone would listen, he'd tell about how he had been to France and his wife died home and when he got back after being wounded he found me starving with my mother dead. It would sound sad because he really sounded like he was telling the truth, and he would make me say that it was true if they asked me anything.

Sometimes he wouldn't put in his teeth but that was when he wasn't a veteran. If he left them out then, it made him look too old so he would have them in when it was cold. He said it made his mouth ache in cold weather not to wear them also, but I guess that would of been all right if business would have been better. So if it was warm and we had on our best clothes, he would leave them out and he looked so bad then that mostly we could make more. The reason he didn't always go without them was because then he could not eat his peppermint while we was out and he didn't want to have to go without that. Sometimes he gave me a piece if he was feeling good. I didn't get very much though.

Well, I never said nothing. It was not so bad as when I was in the Home before he came, and so I always tried to do whatever he told me, but I couldn't do anything the way he wanted me to. I'd think of how it used to be in the Home and then I would just go on. I'd get enough to eat mostly, and I would rather have him giving me hell than them others in the Home, and I could get out and walk around and it wasn't quite as bad. Not for quite a while I mean. When he first got me and they told me how fine it was that my uncle had come for me, I was willing enough to go with him. I thought anything would be all right if it would get me out of there. He told them I was his nephew and somewhere he got some papers, and they let me go out
with him. They didn’t ask him much about being my uncle, and I guess they was glad to get rid of me. The head matron was saying most of the time how overcrowded we was and she would let any of us out if she could get anybody to take us. Well, it was all right with me, I wasn’t caring what happened if I could get out. So I went with him.

At first he was real nice and sweet as pie and I was glad and I liked him quite well. He tolled me how I was a real good boy, and we would get along fine and soon he would have enough money and would take us both South where it was always warm and we wouldn’t have to beg anymore and I could watch after him and not think about anything. He said I wouldn’t have to go in any Home any more and that he would watch out for me like. It was good then, and I liked him pretty well.

Yes, but now I would get awful tired and wish he would leave me by myself once in a while. He never got tired if we walked all day like we always did. I would lead him around and him holting to my hand and twisting it sometimes for almost anything I did. He would always be thinking of ways to get more money. He tried to learn me to sing onct. He said if I could sing we could stand on a corner and cash in, and so he started trying to learn me songs. But I couldn’t carry the tune right, and he got awful mad and gave me some pretty good smacks. He kept at it though, and finally I got so’s I could sing one or two pretty good. Well, the cops made us cut it out after a while. They got to chasing us around, so we quit and I never sung any more. That made him mad, and he would think of it onct in a while and then it would be worse for me again.

He was always watching me. He couldn’t see me but he was watching me just the same. I would think he was asleep maybe sometime when he was sitting in the room after we ate and I would think I would go out for a while so’s I could be alone. First I would move quite quietly and start to go and get almost to the door and he would let out a yell and jump at me. I managed to get out of his way the first time I tried it but it was worse for me. I learnt after that to let him jump on me first off. He made my back hurt for a long time that first time he caught me. He used the chair he was sitting on, and it made me awful sick and I couldn’t go out for a long time then. But if he caught me first off he wasn’t quite so mad and only let me have it until he cooled down. But I never tried to get away after I found out he was always watching me. I don’t know how he done it except he must of been awful good of hearing, and maybe he could smell good too. If I would just walk around the room he knew where I went and would turn his face around and follow me. He would take off his black glasses in our room and it was like he could see me with them red holes. It give me the creeps to see him but I never let on.

One day he was treating me quite good and I didn’t know why. I was pretty surprised, and if I’d of known anything I would of expected it was for something. In the afternoon we was walking down the street and everything was going all right when the cop got us. It was a big fat cop that was down on us and we always got hell when he
caught up with us. Well, the cop gave him hell and I was shaking for fear he'd give me hell when the cop was gone for not having spied the cop before he caught up with us. But he didn't say nothing but was nice as pie. That was until we got in our room, then he gave me what for like I never had it before. He could cuss plenty and he cussed more than I ever heard him then. After he got through he took the chair to me again and I was sick for quite awhile after that too.

Pretty soon I was getting so I wisht I had stayed in the Home all right.

III

Now I guess I won't never get a chanct to get in the Home no more or anywhere elst. They got me in here now and it won't be until I'm eighteen that I might get let out. I went and got so I couldn't stand it with him no longer and now I even wish I was still with him. I never thought I would wish that.

I just done it though because I couldn't stand it no longer.

We was doing a bum stretch of business, he said, and it was in the winter. There wasn't hardly anybody on the streets most of the time, and it was so cold we had to keep moving around, and even then it was too cold. He was mad at me anyhow because whenever business was bum he was sore. Whenever he was sore it was always the worst time for me because then he would blame it on me, and finally that time he said unless I would get to looking pretty bad we never would get any business. He said I would have to leave off my coat and let my nose run and cry a lot. He said that was the best way to break them loose from their coin. Well, so I got a good cold and went walking along leading him without much on, and I was pretty sick. Even then business didn't pick up none. He kept on getting sorrier at me. I kept on anyhow because I was afraid of what he would do if I didn't. But after awhile I was awful sick and I couldn't get up one morning.

He hauled me out, cussing like everything but I didn't hear him much on account of feeling so bad with noises in my head. I fell down a lot that morning and then he took me back to the room. When we got there he kept yelling at me but I didn't hear him after a while. I guess I was sick for a long time, because I woke up sometimes and it would be dark and he wouldn't be there. He gave me something to eat once, but I couldn't eat it and I went to sleep again, sick.

While I was sick I got awful mad. I guess I must of been sick even when I got better because I remembered what he'd done to me and I was just like when I was sick whenever I saw him. He didn't scare me none. I was just shivering, and when I'd see him come in I would only think of when I would get up and get even with him. So that's what I done and now I'm in here.

I tried getting up one afternoon when he was out. I walked around the room and pretty soon I got back in bed. I never let on I was well but just kept on being too sick to get up whenever he was around. So I would think how I could get back on him, and finally I did.

It was so simple I wondered how I never thought of it before, easy as pie and I would never be bothered with him no more; so I just kept on laying
there and thinking it over and over
and planning it all out and grinning to
myself, but I think I was still pretty
sick and foolish or I would never of
done such a thing. So when he come
home that night I was sitting up and
I was a lot better, I said, and I could
go out with him tomorrow if he want-
ed; and he growled at me and said it
was a good thing, he was getting tired
of feeding a sick whelp and looking
after a no-good kid.

All night long I didn’t sleep much
and thought about him and what I was
going to do, and it made me shake to
think of it but it was a nice kind of
shaking. So when it got light I went
and got him some coffee, and he felt
better then because it was the first
time I had done that for a long time.
Then we got ready to go out again, me
leading him along and him chattering
his teeth and trying to look as sick and
down and out as he could and pitiful.
I didn’t feel pitiful at all, I felt strong
and certain, kind of cruel, only a fit of
shakes would come on me every onct
in a while.

On the corner of State and Broad-
way about ten-thirty I was all set to
do it exactly like I had been thinking
all night. The cars were whizzing by,
and we stood on the corner waiting for
the red light, and me holding his hand
and him mewing to himself and swing-
ing his mean head around like to say,
‘O what a sad life I lead, help me out’. 
And then I done it, fast and good, like
I planned.

I ran out all of a sudden just when
I seen the truck coming and pulling
him along, yelling, ‘Look out, hey look
out!’ And I just ran for everything I
was worth, leaving him right there.

I didn’t turn around to look, but now
I know how he stood there, moving his
head from side to side and squealing,
because I know he knew what I had
done but he only knew it for a second
before that big squishing thud and the
truck knocked him high in the air, with
me stopping to look now, and shaking
with an awful fit of shakes.

He was done for good, there wasn’t
hardly anything left of him at all. He
was smashed so bad I wouldn’t of
known him if I didn’t know I’d done it
myself, and I busted all to pieces my-
self right then, yelling and fighting at
the cop that got holt of me in his big
mitts, slapping me to keep me still.

I guess I won’t ever get in no Home
no more or anywheres elst. They got
me in here now and I won’t be out until
I’m eighteen. It’s going to be good for
me they say but I sometimes get the
shakes awful bad and now I even some-
times wish I was still with him.

TRIVIA

Carrow De Vries

Justice
It should be
Obvious to all
That Justice
Is another word
For Vengeance.

Government
The government
Fails to punish
Those that disobey,
And worse,
Forgets to reward
The honest.
Jordan is a wide stream—  
Blow, bully boys, blow!  
Canaan is a golden land—  
Roll on, Missouri!

From the hills of sunset  
Curves the yellow river  
Through the lustral valleys  
Lavendered with mist.

Day goes deathward  
Across the flower-sweet prairies:  
Over plain and willow-reed  
Spreads its shadow-wing...

Slow... and slow...  
The keel-boats darkly go  
Into the wilderness,  
Into the afterglow,  
Oared by strong frontiersmen,  
Rifle-straight young men,  
Up the wide Missouri...

Dip... splash...  
Drip... flash...  
The long blades cup the water,  
The bright drops scatter  
Frail music on the wind  
That sings of the wilderness before,  
The gaunt farmlands behind.

Forgotten death, and lost love,  
People the ghostly strange  
Walls of opal and towers of jade  
Beside the somnolent water:  
Everywhere and always  
In the gathering shadow,  
Murmures in the dusk hour,  
Voices in a dream...

The wind is an old song  
The heart remembers long:

"The sun is a golden beaver;  
The moon is a silver beaver;  
Blood is a fever  
Burning the sinuous vein,  
And the stars are the beating of rain  
On the eyes...  
Brothers, brothers,  
Out of the lodge of the skies  
The moon-beaver swims on the river,  
The sun-beaver flames on the river."

The day is a smoking ember  
For song to remember:  
"Out of the saffron plain,  
The purple and misted plain,  
Night is a feathered warrior peering,  
Leering,  
Hurling hate on the train,  
Loosing speared stars on the train...  
Brothers, brothers,  
Pluck the stars from your eyes,  
Clutch the shield of the skies  
Invincibly bright,  
Guard your breast from the spears of the night!"

Who has seen these things:  
The arrow-swift wings  
Over the wild earth meadows  
Mocking the populous shadows;  
Who has heard  
The song of the twilight bird?

"Fur! Fur!  
Gold on the mountains of myrrh;  
Silver and gold on the water...  
The lances of sunset shatter  
The shadow of death in the eyes.  
Dark hands devise  
A steel-toothed trap of cloud—  
The clash of the trap is loud,  
Thunder-loud—  
Sun-beaver... moon-beaver...  
Are caught in the trap of cloud!"

Missouri, Missouri,  
We have thwarted your waters, east-pouring;
Frontier and Midland

Yellowstone, swift-roaring . . .
The farmlands of home are far.
Here under this alien star,
By the might of our thunder-rods
We are the imperious gods:
Throned on this hill we stand
Gathering the contraband
Of river and forest land—
The silver precious things,
The golden glistening things,
The slave of the wilderness brings.

Waugh! Waugh!
Beaver, beaver,
Silver and gold on the river
Flashes your burning hair!

Beware!
Crunch . . . on the granite . . . Earth shivers
Under the tread of night,
Like a host the sinister night,
Dark moccasined,
Creeps over the edge of the world:
His lance of death is hurled.

Taut muscles leap, long rifles flash,
Eyes stare
Wildly where
The quivering spear cuts a bloody gash . . .
Death crouches in the rocks!

"Ho, boys! Green River:
Give the Niggers beaver!"

An owl from the shadow mocks;
Long rifles crash
Death on death in the dark . . .

We have taken the gold of the river,
All of the river's silver—
And death in the nightmare dark.

Missouri! Missouri!
Music of wind on the water,
The song of adventurers crying:
Beaver! Beaver!
Silver and gold on the river,
Up the wide Missouri!

ON WISCONSIN
Eugene Hermann

I. DAVID RAND

He dreamed of peace that cloistered monks must know
When in the chapel on their bended knees
They praise their God, and watch the candles glow,
Recount their beads, and say their litanies.
He dreamed of love, a passion and a fire,
That scorches flesh taut on the ridged bones;
And eyes bedimmed by pleasure and desire,
And lips that speak their happiness in moans.
He dreamed himself the leader of a band
Of such wild warriors who with laugh and sword
Had crossed a foreign sea to foreign land
And claimed and conquered it for queen and lord.
But only when he died at thirty-three
Did he know one as a reality.
II. DAN TARG

Of those who first enlisted and first went
To right a wrong and save democracy,
Dan Targ was one; he could not rest content
When things were being done that should not be.
Two years he stayed; and when he came again
They met him at the station with the band,
And as they saw him step down from the train
They rushed to greet him and to shake his hand.
And said: 'By God! we did the trick, old man.
I guess there's no denying now who won.'
And smiling asked: 'Come on and tell us, Dan,
How does it feel to bayonet a Hun?'
He did not speak, but turned and bowed his head.
'He's touched. Now see how pleased he is,' they said.

III. JOHN PEDALSKI

Not hurriedly, today there was no need
To think of time and things that must be done,
He took them where they lay packed in the feed
And placed them on the barn floor one by one.
Around his waist he tied them fast with twine,
He fixed the fuse, made sure he had a match,
Then went outside into the weak sunshine,
And closed the door, and fastened tight the latch.
And as he walked into the field he thought
How Emma once had cautioned him and said:
'Be careful, John. A finger can't be bought.'
What would she tell him now if she weren't dead?
Thus forty years that were more wrong than right
He shattered with three sticks of dynamite.

GUNNISON NIGHT
ANNAHRAH LEE STEWART

An eerie night
Of toppling wonder:
The earth tips up,
The moon tips under.
Ground-hinges creak...
Low-thuddled thunder...
The crackling earth
Frost-split asunder.

SPRING NOTE
ROBERT H. WILLIAMS

A black cloud toiled
Steadily over the curve
Of the horizon,
And slowly moved across the land
Throwing rain through sunshine,
As though seeding the land
With bright and glistening grain.
FOX HUNT ON DEFEATED CREEK

JAMES STILL

On Defeated Creek the night flows down the hills
And the foxes stir, the hounds pluck up their ears
In the hard dark shadows, in the webbed laurel thickets
Where the catbirds stir and scold the witless owls.

Call out your lousy hounds, boys,
Rouse out the pot and boodle,
Fotch out the lean lank hounds, lads,
Loose the bitch and scootle.
Stir fox, stir bat, stir the weasely doodle.

Foxes traipsing on Defeated Creek
Hitty-o, ditty-o, dell,
Foxes sparkling on Defeated Creek,
Knock wood, clank iron, ring bell.

The heavy-hipped ridges are leashed with pale fog’s binding
And the dark ivy, the green-stemmed eddying river,
Flows in leaf-waves over the root-sewn rock
And pinched white blossoms scud in threaded winding.

There’s a fox on Defeated Creek.
By gats his eyes are like double sunballs,
His fur ripe as moonlight boiling on a wheat patch,
His feet as soft as the sappy willow buds
And swift as August lightning.

Unwax your deafened ears, my lads,
Peel the husk from your rusty sight.
There’s fox hams smoking the moon-pied slopes
And fox-bark ringing the high-shanked night.

Where the blood-red gash of fruited sumac blooms
The hounds wind the mountains round with wild hooting,
Stern tracking, and tongue-long panting
Until the rotted darkness falls from bony shouldered hills
And doves moan low, moan long and lingering.

Foxes taking Defeated Creek
Hitty-o, ditty-o, dell,
Foxes taking Defeated Creek,
Hound dogs lazier’n hell.
FROM the brewery where Chris worked you could see across the little valley where the river and the highway ran into the town to the college on the hill rising out of the other side of the riverbottoms. The hills along the river here were all small and round and the college hill was low and its sides green with planted pines and now with the first snow on them the pines were blackgreen and as Chris walked at evening the setting sun just caught the top of the hill with a kind of melting red light that made its sides look almost straight up rising above the road in the valley. And with the sun shining only on the hill above the darkening greying valley Chris was cold and buttoned his coat tight across his chest feeling his shirt wet with sweat from working in the warm brewery.

From the brewery down into the riverbottom along the road into the town across the bridge up the little hill to the college was about two miles and Chris walked them slowly looking at the river now in the dusk black with snow just capping the stones and soaking up the water a little as the ripples washed black into the white softly because above the dam the water had begun to freeze and the flow was down with not much force in it and the snow stuck to the stones standing out of the black water with the little waves just touching the snowcaps washing into them melting them a little at the edges.

It had been a first snow such as came in that country, not much of it but wet and heavy sticking to stones and the planted pines on the college hill and as Chris climbed the hill the snow slipped under his feet and he had to go slowly on the wet walks; but above in the trees the snow stuck heavy in the branches bending them down as water dripped slowing from their tips as the sun went down and the air began to cool promising cold again tonight as had been that morning after the first snow had come and the first winter crispness.

The campus walks were shoveled and had dried clean already running through the snow and the edges of the building tops were ridged with snow and all over the lights began to shine out of windows and at turns in the walks. The sun was gone and darkness was coming on the hill but in the west the sky was green as the summer sky is green sometimes when you look at it from under water in the summer swimming. Chris walked along the paths watching the sky and the lights as they came on and the low windows of the buildings. And when he came to one building he stopped where there was a big window with a bright light and through the window he saw walls hung with bright pictures and there was a man in a white jacket standing in the middle of the room looking at a picture on a framework standing on the floor before him. Chris tracked through clean snow to the window and leaned against the brick wall looking in. The man inside was tall with a moustache that he kept touching with one finger and he looked very pale in the bright light walking back and forth before the picture and touching his moustache at every turn.
Chris’s eyes came just to the window ledge and he could not see as well from where he was as from the walk until he found a jutting row of stones for his feet and could lift himself up that way with his hands tight around the corner of the window ledge and he stood with his toes on the jutting stones a foot above the ground and looked at all the bright pictures on the walls until his wet shoes slipped from the stones and his hand rapped the window so the man heard inside and turned to see him there and came to open the window out.

“What are you doing?” the man asked.

“I saw the light,” Chris said, “and the pictures and I’d never seen them before so I came over to look.”

“Never seen them before?”

“I work all day and I can’t walk up here except at night and this place has always been dark until now.”

The man at the window shivered and his breath was steamy in the light. “Come in,” he said. “You can look inside. It’s warmer. The door’s around the side.”

Chris found the door and stood inside.

“Don’t you ever have days off?” the man asked.

“We get Saturdays in the afternoons now, and then there’s Sunday,” Chris said.

“Don’t you come up here then?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I live at home with mother and I help her there and then I write things.”

The man laughed and went back to look at his picture. Chris was standing by the door looking around.

“Come in, come in,” the man said.

He took off his white jacket and went to the corner where a washbowl was behind a screen and Chris could hear water running and then the man came out wiping his hands. “Do you like the pictures? You’re an artist too.”

“I like that one,” Chris said. Since he had come in he had looked at that picture. It was all green with a green film over it as there is at sunset sometimes with the colors of the houses and the barns coming out different under the green and even the reds looking green under the strange green light over the whole. “I like that one. I’d like to write that way. I try to. So it all colors one way and feels the same when you touch it anywhere. The same and different because it has to change underneath but I mean the same when you feel it on top where you can touch things with a color like that.”

The man was looking at him out of small green eyes that shone when he turned his head so the big ceiling lights reflected in them and with that light in them Chris could see nothing in the eyes and when they went green again away from the big lights they were small and hard like dabs of hard green paint.

“It’s kind of hard to explain,” Chris said. “Only when I get it that way I feel it and I feel all right.”

“Well,” the man said, “it’s not a very good picture. A student of mine did it.”

“It looks like this place sometimes west of town.”

“Nice stuff to paint but he didn’t do well. Composition’s bad. Nicer to paint than up north though. I was up this summer. Pines and birches. Unpaintable stuff really.” He was talking now from behind the screen. Chris
frontier and midland

watched the screen and saw him come out with a coat on.

"But can't you paint anything? Isn't it in what you see or feel about it I mean not in the stuff I mean?"

"Can you write about anything at all? Don't you have to pick something to write about?" The man was smiling as he talked and then he put his finger to his moustache and smiled behind that. "I'm trying to teach these kids to paint. First is selection. I mean finding the stuff to paint. Can you write about anything?"

"I write when I want to," Chris said, "about what I see and what I feel. I think pines and birches would be fine."

"Well," the man said pointing to his moustache, "here. Who do you know in town?"

"Oh my mother and Jake that's foreman of the brewery and the men down there and Mack and Jimmy and some others."

"Who is Jimmy?" the man asked. "Is that the one that collects the ashes around?"

Chris nodded.

"Well, could you write about him? He can't talk. He's dumb. Could you write about him if he can't talk and doesn't ever say anything and just goes around earting off ashes?"

"I never thought," Chris said.

"All right. You try and then come and read it to me and if you prove you can I'll let you read it to my class."

"You might not like it," Chris said.

"And anyway that wouldn't prove."

"I'll know all right if it's good or not. I'm paid to know. I'll know all right."

"I've never read to anybody," Chris said, "but myself and one other."

"Time you start. I've got to go."

The man put on his hat and started to the door. "Out you go. And when you come again bring that about Jimmy and read it to me. That will prove just what I mean. I can show you better then." The man switched off the lights.

Outside the air was biting cold again and the stars were shining. Even in the west where the sun had gone down there were stars in a black sky.

"Why did you come here?" the man asked.

"I don't know," Chris said. "I liked it here. It was kind of different."

"We have much to offer," the man said. "Come in again and don't forget that about Jimmy."

The man turned off to the left then and Chris watched him down the walk going into the dark away from the light at the corner and the man walked fast looking straight ahead of him with his head going up and down at the end of his long neck. And when the man was gone into the darkness Chris turned down the hill where the melted snow was icy now on the concrete and where he walked beneath trees whose branches were crackling in the breeze as they bent and snapped the thin coats of ice the cold had made on them. And at the very bottom of the hill he walked into a solid darkness. Behind him on the hill were the college lights but here in the paths leading to the street there was no light and then there was one at the corner where the path crossed the street and one on the bridge showing the water black under the bridge shining black with drops of light cold as ice in it here and there.

Chris leaned against the iron railing watching the icy light until he felt the cold from the iron creeping through his
coatsleeves to his elbows and the cold rippling of the water was a hum in his ears that lasted halfway up the hill on the other side loudly humming in his ears and that was an echo in his head when he got home.

There were no lights at home and he got into bed alone with the sheets cold keeping him awake to listen to the clock ticking downstairs and to his mother turning in her bed and the wind growing harder louder outside whistling a little now and then around the corners of the house. Chris lay listening to the noises as the sheets warmed to his body. He heard the clock strike eleven and tick on and on and just as the eleven-fifteen freight whistled for Watertown two miles down the line the sheets were wrapping warm around his body and he fell asleep.

"You were kind of late last night," his mother said at breakfast.

"I walked up to the college and met a man and talked to him."

"A year from now you'll be going up there in the morning instead of to the brewery. I'm awfully glad. It's been hard to work and save but we have to work to get along," she said.

"Last night," Chris said, "talking to him I got to think maybe I was getting on all right now."

"But Chris," his mother said.

"The lights were hard up there," he said.

"You dream too much," his mother said.

"I talked to him because I thought I could only I couldn't. He had lots of pictures there and I thought I could talk to him."

"You dream too much," his mother said. "You have a good brain but you dream too much." She set the coffee pot down on the table and sat holding the handle. "I don't know what you mean. Your father always said you ought to go to college. You have a good brain. You ought to use it."

"I have to go now," Chris said and kissed her on the forehead.

She was sitting at the table when he went out and as he went down the little path behind the house to the road along the river he looked back and saw her at the kitchen window watching him.

All morning he worked at the brewery loading and unloading trucks and putting empty cases on the belts and everything he did flowed out of him to the rhythm of the capping machines and the rattle of the cases bumping around the bends in the conveyors and he put the cases on and pulled them off the trucks and belts not thinking of what he did as everything went to the rhythm of the machines until the whistle blew at noon and he was free to walk along the gravel road away from the brewery to the road along the river into town again.

He went right past the path that ran up to his mother's kitchen and followed the river road along to where it curved across the bridge into the square. At Mack's Sweet Shoppe he stopped to drink a glass of beer. The radio on the bar was giving out hog and pig and porker prices.

"Has Jimmy been around?"

"Not yet," Mike said. "Saturday ain't it?"

"Yes," Chris said.

He went out again and down the alley behind Mack's place to the big vacant lot back there behind the jail and the dry-goods store in the angle where the buildings angled at the corner but
Jimmy was not there. He leaned against the jail a moment listening but nobody was talking inside or nobody was inside or the windows were closed because he heard nothing but the river running below the stone wall that held the lot from falling in. Behind the dry-goods store there was a pile of empty cardboard boxes and a barrel of ashes full running over. Chris touched the boxes with his foot and went up the alley to the street.

There were cars along the street parked against the curb with their bumpers sticking over the sidewalk all along from the alley to the corner and at the corner he turned away from the main street and the river and walked the hill away from the traffic to the quiet streets with the leafless trees and the lawns snowcovered with oak leaves blowing bronze over the snow and all along the street behind the houses by the garages he saw full barrels of ashes and rubbish until he came near the end where the houses were farther apart and from time to time he could look behind them down a hill to the valley along the river where the long grass was snowy here and there or the grass was long enough to pull up from the snow covering the snow with a grey-brown carpet of dying dead grass and down one driveway he could see the corner of the red brick building where he had seen the man last night and a group of three planted pines against the building’s corner. And all along the row of houses were ashcans full of ashes leaning against the sides of the garages.

And at one of the end houses he saw Jimmy. He was emptying an ashcan into the box of the old Ford truck he drove and the cold wind blew a streamer of fine ash across the snowy lawn behind the house and Jimmy’s old brown coat was grey with ash dust that brushed off and blew away when he leaned to put the empty ashcan down against the garage wall. Chris heard the can rattle on the frozen ground and watched Jimmy put his hand against the radiator of the truck and crank it and then run around to catch the spark and gas levers before the motor ran too fast. And then he backed away down the drive to the street slowly with the motor going slowly and the ashes sifting off the truck behind.

When Jimmy drove into a driveway down half a block Chris walked in behind the truck.

“Hello,” Chris said.

Jimmy smiled.

“It’s Saturday,” Chris said.

Jimmy smiled again.

And Chris took one handle of the ashcan and put one hand beneath to lift with Jimmy on the other side and the can banged up into the truck and dumped itself and then they tossed it down against the wall of the garage and drove away. As they went from house to house the wind came up blowing harder toward evening and at dusk it was cold at the dump where they emptied the truck so that as soon as they reached Jimmy’s shack they built a fire in the little laundry stove and stood around it waiting for it to warm. Jimmy opened a can of beans and began to heat them on the stove.

There was a pile of old magazines in the corner of the room. “Did you just get them?” Chris asked.

Jimmy nodded.

Chris looked through a few on top and Jimmy pointed to a colored picture here and there. The walls of the
shack were covered with pictures, colored covers from the *Saturday Evening Post* with old men wrinkle-faced helping boys make little boats, and pictures painted by men with strange names like Degas under which Jimmy had pinned little paragraphs of print telling what the picture was.

"There are some good new ones," Chris said.

Jimmy found another magazine and showed him one of a river running through thick walls of trees with a red bird flying over against the setting sun.

"I talked to a man at the college," Chris said.

The beans were warm now and Jimmy poured them on two plates and set them with bread on the table where they sat down with magazines at their elbows.

"This man paints pictures only some things he doesn’t think should be painted or can be painted. Like that red bird one. He wouldn’t like the birches."

As Chris talked Jimmy turned the pages in the magazines and pointed now and then to a picture.

"He said you can’t paint everything and he said I can’t write about everything and he said to write about you if I could then he’d believe I could write about anything."

Jimmy laughed now and when he laughed the muscles in his throat went up and down quickly and the laugh was not loud but it was a laugh and in his eyes you could see more laughter than you could hear.

They looked at magazines until they had eaten all the beans and then they washed the plates off and dried them and put them in a box behind the stove.

"Let’s go out," Chris said.

They got their coats and in the pockets of his Chris found some papers.

"I almost forgot," he said, "I have some new ones."

He spread them on the table. There were three sheets written closely and at the head of the first sheet was written *Ill and She Didn’t Like Cats*. Jimmy read it through to a place and ran his finger through the line and smiled and pointed to a picture on the wall.

"I might write about you," Chris said, "but I wouldn’t show it to that man up there."

He put the papers back into his pocket and went out with Jimmy. It was dark now and cloudless with stars shining and in the southeast a sign of silver coming where the moon would be.

"Maybe they’re all about you," Chris said. "There’s not much talking in them."

Together they went down toward the river and when they came to the bridge they turned away to the left down along the bank to a place where there was a shelf of small stones running into the river with a dead tree fallen over trailing in the water and they sat on the tree listening to the river ripple around the branches of the tree. And as they sat there the moon came up all silver trailing silver through the river and they threw small stones into the silver streak watching the splash come up all silver and the ripples breaking the silver stream and then the moonshine coming back unbroken all across the stream.

"I didn’t know it before," Chris said, "but I guess they’re all about you. There’s not much talking in them."
FOUR POEMS

I. LOST BELIEF

Parade no gowns of gold or cinnabar,
Of orange or of ochre like a flame
Of young elation; for it is a game
Pretending death is an arising star.

Are not the waters black, the hollows still?
Where are the merry birds, the sunny brook,
The loving boy and girl whose voices shook
When first they heard the secret whip-poor-will?

These pretty garments are so very brief
The lightest frost will tear them with a kiss,
And we shall see the last vestige of this
Pretention flutter like a lost belief.

Remove this glory, let the silent snow
Emphatically prove we do not know.

Frederick ten Hoor

II. ROWEN

I trod, intolerant of aught beside
Its scope and dominance, youth’s brave domain.
I fenced my meadows, green with sensuous grain,
Crudely about in walls of stony pride;
And traced—a modern Naaman satisfied
With tangible harvests of a gracile plain—
My Abana and Pharpar to a main
Of charted shores, of measured depth and tide.

Now thorns and purple shadows screen the scars
That mark where vandal years have rived the walls;
Yet, honed by hunger, vision like a sword
Cleaves through the visible—clovered with stars
And paling suns—and reverently falls
On mental Jordans rolling heavenward.

Mary J. Elmendorf
Once more
The cold Pacific spreads its feathered edge
Along these gray familiar sands, and sounds
A breathy moan against the wind-bit ledge .

Once more the sea gulls fly their endless weary vapid rounds
Beneath this dome of blue, this late September sky .
And gazing down this lonely beach, I cry:
Oh! love and sea and sun and youth! Once more
Let all things be as they were before!

Once more
I see you, faultless one, amidst the haze
Pearl-tinted by the dawn; your arms—how fair!—
Outspread to hail the sun, the splendid blaze
Of beauty in your eyes and lips and hair. Ah, blessed day.
Ah, blessed morning when
Fatigued by love we raced across the beach
To fling ourselves into the surf. And then
Beyond we swam at length to reach
The cold black rocks that thrust themselves above
The boiling wave. And there, refreshed, to love we turned
Once more.

Oh, love and sun and sea and youth in apogee:
As they were before let all things be.

Once more I see as through enchanted eyes
Red lips that part in mute but glad surprise,
Dazed eyes that seem to float in fevered bliss .
And hours that pass unfelt, a paradise
Of lazy, sunny days.
The winds still kiss the sands, and sea gulls glide in aimless flight
Above this shore where love and sun and sea and youth were unified .
Ah, faultless one, the mellow light
That fell on us in this secluded lee
Was pure and white and of eternity. Eternity, and yet .
The self-same sun shines down upon this shore today, and it
But shines in vain, for love and youth will come
No more.

Once more
The cold Pacific spreads its feathered edge
Along this lonely stretch of sandy lee.
A hollow moan resounds against the ledge
And sandbirds’ cries blow piping down the wind.
The waves far out, with whitened edge are lined .

Ah, love and sun and sea and days of yore
Things will be as they were before—
No more.

Martin Peterson

IV. MOUNTED MAN

This is the horse I took and this is the journey:
A country of rivers and mountains, a green incline,
And a longer trail among the peaks; a whining
Wind, and a brassy color shining
On all the steeps of snow. Horizon’s line
Slunk downward and the world hung low in air . . .

My jaded steed drew pace. We plunged and trailed
High in the whiteness, wound a sharp unbroken
Passage—nor any blaze nor any token
Marked on our starward going . . .

Thus we failed.

We stood in blue ice air, that last peak spired
Aloft in thinning ether, muscle spent . . .

Failed? Not surely failed, for we had taken
Image, purposed and unmistaken:
A mounted man astride the firmament.

Howard McKinley Corning

Woodcut by
Charles E. Heaney
AT THE GRAVE OF MY FATHER
LOUIS GINSBERG

Too soon I stand, to know, in pain,
Your thought, your talk, your quick surprise
No more will flower in your brain;
No more will brighten in your eyes.

No proverb salves me comforted;
No balm can any word be giving—
(Death does not tamper with the dead:
Death tampers only with the living.)

We used to talk of destiny,
Of ambushed friends whom Fate decoyed;
We jested of free will, since we
Must choose what we cannot avoid.

For such a fleeting interval
And for such grief, indeed, why must
Earth so mysteriously barter all
The peace within anonymous dust?

Often we used to talk of love
That sheds a momentary wonder
On dubious luck of being above
The sod a bit before we’re under.

Oh, where escape all beautiful
Dreams that can make man’s travail worth,—
Dreams that have bivouaked in the skull—
When once the bones confer with earth?

So wondering, the mind will grieve,—
How desperate is the yearning mind,
’Mid all things fugitive, to leave
Some remnant of itself behind!

I go. And should I seize a power
(As fitful I will often do)
Of fleeing at sixty miles an hour,
Think not that I escape from you . . .
Robert wondered as he passed from one object to another under the guidance of his hostess, if the entire apartment was as full of delightful things as was this big studio where Clifford painted his amazing canvasses and Marya assembled her "pieces" to sell; whether, as they would have said in the laboratory back home, this beauty was general or specific. The bit of sculpture Marya was showing him, by Channa Orloff, smooth and slick, so that the eye slid along the curves and invited the hand to follow in verification of its existence in marble as well as in the pleasures of the mind. The dull blue pottery jug that was the color between daytime and night, and kept drawing your eyes toward it from whatever corner of the room you happened to be in. The small golden-grained wooden cabinet carved like scrolls of well-pulled taffy, drawing your fingers in smooth caresses. The queer lump of twisted stone, polished to almost a mirror surface—a voodoo charm, Marya said, and her voice was rich and low as her fine ivory hand trailed its surface for a moment.

Was it all voodoo or was it Marya? Robert was not sure. He and Evelyn had come this afternoon because Clifford had invited them to see the studio and then have dinner. They had known Clifford years and years ago, when they were children, out west. But Marya was new. They had not known about Marya. Once Robert had read in a book about a woman who touched things and they seemed beautiful. A scientist, however, instinctively looked below the surface. Funny how she had chosen these particular things out of a whole world full of knickknacks and put them there. If they were intended to stimulate her husband in his painting, certainly the inexplicable adventures in colors and angles which Clifford splashed across his canvass disclaimed relationship or sequence to them. All these curves, and smoothness.

Marya’s black hair, as she stood there beside Robert, was drawn away from her ivory face with the same grace which impelled Robert’s eyes to follow the curves of the Orloff statue, and which kept drawing his glance back to the smooth surfaces and high lights of the blue jug, and which pulled his fingers to the satin surfaces of the wooden cabinet. What if he could never tear his eyes away from the shining black curves of Marya’s silken hair leading around to the knot that lay low upon the fine sweep of her neck! What if his hands could not resist following his eyes along those black intricacies of lights and shades! He clenched his hands in his pockets and glanced across the room to where Clifford stood before a huge easel talking to Evelyn about the relations of heights and depths. What would Clifford say if Robert should suddenly stretch out his hand and let it slide smoothly along those blue-black curves of Marya’s hair? What would he do? Not only what would Clifford do, but what would Evelyn do? It was a crazy idea. Hadn’t he been a perfectly rational and devoted husband to Evelyn for
fourteen years now? Had he possibly been more rational than devoted? Certainly he had been rational, but devoted, too. By all means devoted. They had never had a quarrel of any serious duration. Maybe they had been too busy to quarrel, working side by side in the laboratory all these years. Grubby years, he called them, while they worked and looked forward to this long awaited trip to New York. Years full of chemical combinations that Marya would never understand. But Evelyn understood. Evelyn had always understood. Certainly he had been devoted. And there were the two youngsters. Really, in retrospect, the years they had spent in research seemed not at all grubby, but warm, rather, with a fire that seemed to light them on from day to day. Happy days, most of them, when they puzzled together over test tubes and together found their answers. Evelyn was certainly all right.

But he clenched his hands in his pockets and looked again at Marya’s hair. He tried to remember how it was Clifford said he had met her, but he found himself in sudden confusion. Brittainy or somewhere. Funny how Clifford had grown up to have Marya. He had been such a strange little kid. Never wanted to do what the other boys did. Always picking up bits of colored cloth and funny-shaped pebbles and carrying them about in his pockets and amusing himself by arranging them in different orders. A rather miserable child, Robert had always thought, because the other kids had no patience with such a sissy. But now, seeing these strange canvasses about the room, which had been rejected by one exhibition after another, and seeing Clifford’s undiminished delight in whatever it was he was trying to give out to the world, Robert thought he had perhaps not been so miserable as a child after all. The beating of the world’s wings in his face would never so much as ruffle his hair. If the world did not see what was in him, the world was the loser.

Marya seemed to believe in him. This strangely beautiful woman collected lovely fragments from all the corners of the world and from deep ages back in history, and not only decorated her husband’s studio with them, but sold them to wealthy and fastidious friends of hers, and to her friends’ friends, in order that she and Clifford might eat and buy more paint while they waited for the world to become aware of what Clifford was offering it.

“I have some success, too, selling things...”

Marya’s voice reminded Robert queerly of thick cream, almost clotted, but still smooth enough and liquid enough to be poured in rich ivory scrolls over a plate of ripe strawberries on his grandmother’s back porch. And the hum of a bee close by and the smell of pink clover. Great Scott, what a long time ago!

“You should have seen the pair of putti I picked up in Italy last winter for a garden on Long Island,” Marya was saying.

The smell of pink clover. And the humming of bees. There had been two bees. He had hurt his hand that day, and he had cried on his grandmother’s thick, soft bosom, and she had given him the strawberries with thick, pouring, scrolly cream.

“They were a magnificent pair,” Marya said, “Just cracked enough to indicate their age, and yet complete
and really gorgeous. They might have been Michelangelo’s. Nobody could be sure. And this woman on Long Island—"

Marya’s hands caressed the invisible putti, bending delicately from her moulded wrists. Robert wondered fleetingly if Evelyn had wrists like that. But of course, all women had small wrists. All alike within certain limits. Funny, he had never noticed Evelyn’s wrists. He would notice when they were alone. Marya’s wrists had small smooth curves flowing into each other, smooth and rippling, as her hands followed the lines of the invisible putti.

“And of course they were exquisite in that garden.” Marya was smiling at him. “Can’t you see them there? We had it all done over to fit the putti, and you should have heard the lord and master snort when he got the bill for his wife’s dolls!” Marya’s laugh was shot with sunlight—sunlight that played across the back porch where the bees were humming and the rich cream was pouring down over the red berries.

“Let’s go and eat,” Clifford called across the studio. “It’s dinner time and our guests haven’t even had tea yet.”

Evelyn crossed to Marya and Robert. “There’s so much to see here,” she said. She seemed the only dull and insignificant note in the studio. Her horrible brown hat...

Clifford flung open a door into an adjoining room. “Change my coat,” he said, “and be with you in a minute.”

Through the open door was a glimpse of quaintly carved beds, the coverlet corners already drawn down for the night. A blue dressing-gown, the color of the pottery jug, lay across the foot of the nearest bed. Beyond was a deeply recessed desk with a bit of sculpture in rose quartz.

“Those are ‘pieces’,” Marya smiled, amused, as she arrested Robert’s glance into the other room. Robert flushed.

“I only—,” he began, floundering.

“What lovely candlesticks!” Evelyn said quickly, examining a pair of handsome brasses on brackets near the outer door.

“Thirteenth century,” Marya said. “We got them—”

“They look as though they had a history all right,” Robert said. His voice sounded strange. He realized it was the first sentence he had spoken since Marya had started showing him “the pieces.” It was easier to talk with Evelyn there with them. They were certainly handsome candlesticks. He had never seen such oddly etched brass. His fingers wandered around in his pockets. Two dollars and some change. Money went fast in New York. Taxi here, taxi there. And tips, and the hotel. And when you handed them a silver dollar, they looked at you as though they expected you to take a lariat from your vest pocket next and rope them. Nice of Clifford to ask them to dinner. Apparently they didn’t eat in the apartment. Let’s go and eat, Clifford had said, when he went to change his coat. How did Clifford make it, with no one taking his pictures? Robert didn’t blame them for not taking the paintings. Now in the laboratory, you did things that everybody could see. This demonstration that he and Evelyn had been invited to give at the clinic tomorrow, for instance. But these darn things, you couldn’t tell what they were. Nice colors all right, but they didn’t make sense. Of course, Marya was earning money with her pieces. And it seemed there
was a rich aunt somewhere around who believed in Clifford or paid him to stay away, or something.

"All right!" Clifford appeared in the bedroom doorway, wearing a street coat and carrying a soft hat. He wasn't bad looking. Something shone out of his eyes, a kind of light that said, "I've got something nice for you." Maybe there was something in the darned pictures after all.

"Let's go to Minnion's," Marya said. "It's not far, and they have grand food." She picked up a hat from a chair near the door, which had evidently been placed there with foresight before her guests arrived. It was a soft white little hat that cut a sharp line around the silky black curves of her hair and made them more silky and more black and more curved. Clifford picked up a cane and the four of them left the apartment.

"It's just around the corner," Marya said, falling into step beside Robert as they reached the street. He felt the soft swish of her dress beside him as he walked. There was a sweet smell of clover floating around them. He hoped Evelyn's clothes were all right. He hadn't thought to notice. Possibly he wouldn't have known anyway. She and Clifford seemed to be getting along all right, with Clifford doing most of the talking.

"They make a specialty of broiled crayfish," Marya said. "And they're simply delicious. Have you ever eaten broiled crayfish?"

"Never broiled or any other way." Robert felt the omission with unwarranted keenness. "But this is a good night to start." His laugh sounded forced.

"Everything has to start sometime." Her voice sounded strangely significant. Could she mean anything by that, Robert wondered.

"It's funny," he said. "I have a feeling I don't want anything but strawberries and cream tonight. Lots of them, with thick cream poured on slowly. I guess it's crazy, isn't it?"

"Oh, that's charming!" Marya's laughter rippled out in rich scrolls. She turned back to the others. "Isn't that rare? Our scientist wants nothing in life but quantities of strawberries and cream!" She turned back to Robert. "Imagine a man who wins national prizes in science eating nothing but—"

"I only won half the prize," Robert hastened to explain. "We did it together, Evelyn and I." Silly to say that, as though he were fighting against something. It seemed childish. He hoped Evelyn would not make such an ass of herself.

"Of course," Marya said soothingly, as though she did not believe it. "But I always think of scientists eating beef steaks and mutton chops." Marya took his arm. "It's in here," she said, leading him through an arched doorway. They followed a waiter to a table for four.

"Broiled crayfish," Marya told the waiter who brought the bills of fare. "And endive, and rice pudding. They have the most delicious rice pudding here, with sour cream," she explained to Evelyn and Robert, "You'll love it."

"I'll have the same," Evelyn said. Evelyn's hair was straggling. Robert wanted to smooth it back under her hat. He could see now that her hat was all wrong. It stuck up in the wrong places. He turned again to Marya.

"If you want some good wine," Clifford said, "They have some very nice Chablis."
"That would be fine," Robert said. "And strawberries and cream for me, instead of rice pudding."

The waiter collected the bills of fare and departed. A linen jacketed Russian diplomat came and put three more drops of water in each almost overflowing glass.

"Tell me, Clifford," Robert said, "Where did you get those thirteenth century candlesticks? They're certainly handsome."

"Those at the door?" Clifford's eyes lit up. "They are handsome, aren't they? Marya picked them up."

"She must have a special kind of eye," Robert said. Funny, Evelyn never saw things like that.

"Marya has a talent that way," Clifford said.

Marya smiled. Robert could hear the hum of bees across spots of sunlight on the clean scrubbed boards of the back porch.

"They're really quite modern," Clifford said. "What made you think they were thirteenth century?"

"Marya said—" Robert checked himself.

Marya laughed lightly.

"Aren't you precious!" She beamed on Robert, then turned to her husband. "It was his own idea. He said he thought they were."

Robert felt the muscles of his neck tighten. He did not look at Marya. He looked at Evelyn. That was a silly hat she was wearing. And her hair straggled. She was upset. She was trying to form a protest. Robert could see it taking shape behind her eyes. It would come like a bombshell. He must speak quickly.

"We went down to see the aquarium this morning," he said quietly. "It's a great place."

His blood was racing up through his neck, up around his ears. He glanced down at the long, sensitive finger he had hurt that day long, long ago. The scar was there. He fancied that it throbbed for a flashing moment. Crazy idea. Of course it couldn't. He hoped Evelyn would keep quiet.

"I hope you fed the pigeons when you came out," Marya said. "That's the thing to do, you know."

"And you must plan at least three days for the Art Museum," Clifford said.

The waiter brought the broiled crayfishes. And the endive. And there was the Chablis pleasantly chilled. And then, for Robert, strawberries and cream. The berries were in a small silver bowl. Big berries, enormous, red, pulpy berries. They tasted a little woolen. The cream poured thinly, in a quick splash. The waiter slipped fresh cubes of ice into his water-glass with a cold tinkle. Someone was laughing—Marya. She was laughing so hard she could scarcely finish the story she was telling.

"It was the landlady's cat," she was saying between gasps of laughter. "And when Clifford struck a match to see what he had stepped on, the cat got up and revealed four brand new kittens. And he said," Marya's voice trailed off into peals of laughter, "he said, 'Look, the postman left a litter at our door'!"

Clifford smiled in satisfactory recollection of his memorable remark.

Marya's ivory fingers pulled the little white hat farther down over her dancing black eyes. Evelyn smiled, a little woodenly Robert thought. He could do better than that. The story was funny, kind of.

The waiter came toward Clifford with a bill. Marya caught him with a swift
gesture of her eyes and sent him around the table to Robert.

Robert’s hand went to his pocket. His face felt as if he had not shaved. His fingers toyed with the two dollars and the odd change in his pocket.

“I’m treasurer,” Evelyn said, a little too cheerfully. “You leave the tip, Robin, and I’ll take the check.”

“A neat arrangement,” Clifford commented.

Out on the street they said good-nights and hoped they’d see each other again before it was time to leave New York. Robert and Evelyn walked the twenty blocks back to their hotel. It was a fine, misty night. They speculated about the clinic where they were to make their demonstration the next day. The real bigwigs in science would be there.

Up in their hotel room, Evelyn stood before the ugly bureau and ran the comb through her chestnut hair. Then she rubbed cold cream on her dry, sallow face.

“She’s pretty,” Evelyn said.

“Yes,” Robert agreed, “She’s pretty.”

He looked at Evelyn. If Evelyn had pulled a trick like Marya had done, he’d have jumped on her and given her hell. But you can’t call a strange lady a liar. And it’s too much trouble to chastise those whom you do not love. It felt good to have Evelyn there.

“You have nice hair,” he said. It sounded silly.

THE RIVER, NEW ORLEANS

RICHARD LEEKLEY

Flaunting its curves to the City’s million eyes the River comes, sinister, kneeing the wharves—

Roll on Mississippi!

Dark with country, thick with my fatherland, with Illinois, lags the River, lewd, indolent, and negro—

Mississippi, Mississippi roll on!

It’s all some seamen have of inland home: they lean along the rail, watching the River roll, watching the River roll.

It stains the clear out-water for a hundred miles. Seeing it, they tell you, brings them home, brings them folks, farm, and wife, muddy River brings them home—like a nautilus brings you roaring back to sea.
WHEN Joe came to the brow of the hill that overlooked the valley, he paused. The sky was gray; low clouds pressed downward. There were dark spots on the yellow dust of the road where the first drops of the coming rain had fallen.

Joe sat down on a rock beside the road. There was no need to hurry. When you have been out of work for five years, time becomes a matter of food, today overlapping tomorrow, and always the sensation of hunger within, like a well dried up whose walls are slowly falling in. Joe laughed. The sound was hard and dry.

Food—well, why think about it! He had a paper bag in his pocket. A woman had given it to him in the last village before he came to the valley. She had looked into his face with wide blank eyes and said: "You'd better turn off at the crossroads. There's nothing straight ahead, nothing but empty houses where people used to live."

He had not asked her any questions. Somehow the woman had seemed so utterly hopeless that words were a waste of time. Later Joe had stopped beside a store at the crossroads and talked with the loafers. They had stared at him, and then looked away, their eyes filling with reflected gray light from the sky.

One man had talked; his voice had been low and droning, the words filled with things that had been. No good to keep on. In the valley was a village—yes, a village. Then small bitter laughter, as though there was some joke about the place. Better take the right-hand road. Sure, keep on going. There was a state road under construction. It was not an important road. It would lead nowhere. But at least people were eating. The Government paid them for making a road that there were no people to use.

The loafers had listened to the man. Some of them had smiled a little mockingly. But Joe wanted a place to sleep, somewhere from the coming rain. The man had pointed then and said that there were a lot of houses straight ahead if all a man wanted was a chance to sleep. Sure, houses with many rooms where people had lived. It seemed that once the valley had been alive—mills beside the river; for years the mills had been busy.

All day the sound of the machines had filled the air, and in the evenings the girls and young men had laughed and danced to the rasping music of fiddles. After that, the story had come from the man's lips—slowly, the words forced as though they were like memories of people who had been close to him that he would never see again. In the depression—yes, the first year of the depression—one mill had closed, and in the second year another. Always the people laughed and said this thing could not last, not with people off somewhere thinking of their welfare. And in the third year all the mills had closed.

There had been nothing for the people to do. They had been born and bred to tend the machines. They had become a part of the mills. Even the sounds of daily work had sunk into them. Farmers can till the land, but
in these mill people was a kind of almost holy desire to work at what their fathers had done—and at that, the soil of the valley was rocky and unfit to grow produce. Slowly the houses became empty, the streets like rivers dried of life, and now there was no one in the valley, not one living soul.

Joe gazed down the road. A few drops of rain fell against his face. He wiped them away. Slowly he lifted himself from the rock and started to walk. He was not afraid of empty houses. When a man has walked the road for years he becomes hardened to the sufferings of others. And at that, there was no one in this village to suffer any more.

At the edge of the village Joe paused. The first house stood with blank windows. Fragments of broken glass lay on the piazza floor. When the people left they must have thrown rocks at their houses. Perhaps they hated the place so much that they wished to strike at something and did not know quite what.

More houses, a whole street. Weeds underfoot, rank weeks. And then a bridge. The railing was broken. In the middle of the street was an old Ford. Its hood was rolled back, and the engine had been taken away.

Joe walked fast. He felt a little uncomfortable, he did not know why. He had seen abandoned houses before. He had slept in the doorway of a place that had once been full of living people. Yet this village was getting under his skin.

At the far end of the bridge he stopped and looked at a house. It was a large one. The doors moved in the wind. The hinges creaked. Joe walked up the path. It was hard to tell where the path had been. There was grass growing over all the yard, tall and uncut. When he reached the front door Joe caught himself: he had almost started to knock. He laughed sharply. There is something about a house that fills a man without work with fear. Will the people give him food or will they turn him away, look past him and curse soundlessly?

Joe pushed into the house. He half expected to hear rats scuttling away; but in a house where no one lives, where there is no food, rats would starve. There were webs hanging from the ceiling. A few pieces of battered furniture stood against the walls, things that had not been worth taking away.

Outside, it had begun to rain. Joe could hear the splashing of drops on the tall uncut grass. His feet disturbed the dust on the floor, and little clouds of it rose and made him cough. The whole place smelled musty, and, almost, faintly of death. In an inner room Joe sat in a corner and opened the paper bag. The food tasted good. Perhaps the woman had given things that she needed herself.

Joe closed his eyes. The rain was lulling him to sleep; yet he could not really sleep. Once the mills had filled the air with the singing of the machines. Perhaps the people who had lived in this house had been officials in the offices. Perhaps they had handed out the money to their workers.

No, he could not sleep. The house was filled with creakings: glassless windows through which the damp wind sighed; the doors slatting on hinges that creaked like old complaining voices.

In the evenings girls and young men had laughed, they had loved. The moon had covered the bridge with its
glow. The old Ford had moved up the street. In it, people had talked about the work and dances.

Joe shuddered. From where he sat he could see the emptiness of a window, and across the road a church shining whitely through the falling rain. It was getting dark. The shadows crept toward him. They were like memories that cannot be turned away. He tried to laugh. Why be a fool? After all, shadows can’t hurt a man!

Across the road the church began to dim. It must be about seven in the evening, about the time when people used to gather on the bridge. Strange how the thoughts of people you have never known will come! What was all this to him? Why, all over the country were places empty and lonely. He had passed through farming lands where for miles there was no living thing, only the fields barren and bitter brown, with here and there the green of new grass growing in the now untilled soil.

Joe sprang to his feet. The doors were slatting. The wind must have increased. Maybe he was half sick. In time, lack of food can change a man’s whole outlook.

When he stood, Joe did not dare to move. He felt afraid, utterly afraid. He wanted to make a joke about a fool, but when he tried to smile his lips seemed as though chilled. Suddenly he lunged. He felt as though he had pulled cords and broken them, cords that had bound him.

He did not look back when he reached the street. Somehow, that house was like a sick person that he was leaving, someone so sick he was fated to die, yet calling for human companionship.

The rain beat into his face. It was driven by the wind. But Joe did not care. He ran up the street. When he came to the old Ford he paused. A little way down the river, a mill was a dark mass against the night. It must have been beautiful when all the rows of windows were lighted. Joe clenched his fists; then he bolted. Under his feet the wet road dust, above him the houses reaching into the dark wet sky. Once he fell over some rubbish in the center of the street. It would never have been allowed to collect there when the mills were sending their song into the night.

Far up on the hill that dipped into the valley, Joe stopped. He was out of breath. Then he turned and looked backward. A rumble of thunder came. A sharp stab of lightning lighted the valley, and for a few seconds the church spire was chalk white. It was like a finger pointing upward, a finger accusing something it did not know, for hunger and these empty streets, for the silence that brooded over the mills. As he looked there was a second flash that lighted the windows of the mills, made them come alive. After that, instead of all the voices of workers in the evening laughing on the bridge, the thunder echoed and beat through the empty streets and crept up the road where tufts of grass now wet from the rain waved like tattered and defeated flags.
The Dry Drive

George R. Stewart, Jr.

Note—The excerpt from Ordeal by Hunger, a history of the Donner Party by George R. Stewart, Jr., to be published shortly by Henry Holt and Company, begins on the morning of September 1, 1846. The Donner Party had just left Twenty Wells, now Grantsville, Utah. They were following the trail left by the Hastings Party of sixty-six wagons, which was several weeks in advance of them. In addition to the trail they had certain directions left them by Hastings. The “dry drive” was actually the crossing of the Great Salt Lake Desert from the springs in Skull Valley to the springs at the foot of Pilot Peak Range. In an airline the distance is about eighty miles.

Next day the trail took them around the point of a range of hills and then almost due south away from the lake. On their right, isolated in the plain, stood up a strange mass of rocks resembling a castle or redoubt. They passed a spring flowing a good stream of water, but so salty that no one could drink it. After a long hard drive with barren hills close on the left and an arid plain of sage brush stretching off to the right, they came at last to a fine meadow and springs like those of the previous night—and then suddenly dismay came upon them.

Lying there was a board. Any kind of a board was strange enough in that wild country, but this one had obviously been intended for a sign post. Scraps of paper still clung to its surface, and others lay about on the ground. Marks of writing showed on them. Had birds pecked them off to eat the paste, or had Indians wantonly destroyed the marker? The simpler emigrants, to whom reading and writing was at best a somewhat marvelous matter, stood frustrated and gaping. What message, what warning, had thus been destroyed for them?

But to the former schoolma’am writing offered nothing mysterious. Kneeling before the board Tamsen Donner began to pick up the scattered tatters and piece them together. Seeing what she was about, the others searched here and there and brought her what they found. She laid the board across her lap and making use of the shape of the scraps and the marks of writing pieced out the puzzle. The script was that of Hastings. The others gazed on, as she worked. The message took shape as the bare notice—two days and two nights of hard driving to reach the next water and grass.

That was all. The meaning was clear enough, as far as it went. But why could he not have told them more? Something ominous lurked behind such brevity. This then was the dry drive. Thirty-five miles, or forty at most, they had been told; but even forty miles was only a forced march of two days broken by a halt for rest during the darkest time of night. Two days and two nights had stretched the dry drive out to fifty miles or more, that is, unless Hastings was unduly careful and was giving this warning to be sure they looked well to everything before starting.

They spent the next day in preparation. Thirty-six hours of rest would put the cattle on their feet, and although oxen are not camels, still with some grass and little or no water they could go the two days and two nights well enough. The men filled all possible receptacles for water, and cut grass in the meadow. The women
cooked food to last the passage; there would be no chance of fuel later on.

At daybreak of September third they were under way. It was a Thursday; they could not hope to get across the dry stretch before Saturday morning. Hastings’s trail, merely the line of wheel tracks marked by the broken sage brush, led out almost due west across a great open valley ten miles broad, pointing straight at a range of rough hills high enough to be called mountains. These must be either skirted or crossed before the dry drive was ended—crossed probably, from the way the trail headed. Farther out in the valley the sage brush was more scanty; the country was becoming drier.

It was well on in the day when beneath the desert sun they got close to the foot of the hills and saw the trail rising to the north toward a pass. It was a stiff climb up and up. No one had told them that a mountain lay in the middle of the dry drive. They toiled up more than a thousand feet above the valley before finally they topped the pass. It must have been late afternoon. The sight that unrolled before them as they looked into the sun might have shaken the boldest. Below the steep descent ahead lay another plain even more thinly scattered with sage than the one they had just left. After a few miles it ended against a ridge of volcanic hills, rocky and completely barren, offering no chance for water. Over the top of this ridge stretching off for miles they saw a perfectly flat plain unbroken even by sage, and dazzling white, like frost, with the glitter of salt. Beyond this plain, so far in fact that unless the day had been clear they could not even have seen them, rose mountains, the first hope for water. A more sickening sight has seldom faced men tired from a hard day’s march, with water-buckets no longer full, and oxen already suffering. Anyone could see that even from where they stood much more than forty miles of desert lay ahead.

Most likely they got down from the mountain before night, and made some sort of camp in the valley. The oxen must be rested even if they could not be watered. Probably each animal was doled out a quart from the scanty supply. Men and women shivered in the piercing chill of the desert night, and overhead a white quarter-moon swung in the desert sky.

Whether they waited for daybreak or slogged on desperately in the hours of awesome moonlight, no one has ever told. The way up the next ridge was an agony of steepness, and coming down, the wagons plunged and threatened to break themselves among great volcanic rocks, in spite of the road-making done by Hastings’s men. Hours were passing, and the cattle suffered more and more.

At the bottom of the ridge, well on in the second day now, they came into the heaviest going yet. Dunes alternated with level spaces, and the wagons lurched heavily over the dunes only to sink inches deep in the light, ash-like sand. It was terrible work for the oxen. Probably the train had kept together until they had accomplished the descent from the ridge—in such a place need might arise for many hands and extra oxen. But now no more ridges could be seen ahead, and by this second day, differences in teams and in temperaments would begin to show up. As the sand began to put a premium on
light loads, men with less burdened wagons or stronger oxen pushed ahead; men less favorably equipped and those who husbanded their teams for the long pull brought up the rear. The march became a go-as-you-can, each family or group for itself. The line began to stretch out over a mile or two, Eddy and Graves ahead, the heavily laden Donners and Reed’s great wagon at the tail.

All day on Friday they struggled on, scarcely seeming to approach any closer to the mountains in front. The oxen stumbled beneath their yokes. The first wagons had got through the dunes, and found easier going on a hard surface of salt. The line stretched out farther and farther as the leaders gained ground. But if some made faster progress, all suffered equally. The desert sun of September beat down from above and struck back blinding from the white surface below. As Eddy plodded by his wagon he suddenly saw twenty men in single file marching at a distance from him. He stopped, astounded; the men stopped with him. He moved; they moved. He realized that a mirage was tricking him; the men were a multiplied image of himself. Others also had visions. Their minds distorted by thirst saw lakes in the desert distance. Once the image of the train appeared to them, even with the dogs trotting beside, for a moment so vivid that some of them cried out, thinking that they had actually overtaken the wagons of Hastings.

But if the second day saw suffering, what of the third? Already they had ended the two days and two nights of hard travel for which the message had prepared them. The good going across the hard salt flats had not lasted for long. Next came the sink marking only the middle of the desert crossing; here the wagons broke through the thin crust and sank several inches into sandy slush oozing with salt water. In such a place the wagons could not follow one behind the other, but had to fan out, each driver getting what benefit he could by crossing an unbroken surface. Everyone was thirsty now; even the children had to suffer. Tam-sen Donner gave hers small lumps of sugar moistened with peppermint. Later on, each had a flattened bullet to chew on; it was supposed to keep the mouth from feeling so dry. The hardest pushed teams, now miles ahead, probably got through the sink by Friday morning, but the Reeds and Donners, their heavier wagons losing steadily, were struggling through the slush all that day.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday—and at last dawn broke on Sunday, and found the last wagons still miles out on the salt plain. They had been three days and three nights in the desert, and still no sure end in sight. Water was getting so low that everyone faced danger of dying of thirst. It came noon. The oxen were about done up; they could never pull the wagons much farther under the sun, with no water. In this extremity Reed volunteered to go ahead, reach water, and return. With definite information they could decide whether to abandon the wagons and push ahead for their lives.

Mounted probably on his racing mare Glaucus, reserved for such an emergency, he prepared to set out. He instructed his teamsters to take the last ounce of pull from the oxen and finally when they could no longer advance to unyoke them and drive them on to
water. A little ahead now the trail swung to the left, a good sign. For why should it bend, if not for water? It passed an isolated volcanic crag thrust up through the salt crust, and then not so far beyond reached a mountainous ridge showing a grass-like green. There one might hope for a spring.

Even on his jaded horse Reed soon left the wagons far behind; but the farther he went the worse the situation appeared. The emigrants were in all stages of disaster. Some still pushed ahead with their wagons; some had taken their oxen out, and were driving them on for water. The deserted wagons loomed up like tombs; here and there lay exhausted cattle. He reached the mountain, but no water appeared. The green was merely greasewood, treacherously alluring. The trail, mounting, swung around the point of high land, a mountainous promontory thrusting out into the salt desert. It was no great climb, fortunately, but still the sun must have been well in his eyes before Reed topped the rise, and looking westward beheld another disheartening sight. Still the salt plain stretched out ahead, a dozen miles to the foot of the mountains on the other side! Nothing for it now, but to push ahead for water; the horse could not take him back without it. As well as he could on the stumbling horse, he went on. He passed Eddy’s wagon, standing deserted, the oxen driven on for water. Finally it was evening when he came to the willow thickets around the spring at the foot of the mountain, just a few rods beyond the edge of the sand. From noon until evening he had ridden; the place where he had left the wagons could scarcely be closer than thirty miles from the spring.

A few emigrants were already there with their cattle. Eddy was among them; he had got to water at ten that morning, and had been recruiting himself and his oxen through the day. Reed gave himself only an hour. Then in the early dark, probably on a borrowed horse, he started back with Eddy. The latter carried a bucket of water hoping to find and revive one of his oxen which had lain down.

On the return the misfortune of the train unrolled in the opposite direction. Women and children plodding along forlornly or huddling frightened in the standing wagons; cattle frenzied and half-blind with thirst; men driving cattle, carrying water-pails over their arms, and cursing Hastings who had enticed them into this disaster. Reed came to Milt Elliott and another teamster driving his own cattle and horses. He began to meet the emigrants who had been with him in the rear guard, the Donners among them, driving in cattle. Finally he passed Jacob Donner’s wagon; only his own remained beyond. He struck out into the great salt plain again and at last, only a few miles from where he had left them, he came upon the three wagons looming out gigantically on the plain. The five family dogs greeted him. It was almost daylight. Mrs. Reed, Virginia, and the three little ones were still safe, but they were a perilously long way out in the desert. With them were two of the men, and probably Eliza the cook. Walter Herron, one of the men, immediately took the horse and set out again for water—no need to let the poor beast perish.

All day long under the merciless sun
Reed watched the westward trail for his teamsters returning with the oxen. Water was nearly exhausted. Finally at evening they were forced to the last desperate step, and set out on foot. They took what water was left, and a little bread. Mrs. Reed was in weak health and not strong at best. Virginia of thirteen and Patty of eight could shift for themselves after a fashion, and even little Jim, who was only five, walked manfully, but Tommy, a mere baby of three, had to be carried in his father's arms. The five dogs followed along—Tyler, Barney, Trailer, Tracker, and little Cash, the children's pet.

In the course of the night the cold of the desert settled down on them; the children became exhausted. Their father laid down a blanket, huddled them upon it, and covered them with shawls. Soon a wind was blowing fiercely, and even under the coverings the children whimpered with the cold. The father, his ingenuity fertile with the necessity, ordered the five dogs to lie down on the blanket close to the children and outside the shawls; he and Mrs. Reed sat with their backs to the wind, sheltering the children from its worst attack. The whimpering ceased. But it was only a short respite. Suddenly one of the dogs leapt up barking; the others followed, and all dashed into the night, giving warning and making an attack upon some approaching danger. Reed seized his pistol. In a moment a large animal loomed through the darkness charging directly upon the family; but the dogs dashed in valiantly and swerved it; as it passed by, Reed recognized one of his own steers. Unguardedly he called out that the animal had gone mad.

Wife and children sprang to their feet at the words, the children starting to scatter like quail into the night. They could scarcely be calmed.

But the incident had one good result, for fear of worse things now kept the children moving in spite of weariness. They labored on for the rest of the night, and at last, about daylight, they came up to the wagons of Jacob Donner, where they found his family sleeping.

Here Reed learned more of what had happened in his absence. His drivers, it seemed, had not obeyed his orders to put the oxen to the limit, but as soon as the animals began to show considerable weariness had taken them from the yokes and driven them ahead. The other emigrants had whipped their oxen on, and even Jacob Donner had taken his wagon some miles beyond where Reed's had been left. But there was worse news: Reed's men had been out searching cattle; nine yoke were missing! Shortly after they had passed Reed, the story ran, a horse had lain down, and while the teamsters were engaged in getting him up, the cattle had disappeared into the darkness, stampeding for some vague scent of water. Unless they could be found, this loss amounted to a disaster.

Leaving his family with Jacob Donner's, Reed set out again for the spring to spur his teamsters in the search for the cattle. Again he crossed the last stretch of salt plain. Many people were abroad in it now. Some were hunting cattle which like Reed's had been lost. Some had assembled their teams and were driving them back to bring in wagons. Among them was Jacob Donner, who after meeting Reed on Saturday night had got his cattle to water.
early on Sunday morning. He would bring Reed’s family in with his own.

By now the passage of the desert had been accomplished. It had been a catastrophe, measured in terms of dead, lost, and worn-out cattle, of equipment jettisoned to lighten wagons, of wagons themselves ruined by the dryness of the desert air. But it had not been a complete disaster. No lives had been lost. A few had at last managed to get through without deserting their wagons. Other wagons had already been retrieved, and the rest could probably be brought in. On Thursday at dawn they had left the springs; now it was Tuesday.

Yes, they had got across, although the price had been heavy. For none had it been heavier than for Reed, who on this morning for the second time got to the spring among the willows, full of the daunting realization that, unless his men found the cattle before the Indians did, he himself was left with one ox and one cow to retrieve three large wagons from no one could tell just how many miles of desert.

PLOW IN THE SUNSET

Conrad Pendleton

Late afternoon in 1856. Sunlight still pouring with tumultuous promise across the Cascade Ranges into Trail End valley. Earth soaking the gold warmth in; earth stirring to good moist odors and swelling in seed and bud where meadows were steaming blue with the last snow water; loam of the wilderness ready to curl back dark and vigorous before a share.

Time for plowing—Jacob’s first on his claim; his first, and the first on this frontier, maybe, if he’d get out ahead in the morning. But little it was he had said to Angie about it or she to him. Yet they were vibrant with thought of it, their few words churning with passionate pride in the dream of making this soil their own.

By sundown their joy was mighty, full to bursting, hers while she peeked at him through a gun-hole close to the hearth, where pones had browned to a turn, and his while he whistled home from clearing the plot, shovel and ax on shoulder.

He was nearing the cabin, striding proud and hefty. She sidled from the mud-chinked logs and with her homespun apron to protect her hands, pushed the pan of pones to the fringe of heat. That helped to conceal the softness she’d felt all day. But soon she must busy herself again, or he’d notice her silly looks and make her feel like a goose. So swishing her full skirt back and squatting low on the stone, she began to flutter the flame with the edge of her apron. She tried to look matter-of-fact, but her breath was rapid.

After leaning his tools with a clank on the chicken-coop by the privy, he clumped to the cabin, thrust his head through the door and announced from deep in his thick-set chest, “Angie, I’m plowing next sunup.”

That caused the gladness almost to whirr from her heart, made it hard to keep her flushed face grave as a pioneer ought. But that was Jacob for you: just tempting you forth to traipse,
then shaming you later. So she didn't reply or glance his way but kept on coaxing the fire intently. He stooped inside the door, elbowed his long, brawned arms to his hips, rocked on his feet placed wide apart, and watched her, a grin on his mouth, with his head, thrown back, all but brushing the corn-ears bunched to a crude, stout beam. The dirt on his square-jowled face was defined with sweat, and the stains on the sides of his nostrils where he'd stripped them of snot with a jerk were smears. Robust he was, not fleshy, his shoulders firm with the strength of an ox.

Stepping to her back, he drew her up and gathered her roundness close, harsh stains and loam still on his hands, and smacked her full on the mouth. His kiss was warm with April. His coarse black whiskers nettled her chin. She rose to her toes and combed her red, cracked hands through his hair so like a buffalo's mane, and pressed her cheek to his chest exposed by the unbuttoned hickory shirt. For a while they stood like this. Pushing away slowly, she tilted her face, tan as a wild sunflower.

"Now wash up for supper. It's near ready for dishing," she turned to the fireplace, her arms akimbo, and scowled, "if this contrary fire ever gets out of its ash."

Over the swept earth floor he clumped to the pail on a shelf in the corner to wash, and she, still frowning, whisked out to the chopping-block to gather some chips. By the time she had stepped back in, with her looped-up apron bulged, he had slushed the oak-en handpan empty by the small end-opening that served for window, and was drying his face. While heaping the gray chips under the huge iron pot of venison stew, she imagined Jacob behind the plow; Jacob sowing; Jacob standing in yellow wheat hip-high waving like a summer sea; Jacob hulling forth from a heavy head some grains that were fat with rich sweet milk of earth and sun. But just as the chips were smudging, ready to flame, a sudden dread, like a bowed-down shape of darkness, dragged itself into her vision. She drew an uneasy breath, jerked to her feet, shook the shape from mind, and began to set the puncheon table that was pegged to the wall.

When dawn was a leaden brightness along the sierraed east, she inched from Jacob in bed and pulled on a shoddy blue dress, and wound her two brown plaits in a flat coil low on the rear of her head. She padded across to the hearth, uncovered the coals and coaxed them to flame, then swung the kettle of water around to boil. She straightened. For the first time since her rising, she became aware that she was peevish. Her restless night, her thinking about the plowing, and Jacob's buckling about in bed had made her so. The out-air'd maybe fresh her, she thought, so she'd do the milking and leave him sleep. He was needing rest, lots of it, to do his plowing like he ought.

With her black shawl wrapped about her head and shoulders and pinned at her throat, she crunched toward the log corral and the brindle heifer. The early air, almost motionless, hung clear and pungent above the frost that was rough on grass and pine. She stomped her feet for the cold, steamed breath on her fingers.

The milking was done, and the bars of the corral let down.
She walked at a brisk pace back.
Ahead the whiteness was thawing dark on the shakes of the cabin roof, and the smoke from the chimney-pot fluffed up like a gray plume rosed at the tip by the widening glow in the east. Ah me, she thought, what a grand morning this is for Jacob to start! A picture of him in sunrise behind a plow stood before her sight. Then his form began to blur and darken. Abruptly she stopped; smoking milk slushed to the frost. Her throat felt suddenly cold and tight with an indefinable dread at the thought of his plowing. Just why, she didn't know for the life of her. The vision gave way to the wide stout door a stride or two in front... Law be, just seeing things. With a forced half-shrug she entered the cabin. In the light of a tallow-dip she replenished the fire and began to cook. He'd need a good square meal to start him off and good ones to keep him going.

Jacob yawned and stretched. He would rest there a while, she knew, and twiddle his thumbs on his chest, waiting for the fire to warm his clothes she'd draped on a bench and to dry his mud-clotted boots she'd tilted in toward the heat. Turning then to the narrow window, she lifted the greased store-paper at a lower corner. The sky was bronzing. In a while the sun would shoulder out of the inky ranges as a signal for Jacob to start the day. She wanted to roust him out, but she restrained herself: he needed the rest. He got up feeling somewhat grouchy. In his coarse, red flannel underwear, in which he slept, he padded to Angie, and having buttoned his drawers, bent down and peered outside with her. Jacob and Angie, young, strong, expectant, waiting for the wilderness dawn. She put her arm about his waist, but he pushed away, ashamed of his sentiment, and went to his clothes. Though he tried to be casual, his great thick-knuckled hands trembled a bit with eagerness, while Angie, lips puckered, was dishing up breakfast: stewed venison, clabbered cheese, cornmeal mush, black coffee, and pones warmed over and dripping with butter.

They sat on a bench to breakfast. The tallow-dip guttered. In a voice, toneless and hollow so plunged into thought he was, he gave their grace. Then they ate in silence. This's the day, he reflected over and over, he'd prove himself. This's the day, she thought, coming out of her pet, he'd make her right full proud of him.

Afterward he pushed away from the puncheon and sat pondering, his stockinged feet outstretched and his palms on his thighs. For a while he vacantly watched her clearing the table. Finally he drew up his legs and pulled on his boots and laced them, got up and elomped through the door, his shirt-tail out.

Angie was washing dishes; Jacob out in the barn’s lean-to was harnessing the oxen. Once again, now scrubbing a brown clay bowl, she flew to the door. He was yoking the span, ready to back them up to the tongue of the plow. She flew back in, still swiping the bowl, and dashed this way and that, looking for her homespun jacket. Right away she found it somehow, plopped bowl and dishrag down somewhere, maybe the bed or the coonskin cradle or rocker, she didn’t know, and ran out, jerking into her wrap. Barely had she reached him when he finished yoking, and immediately swung her high to the back of an ox.

After he had heaved the share on its
side and picked up the lines from the ground, he clucked grandly and glanced up sidewise at his wife. She was watching. He slapped the lines on the rumps of the oxen; solidly they rocked ahead. Again he clucked and strode along, a mighty hum in his blood. Up a rise they moved, leaving behind a wake of green in the frost. By the time they had topped the hump, the sun, immense and yellow, pushed into view and framed in its brilliance the man and woman, the plow and yoke of oxen. Broad rays gleamed over the valley freeze, pulsing out with a joyous warmth as if, in all their millions of springs, they had not yet wearied of their task.

Past the rise where the pasture flattened, he pulled up the team at the tract to be tilled. Angie slid to the ground, no longer aware of the dread that lurked in her mind. For a moment joy fluttered, like a butterfly, into her breath.

"Oh, Jacob!" Her tone was vibrant. She gesticulated. "You'll make this land your very own! You'll plow it and seed it and hay it this very year!"

"Such gabble," he reproached and spat on his calloused palms, but the diffident glow in his face belied his bluntness.

She backed off to watch, some of her fervor gone. His muscles burgeoned while he gripped the home-made handles and righted the plow. Thereupon he screwed his eyes at the sun, pulled a corncob pipe from the worn hip-pocket of his butternut jeans, tapped the ashes out on his heel, refilled the bowl, and lit it, puffing the while. The flame of the friction match flicked up and down. With her aid he rolled his sleeves well up on his arms and looped the reins, which he had knotted, part way about his neck and under an arm. His eyes flashed superb with elation as he grasped the plow with sureness. Before starting, he gave her an awkward smile, showing his stained, uneven teeth, which held the pipe. Then he looked straight forward; his features were grim with purpose.

"Up there, Jason; hi there, Pete," he urged aggressively.

He snapped the reins on their backs. They strained patiently. The share gnawed into the soil, deeper and deeper, zigzagged on roots, keeping him wrenching it back into line until he got it under control. Behind him lengthened a smooth, bright twist in the wild grass. She admired the backward pull of his shoulders to tauten the reins, the firm sway of his back to the waist, the giant stride of his legs.

Yet most of her zeal was gone. She stood there as though rooting in; her eyebrows fretted as he worked toward the ditch where a stunted juniper grew. Maybe they was makin’ their land-claim good, but the land was gettin’ a hold on them more and more. Now they’d have to be doin’ and doin’ all through their life.

As the day climbed brighter, the frost curled up in a mist that hovered in masses shifting about him. Again he passed. Seating herself on a stump and propping her chin in her hands, she watched almost dejectedly. Again he was drawing around, tightlipped and stern, toiling mechanically; the oxen plodded stolid and smoking, their necks bowed under the uncouth yoke, their flaring horns and briskets wet. The mist swirled up about their hooves.

"Hi there, Jason; up there, Pete," he yelled somewhat impatiently, now
that the first bright tingle of pride had dulled.

Without glancing her way he passed, his forehead creased, his head thrust out, his eyes fixed doggedly on the share. The mist thickening now, began to blur him; his figure shrank, grew oppressively aged, becoming the hulk of old Isaac, his father. She leaped to her feet; her grey eyes widened. The mist obscured him.

Her knuckles pressed to her eyes as if to destroy the images rising from the dread that had vaguely edged to her mind time after time, now so plain, so terrifying: old Isaac plowing in autumn, looking so dark and bent and lonely against the bleak sunsetting light on the prairie, his shirt tail flapping out in the gusts and a lone crow hopping and pecking in silence behind him in his furrow. Old Isaac, stopping now and then to lean on the plow and wag his grey head and mumble at his wheezing and puffing. His rope-like fingers shaking; his old feet dragging as if the sod were sucking them down. Old Isaac, behind the plow in sunset, then only the plow dark on the prairie, that billowed, as it had done since the time of earth, on and on, having no end.

The solid plod of the oxen and their hard breathing stirred her. Her hands dropped to her sides leadenly. Out of the mist, out of the hulk of old Isaac, Jacob emerged, young and strapping; he furrowed by, strongly wrenched the plow to avoid a rock. Big and husky she thought, and the land’d never hump him and break him—no! But before he had dimmed again in the mist, Angie turned abruptly away, took a hesitant step, paused, then without looking back, cut across the pasture for home. She mustn’t think on old Isaac no more like she done just now. There was chores to be done: butter to churn; clabbered milk to make cheese; skimming pans to be scoured; that domerneck hen in the manger to set; and Isaac—her head jerked with an ironic start—no! Jacob to cook for, Jacob, Jacob... Her fingers doubled so tightly they ached. She stepped fast down the rise through the mist, through the first noiseless breeze of morning, like one who vaguely knows there will be dawns and sunsets, fixed and deliberate, through all one’s life, and this land and this sky throughout all time.

Two crows flapped by, making her lonelier than ever until she saw in the nearness ahead the cabin and sheds like greyish shapes, and heard the chickens cackle and the heifer low.
THE incident might have taken place that very afternoon, and he at home on the lawn sprawled barefoot under the prune trees musing the event over in the silencing dusk; instead, here he was, by his wife on the front porch more than twenty years removed from its happening. It seemed too real to have occurred that long ago. Before it happened the sequence of his youth had been an idyll; then suddenly the harsh truth of life had rushed over him, driving and confusing him. Now here he sat, washed out of that wild youthful freedom he had known to this restrictive avenue in a residential city.

On the morrow his brother would arrive for his two-week visit. He came every year or so, after his prune crop was well on the make. Ransler had stayed on the home place, contented. Or was he? It seemed to Benton there was something that his brother should have had. Eunice, possibly. But he himself had married her. At moments he almost wished Ransler had, and that he was the free one.

He glanced at his wife, a slightly rounded blur in her chair a few arms’ lengths away. She did not stir, did not notice that he was scrutinizing the dusk between them. Perhaps she was anticipating Ransler’s coming on the morrow. Even when he had left in the morning she had been busied in a radiant-like glow. Now her work was done and she was tired; she did not care to talk.

As he sat in the gloom where the street-light scarcely pierced, recollection of that eventful afternoon, of his youth, bore with it a measure of regret for losses become unrecoverable. He had had his freedom and he had not held on to it.

He remembered that Ransler and he came to play that summer afternoon along a thicket-grown watercourse. One of the lesser tributaries feeding the Lewis River and in turn the Columbia. It was filled in springs of flood with a roily and uncertain sea sludging against the alder and fir trunks that edged its banks, but on that day in the dead sag of the hot drouthy summer only a gray dust clung where the waters had reeced.

They had come a full four miles through the forest along a narrow animal trail, through hazelbrush and vine maple, salmonberry and wild rose hedges and among the slender boles of dogwood. The leaves were grayish green or tarnished to a dusty red, for the year was past the meridian.

Now all their way was new. Sometimes they paused to munch the few late-season salmonberries hanging downward to their hands from the higher banksides yellow like jewels. They were sweet and cool. Once they halted for rest on a log encrusted with dry mud. Ransler tossed cones at a rock. Each exclaimed over the previous spring’s flood, high, as the daubs of mud far up on the trees told them. They listened to the traction sound where wind trundled far above in the boughs. Again they plunged on. Suddenly a stranded cutter lay aslant in a vinetangled turn of the watercourse. Nudged inland by tumultuous flood waters, here it remained, caught and moored. Unmanned, it had been swept
out of its river-way course and left un-
salvaged.

Ransler and he stood a little awed be-
fore the hulk. Neither was strange to
ships, for ships had meaning in their
blood. Their grandfather had been a
ship’s captain, until he gave up his
command to please a landloving wom-
an. She became their grandmother.
Their father was a troller for salmon
in the Columbia, owning, as well, a
small orchard that he worked. “A
prune grower and a salmon fisher!
Where’s the deep sea in ya’, m’ son?”
Captain Grandad thundered in moody
moments. His son would shrug and
stroll away speechless. He also had
loved a woman. She was their mother.
Was the old man rebuking himself for
the love that had warped him away
from the devotion of his own blood, to
encrust with salt the stamina in his
veins?

Benton, as he stared at the boat
thought at once of Captain Grandad,
back at the house in the prune orchard,
drinking his prune brandy to forget
the losses of a lifetime. Ransler, with
evident glee, raced ahead, and clam-
bered aboard in loud excitement. Ben-
ton drew closer, hesitant at first.
The cutter’s name was the Ilanda.
The elements were smudging out the
letters. A portion of her forward port
rail had been stove, but her cabin was
intact. She was landlocked now; she
was loosening up; she was no longer
sea-worthy, but to the eyes of youth
she was a ship, and theirs!

As Benton climbed about the cutter
he thought that here was a ship for
his grandfather. But he saw that the
fancy was a hopeless one. A painful
nostalgia beset him. In this mood, he
dropped down on the bulkhead and
watched his brother’s unresting de-
light. Ransler could feel no pain of
spirit. The idea came to him of a sud-
den, that surely Ransler would never
really taste loss. With him, however,
it was different: he could and would
lose, for already the pain was in him.

He realized that his grandfather’s
cause was helpless, as this cutter ap-
peared helpless; and with the knowl-
edge a new sentience quickened in his
blood. He longed to truss up his ap-
proaching manhood and give the sea
its due, a man and a ship. That was
his inheritance. He would fulfill it.

He sat under the August heat that
was sliding against his senses. Sun-
light and shade spattered over him and
over the cutter, as she stared at the wid-
ening seams of her timbers. He felt that
he loved the old boat, loved her with a
strangely and newly matured devotion.
Under this mood a call and an urge
seemed to be directing him toward life.
He felt strong.

It was Ransler, busied with discov-
ery, who first heard approaching steps
through the bowered brush on the bank
above. His exclamation drew Benton’s
attention. As they looked a head glim-
mered to view, massed brown hair that
captured the light upon its sleekness. It
was the head of a well-grown girl.
Light pinked her nostrils and sparkled
from her deep eyes. Now she stood
fully before them, startlingly lovely.
He did not know which one of them
spoke first. She came to the rail and
leaned half in, her bowed arms sup-
porting her. She mingled amusement
with sobriety as she spoke. Yes, the
cutter had been here for several years.
Had they just found it? Funny, she
had been here often.

She might be a little younger than
he, he saw. He resented her self-sufficiency, her attitude chided him for his tardiness.

"How did I know?" he blurted, fiddling with his hands, "I didn't know this old cutter was here." To speak this way hurt him; but how else could he reply?

"Don't you go anywhere? Where you live?"

He told her, some four miles or more away, and added, almost spitefully, "I guess I never saw you over our way."

"Which way?" She swayed back and forth teasingly, clutching the rail.

"West. Down-river way."

She shook her head, sun-fire on the tawny color. "'No, but I been up north—to Kalama.'"

Benton had been up to Kalama, too, several times. What of it? "I'm going farther way than that, pretty soon," he announced, rising assertively. "I'm going to be a sailor and go away. Pretty soon now." He meant it, with a strong desire.

"A seaman" she corrected, lightly.

Benton scowled. True, he had never made a declaration of this kind before, but he was grimly in earnest. He was, he assured himself, committing himself unretrievably toward his life's undertaking. He would recompense for the unfulfilled lives of his father and his grandfather.

The girl was scorning his intention. He saw her raise her brows amusedly over a mildly puzzling scrutiny, shift quickly her gaze and make eyes at his brother. Ransler scuttled uncomprehendingly away into the cutter's secret recesses. Her half-plumped-out body continued to teeter back and forth, as if she contemplated leaping over the railside to stand at his feet.

Desperately he spoke on, confronting her. "I'm going to take a ship and go to sea. I gotta do it."

"This one?" she bantered.

He glanced about him at the weathered hulk, moss on it, sprung apart. "I guess this one wouldn't stand much, would it? She'd sink."

"I seen her floating this spring when water was under her. I guess she'd float a right." She studied him with a serious face for the first time, while his eyes popped open with the prospect. Did she mean it?

"Is that a fact?" he gasped. "Gee!"

In his eagerness he rushed to the rail and peered over at the outer sides of the old boat. Could her seams really be tight? "You mean she floats, really?"

The girl smiled and seemed to reply out of her bright dark eyes. "I was foolin', maybe. I guess she does take in a lotta water. But couldn't she be made to float? Couldn't she— Say, was you thinkin'—"

That, on the impulse, was what he was thinking! He nodded his affirmation, hesitant, unsure of her sympathy. He stood firmly on the warping planks, loving the cutter beneath his feet, and hungering to give it back to the deep waters. As he looked deeply at the girl's beauty, felt the impulsion of her careless assurance of being, he suddenly became inferior to her and to his desires.

"I bet you don't even go," she said. "I bet you don't go to sea." Her smile tilted at one corner of her ruddy lips, taunted him.

Against his will Benton felt, through the wonder that lay upon him, a new pang of affection, mute and desperately sweet. Against his will—for it was this
boat he loved, should rightfully love, not the girl, if he was to be the man he desired to be.

The voice repeated, soft with mockery, "I bet you stay on land. What for you wantta be a seaman? Maybe your ship'd sink." Her brown hands still held to the rusted rail.

It was Ransler who spoke next. "I bet we could do it," he called from the hollow depths of the hold.

"Do what?" Benton asked, more than ever perturbed.

"Make her float."

"What of it? Benton answered back. He was seeing the girl now, not the boat, not the possibilities, not his father and his grandfather, not himself as a man. He hated himself. He clutched for an excuse. "It ain't our ship," he said.

The girl spoke up quickly, "It's anybody's. I just come here; I guess you can too. You can come if you please."

With this, she sprang full aboard. Ransler called again from the hold. The girl ran across the blistered deck where a patch of sun lay full and warm. She did not halt beside Benton, but plunged down the companionway, creaking and uncertain, with moss to pad the heel tread, into the gloomy hold.

She laughed as she encountered Rans.

Benton did not follow. Sick in spirit with the conflicts of his dual desire, he plopped down on a broken timber at the stern. Tormented with passion for this girl he yet could not understand, he looked now, not at the ship under him, but up into the firtops where wind moved slowly with a surf-like sound. And as he looked, feeling, not seeing, the seas of earth rolled up like scrolls, the fancied sweet of salt grew dry on his lips; there was only eternal land and he was forever landlocked. He sat a long while.

He sprang to his feet. "What you doing down there?" he yelled. "Why don't you come up? Ransler, I'm going." That would be a way to end this misery.

The girl, not Ransler, came racing up the dark companion stairs. As she bounded to a halt before him, her sleezy skirt, of some dark material, billowed gently.

"What was you sayin' 'bout a ship? What you goin' for?"

"I'm going," he repeated, shifting about where he stood. But he could not turn his eyes away and realization shook him: as his grandfather had lost, as his father had lost, so he would lose. He would not go to sea. The truth of this drove him several steps backward. For the moment it sealed his throat. Once more he called down to his brother, was he coming?

"If you gotta go I'll get him." The girl, her eyes curiously dubious at this unexplained sudden withdrawal, again fled into the cutter's depths.

Benton sprang over the boatside. Almost immediately Ransler mounted above decks, the girl behind him, forcing him, tickling him in the ribs. He laughed and squirmed, ran from her, struck at her sportively, tripped and thumped his head severely. He whimpered and made to rise, all laughter out of him. At once the girl reached down, consoled him, patted the hurt, helped him to his feet. He smeared his tears, drew her hands from him, and fled. He sprang after Benton, over the rail. As he raced away he yelled out, gleeful again. He was coming back.
“Tomorrow,” she urged.
Each of them saw the girl hoist herself into the prow, a figurepiece of fire in the slanting sunlight. But for Benton she sailed toward no sea. And ahead in the years he saw no inviting adventure in foreign ports. He would remain at home, drylanded, and grow gruff and morose like Captain Grandad, or uncommunicative like his father. And there would be a woman of the earth mothering his children.

Then he remembered that he was still a youth, and was glad. There were years ahead to choose what life should hold, where affection should be placed. Still the thought persisted that his choices had been made and there could be no changing them. As he trudged along, consumed at heart, he saw afresh the gray dust and caked mud on the tree trunks, and no longer did anything seem fabulous. Ransler, following reluctantly, grown wearied at last, seemed not to have lost anything at all. But he, he had lost.

That was more than twenty years in the past.

“It all came about,” he mused, reverting to his right surroundings and with steadied vision making out his wife’s blotted image, silent in her chair, “Because I cared and Ransler didn’t, particularly. All he loved was play; still that is all he cares for. I knew I was to have her. Well—”

The shrubs before the porch were growing too tall, he noticed; they would have to be pruned; they held the porch in darkness.

“I should have been wise enough when I knew, as I did that first day. It was Ransler she wanted. Probably all these years she had lived desiring Ransler, not him. Yet she seemed content. Did she have no regrets?

He stirred in his chair. Much as he desired to, he must not go on thinking like this. What was more, he felt a little cool. Surely his wife, in the skimpy blouse she wore, must be chill over her entire body. He must call to her.

He felt stiff as he got to his feet. “Eunice, you asleep? Aren’t you cold? Come, let’s go to bed. Ransler’ll be here in the morning.’’

“You’re cold,” he said, tugging her to her feet. “You had me frightened. I didn’t notice you had fallen asleep. I’m going to get those shrubs cut so I can see you out here.’’

“It was silly of me,” she remarked, “I felt warm when I sat down. I was tired.” Her words blurred. They were, Benton thought, inconsequential now, save as sounds of assurance. But of what, he scarcely knew, or would not admit.

APRIL
ERICH S. KLOSSNER

I know
The long, white truce is ended; April thrusts
Green-sworded challenge through receding crusts
Of snow.
FOR days New York had suffered in an unseasonable breath-taking, humid heat.

Office workers, disgorged each morning from cool subways, gasped as they mounted to the surface and trod the sunseorched pavements of downtown canyons, praying for a breeze from the Battery, longing for vacations to begin.

Sweatshop workers, bred like rabbits, vomited by thousands from their unspeakably crowded warrens, cursed helplessly as they punched the time-clock and sat crouched over their machines making your clothes and mine.

Night brought no relief, no refreshing sleep, no renewed vigor to the next day’s job. Nerves were on edge from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the same high tension that Rome, Berlin, and London felt.

Fear ran rampant.

Five years and more, wars and rumors of wars, mismanagement in high places, dust, drought, and destruction had stalked abroad. People searched the news and the radio for some promise of help, for a new leader, and alternately prayed and cursed.

One o’clock.

Another sunset had brought no change. Hot flickering stars burned in a sky that lay too close over the penthouse on the Drive where a radio urged shuffling, satin slippers over the floor to the music of an orchestra from the Casino. They mopped moist foreheads, and men and girls alike sought false energy from flasks.

Minnesota ranchers sat up long beyond their bedtime to get the last weather reports, hoping for promise of rain. This year’s crops must not fail.

In the kitchen of a bungalow in Los Angeles a tired woman, doing her belated supper dishes, nervously brushed damp hair from her forehead and listened for fretful sounds from the children’s bedroom. In the front room, her husband sat before the radio. She heard the quick, staccato voice of the news announcer, saying,

It is now ten o’clock and this is the voice of the Petroleum reporter bringing you world-wide news. From Berlin comes the assurance that Adolph Hitler does not want war. In Italy, Il Duce is training an infant army. Small nations are apprehensive. In Russia, speech and press are throttled and each man fears his neighbor. In our own country the dollar has shrunk; the West burns wheat and destroys hogs while twenty millions are on a dole. Five hundred thousand dollars ransoms a rich man’s son from kidnappers. Congress is still...

Then the deafening roar and crackle of static disrupted world-wide Petroleum radio programs. Electric lights danced fantastically.

The woman, still drying the last of her dishes, dashed to the front room, hoarsely calling, “Do let that dial alone; the children have just got to sleep.”

“But I’m not doing it; something is wrong—static, maybe.”

Dancing feet came to a stumbling stop in New York, London, and Paris as the strange disturbance continued. Telephones were useless. The very air one breathed was elec-
tric. What seemed at first a local disturbance, quickly corrected, now seemed eerie, supernatural, inexplicable.

Then a Voice, vibrant, dominant for all its mellow compassion, could be heard rising in volume as the static diminished:

... and of what material have you fashioned your vaunted civilization? The darkness of despair lies over all the world. Avarice and Greed have blinded your eyes. You have lost the Vision. Your eyes are turned inward by your own distress. Look higher for your help....

Pandemonium broke loose in all broadcasting stations. In WBC men dashed helplessly about. Cries of “Who is he?”, “Who sponsored him?”

Big Bill Rainey giggled hysterically.

Paul Riley hurriedly made the sign of the cross. Sweeney muttered, “My God”—and it wasn’t a curse.

Frontier and Midland

Frantically they dashed about, yanking futilely at switches, imploring the mixer to “do something.”

But nothing could be done and the Voice that had thrilled every taut nerve by its peculiar quality, went on,

... and two thousand years ago the way was shown to you, but you have traveled far down the wrong road. Retrace your steps, I beseech you, before it is forever too late. Two commandments I left with you. Obey them and find Peace.

The Voice was gone. Gone as inexplicably as it had come. Programs and lights behaved naturally once more. Men rushed to their telephones for some explanation.

The company wishes to apologize to its subscribers for the interrupted service. It was unavoidable. We are sorry.

That was all.

ENCOUNTER

Carol Egland

The antlered moose skull lies in scattered bones
Beside the human skull.
In this deep balsam fastness
Their dark bones lie in last release
From wrenching wolves and carrion crows;
From all but fire,
And the recurring touch of rain and snow,
Dissolving flesh that fell with battered bruise,
With clotted wound of flint or lead,
And mad red eyes.
HISTORICAL SECTION

A LITTLE LEATHER TRUNK

The Waymire and Hoover Families

GRACE JULIAN CLARKE AND R. M. F. BERRY

Note: The Joint authors of this article are both lineal descendants of Johan Rudolph Wehmeyer and of Andreas Huber, and the story is based on family tradition supplemented and much of it verified by the researches of Dr. William M. Reser of Lafayette, Indiana, the official historian of the Hoover and Waymire families. Dr. Reser has for more than twenty years been collecting data. He has examined the ship lists in the Pennsylvania archives and taken copies of many valuable documents bearing on the history of these families. He is the owner of the “little trunk.”

There is distinct fascination about old-world historical stories which border upon the mysterious, but there are endless equally interesting tales belonging to our own country. One of these is connected with a little leather trunk which, more than a hundred and eighty years ago, traveled first over the Atlantic and later halfway across this continent. The story is typical of the “unknown origins” of ancestors of many Americans both prominent and obscure, immigrants who did not care to talk about their reasons for coming to this country.

To such a refugee belonged the trunk which, being well made and having had excellent care, still defies time in the rooms of the Historical Society of Tippecanoe County, Lafayette, Indiana. Whatever else may have been brought to America by its owner, Johan Rudolph Wehmeyer, and his family when they secretly left Prussia this is now the only tangible token of that flight. It is so small as to suggest a startling contrast between it and its first owner, who is reputed to have been nearly or quite seven feet tall, with a well proportioned body of phenomenal strength. Johan Rudolph was so big and his wife so tiny that, so a favorite story of their descendants relates, she used to pick cherries while standing on one of her husband’s hands.

The tradition that Wehmeyer had been one of Frederick the Great’s officers, a member of his picked bodyguard, tallies well with the account of the monarch’s refusal to admit into it any one less than six feet six inches in height and two hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight. Wehmeyer evidently proved of weight in other than the physical sense, for tradition states that his executive ability was recognized and rewarded with appointment as governor of one of the numerous provinces which Frederick so ruthlessly added to his kingdom.

For a time things went well, but the governor had a mind of his own and a conscience, and could not be forced to do what he considered wrong. One day when the king issued an order of which Johan Rudolph could not approve and would not execute he was clapped into prison for thirty days to reflect upon his disobedience. This Wehmeyer did but not with the results expected, for while realizing that his sentence was light compared with some inflicted by Frederick for lesser “crimes” the stubborn governor also pondered upon the contrast between Prussian imprisonment and the freedom he had heard was accorded in America to the colonists of His Britannic Majesty, George II.

Rudolph, as his family called him, had heard also that to these British colonies natives of Germany were warmly welcomed because of their reputation for industry and thrift. Certainly it appeared that over there one might act according to conscience without fear of imprisonment. The recalcitrant governor decided to emigrate to America as soon as he was free. Frederick decided otherwise, however, when he heard of this intention and sent him back behind the bars to reflect still further. Wehmeyer by this time had learned wisdom; he emerged from his second prison term with outward submission to the king’s wishes. Neither he nor his relatives showed any signs of dissatisfaction,
but when a sufficient period had elapsed to quiet suspicion Rudolph and his family, with the help of sympathetic friends, slipped out of Prussia, safely reaching Hamburg and sailing on the good ship *Leathley* for America in September 1753.

This was quite an achievement since the family constituted a party of eight: Rudolph, his wife and two children, his two sisters and their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Wehmeyer. The six weeks' voyage was fraught with such hardships that Rudolph's mother succumbed and was buried at sea. The *Leatherley's* destination was Philadelphia. They settled in rural Pennsylvania where, in a few years, Valentine Wehmeyer died. After this his son took his family and the leather trunk to what is now Randolph County, North Carolina, making a home on the Uwharrie River. Here, in time, the small German wife died, having borne Rudolph seven daughters and a son. By a second marriage he became the father of seven more children, all sons.

If the record stopped here the American public would have simply the romantic tradition of the flight of Frederick's one-time governor, just "another story" among the many illuminating ones which might be told of the interesting men and women who settled North Carolina. But it happens that about the time the Webmeyers landed in Philadelphia another German immigrant, Andreas Huber, was moving from Pipe Creek in Maryland to a large plantation on the Uwharrie river. (Andrew Huber, a native of the Swiss Palatinate, had landed in Philadelphia from the boat Two Sisters in 1738, aged 16.)

These two families became closely interknit through several marriages. One of these that was far-reaching in its influence was that of Andrew, son of Andreas, to Wehmeyer's daughter Elizabeth, for their descendants became one of the most important forces in the upbuilding of Indiana. It should also be stated that the children of Rudolph's second marriage and their descendants became a recognized part of the solid foundations of Ohio. But it was through Rosanna, like Elizabeth a daughter of the first marriage, that the nation at large has an interest in the scrupulous and stubborn governor of Frederick the Great since the granddaughter of Rosanna, Rebecca Younts married a grandson of Andreas, Jesse Hoover, great-grandfather of Herbert Hoover.

For the name was no longer Huber, the younger generation having Anglicized it just as the young Wehmeyers did when they became Waymires. Somewhat later the children of Rudolph's first marriage and the junior Hoovers took another important step together when in 1788 during an evangelical tour of the celebrated Quaker preacher, Job Scott, they joined the Society of Friends. But the still stubborn Rudolph stuck to his Lutheran traditions, and contradictorily enough seems not to have been pleased at the evidence of his children's inheritance of independent thought.

By the beginning of the last century the Waymires and Hoovers were closely bound by marriage and similarity of tastes. Another tie was that of agriculture. They were all well-to-do farmers and as such were affected by the freshets to which the whimsical Uwharrie subjected them—floods which swept away crops, livestock and even dwellings close to the river. Yet land far enough to be safe was too rocky to be worth the labor required. Besides, both Waymires and Hoovers abhorred slavery which as an institution of the Carolinas existed near them. So the Northwest Territory having been opened they decided to sell their farms and go where land was fertile and where there was no slavery.

Rudolph's family did not leave North Carolina until after his death in 1801. The Hoovers had left about a year before, and in the early eighteen hundreds both families were established in the counties of Warren, Montgomery, and Miami, Ohio. Here some of them remained. Their descendants are the holders of the annual Waymire reunions at Polk Church, about ten miles north of Dayton, on land which Daniel Waymire, Rudolph's second son (eldest child of the second marriage) settled in 1806 and afterward gave for public use. Others trekked farther west, Herbert Hoover's branch going to Iowa, a second one to Indiana, and still other members of the two families to Canada.

It was a grandson of Rudolph, Judge David Hoover, who as a young man sur-
veyed and named Richmond, Indiana. Later in life, in 1854, Judge Hoover, who remembered his grandfather Rudolph well, wrote a memoir which has proved of historic value. To the family one of the most interesting items in it is the statement that Rudolph, who seems as a rule to have been silent about his early life in Germany, "boasted" of having served under George II at the battle of Dettingen in 1743, when England and Germany were allies. Wehmeyer at that time was about eighteen years of age. It must have been then that he heard so much of the British colonies in America. Perhaps it was the fact that the English king took personal part in that battle (the last in which British monarchs played this dangerous role) that Rudolph spoke so pridefully of having fought there. But since mention of the autocrat of Prussia seems to have been practically taboo with the first American Wehmeyer one wonders if the boast about the battle of Dettingen may have been his way of distracting attention from his connection with Frederick the Great.

EARLY DAYS AT FORT MISSOULA

Edited by Captain A. E. Rothermich, Infantry.

FOREWORD—While serving as Adjutant, Fort Missoula, Montana in 1928, the editor rediscovered the original records of the Fort covering the period from its establishment in June, 1877 to its temporary abandonment at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War in 1898. Among these hitherto unpublished records were found many documents of historical interest, a few of which are reproduced herewith. These papers show that the establishment of Fort Missoula was not, as is generally believed, brought about by the Nez Perce war, but was merely coincident thereto, having been decided upon some sixteen months prior to the commencement of hostilities. The student is referred to other related papers published in The Frontier, Vol. X, No. 1, November, 1929.

The following notes appear on an original topographical map of Fort Missoula dated August 1, 1879. This map is framed and hangs in the Officers' Club at Fort Missoula.

The Delegate for Montana having represented to Lieutenant General Sheridan the necessity for establishment of a military post near Hell Gate Pass, Montana, Lieutenant Colonel Merritt, 9th Cavalry was sent to that point with instructions to report, and, February 8th, 1876, recommended the establishment of a one or two company post at or near Hell Gate Pass, in the Missoula valley. Lieutenant Colonel C. C. Gilbert was thereupon ordered (1876) to proceed to Missoula valley and locate a reservation for a one company post, which resulted in the setting apart by the President, February 19, 1877, of Section 31, Township 13 north, Range 19 west (Helena land District), as a military reservation, which reservation was declared in G. O. 4, March 17, 1877, Department of Dakota.

Captain C. C. Rawn, with his company (I) 7th Infantry, arrived at the site of the new post near the close of June, 1877, and the work of building was begun, but was greatly interrupted by the troops being engaged during the summer in operating against "Joseph's" band of hostile Nez Perces. The General of the Army visited the new post in September, 1877, and reported to the Honorable Secretary of War that he regarded Missoula "as a strategic point that will remain so forever, made so by the conformation of the rivers and mountains. These will force all roads to converge here, and four hundred men here will equal a thousand at any point within 400 miles." The general modified the plans so as to provide a garrison of four companies.

Headquarters, Missoula Post, July 1, 1877. Lieut. A. B. Johnson, to J. A. Landram, Stevensville, Missoula Co., M. T.

This office in receipt this morning of Memorial signed by yourself and thirty-one others and dated June 27th, 1877, respecting formation of Militia Company for home defense against hostile Indians, and requesting use of arms from Government. The Commanding Officer of Post (Capt. C. C. Rawn, 7th Infantry) directs me to say in reply: That it is not in his power to comply directly. At present he has no arms for this purpose and is not allowed to issue or loan the arms in his charge to civilians without special authority. Your communication will however be forwarded at once by mail to General Gibbon commanding Military district of Mon-
tana at Fort Shaw, M. T. It is respectfully suggested that you apply to the Governor of the Territory as it is thought to be especially the province of that Executive to provide for your organization and equipment.

P. S.—It is understood that the people of Missoula City have just received one hundred stand of arms on the Governors requisition.

Headquarters Post near Missoula, M. T., July 3, 1877.

I have the honor to report that I left the command (Companies A and I, 7th Inf.) accompanied by Lieut. Johnson on the 12th ultimo at “Frenchwomans” and went into Missoula—which place I reached on the 19th—for the purpose of making such contracts as had not already been made in Helena, and Lieut. J. completed contracts with my approval by the 30th June for all the different material and labor required.

The command arrived on 25th ult. and went into camp on reservation near site selected for post. Lumber hauling was commenced second day after, and has been continued every day since. The people of Bitterroot being in dread (causelessly I think) of incursions from Nez Perces Indians, now at war, are stampeding from the valley, and though one of the Mill men who lives in the valley, with whom contract for lumber has been made, still remains, he may leave at any time, in which case the building of the post will be greatly retarded. The time has thus far been spent in making camp comfortable, erecting tool shop and shed for carpenters, lime house, and other necessary preliminary work. It has rained every day since the 19th ult. and the roads are bad, but will press on as fast as possible in spite of all difficulties. I propose to commence hauling in logs and erecting company quarters of hewn timber at once.

Missoula, M. T., July 12th, 1877.
Chas. C. Rawn, to Burnett, District Adjutant, Fort Shaw, Montana.

Carlos* (Non-Treaty Flathead) informs me:—He received news by runner that Kiy-

1 Charlot, chief of the Flatheads who refused to sign the Garfield treaty of 1872 and remained in the Bitter Root Valley.

2 Arlee signed the Garfield Treaty and led a band of Flatheads to the Jocko reservation and was recognized as head chief by the United States.
Frontier and Midland

It. Michael, a Chief of the Pend 'Oreilles arrived at the agency shortly after I left and reiterated the assurances of the others, as to their feeling towards the whites. Then next day after my return to Missoula, I with Major Ronan and an interpreter went up Bitterroot Valley about thirty miles to Charlo's camp. This Charlo is the same whom a week or so ago the newspapers reported as having left the valley with the principal part of his warriors. He is the one who on account of his refusal to go on the reservation, was disposed by the agent of the Government, Shanahan, and Arli was made head chief in his place. The Government it seems now intends to recognize Charlo's right in the Bitterroot Valley, as agent Ronan holds, he tells me, some fifty patents for land to be given to Charlo's Indians, which patents were received by agent Medary about a year ago and have remained in his office ever since. Ronan found them when Medary turned over the property to him. I found Charlo together with other Indians at St. Mary's mission at mass and talked with him. In answer to an inquiry as to the feeling of his people, he replied in effect the same as the Indians at the agency and after an eulogy upon his father, Victor, an Indian of whom all the whites speak well, he finished by saying it was my father's boast that his hand had never in seventy years been bloodied with the white man's blood, and I am the son of my father. He went on to say that his peoples' hearts were the same as his heart and that all would remain friendly. This he modified after by saying that some of his young men would evade his watchfulness and join the hostiles, but that not many could. When asked whether or not his people would side with the whites in case the hostiles came into the valley, he said: "No. We could not fight against the Nez Perces because they helped me several years ago, against my enemy the Blackfeet, but we will not fight with them against the whites." He would give the whites all the information he could obtain by runners, but nothing more. I give all this talk for what it is worth, but at the same time would say, that with all my prejudice against Indians and my belief that all of them are treacherous, I am inclined to think that they are in earnest and that they intend to remain friendly. When the command first arrived here I was asked to put scouts in Loo Loo pass, to send some here and some there and could easily have disposed of one hundred and fifty men. I then said that if a dozen or more horses and saddles were furnished me, I would put scouts in two of the most dreaded passes, to report the approach of hostiles. The horses were not furnished and of course an Infantry guard would have been of no use. That scare subsided and the Bitterroot people returned to the valley. Now again another stampede from the valley has occurred and to satisfy the citizens, I again made the same offer and four horses and equipments have been furnished. I have sent an officer and four soldiers to Loo Loo pass with orders to watch the Loo Loo trail from a point where it can be seen six or eight miles and report the approach of any large band of Indians from the west side. For a report from Elk City pass I can only depend upon Charlo's promises mentioned before. I could use a dozen Cavalrymen for this purpose, if I had them, to great advantage, saving my own men for work upon this post, which has so far made steady and acceptable progress.

Headquarters Post near Missoula, M. T., July 20th, 1877.
Lt. William L. English to Major Peter Ronan, Agent for the Flathead Indians, Jocko Agency, M. T.

I am directed by Capt. Rawn to say that he has just received information that four thousand rounds of ammunition have just started or are about to start from O'Keefes for the Agency, consigned to McDonald the agency trader. He also has been informed that three Nez Perces Indians have been in waiting in expectation of procuring some of this ammunition.

As there are orders from the Department and the Dist. prohibiting the sale of ammunition to any Indian whatever, Capt. Rawn would like it very much if you would see this ammunition so stored and taken care of that none of it gets into the possession of any Indians whatsoever.

*Shannon.
*Duncan McDonald.
Up the Lou-Lou Pass, July 25th, 1877, 3:00 o'clock p.m.

Rawn to Burnett, Fort Shaw, M. T.

Am entrenching twenty-five regulars and about fifty volunteers in Lou-Lou canyon. Have promises of more volunteers but am not certain of them. Please send me along more troops. Will go up and see them tomorrow and inform them that unless they disarm and dismount, will give them a fight. White Bird says he will go through peaceably if he can, but will go through. This news is entirely reliable.

Up the Lou-Lou Pass, July 27th, 1877, 6:00 o'clock p.m.

Rawn to Burnett.

Had a talk with Joseph and Looking Glass this afternoon and told them they had to surrender arms and ammunition or fight. They are to consider tonight. I think that for want of ammunition or Charlo's threat, they are wavering. Charlo has sent them word, that if they come into the Bitterroot he will fight them. He has already sent me some of his warriors.

Camp near Missoula, M. T., August 1st, 1877.

Rawn to Adjutant General, Department of Columbia, Headquarters in the Field.

Your couriers bearing dispatches stating that you would leave Kamia on the 30th, arrived this morning. Have notified Gen'l. Gibbon, supposed to be within three days march, with 80 men, also Gov. Potts. Am advised by scout that hostile camp is at Corvallis, 30 miles from here, taking their time. I met them in the canyon [Lo-Lo], interviewed them twice, informed them they must disarm and dismount. White Bird and Looking Glass present. They showed disposition to fight, but after making a few demonstrations in front, exchanging a few shots, passed me on flank and got in valley. Had 25 regulars and about 150 volunteers from Bitter Root. Latter left after they understood that Indians would let them alone in valley. Have now 3 Comp's. (Regulars) 70 men. Start tomorrow to try and delay them, as per your letter and Gen'l. Gibbon's order. Will get volunteers, if I can.

Have sent word to Gov. Potts, that it appears from information gained from men who know the country, that Indians intend to go through Big Hole or Elk City trail.

By sending his 300 Militia ordered mustered in, direct from Deer Lodge to Big Hole Prairie, can head them off.

Camp near Missoula, M. T., Aug. 2nd, 1877.

Rawn to Gen. Gibbon.

Your dispatch of Aug. 1st rec'd. about midnight. Report from up the valley that Indians still moving slowly (five or six miles a day). My scout (spoken of in previous dispatch) who has been in their camp and observing them for two days should have got in or sent me word of their movements last night as per arrangement. Am afraid they may have suspected and captured him. There are small parties of them scattered round here and there through the valley. Two of their braves have disappeared mysteriously. I am pretty well satisfied that they will not hurry out of the valley until they know that your command and Howard's have arrived. They are watching and know nearly everything that is going on. Had ordered command up valley today, but since your despatch will wait until you arrive and have ordered Q. M. to hold Kerkendall's wagons for transporting us. If Gov. Potts should follow the suggestion I gave him, based upon reports of men who know the country, his Militia from Deer Lodge should head them off from Big Hole Prairie which all their movements indicate they are going to.

Headquarters, Post near Missoula, M. T., September 30, 1877.

Rawn to Assistant Adjutant General, Department of Dakota, St. Paul, Minn.

In compliance with circular letter from Headquarters Department of Dakota dated September 12th, 1877, I have the honor to make the following report.

In obedience to Orders No. 2 from Headquarters District of Montana of January 5, 1877, I on June 9th, 1877, left Fort Shaw, M. T. in command of Companies A and I, 7th Infantry, en route for Missoula, M. T. at which place a new post was to be established. My Company "I" was intended to compose the regular garrison, the other one to assist in the erection of quarters, etc. After a march of two hundred and seventeen miles, over a well traveled wagon road, reached this station on June 25, 1877.

Immediately after my arrival here the work of building the post commenced and
considering the few men of the troops who could render any assistance as mechanics and the fact that the necessary lumber had to be procured several miles from the garrison and then only in such quantities as a small saw-mill could cut it, together with other causes which will be given hereafter in this communication, the work of erection has progressed as rapidly as could, under the circumstances be expected.

Information having reached here that the hostile Nez Perces Indians were coming in this direction via Loo Loo pass, 2nd Lieut. Francis Woodbridge, 7th Infantry, with four enlisted men was directed to move that way for the purpose of reconnoitering the movements of the enemy and reporting their approach. He 'Lieut. Woodbridge' and party left here on the 18th of July and having waited until the 21st of July without receiving any intelligence from him in regard to the Indians, I on that date ordered 1st Lieut. C. A. Coolidge to proceed to the pass and penetrate as far thru it as he prudently could, furnishing me with any news of movement which might come to his knowledge. He was accompanied by one soldier and a small party of citizens volunteers. On the 22nd he came up with Lieut. Woodbridge and party who were returning towards Missoula, having scouted the Loo Loo as far as the Clearwater. On that day a half breed, who had been a prisoner in the Nez Perces camp, but who managed to escape therefrom, caught up with the detachments in the pass and gave information as to the whereabouts of the Indians and the route they were to travel. Lieut. Woodbridge despatched a courier to me with the information which I received on the same day. The truth of this report was soon made manifest and spread such alarm in the Bitter-Root Valley that companies were organized to repel the Indians. The people of Missoula also formed volunteer associations for the purpose of protecting themselves. The excitement increasing, I on the 25th of July with every available man that could be spared, proceeded to Loo Loo, entrenched my command in what I considered the most defensible and least easily flanked part of the canon, between the Indians and Bitter-Root valley. This was about eight miles from the mouth of the canon and two miles from the camp of the hostiles. My intentions were with my force, "5 commissioned officers and 30 enlisted men" and assisted by the citizens volunteers, to compel the Indians to surrender their arms and ammunition and to dispute their passage by force of arms, into the Bitter-root valley.

On the 27th of July, I had a talk with Chiefs Joseph, White Bird and Looking Glass, who proposed if allowed to pass unmolested, to march peaceably thru the Bitter-root valley, but I refused to allow them to pass unless they complied with my stipulations as to the surrender of their arms. For the purpose of gaining time for General Howards forces to get up, and for General Gibbon to arrive from Ft. Shaw, I appointed a meeting for the 28th with Looking Glass accompanied by one Indian and myself accompanied by Delawar Jim—interpreter—, the meeting to take place in an open prairie and not within range of the rifles of their camp. The meeting was had accordingly, but I submitted to him the same conditions as before, to wit: that if they wished to enter the valley, they must disarm and dismount, surrendering all stock. Looking Glass said that he would talk to his people and would tell me what they said at 9:00 AM the next day. Distrusting him, I would not agree to that hour but proposed 12"M. We separated without agreement. Nothing satisfactory having resulted from the conference, I returned to the breastworks expecting to be attacked.

In the meantime that portion of the volunteers, some 100 or more, representing Bitter-root valley, hearing that the Nez-Perces promised to pass peaceably through it, determined that no act of hostility on their part should provoke the Indians to a contrary measure, and without leave, left in squads of from one to a dozen.

On the 28th the Indians moved from the canon to the hills, ascending the sides one half mile in my front, passed my flank and went into the Bitter-root valley. As soon as I found that they were passing around me, and hearing that they had attacked a rear guard I had established to prevent desertions, I abandoned this breastworks, formed a skirmish line across the canon with my regulars and such of the volunteers as I

* Historical marker erected on site by Missoula Kiwanis Club in Sept. 1934.
could control and advanced in the direction the Indians had gone.

They did not accept a fight but retreated up the Bitter-root. At the mouth of the Loo Loo and before reaching it, all the volunteers had left me, but a dozen to twenty Missoula men, and I was obliged to return to this post.

Some of the people at Stevensville and Corvallis traded with these Indians for everything they desired, whiskey included and in one case ammunition.

The garrison was increased by the arrival on July 29, 1877, from Ft. Ellis of Company G, 7th Infantry.

On the 4th of August, Companies A, G and I—the troops at this post—marched together with D, F and K companies under command of Colonel John Gibbon, 7th Infantry in pursuit of the Nez-Perces who were reported as having passed through the Bitter-root valley in the direction of Big Hole, M. T. On the evening of the eighth, intelligence was received that the Indians were camped within seven miles on a branch of the Big Hole. The command was halted and train corralled, orders being issued forbidding all fires and requiring the command to be in readiness in lightest marching order, to march at 11:00 PM. The command started at that hour, all on foot and proceeded by the Nez-Perces trail to a point overlooking the Indian camp, arriving about 1:00 AM and deployed as skirmishers here along the trail and sat down to wait for daylight.

On the morning of the ninth, some portion of the troops becoming engaged, the whole line was ordered to charge the village and did so in good style, despite the difficult ground,—swampy and full of brush—they were obliged to charge over. I refrain from giving a minute description of the fight, as General Gibbon has, I presume, done so before now, but I cannot but express the highest praise of the bravery and coolness of the men. Having the whole line under my eye, I did not see a single man hesitate or falter, the principal difficulty being to restrain their ardor and save their ammunition.

I do not suppose that it is necessary to give the names of the enlisted men who were killed or wounded in the fight as their names have long before this been furnished Department Headquarters. The casualties among that portion of my command were as follows:

- **Company “A”**
  - Killed in action: 1
  - Wounded: 4

- **Company “G”**
  - Killed in action: 6
  - Wounded: 4

- **Company “I”**
  - Killed in action: 3
  - Wounded: 4

- **Det. Cavalry attached to Co. “G”**
  - Killed in action: 1
  - Wounded: 1

Captain William Logan commanding Company “A” 7th Infantry was killed in action and 1st Lieutenant William L. English, Company “I” 7th Infantry died of wounds received in action. 1st Lieut. Charles A. Coolidge, Company “A” 7th Infantry was severely wounded. These were the only casualties among the commissioned officers who belong to this post.

The distance from here to the Big Hole is about one hundred and twenty one miles.

The four companies have been stationed here since and in addition to the regular military duties have rendered such assistance as was necessary in the building of the post. The officers quarters and the company quarters are under good headway and the Commissary and Quartermaster storehouses has already been used for storing supplies. A large cellar is being dug for the purpose of preserving such articles of subsistence stores as might be injured by being frozen.

A corral has been partly completed, in fact considering the hardships the troops have undergone, the Indian Campaigns and the skeleton strength of the companies, I am well pleased with the progress made in the construction of the new post.

On the 19th of September under instructions of the District Commander, Captain G.
S. Browning with four enlisted men, was ordered to proceed to Stevensville, about thirty miles from here to arrest a Nez Perces chief named Perische, who is now a prisoner at the post. The arrival of this Chief increased the number of Indian Prisoners to four, one of whom—Amos—was seized at the LoLo, the other two were captured by Lieuts. Jones and Bloom, 4th Artillery in the pass and are supposed to have been in the Big Hole fight.

A detachment of one commissioned officer—2nd Lieut. J. T. Van Orsdale, 7th Infantry—and six enlisted men of the command left the post on September 20th for the battlefield of the Big Hole, with instructions to reinter the bodies of their comrades who had fallen in that fight, as information was received that several of the graves were opened and the bodies buried therein dragged to the surface by bears and other animals. The report of Lieut. Van Orsdale enclosed.

Headquarters Fort Missoula, M. T., October 8th, 1879.


In compliance with your verbal request that I should furnish you with certain data in regard to this post and its surroundings (taking in a pretty good scope of country) I hasten to do so, regretting that the dilatoriness of others whom I was obliged to consult, prevented its being transmitted more promptly.

INDIAN TRIBES LOCATED IN THIS SECTION OF COUNTRY: Three tribes have their homes in this region viz: The Flatheads, numbering about 470 souls; The Pend d’Oreilles, 1,000; and the Kootenais, 500. The Flatheads are divided into two bands, one being located at the general agency for the Flatheads, Pend d’Oreilles and Kootenais in the neighborhood of the Jocko river, about 32 miles from here, the other in the neighborhood of Stevensville, in the Bitterroot Valley (28 miles to the south of us) scattered up and down the Bitterroot river possibly a distance of 18 miles. The band at the Agency is under the leadership of ‘ARLEIGH’ who was, I believe, created a Chief by the Commissioners who treated with these Indians some seven years since. It numbers 120 souls, and is the recipient yearly, of an annuity of $5000.00. The band at or in the neighborhood of Stevensville, numbers about 350 souls (to whom about 25 Nez Perces have attached themselves) having for its Chief ‘Charlot’ who is the son of the former Chief ‘Victor’ who was originally chief of the whole Flathead tribes. In 1855 Governor Stevens made a treaty with the Flatheads, which was ratified by Congress in 1859, and which only expired during the present year. Owing to Charlot’s band having failed to remove to the reservation in compliance with the directions of the Commissioner who visited this section of country seven years since, the government has, I believe, declined to provide for them since that time. This, I think is to be regretted for I am informed, that when the Nez Perces made their appearance among them at Stevensville, just previous to General Gibbons’ fight at the Big Hole and endeavored to induce them to join them, they declined, thereby unquestionably saving from annihilation the very settlers who are at present occupying much of their land. They are even now looking anxiously to see if Commissioners will be sent by the Government this fall to do something for them. I really think the great cause of their remaining quiet this long, is entirely attributable to the presence of Catholic Missionaries among them, who, certainly exert wonderful influence in this respect. I think this remark may be said to apply with equal force, possibly, to the remaining tribes. Despite of the disadvantages under which Charlot’s band labor, I am told that some 35 families till the soil.

HABITS OF THE TRIBES PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED. As a general thing, they are peaceful, subsisting to a great extent by hunting and fishing, as well as farming to a limited degree, the Government furnishing some aid. Firearms are used by all the males, being procured by trading with the neighboring tribes and undisciplined white men. Being well supplied with horses, they move about a great deal, sometimes they go after Buffalo to the east of the Rocky Mountains, and upon application, a few men are sent with them, from this post. The
game in this immediate region cannot be said to be abundant, consisting of deer, Rocky Mountain Sheep and goats. Trout however are exceedingly plentiful in the "Bitterroot" the "Lolo" the "Jocko" and the "St. Regis Borgia." I myself caught in the Bitterroot yesterday, one which measured thirty one inches and weighed nine pounds, this with delicate rod and tackle,—whilst I have been the recipient, quite recently, of several caught in the Jocko by Indians, all of them large fish, the largest one of which measured 36 inches and weighed 13 lbs.

Major Ronan who is in charge of the Jocko Agency informed me that the Indians of this section have 4000 acres under cultivation, that some mechanics have been employed to assist them, and that goods to a limited extent are issued them. I am unable to ascertain that officers from this post have been called upon to witness any payments of annuities, etc.

I should judge that Major Ronan is popular with the tribes which he represents. It is true Chief ‘Arleigh‘ made complaint several weeks since about the distribution of some hay which had been cut on the reservation, he claiming half of it, but inasmuch as he had failed to furnish some of the force to cut it (as he had agreed to do) Major Ronan did not feel himself under obligation to cut said hay for him.

In addition to the Catholic Mission established at Stevensville (previously spoken of) another exists at Sonielem Creek called “St. Ignatius” about 53 miles from here and which exerts the usual peaceful influence upon the Indians under Major Ronan’s charge, both of the missions have, I believe, most excellent schools, admirably attended.

The white population is somewhat sparse in this region. The nearest town to us is Missoula, four miles to the East of us, just across the Hell-Gate river, and numbers 500 souls. It boasts of an hotel, a bank, a half-dozen stores, drug store, hardware store and grist mill, whilst two saw-mills (steam) are located on little streams emptying into the “Hell-Gate”, possibly five or six miles distant. Frenchtown, another little village of one hundred and eighty inhabitants, is situated further down the Hell-Gate on the right hand bank, about 14 miles below. Stevesville (previously mentioned as being located on the “Bitterroot” 30 miles above us) numbers 150 inhabitants, whilst scattered up and down the river may be, possibly 400 people engaged in agricultural pursuits. No doubt quite a number of white people, are scattered thru the mountains, mining.

No organization, exists, I believe, among the white people for protection against the Indians. As yet, since my arrival at this post, no complaints have been made for depredations by either Whites or Indians, whilst both stages, and travellers, pass on their respective ways unmolested. Beyond doubt the liquor law is violated, as far as the Indians are concerned, but by whom, or to what extent is not known. In fact, it is a matter the Military cannot possibly control, civil authority being supreme here.

The soil in this region along the water courses, is most admirably adapted for raising first rate hay, magnificent oats, and the finest kind of vegetables of all kinds, which are furnished at reasonable rates, together with a good quality of fuel. Good flour can also be had very cheap. A want of a market will necessarily have the effect of keeping produce low for a long time to come. Plenty of wood can be procured (Pine and Tamarack) within five or six miles of the post. In fact, the Government has a wood reservation in a Mountain Canon about that distance from us, embracing 1600 acres. On it is most excellent timber for building purposes, and it is only for want of a good steam saw mill, combining planing and lath machine with other improvements, that we are unable to finish the post ourselves according to the original plan. Said reservation was visited by me within the past few days. Crops can be raised in this vicinity without irrigating, though irrigation is resorted to considerably.

Supplies are forwarded to this post by boat from Bismarck to Benton, and from the latter point to Fort Missoula by contract, via Ft. Shaw, Helena and Deer Lodge, trail wagons being used.

Whist stock can be readily raised here, it strikes me, possibly, that the neighborhood of Fort Shaw is better for the purpose. The streams are liable to rise in the spring, being fed by snows which fall in the mountains.

*Generally spelled Senielemen, an Indian word meaning meeting place.
close by. Undoubtedly the Mullan road is much affected by freshets as shown by the number of bridges which Captain Penrose was obliged to construct in repairing it quite recently. As far as I am able to judge, the roads are used more by miners than emigrants.

Passes through the Rocky Mountain chain: Indian Agent Ronan informs me that five passes pierce the main range bounding the Flathead Reservation on the east, viz: One sixty miles north of Flathead Lake, one at the Crow Creek, 12 miles North of St. Ignatius Mission, one at the Flathead Agency following up the Jocko river to its head, one at the head of Flathead Lake and one up the Blackfoot river. The passes more immediately in the vicinity of Fort Missoula, are “Hell-Gate” pass four miles distant in a northeasterly direction, “Coeur d’Alene” directly west and “Lou-Lou” nine miles south of the post.

The Hell-Gate pass is the one by which the post is approached from Helena and Deer-Lodge, the Mullan road being built along it, and which is continued westward through the Coeur d’Alene. The most important pass however, as far as Indians are concerned is believed to be the Lou-Lou, as it opens into the Bitterroot valley from Idaho, being the great northern trail for the Nez Perces from the Clearwater country going east by the Hell-Gate. Three miles above the town of Missoula, in the Hell-Gate pass, what is known as “Cadottes” pass, commences at the mouth of the Big Blackfoot river, running up said river in a northeasterly direction until the headwaters of the Dearborn river are reached. By this pass cavalry with packs have been enabled to pass from this place to Fort Shaw.

Whilst Captain Penrose was repairing the Mullan Road in the Coeur d’Alene pass recently, he reported that Indians were constantly passing to and fro, they being unknown to him.

From its peculiar location in such close proximity to so many important passes, I cannot but think that Ft. Missoula is destined to play an important part in controlling the Indians of the western slope who are in the habit of raiding in this direction, but not with its present weak depleted garrison of four little Infantry companies, numbering in all 137 enlisted men, to whom will be added shortly, possibly, some 35 recruits from Fort Shaw, the Headqrs. of the Regt., none of the command being mounted. During the past summer and fall, three of our companies have been actively employed, two in repairing the Mullan road 119 miles west of here, the third in constructing a telegraph line from this place to Helena. The last mentioned Company is still out. The consequence has been, that it was with exceeding great difficulty that a sufficient number of men could be found available for guard purposes and conducting the affairs of the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments, 15 men and 2 non-commissioned officers being required daily to guard the prisoners, QM stables and Forage house, QM and Commissary warehouses, the Hay shed and Magazine.

Quite recently a letter was received by me to rebuild the double set of officers quarters burned to the ground last winter, as well as to erect a new forage house, which work has just been entered upon by me. In a conversation had with delegate “McGinnis” who visited this section some ten days since, he expressed himself as being quite sanguine in regard to securing this winter a final appropriation for the completion of the post. Unfortunately in both cases, a resort has to be had to the labor of soldiers almost entirely, as the estimates had to be based on that kind of labor, which will have the effect of weakening still further this command, as far as offensive operations are concerned. Under the circumstances then, and in view of rumors having reached here (which were communicated to Dept. Hdqrs. several days since) that possibly some disaffected Nez Perces, Umatillas and Spokane would band together next spring to pass eastward ostensibly after buffalo, which would bring them through here. I have thought possibly it would be advisable for the Lieutenant-General to increase my force somewhat (if even temporarily) by ordering two or three companies of Cavalry into Camp at this place for the summer. I think they could be taken care of more cheaply here, than at any other point in the territory, forage being so exceedingly low

*Martin Maginnis, Montana delegate to Congress.
and of such excellent quality. Hay this year, cut within four and one half miles of the post cost $11.97 per ton, and oats $1.47 per hundred lbs. It is believed hay will be sold next year at $10.50. The oats raised in this region weigh from 28 to 44 lbs per bushel. Flour is only worth $2.25 per hundred. Potatoes from 25 to 40 cents per bushel and onions from ¼ to ½ cent per pound and other vegetables in proportion.

In regard to the white population in this region, I beg leave to submit the following estimate furnished by Mr. Frank Woody of Missoula, a gentleman well acquainted with this portion of the Territory.

Estimated population of Missoula County:
- Missoula and immediate vicinity: 500
- Frenchtown: 180
- Stevensville: 150
- Corvallis: 100
- Skalkaho: 75
- Population of Bitterroot valley outside of towns: 400
- Scattered population of Hell-Gate & Grass Valleys: 300
- In Nine-Mile mining camp: 60
- In Cedar Creek mining camp: 40
- In Quartz Creek & Windfall mining camps: 40
- In Flathead Lake County: 20
- In Horse plains County: 10

Total: 1875

The Flathead Lake country is a stock country and distant some 150 miles north of Missoula. Horse Plains is some 90 miles distant N.W. Cedar Creek, Quartz Creek and Windfall are distant from 60 to 80 miles west of Missoula. The Bitterroot valley is some 60 miles long and the settlers are scattered throughout nearly the entire valley.

Concerning the transportation of this post, whilst the report of the A.A.Q.M. recently rendered, shows to be on hand the following, viz: 22 horses, 89 mules, 1 ambulance, 13 Army wagons, 1 escort wagon, 3 spring wagons, 30 aperejos, 2 carts, 2 cart harness (sets) 48 SS sets wheel harness, 78 SS lead harness, 19 saddles wagon and 14 saddles riding, it would be better represented reading thus—of the 22 horses only 2 are serviceable, 20 having been condemned and ordered sold. Of the 89 mules, 78 are serviceable, 11 having been condemned and ordered sold. Of the 13 wagons, one is a water wagon, one being arranged as a dump cart on a large scale, the remaining 11 needing repairs, various kinds, from constant usage, the majority having encountered very severe usage in removing obstacles from the Mullan road. Of the 3 spring wagons, one needs repairs. Of the 48 SS wheel harness, 16 sets are new, 22 sets old and 10 sets unserviceable. Of the 78 SS lead harness, 28 sets are new, 38 sets old and 12 sets are unserviceable. Of the 19 saddles wagon, 12 are new and 7 unserviceable and of the 14 riding saddles, 12 are new and 2 unserviceable.

In connection with the condemnation of the foregoing mentioned 20 horses, a Board was convened at this post for the purchase of 30 horses for use here, but were obliged to adjourn on account of being only able to procure but one. I have deemed it advisable not to sell the used up ones, poor as they are, until they can be replaced and have so reported to Dept. Hdprs. Virtually I am unable to mount a dozen of men in case of an emergency requiring expedition.

Since writing the foregoing portion of my answers to the interrogations propounded by you, in course of conversation with Mr. Demers of Frenchtown in relation to the passes of this region, he gave me to understand that the Coeur d'Alene pass was one that was much used by Spokanes, Umatillas and Nez Perces and now that the obstructions along the Mullan wagon road had been so well removed during the past summer, that unquestionably it would induce more than ever to come this way. Twenty seven thousand sheep and three hundred horses came this way quite recently.

Whilst, as will be recollected, I have stated that, I have been troubled with few or no complaints since my arrival here, of difficulties between the Indians and the Whites, yet I am informed that when the season for planting sets in, that many troubles arise in the Bitterroot valley, caused by the encroachments of the whites upon Charlot's band.

During the past few days, observing a number of this band passing eastward through the town of Missoula by the Hell-Gate pass (men, women and children) I dispatched a letter by courier to the Rev. Father D'Aste' in charge of the mission at Stev-
ensville, asking explanation. He promptly replied that they had started eastward for the purpose of hunting buffalo in the Musselshell country, giving me their numbers and the route they proposed travelling, which information I promptly transmitted to the District Comdr. at Helena. By a ruling of the War Department, the Bitter-root Flatheads are regarded as “Domesticated Indians” who are to be permitted to go to and fro as they please, being subject to the laws of Montana only. As a consequence they passed my post by without deeming it necessary to call upon me for a little escort. Charlot the head chief remained at home. Father D'Aste' told me a short time since that permitting these Indians to roam at will through the settlements, on their road to the buffalo country, was perfectly ruinous to them, on account of the young men getting hold of whiskey and becoming unmanageable. Leaving whiskey out of the question, they conduct themselves very well. Still it is to be regretted that the Government does not move in the matter of doing something for them this winter.

Your attention was especially called during your sojourn at the post to its unfinished condition, so that nothing more need be said by me on that subject.

A more serious difficulty which the troops serving at the distant posts in the northwest labor under, is the manner in which they are supplied with recruits. For the second time they have been dispatched by the last boat up the Missouri (instead of sending them early in the season (which necessitated their being marched overland from Cow Island (on account of the lowness of the water) to their destination and this frequently in most inclement weather. My impression is after receiving the 35 men expected from Fort Shaw by Capt. Penrose, next spring will again see my little command of 4 companies sadly depleted by further discharges.
As a whole Mr. Glasscock has produced a work which should be interesting not only to all Montanans, past, present, and future, but to all who enjoy a picaresque tale. Clark, Daly and Heinze, the stars of the performance, named in accordance with the best stage tradition, in the order of their appearance in the great drama of Montana copper production, emerge as definitely heroic figures.

The story opens with the discovery of gold in Alder Gulch, and follows the placer miners to Butte and Silver Bow. W. A. Clark, born in Pennsylvania, appears as a Missouri school teacher attracted via Colorado to Montana in 1863 by the lure of wealth in the placer camps of the west. Speedily, as shrewd men have always done, Clark realized there was more money in trade than in shovelling gravel into a sluicebox. From freighting and trading it was, for him, a short step to banking in Deer Lodge by 1860. By this time men "had panned the speckled sand and seen the bonny dust" on Silver Bow Creek, and eventually discovered the lodes from which it derived. Clark, the capitalist, appears upon the scene and buys an interest in the more promising quartz veins.

1876 brings Marcus Daly, hard-fisted Irish immigrant with a "nose for ore" trained on the Comstock lode, and with experienced mining capital behind him.

"Daly's vision was broader, grander. While Clark planned to gather a vast personal fortune, Daly planned to build the western territory of Montana into an empire of untold riches coming from the Butte hill."

This all sounds a little post hoc, but in any event the quotation describes the ultimate outcome. Clark was a money-maker, Daly an empire-builder. The fortunes of Daly and Clark, and hence of Butte are followed with abundant local color and local politics.

In 1888 F. Augustus Heinze, a young handsome Brooklyn boy of German Lutheran parentage—with perhaps a touch of Jewish blood in his veins—arrives in Butte fresh from Columbia School of Mines; the contest between Clark and Daly becomes a triangle, and the plot thickens.

"Physically, Heinze was superior in appearance to either (Clark or Daly). Mentally, he possessed some of the more effective qualities of both. He had a finer cultural background than either. When dressed for a social function he had all of Clark's immaculate appearance and ingratiating manner. When mixing with miners below ground, with the millmen in the refining plants he had all of Daly's unassuming charm and popularity."

But Heinze had more than charm. "He leased the promising Estella mine, . . . when the lease expired Heinze offered fifty percent (royalty) on all ores running fifteen percent copper and nothing on so-called second-class ores returning less than that percentage . . . and the papers were signed. From that time until the expiration of the lease, every ton of ore hoisted from the mine consistently ran under fifteen percent. Heinze took it all. Heinze's miners simply caved down the country rock beside the vein and mined it with the ore."

The owner brought suit and Heinze won the first of his endless legal battles.

From then on, Butte appears as a hotbed of legal, political, and labor union battles, in which ultimately the entire state became more or less involved—to the immense profit of lawyers, expert witnesses, lobbyists, and walking delegates.

The closing chapters deal with the Wall Street manipulation of copper stocks, trusts, and combinations. There is nothing new in them. The copper barons were no better and no worse than the rest.

None of the still-living protagonists of one side or the other, with whom I have talked, confesses himself as entirely satisfied with Mr. Glasscock's portrayal of his hero. This fact is susceptible of two interpretations: either the author has painted all three of the principals in too dark colors, or he has written without conscious bias either for or against any one of the triumvirate. I suspect the latter is the case.

The bugle has blown its last reveille over the bodies of the three great warriors, and this reviewer has no stomach for the dirt which their henchmen threw at each other and finds himself wishing that the author had had less also. The book is in many ways reminiscent of the muck-raking tendencies of Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens, and
although this does not detract from the interest of the story, it leads one to question its scholarliness. Interesting and in certain respects fascinating as the work is, it is nevertheless exasperating to a careful reader. The lack of coherent sequence and the frequency of cross-currents in the chronology of the story is often annoying. For example, Chapters X and XI covering some twenty-five pages, and apparently a period of seven or eight years comprising some of the most important incidents of the story, including Heinze's excursion into the Kootenay country in British Columbia, includes just one single definite date. In addition Chapter X begins with incidents which must have happened at least four years prior to those related in Chapter IX. A conscious effort seems also to have been made by the author to avoid any possibility of his references being verified. On page 154 we find, "according to a report of the incident published some years later in a magazine of national circulation."

Did the author fail to note the name and date of the national magazine? Again, on page 197, in the story of the senatorial election of 1900, "Witness extracts from an article published by a metropolitan newspaper in the autumn of 1900."

This kind of thing occurs repeatedly. Is the name of the paper a secret? But mayhap Mr. Glasscock knows his reading public better than this reviewer. Presumably the book is in some respect a "pot-boiler."

Apparently Mr. Glasscock writes for the uncritical reader—the reader who does not care particularly whether the statements made are verifiable or not. It is said that the instruction is given to the Hearst reporters "To hell with the facts, get the news." Certainly "The war of the Copper Kings" is sensational and therefore interesting. Had Mr. Glasscock known that it was not recorded until January 18, 1876, he might have written better. On page 72 it is said that prior to 1872 "W. L. Farlin located the Travona mine and shipped its ore."

The records in the Silver Bow Courthouse show that the first location of the Travona was not recorded until January 18, 1876. On page 72 there is mention of the war with Chief Joseph and page 73 is the statement "The Indians fled to the Snake River Country and were eventually rounded up by General Miles."

As, of course, every school child in the northwest knows, Joseph and his band surrendered in central Montana while en route to Canada.

On page 145 is the old chestnut of Jim (William?) Ledford "who revealed to the world the secret of recovering copper (by precipitation from mine water,) a scientific fact overlooked by all the metallurgists, mill men and smelter men in the world."

John Percy, in his classic text-book "Metallurgy" published in London, 1861, records exactly this process as practiced on the Isle of Anglesea and gives as reference Aikin's "Tour Through North Wales, etc., 1797!"

Furthermore, according to a paper by J. C. Febles of Butte, published in the Transactions of the American Institute of Mining Engineers (the Montana Volume 1913)—which Mr. Glasscock might well have consulted—it is specifically stated that a Mr. Miller of East Butte antedated Ledford by a year in the application of this process to Butte mine-water. And in addition it was water from the St. Lawrence mine and not the Anaconda to which this process was applied both by Miller and by Ledford. (A lobster is a red fish which walks backward.)

On page 241, discussing events immediately following Clark's election to the Senate in 1900, Glasscock says: "Thereupon he (Clark) sold out to the Amalgamated turning over to the trust a large part of his most coveted property in Butte" (and again on page 300) "Before the weaklings died on the way," which does not breathe in Glasscock's writings.

Technical inaccuracies are not a conspicuous feature of the book, in fact Mr. Glasscock, for a layman, handles his mining terminology accurately and well. A demonstration of course his well-known familiarity with mining operations, in the midst of which it is understood he was born and grew up, but it also makes less excusable the innumerable errors of fact with which the book fairly bristles. To point out a few of the more glaring blunders entirely outside the fields of political and legal controversy in which the truth will perhaps never be known:

On page 58 it is stated that prior to 1872 "W. L. Farlin located the Travona mine and shipped its ore."

The records in the Silver Bow Courthouse show that the first location of the Travona was not recorded until January 18, 1876.

On page 72 there is mention of the war with Chief Joseph and page 73 is the statement "The Indians fled to the Snake River Country and were eventually rounded up by General Miles."

As, of course, every school child in the northwest knows, Joseph and his band surrendered in central Montana while en route to Canada.

On page 145 is the old chestnut of Jim (William?) Ledford "who revealed to the world the secret of recovering copper (by precipitation from mine water,) a scientific fact overlooked by all the metallurgists, mill men and smelter men in the world."

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death of Senator W. A. Clark at the age of eighty-six, it (Anaconda) purchased his still extensive remaining assets in Montana."

The entire chapter entitled "Clark leaves Heinze to hold the Bag" is built around Clark's alleged desertion of Butte and of Heinze. Let us look at the facts, all of which were as easily accessible to the author as to the reviewer. In 1900 Clark sold nothing of any moment to Amalgamated or any one else. Indeed, no significant transfers were made until 1910, when the Original, Steward, and certain other Clark properties were purchased by Anaconda. The balance of Clark's Montana holdings was not sold to the Anaconda Company until October 1928, two years after Senator Clark's death.

These four glaring errors are chosen from a list of twenty or more, which were noted in reading the book twice and are quoted not to be captions but to show that Mr. Glasscock's desire to be entertaining is greater than his desire to be accurate.

The story of Butte is a great story—a story of hardship, of struggle against odds, and of the final triumph of brave and resourceful men over the forces of nature: Mr. Glasscock has told it in part, and has done a useful service in recording the names of the pioneers in readable form and has thus helped to preserve some of the minor characters from oblivion. Whether the fact that he has done so, will prevent a more careful and more skillful writer from ever doing a better job remains to be seen. I hope not. Parenthetically, it is suggested that subsequent writers on Butte might well keep in mind that it has a present and a future, as well as a picturesque past.

The author's dedication of the book "To the Old Dealers, in sympathy with their errors and admiration of their accomplishments" almost redeems it, and might charitably be applied equally to the author.

Butte, Montana  Francis A. Thomson

The Surrounded. D'Arcy McNickle. Dodd, Mead and Co., 1936. $2.00.

Too much sentiment has been gushed about the white man's treatment of the Indian. What the red man has needed is understanding, and that few writers have given him. Mr. McNickle in this novel of perplexity of the whole Flathead tribe by white man's regulations and civilization, more at home in and desirous of return to their own way of life. The novel is not problem fiction, however; it is a genuine story with several moments of emotional power.

A poet wrote this novel. Throughout runs the lyric note, pure and clear. Poetic imagination has both conceived the story and molded the language. The poet's sure selection of the significant, core ideas is everywhere apparent. And like the poet, who passes on to other matters when he has achieved satisfactory expression for one, Mr. McNickle leaves episodes that have been finely etched in what seems to the reader isolation. Each episode is clear, complete, like the weather—clean bone on the plains that is yet essential to the skeleton; still, there it lies sufficient in itself, hard, glittering, beautiful.

Another element besides poetic imagination has contributed to this method of storytelling that is less coherent than the usual one: the Indian tells his stories thus. He states a matter condensedly and offers no elucidation. Any one with intelligence, he seems to imply, can get the meaning, why say too much? The Indian is not curious of comment, either general or minute; he seldom bothers to put into his speech the expressed coherence to which the white man is accustomed. The Indian's telling of a tale is likely to seem to us, therefore, disconnected, with parts not fully expressed. Something of this same laconic handling and paucity of details enters into the conception, the method and the style, all three, of Mr. McNickle's novel, giving it a tone especially expressive of its material. Incident follows incident without expressed coherence, the reader having to use his penetrating wits to catch the significance of each to the whole unit. Hence, too, a story or a legend will be inserted and allowed by the author to be its own justification; he will not point out the significance, which to him is obvious.

Mr. McNickle is the poet, also, in his lively sympathy, his tolerance, his emotional understanding. He is not hard on human nature even when displaying what most persons consider vice. Even the blundering white agent of the reservation receives mellow understanding. The Spanish father of Archilde, the book's principal person, when he has cast off his Indian wife and become bitter lives as a likable person rather than as one to be condemned. The Indian mother throwing off her early-acquired white man's religion and living in what seems to be squalor and stolidity has the resolvability and the beauty of her thought and feeling. The white trader, who comes in more heavily for the author's scorn than any other character, is nevertheless understood.

This is a racial book, regional writing, an interesting story, a lyric narrative, a poet's expression of serious matter. It is a remarkable book. An extract will convey its general tone: "At the creek's edge he sat on an old log and listened to the water
which, though night had come, was still awake, swirling in eddies, slapping upon stones. Owls talked back and forth. There were odors of the thimbleberry, of wet gravel, and, he thought, of fish, but that was imagination. It was a peculiar thing how images of such things entwined themselves into one's life: they were nothing that could be touched and yet they had strength and substance. He had come a thousand miles because of their pull upon him: someday they might pull him from across half the world."

H. G. M.


The three novels in this group have two things in common: they have regional significance for the Northwest and they are written from a social point of view. Mr. Brinig once more chooses Butte as his scene, and again "the richest hill on earth" throws its shadow over the lives of his characters. Mr. Havighurst recreates the wet winter weather, the streets and docks of Seattle as his background, while Miss Weatherwax takes for her setting the logging camps and lumber mills around Aberdeen, Washington. The social consciousness of the three writers ranges from Mr. Brinig's haunting sense that all is not well with the old American order and his vague, humanitarian pity for its victims through Mr. Havighurst's tenuous balancing of revolutionary action on the part of workers against the cloistered calm of the intellectual, to Miss Weatherwax's thorough-going acceptance of the theory of class struggle. In this connection, it is interesting and heartening to note that of the three writers, Miss Weatherwax presents the most unimpeachable American ancestry: she springs from Mayflower New England stock and fourteen of her forbears fought in the American War of Independence. Unlike most members of the D. A. R. who are determined that the first American Revolution shall be the last, she follows a line of reasoning that stems from Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, both of whom vigorously upheld the right of the people to change their form of government.

Of the three, Mr. Brinig is much the most competent craftsman. His prose is easy and fluid, his characters drawn so deftly that they exist, lifelike and in the round, for the reader. Though he is not a literary experimentalist, he adopts in The Sun Sets in the West several devices of contemporary technique: he has selected a large group of persons by the chance circumstance that they live in the 800 block of a street in Copper City, he brings them together in Sandor's store and then scatters them to their individual pursuits, and he employs the mass action of a strike as his climax. The strike, however, is more incidental to, than a culmination of, his plot, and the thread of personal relationships by means of which he weaves his characters together is too slender to give his book organic unity.

The only integrating factor in his drama is that all the persons are suffering from some evil manifestation in modern life that the author leaves nameless. Leon Sandor suffers because his store, like most independent small enterprises, fails in competition with chain stores. His book-loving son, David, suffers because his one understanding friend, the librarian, has not a sufficiently strong personality to cope with the malice of her neighbors. James Turner is so absorbed by business that his wife becomes a reformist clubwoman, his mother a kleptomaniac, and his son turns for sympathy to a prostitute. Jim Hewitt, the Communist artist, suffers because he cannot reconcile his artistic pursuits with his political beliefs. Even the staunchest characters, Adam Mendelssohn, the junk dealer and his wife Sarah, suffer from the demands of their wastrel son. The only people who are untouched are Mrs. McGafferty and Mrs. Ford, having no part in the action of the drama, they stand above it and comment upon it shrewdly and saltily, somewhat in the manner of the chorus in Greek drama. The Sun Sets in the West would have been a better and more coherent novel—even by bourgeois standards—if Mr. Brinig had emphasized the motive of economic insecurity, which is really his major theme, and had developed his plot around it.

Pier 17 illustrates excellently the split personality of the intellectual who sympathizes with the workers' struggle for better conditions but cannot join in with a whole mind or a whole heart. Mr. Havighurst, who is both an Able Seaman and a member of the Department of English at Miami University, no doubt projects himself in the person of Adrian Scarf, his chief protagonist. Adrian wants to write and goes to sea to find material. Each of the four parts of the novel is preceded by a page or two taken from Adrian's notebook; here the self-conscious fine writing contrasts oddly with the
swift, full-bodied prose of the narrative which is built around the actual events of the Seattle marine strike in 1934. The Seamen's Union struck against a wage-cut of twenty percent imposed shortly after the men had taken a ten per cent cut. The Union picketed the waterfront, and after the Longshoremen's Union joined in a sympathetic strike, not a cargo moved. The loss to the shippers was so great that scabs were brought in, at three times the wages of the strikers, to break the tie-up, and in the rioting the violence that ensued the strike was lost. Mr. Havighurst handles skillfully the mass scenes in the Union Hall and on the picket lines, but his main interest is in the effect of the strike upon Adrian as an individual. And as Adrian does not understand the forces involved in the strike, the novel ends on a negative note: "I wanted to be in this strike, but I didn't think it would be this way. I'm lost and afraid."

Since *Marching! Marching!* won the prize of $750 offered jointly by the John Day Company and *The New Masses* for a novel on a proletarian theme, it follows as a matter of course that Miss Weatherwax hues to the Marxist line. Her freedom from reservations and intellectual dichotomies gives her book a passionate affirmation lacking in the other novels. Her characters are rank-and-file workers, unprivileged, maimed and scarred by the hard conditions of their labor, yet whose sense of responsibility to the group is so well developed that they present an unbroken front to capital, personified by the lumberman and mill-owner Bayliss. The workers are outraged by wage cuts, fatal accidents to their fellows caused by lack of proper safeguards, espionage, threats of fascist repression, and a brutal attack on Mario, the Filipino organizer and labor hero. The action rises to a dramatic crescendo when they vote to strike at a mass meeting in their Union Hall. The progress of the strike is related in press clippings, which tell how entrenched capital hires scab labor, cuts off relief from strikers, calls on such forces of law and order as vigilantes and the American Legion, and eventually brings out the militia. The book ends with a mass picket line of unarmed workers, marching up to drawn bayonets, and singing, "Hold the fort for we are coming! Workingmen, be strong!"

Miss Weatherwax is not without faults as a writer; her story is marred by lumps of ill-digested dialectic, and would read more easily with more punctuation. Conversation, one of the most difficult elements in creative writing, does not have the rhythm of natural speech. She makes surprising use of a stream-of-consciousness style, surprising because this device is an aid in giving a portrait in full relief of an individual character. And she, like many proletarian writers, is more interested in the group. There is a slight love interest between individuals, but her chief attention is focussed on a larger fellowship, that of the whole working class. Some readers may agree with Granny Whitlesley (who by a nice touch is a D. A. R. of Miss Weatherwax's persuasion) who thinks, "I don't like it, I don't like it . . . but it says something wonderful."

Proletarian Literature in the United States is a survey of fiction, poetry, drama, reportage and criticism, culled from published work of the last five years. As Mr. Freeman points out in his excellent introduction, proletarian literature is a new departure, one that grew out of the economic depression beginning in 1929 and the subsequent identification of a number of creative writers with the class-conscious aims of workers. Under the stimulus of writers who had already acquired technical proficiency, and out of the necessities of the situation, other writers of working class origin have risen from the ranks. The result is literature with an orientation in the struggle of the working class for its legitimate share of economic security and personal satisfactions. The history of proletarian literature is too short to ensure any flowering as yet of artistic expression, but because it is a product of the imperatives of our times, it has the vivid reality of the present. The writing, even where it is tentative and still experimenting with new forms of statement, has impact, possibly because the writers are sure of what they want to say although as yet unsure of how to say it.

The fiction section of the anthology contains short stories and excerpts from longer works, written by Robert Cantwell, Erskine Caldwell, Jack Conroy, Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, Michael Gold, Albert Haiper, Grace M. Lumpkin, and Josephine Herbst among others. Of these only Dos Passos had made his reputation much before 1930. The note of class struggle is dominant. The group is protagonist less often than the individual but the latter is usually symbolic of the group. This is a realistic approach to the difficulty of attracting attention to class problems in a society so individualistic as that of the United States. "Strike!" by William Rollins, Jr., offers an example of the effective incorporation of machine rhythms in the prose. Although the privations, defeats and pitifully small triumphs of the workers are the subject matter, this is fighting fiction, not fiction of resignation.

Such poets as Kreyemborg, Genevieve Taggard, Bodenheim and Isidor Schneider who once wrote in the bourgeois tradition appear in the poetry section along with Michael Gold, Langston Hughes, and others of more strictly proletarian origin. The poetic forms adopted represent most of the experiments undertaken since 1912. In the drama section, Clifford Odets' "Waiting for Lefty" is reprinted in full. This long one-act play
was very successful in New York last year, and is a valuable addition to the repertory of workers' theatres. Excerpts from "Steve-dore," "The Black Pit," and "They Shall Not Die" also appear; these have been produced in New York, the first two by the Theatre Union, the last by the Guild.

In the sections devoted to reportage and literary criticism proletarian literature reaches its highest development, so far as aesthetic canons are concerned. Here its brief history is not a drawback for reporters and critics do not need as much time to crystallize experience as creative writers do. The reportage of Dos Passos, Meridel Le Sueur, Agnes Smedley and John Spivak stands with the best in the field, indeed it commands the field by virtue of its artistic integrity, and reference to facts that capitalistic journalists must needs hide or gloss over. Some of the critics like the poets are apostates from the bourgeois tradition; others developed as Marxists. Hypocrisy, sentimental cant, and outworn romanticism receive short shrift from Marxist critics whose vigor and power of analysis strip the work under consideration of its verbiage and expose the skeletal point of view. Michael Gold's neat operation upon Thornton Wilder, published in The New Republic in 1930 and reprinted here, shocked a good many readers of that liberal journal, but it has been the basis of sound critical theory.

This anthology may well be a landmark in the history of American literature. The need for political change in the past has given rise to writers like Dante, John Locke, Rousseau and Voltaire, Shelley—to name only a few—who were revolutionary in their time, but classic today. Who can be sure that the revolutionary writers of our day will not be the classic writers of the future?


American novelists will probably never tire of writing the chronicle of American families, and the American public will probably never tire of reading them. Such novels provide a satisfaction sui generis, varying according to the skill and insight of the writer, but always present. These two novels present the familiar theme, with variations.

Both American families are partly of foreign stock (although Mr. Oskison's is Indian); in both the story opens in the time of an advancing frontier and closes in the present. But the books are markedly alike in manner of treatment, and accordingly, in final effect.

Mr. Schorer brings ingenuity to his problem of background. Unwilling either to impede his personal narrative with exposition or to neglect historical background for the story, he avoids both difficulties by dealing with them separately. Each section of the book is introduced by a short sketch tracing informally the history of the town at the time of the narrative. The device, managed skillfully, serves to deepen the background and emphasizes the chronology as well.

The town—in Wisconsin—was the dream realization of Count Karanszcy, a Hungarian noble who had come to found a community where men would find freedom and happiness. His more practical fellows gradually gain such power that the Count is forced to leave the town and what remained of his fortune behind. The others continue to build, the story tracing the rise to power of the Hauser family, particularly their daughter Selma, and the slow decline.

This is Mr. Schorer's first novel. He is occasionally guilty of overwriting, but the greater part of his work has genuine distinction. He tells a simple, moving story, and his characters are very real.

Brothers Three is longer and more ambitious, but not as successful. It is the story of Francis Odell and his three sons. Francis develops an Oklahoma farm and a fortune which the boys, upon his death, seek to carry on under changed conditions. For a time they prosper; one as a stock-raiser, one as a tradesman, the third in New York as a writer. When they begin to lose money each tries to recoup their joint holdings by speculative methods. Facing utter failure, they finally determine to carry on the example set by their father: to build slowly and with care.

The book is talky and bound by a curious stiffness. The characters are too often put to running errands for the author's purposes, and there is little substance in the background against which they move. One sample of the prose:

He could smell the hot urine-soaked dust of stout corrals where the big splashing brands were run on rope-stretched, kicking calves, hear the cry of the man who knelt on a baby bull's flank to castrate it, "Prairie oysters for somebody!" and savor the broiled tit-bit. He could smell the hot-branded hair and hide; he had never known another smell so lusty and stirring.

All the parts which should make that picture are in evidence, and yet the picture fails to appear. The same fault lies in the book as a whole. But despite its shortcomings, the author's dogged sincerity manages to raise it to a certain level of authenticity, and to this extent it does partake of the essential quality of the American family chronicle.

Eugene, Oregon Myron Griffin

By far the greater number of these tales are not golden, but gilded. And though they do present scenes of a west that is truly long distant from, say, "back east," they will, I think, strike their readers, no matter where placed, as being about people and events farther removed in time than in space. For they arise, most of them, from those eras of false glitter and false hope, like the gold rush days in California or Alaska and the closely following boom periods of wild-cat speculation, when life was probably as cheap and tawdry as these tinsel-covered records of it. Not that I harbor the notion that they depict almost exclusively human beings unimportantly occupied, and that they turn the trick of doing it in a literary form obviously and unsubtly artificial. That the form and the matter match perfectly saves neither from being a good deal of a bore.

Only Joaquin Miller and Mary Austin of the authors represented contrive plots that are convincing and natural. And Mrs. Austin alone penetrates to any depth of characterization. She alone works from the inside of her characters out. The others stand on the outside of theirs peering in—and seeing very little. Consequently she alone of the entire list creates. The others merely state. All the rest, including writers ranging in eminence from Mark Twain and Bret Harte, through Owen Wister and Jack London, to Rex Beach and Cy Warman, turn out nothing better than hack work straining for effect through cheap thrills and cheaper wit.

What one misses in this volume is what one is bound to demand of any volume of short stories intended to present the west: some account of what it means to grow up, or to attempt to "operate," an isolated ranch, of what it means to work in a modern industrial plant of the west coast sawmill type, or in a west coast logging-camp, or in a west coast fishing-village, of what it means to be one of the victims in a mass-scale swindle conducted by a slick realtor sitting in the seats of the civic mighty, and the like. I have in mind the sort of thing one finds in the plays and novels of such writers as Vardis Fisher, Melvin Levy, and Robert Cantwell. Maybe the stories I am asking for would not be golden, but certainly they would not be gilt. Perhaps there are none written. Then so much the worse for western fiction.

Reed College


This cyclopedia, anthology, history aims at inclusiveness rather than selectivity and therefore is a valuable reference book today and will be many years from now. It opens with consideration of Indian legends, proceeds through the literature of explorers, trappers, missionaries, traders, pioneers, early scientists, and squaw men to periodical "literature," the "first five literary books," and the earliest Oregon songs. This writing takes up 230 of the book's 790 pages, and gives it a vigorous start. Then follow individual chapters, 220 pages, on seventeen Oregon writers, including such men as Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, Harvey W. Scott, C. E. S. Wood, and Homer Davenport. The next seven chapters, 160 pages, chronicle, with samples, minor poets from 1850-1900, song writers, and songs since 1860, Oregon humor in the 70's, columnists, historians, and descriptive prose writers. After three chapters on individuals, John Reed and Thomas Howell, Opal Whitely, and John F. Wilson, the two contemporary poets are displayed through brief biographical notes and a poem each or an extract from a poem. One misses among the poets such names as Merle Beaynon, Myron Grifffen, Eleanor Hammond, Lydia Littell, Phyllis Morden, Dorothy Scott, Iris Lore Thorpe, among others. Thirty-nine living novelists, dramatists, and short story writers "whose combined published output has amounted to 188 novels, 30 plays, pageants and other dramatic productions, and about 1500 short stories," are next represented by a bibliography and a biographical note for each one. The remaining hundred pages print the tributes of Oregon authors to each other, annotated lists of literary magazines and book publishers in Oregon, Oregon literature by famous outsiders, and "a century of literary gossip." The book is well indexed and illustrated with "manuscripts, title-pages, photographs of sculpture and of people, crayon drawings," and picture-map end pieces. The author limits himself to the briefest illuminative comment.

H. G. M.


Not only is this re-writing of Judge Carey's History of Oregon (1922) printed in much more convenient and attractive form,
but the work has been considerably condensed and revised in the light of new source materials discovered or published since the one-volume history was written. There are no specific citations of sources and references, but there are ten pages of bibliographical notes at the close of the book.

The present volume carries the history of Oregon down to the year 1846, when the treaty with Great Britain gave the United States undisputed possession of the region. It is assumed that an account of the boundary dispute, going back to the beginning of the question, will be included in the second volume. If as the title indicates, the entire work is designed to cover only the period prior to 1861, it is apparent that the second volume will contain a rather detailed history of the fifteen-year period from 1846. Many readers will doubtless wish that the author’s plan had contemplated the bringing of his history down to a more recent period, even if this had necessitated a further condensation of the material included in the first volume.

It is true, however, that Judge Carey has devoted a larger proportion of his space than any other writer of a full-length history of Oregon to the period before the coming of American missionaries and settlers. In this respect, therefore, his book admirably supplements the works of Joseph Schafer, R. C. Clark, George W. Fuller and others. The first chapter describes the earliest vague rumors and ideas concerning the Pacific Northwest. Then follow chapters dealing with the voyages of Spaniards and of Drake and Cook up the coast, the era of fur trading vessels, and the Nootka Sound controversy. Vancouver’s visit, the discovery of the Columbia, the Lewis and Clark expedition, the Astoria episode, and the Hudson’s Bay Company all receive adequate attention. The author also presents the background of all these events or movements, so that they do not stand out in isolation. The last four chapters are devoted to missionary settlement, the beginning of government, experience under the provisional government, and a general survey of conditions in the Oregon country before 1846. Comparatively little space is given to the migrations of settlers over the Oregon Trail.

University of Oregon  
Dan E. Clark


Printing, as the physical appearance of this book emphasizes, is a craft rather than a trade; expressing a poetry of skill, a craft that has made a servant of the machine. There is no bungler and no hurry-up boss among the shopmen of the University of Oklahoma Press; they have produced a series of distinctive books of which the present one is a sterling example. Even the backstrip, usually the telltale of a regional press, here promises to outlive the reader. Each page, showing a Granjon typeface on rippled cream stock, is a visual satisfaction. Collectors of regional presswork will be forced, cisappalachian snobbery contrariwise, to acknowledge a house in the red clay country whose imprint gives a book a special value.

The contents of this book are of interest to an equally specialized group. A succession of source materials present the story of Spanish exploration and colonization of the trans-Mississippi country from 1696 to 1727. The story is one generally forgotten by historians, and for reason: documents have not been available. Dr. Thomas’ translations of source materials from far-flung archives do much to bridge the gap; and one hopes that his forty-eight pages of introductory comment presage a more elaborate rewriting of the frontier history of the Southwest. Anthropologists no less than historians cannot ignore this scholarly volume.

Zebulon Pike, as Dr. Thomas points out, “was not a pioneer explorer. In the vanguard of the Anglo-American movement, he entered areas already crisscrossed and named by the successors of Coronado.” Every landmark, stream, and mountain range of importance bore a Spanish name long before Pike began his dubious meanderings. The scope of the present study encompasses much venturesome activity. Hurtado, Ulbarri, Vargas, and Juan de Archuleta present the narrative of their own expeditions, or their scribes speak for them. Other official documents supplement the record. Emergent from this book is the first chapter of western American exploration in areas now identified with Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, and western Nebraska.

Univ. of Pittsburgh  E. Douglas Branch

Guarding the Frontier. Edgar Bruce Wesley. The University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. 1935. $2.50.

This is the first detailed, comprehensive, and impartial survey of historical events connected with frontier defense during the decade 1815-1825. During the greater part of the nineteenth century the defense and expansion of the frontier was the chief consideration of the nation. This book presents the political, military and economic policies of the United States in their embryonic stages.

The Indian policy of the United States called for diplomatic, commercial, humanitarian, and military relations with the tribes. An important phase of frontier defense was the early recognition of the necessity of having special representatives among the In-
The friendship and assistance of the Indians became highly important from a military as well as from an economic standpoint. This Indian policy produced the Indian agent, who, under the supervision of the War Department, was an indispensable medium in the administration of the national frontier policy. Unlike many of their successors during the second half of the century, these first representatives of the Government among the Indians rendered a unifying service characterized by an almost total absence of graft and corruption. The commercial aspects of the national Indian policy were responsible for the establishment of the factory system. It lasted from 1795 to 1822 and included the operation of twenty-eight stores. The system, like most attempts to put the Government into competitive business, was a financial failure. It unquestionably produced beneficial results, though mostly of an intangible nature, and may have been justified on account of its influence upon the Indians (not always favorable) and its curbing of racketeering both foreign and domestic in the fur trade. The principal opponents of the factory system were the fur companies and individual traders: their profits were endangered by governmental competition and conscientious treatment of the Indians. After the trailblazers come the trail-makers. The fur trader followed close upon the heels of the explorer and took the first step in the development of a frontier. Always a pioneer, and often honest and fair and considerate, he was yet the forerunner of an advancing tide of hunters, trappers and settlers who aroused the chronic hostility of the aborigines against all whites. The American fur trade—never so well organized as the Canadian trade—reached its maximum development within the decade following the War of 1812. Because of the close relationship between the American fur trade and the national Indian policy, the former demanded and received its full measure of official attention and protection.

The central theme of this book is the national military policy in its relation to frontier defense. The military effort of the United States during the period under discussion cannot rightfully be dignified by the appellation “military policy,” because the government seldom premised its military effort to crystallize in a settled and definite course. When Washington was inaugurated President on April 30, 1789, his platform contained two main planks. His first plank called for a strong financial system, his second plank advocated a sound military organization. The nation is indebted to the genius of Alexander Hamilton for the early realization of the first plank, but so strong was the American prejudice against a standing army that it took 131 years to get his second plank through congress. Neither is the phrase “frontier defense” literally correct. The age-old military maxim “A good offense is the best defense” was applicable in its fullest meaning. The Indian frontier policy called for the continued protection of the advancing pioneer and was of necessity offensive. This policy, though morally wrong, was easily justified at the time under the then conception of “manifest destiny.” Hegel said—“We learn from history that we learn nothing from history.” The land warfare of 1812 presents the blackest page in American History, so black that our school histories omit much of it because it cannot be covered up with a lily-white sheet. If it were not so tragic and shameful, it would be funny. This prime disgrace of American History is in itself the most conclusive argument for adequate national defense. Eighteen days after the Treaty of Ghent was transmitted to the Senate, Congress acting in the dark,—since it had neither estimates nor facts other than the knowledge that our late enemy had 35,000 armed men on the continent,—reduced the army to 10,000. Five years later it was reduced to 6,000. Nevertheless, while this army was disappointingly small, it was by far the largest peace-time army ever authorized and marks a distinct advance in the development of military policy. It is a frank acknowledgment of the wisdom and intention of maintaining a standing army in time of peace.

The brilliant statesman, John C. Calhoun, was Monroe’s secretary of war between 1817 and 1824. He reorganized the army and instituted sound business methods. His first great reform was accomplished when on April 14, 1818, Congress enacted a new law which abolished the vicious contract system of supplies for troops and set up the commissary department. He advocated the principle of a skeleton peace-time army, capable of easy and rapid expansion in an emergency, and the maintenance of a proportionately greater number of officers in peace than in war. These provisions remain the active principle of our present national defense policy.

The succeeding chapters are devoted to detailing defense plans, that were formed, the location and erection of forts, the allocation of troops, together with the numerous other activities that are the business of army administration. Inevitably the record inspires a profound admiration for the resourcefulness, the tenacity, the fortitude of the early American soldier.

This book is not recommended for the casual reader. The serious student—the one possessing the patience and interest of a professional historian—will profit from the arduous labors of a kindred soul. It is made the more serviceable by a voluminous bibliography and index.

In this volume by a former governor of New Mexico and a member of a distinguished family of the Southwest the author recalls with gusto the exciting and colorful events of his youth and young manhood. Miguel Antonio Otero’s narrative has as a descriptive sub-title “1864-1882—Incidents and characters of the period when Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico were passing through the last of their wild and romantic years.” Since the first date is that of the author’s fifth year the book presents life in the terminal towns of the westward-building Kansas-Pacific Railroad and, later, the Santa Fe, as seen through the eyes of a boy—a pleasing departure from the many second-hand chronicles by our popular historians.

The father of the author was engaged in a commission business which moved from Westport Landing through numerous Kansas and Colorado towns, supplying the needs of railroad builders and freighters. The latter part of the story has Las Vegas, New Mexico, as its setting, for by 1880 the Oteros, both father and son, had become leading figures in the business, political, and social life of New Mexico. Probably the most interesting of all, however, are the author’s recollections of the wild days in Hays City, Dodge City, Kit Carson, El Moro, and Trinidad. Here he met Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, Buffalo Bill, and Calamity Jane. Later he encountered in New Mexico Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Clay Allison, and Pat Garrett. Less famous, but better companions for the growing boy, were the many employees of the commission houses and the other children of these end-of-the-railroad towns. Their hunting exploits and practical jokes remind one of the adventures of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, which took place a few decades before and a few hundred miles to the east.

The reader is appalled by the lawlessness and vice depicted in a somewhat matter of fact way by the author in his characterization of these communities in which he grew up. Stories of dance hall girls, professional gamblers, cold-blooded killers, and vigilantes are interspersed with descriptions of buffalo hunts, dinner parties, and balls. In the latter part of the period covered by the book there are increased signs of civilization, but the general impression left by the narrative is one of rampant materialism, insecurity, and riotous dissipation. Although some pioneer virtues may be lost by the coming to the West of more settled times, certainly in compensation we have today an environment which permits a more refined and a richer existence for the majority of men and women.

Throughout this work Ex-governor Otero writes with a disarming simplicity, but it is easy to imagine how a less skillful story teller would have produced a far less interesting volume of reminiscences. The events are recorded in chronological order, but each has a unity of its own; together they reveal the period during which the railroad was completing its conquest of the Southwestern frontier. Back of the whole book is the personality of the author, a true pioneer and builder.

The publishers, also, deserve commendation for supplying an admirable format. Although the illustrations are hardly works of art, they blend well with the frontier narrative and give an additional touch of humor.

Denver, Colorado  Lerette Jay Davidson


This little book will prove a treasure to quilt-fanciers, active and latent. It contains a world of information about the charming old household art of quilt-making—almost a lost art a few years ago but at present enjoying a very spirited revival.

A “quilt,” Mrs. Hall explains, consists of a decorative top, and a lining, with padding between; the whole thing put together with more or less elaborate stitchery called quilting. There are, she points out, three kinds of quilts: the “pieced” quilt in which the top is made up of small scraps of cloth stitched together; the “appliqued” quilt in which patches of colored material are attached to a plain foundation; and plain quilts that depend for decoration entirely on the quilting. The pieced quilt is a characteristic art-product of hard times, and its return in these days of the great depression seems particularly appropriate. Our far-away great-great-grandmothers had little to work with, so they found their inspiration in the family rag-bag. Here was a bit left over from the making of Lucinda’s first “party dress,” a breadth of mother’s wedding dress, a scrap of aunt Susie’s best poplin, a piece of the sprigged muslin Emmy wore the day she met Jonathan for the first time. Sentimental bits, stored away in the attic in a bulging bag with a draw-string. Nothing, one might think, of the slightest value for use in the arts. But these discarded scraps, when cut into squares, diamonds and triangles, and set together in some orderly geometric plan, become—after hours of patient stitchery—a sightly and comfortable article of use.

The art of the old piece-work quilts is naive and touching. Many of the old patterns, it must be confessed, are more remarkable for quaintness than for beauty, but they
have the charm of sincerity. They are sentimental, and perhaps rather silly,—but so orderly, so thrifty, and so beautifully made!

Mrs. Hall describes the "quilting bees" that provided social excitement in the old days. A girl, she writes, might piece a number of quilt-tops but would not put them together till she became engaged to be married. An invitation to a quilting bee often served as the announcement of an engagement.

But the most valuable part of Mrs. Hall's book is in the large number of quilt "patches" shown in the illustrations. For years Mrs. Hall has been collecting patterns of quilts and has preserved them by reproducing the patch of which the pattern is made up. She has over a thousand of these and some eight hundred of them are presented in the illustrations, accompanied by brief notes in which the traditional name or names of the pattern are given. The modern quilt-maker will find here a bewildering variety of choice.

I feel in myself no ambition to emulate the maker of a certain "notable" quilt mentioned by Mrs. Hall, that was constructed of thirty thousand pieces, each of which measured three-quarters of an inch by one-quarter of an inch in size. This is certainly refinement of the process to the point of absurdity. But I can hardly restrain myself from rushing out to the nearest dry goods store to buy colored prints for the making of a "Wheel of Mysterie," a "Duck-Paddle," or a "Hunter's Star."

Mrs. Hall appears to consider the appliqued quilt as a nobler form of the art of quilt-making than the pieced quilt. It is, to be sure, a more imposing affair,—made of new material instead of scraps from the rag-bag, and much freer and more elaborate in design. But the artistic purpose is here much more self-conscious than in the piece-work effects and much of the charm appears to me to be lost. It is also true that too much freedom of execution is dangerous to an unskilled designer. It is not possible to go very far wrong if one has, say, six white triangles and six blue triangles to set together to make a pattern. They make a pattern of themselves like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. But an effort to reproduce naturalistic flower forms in colored bits of cloth sometimes results in disaster. A few of the many coverlets shown in the second part of Mrs. Hall's book seem to illustrate this quite clearly.

The quilting of a quilt is a highly important part of the effect. As Mrs. Hall points out, a handsome quilt top can be ruined by poor quilting and a rather uninteresting pieced or appliqued top can be greatly enriched by a well-chosen pattern in the stitching. The third part of the book, of which Mrs. Kretsinger is the author, deals with quilting and gives a number of patterns for quilting and some interesting illustrations of ancient quilted pieces—a quilted petticoat, a quilted satin dress.

The book would, to my mind, have been more complete if the working directions were more detailed. For instance, "setting up" a piece for quilting is mentioned but there is no explanation of how this may best be done, or description of the most convenient quilting frame. These are matters of fairly general knowledge, of course, but a novice would find more explicit directions useful.


This volume contains all the known sources of the two transcontinental expeditions following that of Lewis and Clark. The material was used by Irving in Astoria; then the Stuart narratives disappeared, only to be rescued years later by Mr. W. R. Coe. The Hunt Narrative was preserved in the form of a loose translation into French, to become easily accessible only through the labors of the editor of this book.

The Stuart narratives comprise two accounts: one, which is the day-by-day diary of the trip from Astoria to the East; and a second, which comprises not only the diary but the supplementary notes on the trip which Stuart prepared for Irving's use. The two narratives contain a vivid account of this memorable trip across the western part of America. They tell of Indian robberies, of a strange meeting with Hoback, Rezno, and Robinson (fur trappers left by Hunt on the upper Snake, but encountered in the wilderness hundreds of miles from their base) tales of starvation and threatened cannibalism, of the quiet trip through South Pass, and of fears in a lonely winter camp on the upper Platte. This journey ranks with those of Lewis and Clark and of David Thompson. The records of the expedition settle finally the many disputes over the discovery of South Pass and give definite information on the first white man's journey over the Oregon Trail.

The Hunt Journal and the editorial notes establish definitely the route of the Astorians. It gives an interesting account of Edward Rose, and of many members of Hunt's party. The story of the hardships of the trip through the mountains and down the
Snake River give exactness to the generalizations of Irving's *Astoria*. The Stuart and Hunt accounts give a better standard for rating Irving as a historian of the Northwest. They show that he wrote with more accuracy than that with which he has often been credited. The editorial work has been done carefully and exhaustively. Every point on both routes is established, and all the literature that might have a bearing on the expeditions is cited. The materials contained in this volume are the most important for the early history of the Northwest that have been published since Thwaites edition of Lewis and Clark.

The Oregon Crusade: Across Land and Sea to Oregon. Edited by Archer Butler Hulbert and Dorothy Printup Hulbert. The Stewart Commission of Colorado College and Denver Public Library. $5.00.

This volume contains many documents relating to the earliest American efforts towards missionary work in the Oregon country. The first documents indicate that in 1820 Missionaries in Hawaii were looking towards the Northwest coast as a field for their endeavors. They show also that a chief of the Oregon Indians had learned of Christianity and had expressed a desire to have missionaries come to teach his people. The appeal was sent to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which at that time was financially unable to undertake the task. In 1828, the Board authorized the Hawaiian Missionaries to send an Investigator to Oregon. Jonathan Green went and upon his return presented a lengthy and detailed report of the Oregon country, and of the Indians living there. This journey probably represents the earliest missionary investigation of the country. Some of the documents relating to the Flathead or Selish efforts to secure missionaries are little known. The editorial interpretation of the Selish and Flathead journeys to St. Louis is quite at variance with the generally accepted accounts. The editors explain that the four Flatheads and Nez Perces who came to St. Louis in 1831 came only out of curiosity, (pp. 80-88) and cite a yet to be published work of Samuel Parker to prove their contentsions.

They ignore the three subsequent expeditions sent out to obtain missionaries and apparently are unaware of the abundant materials that establish the religious purpose of these journeys. The editors attach undue importance to the Walker-Disosway letter of 1833. This letter describes the Indians who made the first trip to St. Louis as having flat heads. The editors assert that the story of these Indians with "skulls bruised in chains of error and superstition" aroused the religious press and "sold the Oregon Mission idea to the American religious public." This is an overstatement. There were many other conditions that led to the first missionary journeys to the Northwest.

The Methodist documents show a very early interest in establishing a mission among the Flatheads. The letters and diary of Jason Lee on his trip to the Northwest and the letters of Cyrus Shepard are valuable supplements to Lee and Frost's *Ten Years in Oregon*.

The fifth section of the *Oregon Crusade* is devoted to the efforts of Parker, Whittman, and Spalding to arouse the interest of the American Board in missionary work in Oregon. The letters here printed show much of the ideals and purposes of these men. Of greater interest are the letters from the Board to the Oregon missionaries, for in these we see the policy of the Board, and the caution with which it acted. This is the most original and most valuable contribution of the book. While this volume does not contain as much unpublished material as the preceding volumes, it makes easily accessible many scattered documents that are of interest and value. The editorial notes show much research. The mechanical make-up of the book is of the excellent standard set for the series.

State University  
Paul C. Phillips

The United States 1830-1850. Frederick Jackson Turner. Holt. 1934. $4.50.

Between 1830 and 1850 America developed approximately her present sectional differences. It was in this period that the region of the lower Mississippi, originally a part of the "West," became a part of the "South." Meanwhile under Calhoun's leadership the South Atlantic itself was becoming spiritually more like what we mean by "Southern" today. It was in this period that the "old, rural civilization of Puritan New England" changed into Industrial New England—"Even in 1850 the population of Boston showed 35,287 natives of Ireland, as against 68,687 natives of all Massachusetts." During these years the Middle Atlantic states developed Big Business, strikes, cosmopolitanism, slums, opera, and the political "boss." And in this period the Middlewest was settled, the Far West acquired. The history of what we might call the five nations of the Americans, in the formative years a century ago, is told by Professor Turner, whose emphasis upon the frontier and on the interplay of sections has made him the most influential of American historians. In his first paragraphs he boldly declares his method of approach, paying "particular attention to the sections of which the nation was composed." "They were, indeed, potential nations in themselves." And even the statesmen who became national figures he shows...
against their own local backgrounds, as they "sought national influence and a national career by negotiating adjustments among the sections." "Regional geography played a significant role in the economic, political, and social life"—hence for each section he studies the physical, economic, and racial geography, distinguishing within each section several different regions. (For example, the larger regions of the Middlewestern section are those of "the Ohio River; the Great Lakes Basin; the upper Mississippi; and the Prairie Plains.") The volume is a challenge in its very organization, for the history of each section is treated in a separate chapter, and even the subsequent chapters on different presidential administrations are concerned with the rivalries of sections, their "colonies" (as the Western Reserve was a colony of New England) and their diplomatic alliances. "Each great area was evolving in its own way. Each had its own type of people, its own geographic and economic basis, its own particular economic and social interests."

Turner's breadth of learning and balance of judgment save him from merely romantic or economic regionalism. He recognizes that America, even on the frontier, was a part of western civilization as a whole, and he does not fail to point out that some movements which might seem to be the product of frontier conditions had contemporary parallels in England. Those who have thought of Turner's theory of frontier influences as a dogmatic formula will be surprised to notice that in this work he tells us more about what New England did to the frontier than what the frontier did to New England. While he shows how the physical environment contributed to sectional characteristics, he does not trace everything to economics. He gives a detailed account of the transplanting of older institutions and cultural life from the East and from Europe, and he shows the people moulding their society in accord with the traditions they brought with them. For example, he brings out the fact that the most fertile regions showed the highest level of education, but he does not ignore the influence of New England churches in building up the educational institutions of the Middlewest. On the other hand, he shows how the New Englanders outside of New England took on a new character in the new home, and fusing with Southern and European strains produced original contributions to our civilization, such as the state universities of the Middlewestern type.

Although Professor Turner spent fifteen years on the book, he died before completing it. (Chapter XIII remains unwritten.) But Professor Craven, the editor, has decided that "even in its broken form, the work takes high rank in the field of American scholarship and renders unjustifiable any effort at completion by another." "Even the maps, which are sometimes rather crudely drawn, are reproduced in the original form." These maps are one of the most interesting features of the book. They show that in this period the frontier was advancing through the midland of America. In 1830 the Middlewest was still "an Ohio Valley society." Cincinnati was Queen of the West, while Chicago, "hardly more than a frontier trading post," was not recorded in the census. Twenty years later the regions around Omaha and Milwaukee and even St. Paul were within the settled area and Chicago had a population larger than the Cincinnatti of 1830.

"Between 1830 and 1850, a new section was born." And this North Central or Middlewestern Section was that of Professor Turner's own special interest. Consequently he gives it the largest chapter in his volume, a hundred pages. This hundred-page history of the establishment of the Middlewest, "the formation of its people and its society," is the fruit of a lifetime of study by Professor Turner himself, supplemented by the work of the scholars trained in his own seminars. The matter-of-fact presentation (the author had intended to improve the style before publication) might easily conceal the great importance of this chapter for those who wish to know the Middlewest from its very foundation, to know what was contributed by the South, by New England, by the Germans, giving the Middlewest its special characteristics, and laying down moulds still unbroken.

University of Iowa  
Joseph E. Baker

LITERARY NEWS

Continued from front advertising pages

torical Association which met this year at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

The University of Colorado will hold during the summer its Seventh Writers' Conference. It will be reorganized, announces Edward Davison, Conference Director. Last summer 130 writers representing 33 states attended.

The Breadloaf School of English (Vermont) announces another attractive summer offering. Professor Lucia B. Mirrieles, State University of Montana, will teach in it her sixth session.

Upton Terrell's new novel will appear this year from the house of Smith and Haas. Martin S. Peterson's study of Joaquin Miller will be published by The Stanford University Press, probably during the summer.

Elma Godchaux, New Orleans, is sixth on the Macmillan list and her new novel is announced for March 31st. She is well past the beginning of her second novel, the hardest book an author has to write, says Will Saroyan.

George Dixon Snell's Mormon novel Root,
Hog, and Die has been accepted by The Caxton Printers for summer publication. The firm published his first novel The Great Adam.

The last volume of Vardis Fisher’s tetralogy entitled No Villain Need Be has just come off the press of The Caxton Printers (Caldwell, Idaho). It draws together the preceding volumes and presents the positive philosophy at which the novel’s hero, Vridar Hunter, arrives after his years of suffering and search.

Jon Edgar Webb, District Supervisor for the American Guide in Ohio, has just returned from a trip to New York City, where he was made an editor on Jonathan Finn’s forthcoming anthology of prison literature, We Prisoners. Webb hopes that this anthology will be no semipulp stuff, but will be representative of today’s “prison.”


The Press of the Pioneers is to publish in four octavo volumes at six-month intervals, beginning June, 1936, a definitive cyclopedia of the American Indian, edited by Dr. Clark Wissler, dean of the scientific staff of the American Museum of Natural History and Professor of Anthropology at Yale University, with associate editors prominent in their fields.

The Winter News Column stated that H. L. Davis had been feted in Seattle. He hadn’t; but what luck to have blundered, since H. L. (Oh, Honey in the Horn) Davis writes: “If you are in possession of any detailed report of this function, I would be very glad to have it, because I have not been in or near Seattle for five years, and I'd admire to know whether I was represented by a proxy, by an unscrupulous double, or by leading in my favorite charger with empty saddle and reversed boot. I don't wish to be understood as disapproving of being feted behind my back—indeed, it sounds like a mighty holy notion—but if there is anybody around Seattle working as my self-appointed stand-in . . . ” The rest of his comment surpasses even his answer to an editor’s queries: “What did you do during your vacation? . . . What else did you do?” “Went to a movie and saw Greta Garbo . . . Breathed hard and chewed gum.”

The Limited Editions Club closes its second competition in book illustration March 1. Prizes total $7,000. They are also to offer as an annual award a gold medal to the American author of any book judged

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Los Angeles has ten production units with administration and service auxiliaries. Seattle is operating four Federal Theater units directed by Glenn Hughes, of Chapbook fame; (1) a dramatic stock company to play at transient and CCC Camps, (2 and 3) research projects sponsored by the University of Washington, (4) a Negro theatre sponsored by the Seattle Repertory Playhouse. More than 50,000 people attend performances presented by the Federal Theatre in Boston, Mass., each week. Units are operating in Maine, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Connecticut. At times police reserves have had to be called out to control the crowds seeking to attend Federal Theater plays.

Dallas, Texas, is awaiting only the allocation of funds to start operation on four projects: (1) An Experimental Theatre to present original plays by regional writers, dealing with regional material or regional in character; this unit is planned to employ 150 people, sponsored by the Little Theatre of Dallas; (2) a Marionette Theatre to tour Texas, playing in CCC Camps, schools, playgrounds, and to a paying public in cities and smaller communities where it is requested; (3) a Vaudeville, Variety and Circus unit; (4) a drama unit to operate in Fort Worth.

Frank Ernest Hill, in an article "Back to Town Meetings" quotes, not a sociologist or economist or politician, but an educator, John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, "We in America must rebuild our democratic system of managing ourselves. We operate a complicated social and economic machine. If we do not devise a method for controlling it wisely and surely the machine will run away with us. We shall then be menaced with a breakdown of our democracy and a return in a modern form of that autocracy which we thought we had escaped in the past." Mr. Hill will be remembered on the Montana U campus.

Lawrence A. Harper, Los Angeles, Calif., says that Pollen is to reappear sometime in March, all hand-set and hand-printed by the editorial staff.

Irl Morse, Akeley, Minnesota, editor of Better Verse and the projected American Poets' Directory, is sending an S. O. S. for poetry for his several magazines and poetry columns.

Elmo Russ, composer-pianist, continues his programs of song-settings. His first book of poems, Dreaming Words, is announced by Biffault, Corson Co., 1730 Broadway, New York City.

The 1936 edition of The Writer's Market, a guidebook for both professional and amateur authors of fiction, hack writers, free lance writers, poets, photographers, composers and playwrights who wish to cash in on their efforts, has just been issued. It is an improvement over preceding editions. (Writer's Digest, Cincinnati, Ohio, $3.00).
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R. Jean Taylor, Wolf Point, Montana, wrote her story in a summer session group at the State University of Montana. Belle Fligelman, Helena, Mont., has also belonged to summer writing groups there. George Snell, Salt Lake City, like these two writers, appears for the first time in Frontier and Midland. He is an alert and contemporary-minded observer of life as his novel The Great Adam Shows. Erling Larsen, Northfield, Minn., experiments in story form, realizing that each chunk of material demands to be handled in its own certain way. Howard McKinley Corning, Portland, Ore., has contributed many stories, lyric toned, to this magazine. Conrad Pendleton, Eugene, Ore., under another name has frequently contributed to this and other magazines. He is at present writing a series of pioneer stories. Alfred Morang, now in Maine, is a well-known writer where social sympathy is strong. Bertha D. Morrison contributes this first writing from Calif.

Charles E. Heaney has held several exhibits of his engravings. He is now teaching art in Portland, Ore. George R. Stewart, Jr., author of Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile, is a professor of English at the University of California. Capt. Rothermich is stationed at the State University of Montana attached to the R. O. T. C. Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, Indianapolis, contributes to the Indiana Magazine of History; Mrs. Riley M. Fletcher Berry lives in Florida.

The poets of this issue hail from all over the country. James Still lives on Troublesome Creek in the mountains of Kentucky. Frederick Ten Hoor and Carlow de Vries live in Michigan. Other middle Western natives are R. N. Leekley, Illinois, Carol D. Egland, Minn., Eugene Hermann, Wis., Martin Peterson, Nebr. On the East Coast are Louis Ginsberg, N. J., and Norman MacLeod. On the West are Mary J. Elemen-dorf, Seattle, Robert H. Williams, Calif., and Verne Bright, Aloha, Ore. Erich Klossner sends his lines from the State College, Pullman, Wash. Annarrah Stewart lives in Colorado, and is a contributor to One Atlantic Monthly and to other magazines.

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