The Great West :: Three Interviews

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DARK SEED GLOWS ................ Edwin Herron
A MIGHTY MAN .................. Dolores W. Bryant
SATURDAY AFTERNOON .......... John McMinds
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LITERARY NEWS
Grace Stone Coates, Editor

The names of forty-six sponsors, headed by Lincoln Steffens, appeared upon a “Call to a Congress of Western Writers” issued last August. “From the economic standpoint,” stated the call, “the writer may well be concerned with his own position, which is now less secure than it ever was. But more important than the need for our own professional protection is the need for some sort of broad organization in which we can make more effective efforts to preserve the civil liberties, freedom of speech and press, the rights of labor to organize, freedom in the colleges and, most important of all, to strengthen and organize our opposition to war.”

The sponsors met at dinner in San Francisco, September 1, to draft plans for the Congress, which is tentatively scheduled for October 10-12.

Philip Olin Keeney stuck his thumb into the pudding of the librarians’ convention recently in Portland, and pulled out the plum of editorship of the new Pacific Northwest Library Association Quarterly. He has before him, in his new work, joys and sorrows unpredictable; to share them, two assistants: Miss Agnes Swanson of the Portland Library Association and Miss Gertrude Watson of the Victoria, B. C., Public Library. If these editors have any doubts or difficulties in launching or running a magazine they can appeal to Haldeman-Julius—he of the Little Blue Books and the magnificent eyes. From Girard, Kan., he announces himself ready to tell all aspirants how to start a magazine and keep it going. If he can tell editors of “little magazines” how to keep out of the red his volume of correspondence should rival the WPA’s.

Advance publicity for the PNLA Quarterly suggests that No. 1, Vol. 1, to be based on the following topics:Are libraries democratic in practice as well as in theory? Answer, librarians, and explode the theory that librarians need be inarticulate; (2) The value of organization to library workers—staff organization—guild-practice within the framework of the ALA—vertical unionization; (3) The relation of society to the library; (4) The relation of the library to society—a subject packed with dynamite. Each issue of the Quarterly will contain reports of the PNLA committees, bibliographies and research material, and when space permits, book reviews. Subscription price, fifty cents a year.

Among the hurrahs, I thank yours, and I certainly am in favor of the greater Hinterland of the Midwest Literary League (Box 400, Des Moines, la.) the practical comment of a Pittsburgh resident stands out, a palm

Continued on page 12
“Montana, Montana, Glory of the West”—the strains of this appropriate state song which has thrilled so many hearts and made them glad that they are a native of this treasure among states, suggests another song which would go something like this: “Missoula, Missoula, Gem of Montana’s Cities”—.

Built in the heart of the Rockies, Missoula is one of the most charming cities in the entire West. The pictures and descriptions carried by enthusiastic tourists all over the United States, and the steady increase in the population of this city are evidence that Missoula is becoming recognized as “an ideal city.”

Let us review some of the factors which have contributed to Missoula’s popularity and steady growth.

First, let us consider the climate, because the climate of any locality is one of the chief factors in judging whether or not it is a preferred place in which to be a resident. Because of its location on the Pacific slope of the Rockies, this region is sheltered from the storms from the North and East, while the Japanese
Current has a very appreciable influence on the weather conditions. Records show that Missoula has 153 clear sunshiny days, 64 partly cloudy, and 148 cloudy days per year, as an average of the past fourteen years. The number of clear days is excelled only by Los Angeles and San Francisco, of the principal cities in the West.

There never is an extremely cold day in this region and extreme heat has seldom been known. Days of soothing sunshine, nights of refreshing coolness in summer, mild temperatures and a notable absence of storms in winter, with the main periods of rainfall coming during the months when they are most needed to benefit crop conditions, insure the experience of an enjoyable climate throughout the year.

These favorable climatic conditions and a long growing season have resulted in the appropriate title, "Montana's Garden City." It is evidenced by the beautiful gardens and flowers that surround splendid homes, and the 110 miles of streets that are lined with rows of trees flourishing along the green parkways.

Another factor is Missoula’s commercial advantages. Located at the hub of five great productive valleys, the Clark’s Fork, Bitter Root, Flathead, Coeur d’Alene, and Blackfoot, Missoula is a distributing and shipping point for an enormous area. These five valleys represent immense agricultural wealth. Wheat and other grains, potatoes, tree and bush fruits and strawberries, truck gardening, apiaries, pea and bean growing and sugar beets are the chief products. This region is famous for its McIntosh Red apples, sweet and sour cherries, and the Netted Gem potatoes. Dairying and stock raising are spreading out.
The Garden City is the center of an empire of 35,000 square miles in extent, with more than sixty towns and cities of from several hundred to several thousand population. It has a buying public of more than 40,000 within a radius of 100 miles, all easily reached.

Missoula's industries are diversified and are developing rapidly. One of the largest lumber mills in the United States, located at Bonner, and a number of smaller mills give employment to hundreds of men, while logging camps in the surrounding hills employ many more. Missoula is located on two main lines of railroads and is the division point of the Northern Pacific, which has a division force of some 1750 persons here. The million dollar plant of the American Crystal Sugar company just west of the city employs a great number of men. Being the headquarters for U. S. Forest District No. 1, and close to Fort Missoula, this city receives considerable retail business from these two sources. Refineries, canneries, flour mills, creameries, foundries, metal mining, and hydroelectric power generation are industries which add materially to the city's prosperity.

Missoula is also Montana's University city. A beautiful campus, with majestic Mount Sentinel sweeping abruptly up into the high distance, forms a perfect setting for the University. Registration has increased considerably in the past few years as shown by the fact that over 2,300 resident students were enrolled in twenty-five different departments, using buildings and equipment valued at $2,500,000, during the current year, as compared with 1500 students in 1932. The University and its facilities contribute a great deal to the intellectual and cultural improvement of Missoula, with its musical concerts, recitals, dramatics, lectures, discussions, pageants, dances and athletic contests.

The other educational facilities of this city also rank high. The public school system comprises ten grade schools and a county high school, in addition to an excellent system of Catholic parochial schools. Each unit is excellently housed, well equipped and supplied with an efficient corps of teachers.

In addition to being on two railroad main lines, Missoula is on the route of the Northwest Airlines. These facilities offer first-class mail, passenger, express and freight service.
Winners at the Western Montana Fair held in Missoula

Three large, excellent hospitals, the St. Patrick, Northern Pacific, and Thornton, in addition to a number of smaller ones, make Missoula the medical center of Western Montana. Every year hundreds of people come to this city from various parts of the Northwest to take advantage of these fine and established medical facilities.

Missoula's homes are something about which to be justly proud. They have put this city in the class of modern, up-and-coming, prosperous cities. The retail establishments of Missoula are of unusual excellence. The layout of the city and the well-kept condition of all its streets represent efficient planning, maintenance, and government.

Missoula looks for a still greater development in the future. Situated in a vast and beautiful playground that is now becoming widely known, Missoula and Western Montana will in the next few years become one of the great recreational centers of America.

Missoula invites you to be a visitor and a guest. When you have spent some time in this charming city you will be convinced that here is a most attractive city, situated in a beautiful country of wondrous opportunities and prospects.

You will soon be singing songs in praise of The Garden City.

This advertisement has been sponsored by the following organizations:

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—Adv.
The SOUTHERN REVIEW

Announces for its Sixth Number (Autumn, 1936)

"Blind Mouths": A Study of the Nominating Conventions, by Herbert Agar.
Neutrality, by Edwin Borchard.
Literature and Economics, by Allen Tate.
The Later Poetry of W. B. Yeats, by R. P. Blackmur.
Queen Mary's Hat, by Crane Brinton.
Liberalism and Communism Reconsidered, by Frederick L. Schuman.
Southern Employers and Labor Reform, by Virginius Dabney.
Poetry of the Quarter, by Cleanth Brooks, Jr.
Recent Fiction, by John Crowe Ransom.

FICTION

Here Lies One, by S. S. Field.
The Face, by Louis Moreau.
Wm. Crane, by Manson Radford.
Silence, by Raymond Dannenbaum.

POETRY

The poem or group of poems winning the poetry prize offered by The Southern Review will be printed in the Autumn issue. The judges are Allen Tate and Mark Van Doren.

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—Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

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—Newton D. Baker

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Scarcely a dozen copies of the original book, published in 1830, remain in the treasure rooms of American libraries. This reprint, with a valuable introduction by John T. Flanagan, is published in a limited edition of one thousand numbered copies.

$3.50

THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS
Minneapolis
COVERED WAGON

Dolores Waldorf Bryant, sometime consecrated to portrait painting and in the early 1920’s a reporter on San Francisco newspapers, has lately been active in California research; this as avocation to the business of homemaking. Her first published short story was in Liberty in 1929. Clara Parsons Gildemeister’s residence is a far cry from San Francisco; the writer of “Nether River” was born in Stamford, Conn., and on graduating from the high school there chose her present connection with the local public library. Mrs. Gildemeister has done “columns” and other stunts for Connecticut newspapers, and has published some verse.

John McMinds, a last year’s graduate of the University of Washington, is now teaching at the junior high school of Wenatchee, Wash. Edwin Herron, a Utah baccalaureate, is doing newspaper work in San Francisco. Harry Pederson sends us his story from Minneapolis.

Professor Franklin Walker of State College, San Diego, Calif., is performing eminent bibliographical service in the field of Western Americana.

Katherine Woodford Simpson, born in Jamestown and now of Buffalo, N. Y., possesses a doctorate in Etruscology from the Royal University of Perugia; she is lecturing this season on archaeological and literary subjects. Marjory Ryan Gunn, born in Montreal, educated in Spokane public schools and Washington State College, has published verse in Blue Moon, Spinners, and Westward; she received first prize for poetry at the Northwest Writers’ Conference of 1935. Phyllis Morden, Portland, is a native Oregonian; Prairie Schooner recently published two pages of her verse.

A geographical roll-call of contributors whom readers of FRONTIER AND MIDLAND have met in previous numbers: from Oregon, Verne Bright, Aloe; Ethel Romig Fuller and Iris Lora Thorpe, Portland; from Washington, G. Frank Goodpasture, Bay Center; and Bob Albright, Mason City; from California, Roland English Hartley, South Pasadena; from Wyoming, Ted Olson, Laramie; from Missouri, James Morgan, Kansas City; from Illinois, Maud E. Uschold; from Oklahoma, Maurine Halliburton, Tulsa; from Iowa, Eleanor Saltzman, Iowa City; from Kentucky, James Still, librarian of the Hindman Settlement School, pioneer educational institution in the hill-country of that state.


The Virginia Quarterly Review

Announces for October

The Roosevelt Administration Walter Millis
The Right of Sanctuary Garrard Glenn
Serenade in Mexico Carleton Beals
On Symbols G. R. Elliott
An Approach to Dante Cuthbert Wright
The Trumpet. A Story Walter de la Mare

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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW
UNIVERSITY, VA.
THERE IS A CERTAIN WORD
Maurine Halliburton

There is a certain word rainmakers know
Which, spoken at the right time in the right way,
Precipitates the rain; and I have heard
There is a note upon the violin
Which could, if held a certain length of time,
Crumble a bridge or cause a tower to fall;
And leopard men in Africa have learned
A word to put breath into dead men’s flesh.

These are but idle tales, you say, and laugh
Because I give them credence, yet I feel
That they reflect a truth, as the mirage
Reflects a scene beyond the range of sight,
Something that vibrates on the fringe of thought
And trembles on the tongue . . . .

Woodcut by Charles E. Heaney
FRONTIER AND MIDLAND
Vol. 17 No. 1  A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST  Autumn, 1936

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

NOT A SPARROW FALLETH
Harry Pederson

FROM his little bed in one end of the cook car Peter saw the threshing crew when its members came in for breakfast. His heavy-lidded eyes viewed them at disconnected intervals as the curtains of sleep parted and closed again.

Against the feeble orange glow of the bracket lamps he saw the men seated at the long table, leaning forward and back like automatons as they ate. The air was warm and surcharged with the odor of bacon and pancakes, and with it the rattle of knives and forks on tin plates, the sound of his mother’s steps as she walked to and fro, grunted words of conversation from the men, a laugh or two, loud and short.

The grating sound of the sliding door at the far end of the car awakened him again and he saw the figures stooping out through the oblong of early morning sky. And there was Mr. Jenks still at the table with a spot on the back of his bald head shining redly. In the crew there were Shorty and Slim and Red and Lefty and Texas and Blacky and Swede and others; but Mr. Jenks was never anything but Mr. Jenks. He was short, husky, bald, and always remained in the cook car for an extra cup of coffee after the other men had gone.

Peter was aware of the silence of the empty car when there was no one remaining at the table and the light was stronger through the small windows. Outside he heard the men shouting to each other above the jingling of chains and the rumble and clatter of their bundle wagons that raced by and away and away until there was nothing but silence.

“Time to get up, son.”
His mother was leaning over him looking down, with the sun through the window on her hair and her eyes smiling. She always said it the same: “Time to get up, son,” and he always clam­bered out of bed as quickly as he was able.

He sat at the white oil-cloth covered table on the long bench, feeling very small because of all the vacant space, and having to reach up a little to his plate. Through the square-paned window across from him he saw stubble field stretching away, and in the distance a new yellow straw pile that had not been there before, with a straw fountain cascading over the top of it. Here and there were the black dots of bundle teams.

They were threshing the oats now, his mother told him. Today they would finish and late in the afternoon they would move the rig to another farm a few miles up the road.

While he ate, Peter visioned the moving cook car with all of the dishes packed away in tubs on the floor and Mr. Jenks standing in the doorway driving his team; the grating rumble of the iron wheels on the road and everything swaying and teetering as though it were mad. Before the door would be dusty road extending ahead
endlessly, and on either side fences hung with tumbleweeds. There would be hills and groves and farm buildings sliding by; and at some roadside mailbox they would turn into a driveway, with the world pivoting before the door and strange buildings coming to meet them. He would stare out of the windows at the barn and the house and possibly at the little boy or girl standing shyly in the doorway.

Mr. Jenks would shout over his shoulder: “Where d’you want me to put her, Missus?” And his mother would tell him exactly, and Mr. Jenks would drive there and stop and unhook his team and block up the steps; and they would be home again. Peter always looked forward to moving.

He finished his breakfast and galloped down the cook car steps with his sling shot around his neck and the crotch thrust into the bib of his overalls. It was not long since he had learned to shoot with it, and it was therefore indispensable to him. His mother had given him permission to go out to the rig. He looked back over his shoulder as he ran. She was standing in the black oblong of doorway in the white car watching him silently.

From the cook car he had seen the back end of a weathered grain tank drawn up on the far side of the red granary. He knew that it would soon be unloaded and that he could ride out to the threshing rig in it. He passed the red hip-roofed barn with the numbers “1908” printed in white on its front. Somewhere high up in its top pigeons were cooing. A flock of sparrows darted away from the mud-rimmed puddle beside the watering tank and whisked up onto the framework of the windmill.

He stopped long enough to take his sling shot from around his neck and send a stone clanging high into the fan. The sparrows circled as one and alighted in a knotty little row upon the peak of the barn. He wished that he could shoot straighter. With another stone that bounded over the shingles he sent them swooping and circling out into the grove of cottonwoods.

He climbed up the smooth spokes of the wagon wheel and peered into the grain tank. A man with a scoop shovel was shoveling oats into the granary through a small square hole in its side. He had cleared the tank of all but a grey drift of grain at its front end. He would soon be finished. Peter sat on the corner of the wagon box watching him, the nape of his neck tingling each time the descending shovel swept along the steel-stripped floor.

The man was tall and spare and red-bearded, and he wore a faded blue jacket and a sagging felt hat frosted with chaff. He paid no attention to Peter more than to look at him and smile solemnly when the wagon box was empty. He dropped the shovel clattering to the floor, swept the reins from their peg, and clucked to the horses.

They started off at a trot, and the steel-tired wheels thundered on the road. Peter was not tall enough to look over the edge of the high box, and all that marked the farm for him was the windmill wheeling about and growing shorter and shorter until he could no longer see it. The grain tank was polished inside from its years of hauling grain, and from it emanated a smell clean and oily. It bounced and jolted, and he watched the stray oat kernels skipping along the floor like popcorn in a shaken skillet.
To balance himself he grasped the chain that extended from side to side to hold the box from spreading when it was full of grain, and danced a little jig of his own invention because the quaking wagon made him feel quite gay. Then he sang a song, standing first on his toes and then flat on his feet to allow the road shocks to add their unexpected variations, laughing a good deal to himself.

There came a sudden swerve, and the wheels no longer rumbled over the hard surface of the road. The horses slowed to a walk and Peter could hear their hooves kicking stubble. From far away drifted the measured chugging of the big gasoline tractor that ran the separator.

He put his hands over the edge of the box and clambered onto the end gate. A quarter of a mile away was the rig, the black, high-cabbed engine fastened to the orange separator by the swaying drive belt; the bundle wagons at either side, the grain tanks drawn up near the rear, the blower spouting its billowing stream against the straw hill it had created.

He looked back at the farm he had left, at the windmill against the sky, at the grove and the small huddle of buildings. He could not see the cook car at all.

A short distance away a bundle team was loading. Peter watched the man who was pitching the bundles effortlessly to the top of the nearly loaded rack. It was Mr. Jenks. He could see his bald head shining in the sun.

He climbed over the end gate, dropped into the soft wheel track, and trotted off through the stubble. There were red roseberries here and there. He picked a few and gnawed off the soft skin that covered the seeds.

Mr. Jenks saw him coming and stood leaning on his fork. "Hi, there Cap!" he said. He mopped the top of his head with his red bandanna. "It's a tough life we lead because we're poor, ain't it?"

Peter grinned. Mr. Jenks strode to the next shock of oats and began tossing the bundles to the top of his load. They left the shining tines of his fork as though they had achieved the power of flying. Sometimes he caught up two or three at once. In a moment they had all vanished from the ground, leaving only a bleached, matted circle in the stubble.

With a sweep of his fork Mr. Jenks gathered the scattered straws left lying where the shock had stood and tossed them onto his load. And suddenly there was a chocolate-furred mouse trying to hide on the bare ground. It crept this way and that, dazed by the burst of light upon it.

With a shrill yell Peter charged upon it. He did his best to step on it as it darted uncertainly one way and then another. And yet he was afraid that it would bite his bare feet if he were to do so. He shouted at Mr. Jenks, but Mr. Jenks merely stood looking on, smiling. He held out his fork. Peter snatched it frantically.

But when he turned back to where it had been, the mouse was no longer there. The ground was empty. He searched minutely. It had vanished.

He gave Mr. Jenks his fork. "Why didn't you kill it for me?" he asked, pouting a little. "Now it's got away."

"I suppose it's pretty tickled, too," said Mr. Jenks; "to be able to go on living. Why did you think you ought to kill it?"

"Why, just because I did," said Peter. That was an odd question for
anyone to ask. "Mice eat grain, don't they?"

"Sure," said Mr. Jenks; "I guess they eat grain all right."

"And now he's got away." Peter looked sorrowfully about.

"It's too bad, isn't it?" said Mr. Jenks. He seemed to be smiling a little to himself.

Peter followed along behind the wagon. He wondered why anyone should not want to kill a mouse. None of the next few shocks had mice beneath them, or if there were any, Peter did not see them. The stubble hurt his feet.

"Here, Cap," said Mr. Jenks; "what I need is a good driver. Come over here to the front and I'll help you up on the load."

Peter ran forward and scrambled up on the wagon tongue. "Easy, girls," said Mr. Jenks to his fat bays. "That's right, Cap, take hold of the cross piece. You can step on Frieda; she's not ticklish."

The horse's rump was a warm cushion under Peter's foot. Mr. Jenks' hand gave him a shove, and he sprawled on top of the bundles. Mr. Jenks clucked to the horses and they started up obediently, halting at the next shock.

Peter squirmed about and braced his feet against the uprights on the front of the rack. He untied the reins that had been wound about them and settled himself. Below him were the horses' brown backs greyed a little with chaff. He could see the mark of his foot on Frieda's rump. A tremor went through the load each time Mr. Jenks tossed a bundle upon it.

His voice came from somewhere: "Okay, Cap!" And Peter shouted at the horses. He was proud when they started off unhesitatingly at his orders. He halted them carefully beside the next shock in the row. Some day he would have a team of his own and be able to throw bundles to the top of his load like Mr. Jenks. He drove them onward from shock to shock.

"Guess we got all we can carry, Cap!" Mr. Jenks tossed his fork on the load and climbed up from the back. Peter could hear him walking about arranging the bundles securely. He came striding forward, planted his fork upright and squatted beside Peter.

He took the reins in his horny hands and headed towards the threshing rig. The loaded wagon swayed gently from side to side; the wheels thumped loosely upon the axles. The bundles were full of little whisperings and rustlings.

"A lot of crickets taking their last ride," said Mr. Jenks. He was looking down at a black shiny one resting on his overall leg. "You'll see their arms and legs coming out of the grain spout with the oats. It's too bad."

Peter wondered absently why it should be too bad. Crickets were only bugs. They bit sometimes, too, and gnawed holes in people's clothes. Mr. Jenks was a queer fellow.

When they reached the rumbling tumult of the rig, the man ahead of them had not entirely finished unloading. Mr. Jenks pulled up beside the laboring engine and clambered off the load. Peter was on a level with the tractor's heat-rusted exhaust pipe. He watched the thin black puffs of smoke that shot from it straight into the air after each explosion. He wondered how far something would fly—a potato, for instance—if he were to drop it down inside.
Upon the ground Mr. Jenks was dipping water with a tin cup from a cream can that stood beside one of the engine’s giant red drive wheels. From the bundle racks drawn up beside the separator the bundles were dropping endlessly into the feeder, end to end, end to end, and without pause gliding in a double row to the huge jaws that champed them and tossed them backwards out of sight.

Peter was always a little in awe of the feeder. He could never tire of watching it. The separator was a dragon and the feeder was its mouth. Sometimes, after staring at it until his gaze was foggy, he half expected to see it gulp or blink its eyes, or reach over and bite a piece from one of the bundle wagons.

Mr. Jenks came climbing up again. The man ahead had tossed his last bundle and was already trotting his team across the stubble field, standing like a peg at the front of his empty rack. The feeder was snapping up the thin stream of bundles coming from the load on the other side.

Peter made his way to the rear of the load, lowered himself carefully over the end of the rack into the feed box, and from there to the ground. He went to the cream can and pulled off the cover and dipped up a cupful of water. When he had finished drinking, he threw away the remainder as Mr. Jenks had done.

He sat in the cold iron curve of the drive wheel that trembled under him with the laboring of the engine, and looked along the drive belt to the feeder. He watched Jack, the separator man, with goggles and a bandanna around his neck striding about on top of the separator with a long-snouted oil can in one hand, as though he did not know that he was walking upon the back of a dragon. He saw the blower swing a little to one side like the barrel of a cannon and spout its straw higher into the air. He saw Mr. Jenks empty his rack and clatter away across the field without a sound and other loads of bundles drive in where he had been. He watched for a long while.

He walked back past the feeder and the unloading wagons to the place where the grain was cascading out of the iron pipe into the grain wagon. He climbed into the wagon box with chaff sitting down upon him in fine silver shreds, and sat upon the cool grey oats and allowed them to run from the spout over his feet. He saw among the oat kernels the crooked black hind legs of the crickets, as Mr. Jenks had told him. But he was not sorry that they should be there. Death had no meaning yet for him.

When the box was full to the top with grain he rode away on it across the fields towards the windmill and the grove and the granary, with the grain quivering under him and the roar of the threshing machine becoming a dull rumble that finally resolved to the far-off exhausting of an engine.

At the cook car his mother was paring potatoes into a large kettle for the noon meal. She gave him a slice of bread thickly buttered and sugared, and he clambered onto the covered half of the round wooden watering tank to eat it in the sun. The wood was warm and clean and silvered from many years of lying open to the weather.

He lay on his back with his knees drawn up gazing beyond the windmill to the white clouds sailing and turning
like ice cakes in a river. Sometimes he and the windmill sailed and the clouds stood still, and he could feel the tank swaying gently beneath him. There were specks of birds with white wings circling around and around just beneath the clouds. He could see the sun flashing on them when they sailed into a patch of blue sky. He wondered how the earth would look from there.

He jumped from the trough and gathered small stones for his sling shot and scrambled back again. He stretched the rubbers as far as they would go and sent a stone up towards the birds, but it went scarcely higher than the windmill and came down with a little whizzing sound upon the boards beside him and tumbled into the tank. Through the clear water he could see it lying in the green moss on the bottom. With his finger he touched the shiny dent in the board where it had struck.

From the direction of the machine shed came the chattering of sparrows. Three of them were sitting on the shingles in the sun, and one was perched in the crack at the top of the big double doors. He saw it disappear inside. One by one the three others followed it.

He leaped to the ground and filled his pockets with as many stones as they would hold. Cautiously he approached the shed, pulled upon one of the doors far enough to admit his small body, and closed it behind him.

The shed was empty. The small, square-paned windows high in the peak at either end lighted it dimly. The air was cold and dank and tainted faintly with the odor of machinery that had known oil and gasoline and carbon. About him all was still.

He stood near the door with his sling shot ready. Above him high and gloomy was the vault of roof paneled by the lines of rafters. There were sparrow nests where the rafters and the sidewalls met. He could see the wads of straw and hay that composed them, and here and there a feather. He had never killed a sparrow. He was going to kill one now. He knew it, and his heart pounded so hard that he could hear the surge of it in his ears.

The voices of young birds began murmuring in a low monotone from the nests. He lifted his sling shot and sent a stone clattering against the ceiling. Instantly there was silence and birds dashing towards the crack of light at the top of the door. He shouted loudly and shot stones at them to frighten them back.

Bewildered, they flew against the windows, first one and then the other, interminably, clinging to the cross pieces for a moment with their bodies pressed against the glass. When they paused to rest upon the jack-rafters he shot at them with as sure an aim as he was able to command. But the stones did not go true.

One by one the birds braved him and escaped through the crack in the door. There was but one left finally. In long arcs it swooped from window to window, breaking away the cob webs in its flutterings against the panes. He shouted at it with all the power of his lungs, and when it rested a stone would send it on again.

It must have become exhausted in the end, for it perched upon a jack rafter and would not budge. It turned its head from side to side and moved a little when a stone came very close, but it would do nothing more, as
though its wings no longer had strength to obey its mind.

His pockets were almost empty. The final stone went harmlessly against the ceiling. He found a jagged piece of cement and shot it with all his might. It struck the rafter and bounded against the bird. Like a leaf from a tree in autumn it drifted down with little flutterings into a far dark corner of the building. He shouted exultantly and pushed open the doors.

The sparrow was lying upon the ground with its wings outspread. Gloatingly he stooped to pick it up. But at his touch it quivered a little and huddled closer to the wall. It was not dead!

The exultation he had experienced was gone, and in its place suddenly was pity and shame and remorse all mingled together. He had expected to find a small dead body clothed in feathers, and here it was a crippled little bird with a bloody spot on the side of its head. Its eyes were almost closed, it nodded drunkenly, and seemed scarcely to be breathing; yet each time his hand moved in its direction it tried to get away. Why had it not died cleanly in an instant; why did it go struggling on to live after he had killed it?

The sight of it filled him with anguish. He must do something; he could not kill it again. Now he did not want it to die. He must bring it back to life so that it could fly once more. He would be kind to it. He would let it know that he was sorry. He took it in his hand and placed it carefully upon the cement foundation close into the corner, murmuring soft words. Its head tilted sleepily and its small beak rested upon the concrete.

He dashed out of the shed into the sunshine. From the puddle near the water tank the flock of sparrows flew up into the framework of the windmill. In the barn the pigeons were still chattering in soft, contented tones. He could hear them as he slipped through the open doorway into its shadowy interior. He lifted the lid on the box in which he knew the feed was kept and hurriedly took out a handful of oats.

When he returned to the shed the sparrow was still as he had left it. He placed the oats in a little heap before its beak. Now he would go get it a dish of water so that it would not be thirsty. With his forefinger he began to stroke the soft feathers on the top of its head. It toppled over on its side, dead.

He had killed it. And it had not tried to harm him or retaliate; it had not even cried out; it had only died. A sob contracted his throat. He thought of the sailing clouds and the flock of other sparrows and the pigeons in the barn and the white birds circling in the clear air halfway to heaven. The days that held those things were all over for this little bird. It would not know them any more. He brushed away the tears with the back of his hand.

There came to him softly the sound of the engine at the threshing machine. He wondered what Mr. Jenks would think if he knew. And suddenly he remembered God. He recalled what his mother had told him. God knew about everything. Even when a sparrow died, He watched and understood; He knew how it had happened and why. Agonizedly he realized that God must be looking down upon him now, silently from the sky; that he must be writing an eternal record of this deed in His great white book.
IN THE MIDDLE YEARS

Ted Olson

Men in the middle years sleep badly;
The skull’s night is the time of wolves, crying
Quarry that lies snug enough by day.
Hare for too many gaunt hunters, I
Often flee the steppes of sleep, and choose
Rather to meet them waking, eyeballs quick
Under the lids, silence shrill in the ears.

There islanded from yesterday and tomorrow,
Free for a little from the lumbering engines
Of trade, the galley whips for a little stilled,
I ask sometimes: How came I here, and why?
I set down names on the slate of the brain:
People; places: so geographers letter
Maps with words brought back by random travelers,
Few, with no instruments, remembering
Uncertainly a peak here, a river,
Space wide between them, and no roads.

So I make maps with names, speaking them over:
Basil, and Dan, and Landreth; the girl Andromeda,
They called Andy; the girl Ingrid—dead, now;
San Francisco, and St. Elmo, and Laramie.
I say: Here came I. Such was the day and year.
But why, and by what road? I say, again:
There was a green oasis; I have forgotten
The way there.

And I say: Where Go I?
The map has no answer, showing only
Country unknown, inscrutable, and dangerous.
No answer. Only the eyeballs quick and weary
Under the lids; the lumbering early cart,
Sure of its destination; the gaunt hunters
Slinking to cover, baffled yet—but patient,
Sure of their quarry.
PEDRO was never a man to moon over the defeats and denials of existence. When he was young he did not care what others thought of his exploits. Now that he was old he blamed their poor memories.

He was so old now that with every year he seemed to shrink a little, but this did not distress him for he could not see so well. It was the attitude of the villagers which annoyed him. He remembered how when he was eighty he had found it necessary to lift his voice and quell the murmurs of the dubious. Now that he had come to ninety and past, it was once more imperative that a new array of upstarts be put in their place. Perhaps when he reached the century it would all have to be gone through again. Each crop of green stuff must learn his might for itself.

He called himself Don Pedro the Tempest and this title had been so impressed on each succeeding generation that his family, even to the great grandchildren, were named Don or Donna. Only the big book in the Mission on the Bay could recall a swarthy moon-faced child singing hymns with the flock, at the padre’s direction.

So swift are the tides of man, it seemed but a mere yesterday ago that men had bobbed their heads as he entered the Yankee store and called out repeatedly, “Good day to you, Don Pedro the Tempest,” until he recognized each of them by name.

Now he must elbow his way vigorously into the big room, calling loudly in his cracked voice, “Make way, fools, else the wrath of Don Pedro beset you!”

When they laughed at this, and made mock salutes and pointed down at him as if he were some villager’s performing duck, he flung his faded serape sharply across his shoulders and strode on with muttered curses.

He wondered at his annoyance. Who were they? Mere relatives of inferior mules who had quaked innumerable times at even a small clearing of his throat. What did their callow skepticism matter to a great man who had seen a mountain belch flame at his command?

“A glass of wine,” he told the Yankee storekeeper, and swung his shoulder so that his back rebuked the jeering faces along the bar.

The Yankee shook his head. “Your daughter, the Donna Maria, has given me my orders, Don Pedro. One glass in the morning and one at night. It is time now you had your siesta. Later today you may have the other glass.”

Pedro was swept by a stifling rage, but his was a will of iron and he merely spat violently at the floor as he turned away. It was humiliating to feel their mocking glances as he went out towards the sunlight, for they were but fools spared only by his mercy.

For many days his wrath smoldered. He was greatly tempted to forget his resolutions, to ignore his ninety years and a belated desire to die without further blood upon his conscience. But he conquered the wrath that rocked his soul. Surely, he told himself, there must be some peaceful
means of restoring to me my rightful honors.

In time he resumed telling them of the mountain that had obeyed his command and poured boiling lava not only upon the fragrant jungle but into the sea, which began at once to churn and steam.

"Look there!" he cried, pointing down the roadway through the dunes to the rumbling Pacific, "There tosses the very sea which cast up a tidal wave when I spoke!"

"And there," indicating the phantom ranges of fog in the distant west, "Out there beyond even the Farralones lies a paradise which I once laid waste. When I thundered that curse, an aged, quaking king went up into the smoke to make sacrifice and plead with his gods. Poor, foolish king."

At this point, the old vaquero glanced about the room to see if Tiburcio were surely there. He was, drowsing over a half-finished glass of wine. Pedro drew himself a little straighter, slapped the bar with a hand as dark and hard as a mummy’s and went on.

"Why did I curse that isle, senors? I damned it and doomed it for the agonies of sea-sickness I had suffered and for the torture of seeing my Torbellino die at my feet in that perfumed realm of grass petticoats and flower garlands. . . . By St. Joseph’s mule, I swear it senors, those hills were alive with wild cattle, flowing like red and white wine with them, but not a vaquero, not a one I tell you in all the islands!"

He twisted his leathery, gargoyle face into a sentimental smirk as he added, "But some one whispered to the old king and I was summoned—with a few assistants. Ho, how the girls murmured and crowded when they spied me, riding up from the ship with that wicked light in my eyes! I knew not a word of their tongue and they none of mine. But I was not lonely."

At this moment Pedro casually reached for a nearby bottle, which the Yankee deftly removed beyond his grasp. The old vaquero cast him a glance of burning rage and returned to his story.

"However, senors, lovely maidens meant naught to Don Pedro when Torbellino lay in that native pitfall, his blood raining upon that snowy coat and glossy mane. Helpless I watched death shake that beautiful body and drop it limp. And then, senors, then I cursed! But even my rage was noble. I might have sent that pretty land to the depths of the sea. I merely made it weep."

Here Pedro snapped his fingers and demanded service fit for a gentleman of capacity and experience, not the dribblings decreed by an impertinent kitchen wench who by some grim trick of the saints had become the one survivor of his sons and daughters.

The Yankee backed against the mirror and shook his head. Donna Maria had her father’s tongue and money besides, which gave her words a sharper meaning.

Don Pedro called on Tiburcio to testify to the terrors of the curse across the Pacific. Had not Tiburcio himself heard the dread rumblings and seen the night brilliant with great flashes?

Tiburcio, who was as large and fat and ruddy as Pedro was small and thin and brown, opened his eyes drowsily and bubbled through his bushy white beard.

"It was so, Don Pedro. It was exactly as you say. Torbellino broke his leg and cut an artery in a pitfall and
when he was dead you drew in your breath and you made a curse. God’s name, what a curse!’"

The witness waved a puffy, languid hand at the Yankee. ‘‘You had better go softly, senor. You have found Don Pedro merciful, but beware, the wrath of Don Pedro the Tempest is like nothing you have ever known!’”

Settling deeper in his chair, Tiburcio went back to sleep.

Pedro’s eyes, once dark and smouldering but now filmed by the pale little rings of time, traveled with arrogant pride around the big barroom of the general store. ‘‘Well?’’ he demanded, ‘‘Are you going to tempt the devil? Do you wish to drive me to your doom?’”

At this moment Pedro’s daughter, summoned secretly by the Yankee, stormed into the store, her innumerable petticoats leaping and swirling around her ankles. She swept her father from the bar and out the door.

‘‘So you would drink yourself into the depths of hell!’’ she screamed. ‘‘You would blaspheme and boast your pagan tricks in the very village of your birth. Shame upon you! Once more let me catch you in the house of the good Yankee trader, begging an extension of the limit I allow and you shall not only have no wine but no house of your own as well! It is time I had you where I can watch you!”

‘‘Close your saucy mouth before I forget your years and close it for you!’” snapped Pedro, shambling over to the drooping pepper tree where the contemporary Torbellino dozed and shivered his shaggy sides at the hungry nips of large, noisy flies.

Donna Maria’s scolding rolled on, unhindered by Pedro’s threats or the shaking of a quirted fist in her face. Muttering, he creaked and grunted his way to the plank on one end of the water trough, and from there slowly lifted a leg across the little burro’s back.

‘‘Only the memory of your sainted mother keeps me from questioning the blood in your veins!’’ Don Pedro snarled through his teeth. ‘‘May God spare you from my wrath!’”

And slapping his quirt across Torbellino’s thickly coated rump, the shriveled shadow of alta California’s greatest vaquero crept into the heat of the dusty street.

Above his waist the grace of past fame swayed. The elbows out, the body swaying with every swing of his mount, the chin up, the nose haughtily lifted above familiar scenes that should have been streaming by in a haze of speed, Don Pedro went like a tortoise towards the little house of the old vaquero, which stood on a hill, under a cypress quite as old and weatherworn as the ancient himself.

But it was sad indeed to watch the once dashing Pedro from the waist down. For there the illusion of speed was entirely lost. The burro’s little mincing feet went put-put-pit-put-put through tiny spurts of dust, leaving a dim unclouded trail where once torn, thundering billows and the flashing of sparks had followed the wake of Don Pedro the Tempest and his many Torbellinos.

For a time Pedro enjoyed again the awe of the villagers, though even that was slightly obscured by the fact that Maria’s idea of a man’s drinking needs fell far short of Don Pedro’s.

The wily vaquero, alert to the warming mood of the listeners, revived with eloquence the years when he and men
of lesser skill had spurred their thundering steeds through old Yerba Buena and lunged like demons of the wind for the silver flung down on the little Plaza.

Some of the old men nodded, with small coughing noises of assent, when Pedro recalled that time twenty years and more ago when the Old General had organized forces to expel the gringoes. What had happened when the general refused to let Don Pedro ride with his sons to battle? What had come of that, indeed? Such a curse as had blasted all dreams of a western empire!

The old men sighed with Pedro.

"How I dreaded my own powers!" he cried with mild regret. "Yet for all of my resolutions, for all of my iron will, what happened when my grandsons went off to help the gringoes prove that Abraham Lincoln could lick the Negro as well as the Mexicano and the gringo captain said 'Go home, old rooster,' to me? Ten thousand devils shook me as I made that curse, senors. And what happened?"

That was just before the first Battle of Bull Run, which all agreed hadn't been precisely a victory for the President.

The townsfolk came soon again to speak of Don Pedro's terrible gift. It was even agreed that the Yankee trader's fate was long overdue. They pitied him but they watched and waited with growing excitement.

Weeks went by. Pedro grew thinner and browner and more wrinkled while Tiburcio grew redder and fatter and sleepier. But one day while Pedro was endeavoring to terrify the Yankee into producing another bottle of good red wine all around, old Tiburcio turned whiter than his thick bushy hair.

"Shut your clatter!" he snarled, his eyes like glittering beads of venom, "Shut your lying mouth! For sixty years I've heard you but now I'm done! The earth had been shaking for three days when you cursed that island and it shook for ten more after we left—You call yourself Don Pedro! I laugh through my teeth! Don Mosquito, I say, bandy legs and big noise!—Listen, senors, I remember when they roped him out on the fields yonder and dragged him off to curry the captain's horse! You, Pedro, why don't you curse somebody now and show what a bag of wind you are!"

Pedro's wrath hissed in his nostrils and his bony fist quivered above his head, but he could not speak. The Yankee stood transfixed, his back to the mirror, which presently began to reflect the movement of figures retreating cautiously towards the door. Suddenly the blanched faces became stone, for Pedro had found his voice.

"Tiburcio," he snarled, "You were my friend but you are now my enemy and I curse my enemies! I damn you and all your line to the fires and the brimstone and boiling oil and vipers and the clutches of a thousand devilfish! May you never hear a sound but the screams of the eternally doomed and the echoes of your own agony! Tiburcio, I curse you! Don Pedro the Tempest has spoken!"

Tiburcio, who had lurched to his feet at Pedro's first words, quivered and stiffened, then lifted his gasping lips to the ceiling and fell. They poured wine into his open mouth and rubbed his body, but when the padre arrived
there was no question about it. Tiburcio was dead!

When the priest saw the slow, stealthy gait of the men leaving the Yankee's store, he told them to wait outside.

"Poor old Tiburcio had not been well," he said, glancing from the strained faces of the men to the arrogant countenance of Don Pedro the Tempest. "Men like Tiburcio go in a minute. God have mercy on his soul."

Pedro mounted Torbellino and set out for the little house of the old man, but soon he halted and sat there thinking, while Torbellino dozed and shivered the flies away. Presently they wheeled and made for the house of Donna Maria.

"I wish to draw money to have masses said for the soul of Tiburcio," he told her, "I have just cursed him and he is dead."

A genial, benign and forgiving Don Pedro attended the series of masses for the soul of Tiburcio. When they were done, he called on the padre once more.

"I hold Tiburcio no further ill," said Pedro. "I condemned him to hell, but now I see what respect he has returned to me in this village of my youth. I shall speak to my daughter. I wish you to pray for him a little longer. He must be nearly through purgatory by this time."

The lean and weathered padre smiled gently as he bowed his dark head and fingered the worn wooden beads in his hands.

For nearly a year Pedro shouldered his way among the men in the Yankee's store, ordering more wine than was good for him, treating the gathering generously and reciting the terrors of his wrath.

Then his daughter began to scold about his health and the disgrace of seeing a man past ninety reeling and falling, clutching the shoulders of a drowsy burro who answered to the name of Torbellino the whirlwind!

The first time the Yankee refused to extend the account, Don Pedro was astounded but he succeeded in holding his wrath in leash.

"I warn you," he said, patting the bar with his brown old hand, "Try me too far and I shall speak such a curse as you have never heard!"

That time he got the wine.

But the next month the Yankee was more afraid of Donna Maria than he was of the old man's curse. So he folded his arms and made a stiff, mirthless smile.

"Better go home and sleep it off, Don Pedro," he urged quite gently "You don't want any more today."

Darting hate from his faded old eyes, Don Pedro carefully spat on the door sill as he departed. Muttering and plucking at his serape, he shuffled through the sunlight to the water trough where he palmed water out into the dust and stirred with a crooked forefinger. Then with a fist full of dripping black mud, he toiled back to the store and smeared the symbols of his curse across the whitewashed adobe walls.

"Come out, you Yankee!" he called, "Come out and hear my curse! Damned be your walls, your house and your store! Cursed be your fortune, your family and your friends! I curse you this day and I curse you this night! May you roast in hell tomorrow's dawn!"

The fixed gaze of terrified eyes fol-
lowed Pedro as he tottered back to the pepper tree and Torbellino.

By the time he had reached the little house of the old vaquero Pedro was very tired, so he did not wait for the results of his curse. But when he awoke next morning, the picture of the blessed Virgin lay upon his bosom, the chest of drawers had toppled and spilled into the middle of the room, and broken dishes littered the floor. He closed his eyes, waited, and opened them wide again, but the scene remained unchanged.

"Mother of God," he sighed with a small smile. "I must have been in quite a state last night."

He made no attempt to tidy the wreckage, for he wished to summon the villagers to look upon the results of an old man's drinking. Perhaps after all the limit his daughter had set was right. He had not thought it possible.

Pedro mounted Torbellino and went down to the Yankee's store. But when he came to the pepper tree, there was no store, merely a smoking mound of odd-smelling ruins, from which a fragment of shattered mirror caught the light of the mist-veiled sun.

Pedro cast a scowling glance towards the water trough where the brown-robed padre seemed busy with a white cloth in the midst of kneeling figures. The old vaquero spurred Torbellino, who went put-put-pit-put-put across the dusty street, and beheld the priest bathing the prostrate Yankee's blood matted head.

"Is he dead?" inquired Pedro.

At his voice the kneeling figures shot to their feet and fled in one swift leap of terror.

"Are they afraid of me?" incredulous Pedro asked the padre. "I have no cause to curse them."

The Yankee groaned, moved his shoulders and lifted his freshly bandaged head.

"Father," he croaked to the priest, "it seems like a nightmare—but I couldn't sleep. I must have left the lamp burning by the bar while I went out to scrape that mud off the wall. I think the chimney grazed me then. That was the worst shake I ever felt. The sixth since this thing began, eh?"

The padre nodded. When the Yankee saw Pedro's small eyes squinting so closely at him, his face blanched whiter than before and he drew back against the padre's knees.

"Your family, Yankee?" asked Pedro very softly. "Did they escape?"

"They did," growled the priest, eyeing Pedro with the cold dignity of a disapproving Church. "But no thanks to you, pagan. All night they wept and prayed, in spite of my counsel. They would not go down to the beach for fear of a tidal wave. They would not light their lamps at home for fear of fire. Only my friend here refused to be terrified. And when the earth trembled beneath our feet for the first time, mad things in petticoats fled screaming from his house. They are out in the fields now, crossing themselves and praying for release from the fears you have tied about them, wretch!"

Pedro was very proud. He rode out to see the terror of the Yankee's Mexican wife and her sisters. They swarmed around the old vaquero, beseeching him to withdraw his curse.

While he pondered clemency, the earth began once more to quiver like a table under a strong man's hands. Pedro smiled, swept a lofty glance over
the vibrating landscape and finding it pleasant, smiled again. The earth subsided.

"When I cursed Tiburcio I relented too soon," he told the Yankee’s wife. "Many times of late have you abetted my daughter in her designs on my freedom. You may suffer a little longer."

A parade of apprehensive but admiring villagers followed Pedro as he returned to the site of the Yankee’s store.

"Gringo!" he shouted with vast impatience. "Bring me a cask of wine and goblets for my friends!"

The Yankee, who was mournfully picking about the wreckage, lifted his bandaged head and called back, "Your curse has ruined me! I have not so much as a red pepper left!"

"Bring me a cask of wine!" roared Don Pedro in a high, thin voice, "Bring me a cask of wine or I shall curse you again!"

And the earth quaked!

Waving his crucifix, the padre stumbled among the gibbering villagers, who prayed from their knees or lay flat upon the quivering ground.

"Peace!" he cried, "Peace! This is none of that old fool’s doing. Only God can shake the earth!"

But they did not hear the padre’s voice, for their ears were tuned to the husky commands of a strutting, shrunken old man with a faded serape across his shoulder.

"A cask of wine, gringo!" snarled Don Pedro. "A cask of wine or I’ll send a crevice through the embers of your store!"

The priest shook his fist in the old man’s face, "You go too far, cowherd! Look, I rest my crucifix upon the wreckage. In eight more minutes, if the good God is not yet done, the earth will shake again. See, I have my time-piece, by which I call each mass. It has told me this morning that the earth has been shaking at intervals of ten minutes. . . . Now, tear your crevice through the embers of the Yankee trader’s store!"

The seconds and the minutes ticked off in the thick silver watch. Presently a faint stir filled the air, a sense of elements in transposition, which all at once became the rumbling, grinding upheaval of an earth in cosmic travail.

When the screaming villagers had halted their blind, spreading flight and weakly returned to the site of the Yankee’s store, old Pedro, dusted by ashes and streaked by charred wood, dramatically proffered the crucifix to the hands of the scowling padre.

There was no crevice.

"You will find the crucifix unharmed," declared Pedro loudly enough for all to hear, "Let no man charge that Don Pedro’s wrath struck the innocent. Good Jesus died to save our souls. With this crucifix you have gained sanctuary for the wreckage before us!"

To the padre’s astonishment, the Yankee trader found not only a cask of wine for Don Pedro but very old wine at that.

"It is well," said Pedro as he summoned the villagers to quench the thirst of terror. "The wrath of Don Pedro the Tempest has spoken. Remember this day the next time the Donna Maria closes my account."

And not even the arrival of the Donna Maria herself could stop the earth’s sudden shudder at what the villagers forever after declared was merely the lifting of Don Pedro’s hand.
BOOKS
KATHRINE WOODFORD SIMPSON

From my tapestried chair
I look upon a room of books.
Beneath the golden sheen of a reading lamp
I turn the pages of a book.
The big black table is covered with books . . .
   Carl Sandburg, Evelyn Underhill, H. L. Mencken,
   Edward Carpenter, The Divine Comedy,
   With all the rest of Dante, never read.
On the deep window sill
Begonias shed their ashen petals
On other books, magazines and pamphlets,
   Ethan Frome, The Dial, Gargoyles,
   The Amenities of Book Collecting,
   The Next Step and The Nation.
   Across the room
   Before the merry logs
   Gypsy curls alone,
   Unaware of literature,
While I am thinking
Of all the beauty in these books,
Of all the energy and will it took
   to put it there,
Of the flesh grown thin and
The vision of those who dared to be very poor,
Those who had will enough to step out and walk alone.
They know so much,
They even know the loneliness
Of those they leave behind
   Sitting reading,
   Rusting,
   Waiting,
   Gnawing on books.
Life slides by.
SHE sat in her room between the two windows, her rocker fitting into the corner except for one runner beginning to scrape the wall after she’d been rocking a few minutes. A ball of ravelled red wool partly knitted onto a pair of amber needles lay in her lap. She wondered now if that scrape couldn’t be worn in the plaster enough so the chair would just stay there and rock, like a trolley on a track. Try a little now—there, scrape, scrape, scrape, scrape, it was back in its track.

She listened, rocking carefully, feeling her way. There. Better stop now. Mame would notice. Mame was downstairs, her heels going back and forth putting away things from ironing and getting the dining-room table set for supper.

Get the knitting done. She picked up the needles and straightened the rows. Still a half hour’s work on it before the ball was finished and time to rip it out again. The shadows were long and cool across the little yard and the old board fence and the river beyond that went on and on out of sight. She stretched her chin out straight, looking to see where the stream rippled away into the shadow of the next house and disappeared, blotted from view by the neighbor’s back porch. That long gray water she was watching going by—it might go anywhere—out in the ocean it went, and might go out with the tide till it got to China! And she had looked at it—it went with her look on it.

She sat with her chin still raised taut and her fingers went up to stroke it. Smooth, smooth, not baggy like when you held it naturally; no double chin the same as when you look down. Was that what they meant by Keeping Your Chin Up? Fifty. That wasn’t old; when you were there it didn’t seem old at least, though it seemed so when you were still forty-nine. Then you were at the top of a decade—now it was the bottom of a new one. But how ten years could go by! So terribly fast. Sixty would come. She might be childish by then. The asylum—she shivered and stopped rocking. Mame was all the time hinting she’d better watch herself, or—the asylum.

She ran her fingers through strings of graying hair, straightening them back with comb-like strokes, tucking the strands futilely into the thin knot at the back of her head. Her eyes turned to the other window where cars whirred by on the cemented street, and people walked on the two cemented sidewalks. Mame and George had been so mad when the pavings were laid, widening the road and cutting two feet off their lawn. “Not even as if we got somethin’ for it,” they’d said, “we have to suffer for it and not a dollar off for rent.” What did it matter anyhow? Two feet. Why, the two feet were there just the same! It was surprising the way they crabbled about it. But then they crabbled about lots of things—they saw lots of things different than she did. She thought it was grand having a big busy street like that right under her window to watch. Her hands began to work again, with precision, building up the rows of kinked red wool that looked like the beginning of a sweater.
The shadows were getting longer now and Mame was humming faintly in the kitchen the way she did while she peeled potatoes. Five o'clock it must be. Yes, peering across the comparative shade of the room to where a radium dial alarm clock ticked noisily on the bureau beside her wide wooden bed, yes, it was five—it was a few minutes past five.

George always came home at four if he was coming, so this must be one of his late nights. She never did understand those shifts of his. Cely'd be coming along now in about fifteen minutes. She wished her Elsa could work a typewriter in some office and come home at five o'clock too instead of having to stay in the store till six, and on her feet too—hard work. And Mame always getting the supper on the table right away at six, and being exasperated if she had to wait, so they always had to set down and be part way through the meal before Elsa came in. It seemed like Cely'd kind of rush things along too, for her mother. Now she, when she helped with the meals always hung back and said the potatoes weren't quite done, and cut the bread slow in nice even slices, and wanted to fix up a sauce for a vegetable or something. But now since they never let her help any more she couldn't even do that. Now all she could do was try to hold off going down to eat till she heard Elsa come in.

There was Cely coming. Walking along with sharp quick little steps, never much looking around from under the little straw hat pulled down tight on one side of her head. Cely was as short and unsociable as her mother.

She sighed, hearing the bang of a kettle downstairs. Muffled sounds like that made you feel lonesomer than ever.

And she would feel not so burdensome helping get the meals or ironing a little. Not that she should feel a burden on them, because there was her husband's life insurance she'd given them when she and Elsa came—so she wasn't really beholden. No.

Cars were glinting back golden light now in their swift passing, the river was a dark gray stream covered completely in the long shadows. This was the nicest time of day. Afternoons were too bright and long. And hot sometimes. You didn't always feel like a nap and you couldn't think you were going anywheres. But now it was interesting, and it was soon time to go downstairs.

I wonder why I couldn't have made out keeping that little flat for the rest of the time Elsa had to go to school, she thought. The insurance money was in the bank. It would have lasted a long time. Anyhow I could have had another job in a store. Just because they let me go out of the five-and-ten for taking a little jar of cream, and a teeny bottle of perfume that didn't cost them a nickel apiece, and besides if they hadn't seen me do it they'd never have missed it, so what was the difference? They hadn't known about the cameo pin and the ball of tinsel thread, and nobody was the worse for me having them, so what was the difference?

There were plenty of other stores to get a job in, but Mame and George were scandalized, and said that was the end. she'd have to come with them. And they made her sign over her bank book. Sometimes she wondered yet why she did it, but they had argued so there didn't seem to be anything else to do. Mame said, now the insurance money'll be taken care of, and just enough used for your expenses—well, so it had been be-
They thought she hadn’t any sense at all! And now, everything that happened, Mame kept talking about how she ought to send for Dr. Wiper—and that would mean a change. The asylum, she meant.

The sound of frying came faintly upstairs. Chops. Pork? Sizzly and brown. How she loved them. The chops would be on the right hand burner in a big black frying-pan, a pot of potatoes would be on the left. And back of the potatoes would be palish yellow string beans dumped out of a can, or mashed tomatoes, or maybe peas. When things were almost done Mame would light the other flame in the back to heat tea water. She always lighted it quick, holding the flaring match right down close, and you could never get one bit of flavor of gas, lighting it that way.

That was one thing, why they didn’t want to let her in the kitchen any more. She loved to smell the gas—just a little whiff to make it cozy, and she used to get ahead and light the burner for the teakettle before anyone thought of it, till Mame finally got mad and wouldn’t let her; then she used to just brush by easy and open it up with a little push so the gas would smell out a little. One afternoon while Mame was having a nap she went down easy to make a cup of tea for herself, and never heard Mame come in while she had her nose down over the burner getting a good smell of the gas to last her a while, so now they kept her bedroom door locked on the outside when there wasn’t anyone around to see she didn’t do it. ‘‘Any more stunts and we’ll have Dr. Wiper!’’ Mame yelled. And when she yanked the key out of the inside of the door to put it in the outside her eyes were narrowed up, and her lips. ‘‘It’s either you’ll stay in your room or—the asylum,’’ she’d said. Didn’t understand it wasn’t stunts, that it was just a whiff she wanted. They said she was crazy.

Mame thought anybody was crazy anyhow if they didn’t like things the way she did. Take card playing. Mame’d rather play cards than do anything else, it seemed. And didn’t understand why a body wouldn’t want to learn solitaire to play sitting alone. She thought knitting up the ball of wool and ripping it out every day was the craziest thing she ever knew, but it was better than turning the same old cards over and over. It kept your fingers busy and you didn’t have to think about anything like would it fit, or how many stitches you dropped. Mame said, you’ll be knitting that wool up in the asylum some day if you don’t watch out.

The hall door from the kitchen opened faintly below. Cely came with her quick click click up the stairs. It was only a quarter to six. The glowing hands of the clock sliced a neat quarter out of the dusk. Cely was fumbling with the latch, then the door burst open and the grumpy-looking girl said better come have your supper now, Elsa’ll be home after seven on account of the inventory.

‘‘Yes, all right, I know.’’ She got up heavily from the rocker. It had slipped her mind. She remembered now that Elsa had mentioned about it this morning.

Cely and Mame were already sitting down when she got there. The circle of white tablecloth glaring brightly under the colored glass dome dazzled her eyes. She sat for a moment looking out into the evening light, softly pink as though there must be a fine sunset.
“Here.” Mame spoke rather loudly, poking the dish of potatoes at her. She helped herself dreamily, surveyed with faint distaste the platter with its one chop left for her, (lamb, not pork at all) then quickly transferred it to her plate lest Mame think she was criticizing. Mame leaned over and scraped a spoonful of string beans onto her plate, and set the empty dish rattling with its spoon down in the center of the table.

“There’s more on the stove for George and Elsa,” she said.

No one said anything otherwise. When they ate the canned cherries put around at each place, the pits clicked back in the dishes like little pistol shots. Directly, Mame and Cely got up, taking dishes with them to the kitchen. They were in a hurry. They were going some place. Movies—first show. Began at seven o’clock, with the feature beginning at quarter past, and they would get there for that. Wonder what was playing. It was so long now since she’d seen a movie.

“Now, go sit down, Bessie, and don’t get in the way!” Mame said sharp when she also took her dishes to the sink the way they each had. “Cely, take Aunt Bessie up to her room with the evening paper.” As though she was still a child! And them in a hurry too. She could get the paper and go up herself, for the land’s sakes! “I can get the paper and go up myself—” she repeated aloud. Nobody said anything, and Cely went on with her dish clearing, so she took the paper off the front room table and went upstairs. George would be up after it when he got home. That wouldn’t be till after they left.

Elsa wouldn’t be home till after they left, she suddenly realized, too. So. They’d lock her in. She laid the paper down on her bureau and stood, considering. There was something about being locked in a room in an empty house that was scary. Maybe they’d forget.

... They wouldn’t forget.

When she heard them ready to run upstairs for their things, she slid quickly into the bathroom. They certainly wouldn’t lock her in there.

Cely looked in and saw her sitting there, hunched over as though she had a cramp, and asked if she was most through. “No,” she told her, shaking her head. In a few minutes Mame looked in.

“Well, we’re going now. Elsa’ll be right along—we’ll probably meet her out on the street. You tell her her supper’s on the stove.” She was gone, leaving a trail of perfume.

Leave the light on in the bathroom in case they look back. She got down the stairs almost as soon as they had struck the sidewalk outside and stood listening while their sharp heels pounded further and further away. Then she went smiling to the kitchen stove. To have it all to herself for a minute! She brushed the back burner open, leaned over breathing deep of its faint gas odor, then closed it, listening. Elsa would be along now any minute. She must light the stove for her. They would have a pot of tea for the both of them. She liked to have it right at her elbow to pour out hot all the time, not waiting for Mame.

The large burner hissed loudly. She left it turned on wide and went to fill the tea kettle. What harm to let a little out. That much gas would never hurt anybody, why, they had to stuff up all the cracks and keyholes to commit suicide. She shuddered. She didn’t
want to commit suicide! Mame was the crazy one, to think such a thing.

Back at the stove with the tea kettle she gasped. The gas was strong. She wondered, just out of curiosity how much you could stand without being knocked out. She breathed it in, a deep draught. Didn't do a bit of harm. She breathed again, and choked. Her head swam. Shut it off—I've had enough—shut it off. Through dizzy eyes she couldn't see which handle to turn, or which way.

Elsa's face was all crooked and wet. Rain was dropping off it—where'd she been—no, she was crying.

"Mother—mother! what were you trying to do!"

She looked around, not being able to see very well, and she had a headache. The gas! "Did you shut the gas off, Elsa? I guess I fainted and left it—"

"Mother, you've got to promise me never to go near it again. You've got to promise—and remember it!" Elsa's blond hair was mussed around her face, not smooth and neat the way she always had it. She reached up to brush it with her hand.

"Light the stove for your supper, Elsa, that's what I was going to do." She straightened in her chair to show she was all right.

Elsa couldn't seem to realize everything was all right now. All she could do was burst out crying again.

Then there was someone at the front door. The heavy steps were George—walking down the hall—and hollering when he got near the kitchen "What's the matter here!" He smelt the gas. He looked at her, terrible when he got in, then went and slammed up the window. She couldn't say anything for the look in his face and Elsa's too, but went weak and was glad to be helped upstairs to her room.

She lay in bed, wide-eyed, fingering her throat. The parlor clock struck the evening hours until nine o'clock, and the house was still except for them all talking downstairs—talking, talking, like a winter gale in the tree tops, loud and fainter, and as wordless. She dimly remembered feeling this way, lying in bed alone, in disgrace while her father and mother and grandmother stayed downstairs discussing what her punishment would be.

And now for punishment they could lock her entirely in her room—it wouldn't be much worse than she was used to. There was only one other thing—Dr. Wiper. But she wasn't sick—they didn't need to call him—she'd talk to Mame and show her everything would be all right. She'd promise. She wouldn't even think of touching the gas any more—she'd had enough.

When she heard Elsa at the door, she shut her eyes and lay still. Would Elsa have anything to tell her? Elsa stood like death looking at her. Her mouth was shaking. She swung around and turned her back, shoulders shaking.

"Elsa—Elsa! Lord's sake!" She sat up in bed. "Elsa, what is it?"

She turned. She was crying hard. Her face was buried in her hands and a soggy handkerchief. She moaned but didn't look up.

"Elsa—" her own mouth began to quiver. "What're they going to do?"

Elsa lifted her head from her hands, but looked down on the bed. She sniffed and choked. Her trembling lips formed no words.

"Well, all right, child, I know. But you talk good to Mame in the morning and I'll do the same, and I'll guarantee to her and myself there'll be no more
accidents. And I mean it—look at me; see?"

The tears kept running over Elsa’s swollen face. It was awful to see her, and so bashful she was too, about crying.

"It—it’s just no use, Mom, no use, no use! Dr. Wiper’ll be here first thing in the morning. . . ."

Well—now she knew—for sure. She dropped back onto the crumpled pillow, her heart pounding. She couldn’t go through it—she couldn’t—oh, nobody had a right to inflict this on her—oh Lord—oh heaven—help me—

She watched through blurred eyes Elsa across the room taking off her stockings. Sniffling and wiping her nose on them.

"Elsa—" she said in a low voice.
The girl looked over sadly.

"You’ll have to fight for me—swear I’m all right—get me out of here!"

Elsa turned away, sighing heavily, got out her nightie and dropped it over her head.

"Do you want me to bring you in a glass of water—mom—before—I—I close the door?"

The voice fell harsh on her ears. She raised sharply from the pillow and rasped out furiously, "Come to bed—you hear—the door is closed—you see it is don’t you—and for the love of heaven don’t you touch it!"

Elsa crept into bed like a little girl and lay on the edge, shivering.

The asylum. With the light turned out everything was worse. She could never never stand having Dr. Wiper touch her—she could see him in the dark with his forked tongue that hissed. The asylum—and all the lunatics—God in Heaven. . . . I can’t stand it. I can’t live through tomorrow . . . oh . . . I can’t . . .

The river. The river. The river going by. The river going away from the asylum—Dr. Wiper—Mame. Floating away. The moon was shining a little.

Elsa sighed a little and moved a hair’s breadth. Wide awake. She’d know. She’d lock the door.

The night was long. It was a long time later when inch by inch she slid to the edge of the bed and stuck her feet over the side. Elsa was alive instantly.

"Mom, you all right? Where you going?"

All right—all right—Elsa. I hate my daughter along with the rest of them. Watch me—hound me—it’s a wonder I wouldn’t be crazy for sure. But I’ll get out. I will. Who has a better right?

Three o’clock. People slept more soundly toward dawn. They died then too, if they were going to. Life was at low ebb, like the tide. She’d read that somewheres. Life would go out easy now.

Elsa was lying flat, tired-out-looking.

Sleep, child. I’m only a burden. You can’t help it. I can’t help it either. Her muscles trembled with tension when finally she had got herself out of bed, with success this time. The door pulled open without a sound, and not a floorboard creaked. The well of the staircase was dimly lighted with the wan moonlight. Go easy—take your time—

The kitchen door would never unlock without its click and squeak, louder than ever now with everything so still. The parlor clock ticked like a big heavy thing. The front door was worse—it always stuck and pushed with a noise. But she could get through the cellar easy.

It was cold and damp, and the cold cement froze her feet, and the cold went right up her legs beneath her night
gown. She held one side of the skirt in her hand and picked her way on the balls of her feet. The door pulled open, and the air was sweet and warmer outside. If Elsa wouldn't wake up and look out of the window...

The ground was rough, she picked her way carefully, trying not to let the pebbles hurt her feet. The grass was softer, but chilly wet. She shivered. Would the river be cold? How could she ever step in it? Her nightgown caught on the fence and started to rip a little—she choked back a sob. Poor nightie. Why should the fence try to stop her—it always looked so nice and friendly from the window.

But the river—oh, the river was so warm! She dabbled a foot in it. It was like a warm bath. It swirled along gray and silent, going on its way so business-like.

Hurry—hurry—she told herself, looking around in sudden panic, wondering if she heard something. They could see my white nightie easy here—the moon seems quite bright now, and the sky shining like dull silver.

The long gray water, rippling by without a sound. You could see further, much further along it from here than from out the window. You couldn't see where it ran out in the ocean though. But if you laid down in it, it would float you there. Out in the big ocean where they'd never find you to lock you up.

Crazy—yes, she was crazy—now, but still sensible enough to know it. Mame was going to be right. Mame could say, I told you so...

SOUTHWARD
Roland English Hartley

White flecks are flung against dark granite
Above the cold glitter of the mountain lake.
They flash and vanish like wind-tossed paper.
Watching from the peak, we see slow wings
Beat out their mastery.
They wheel and are white;
They wheel once more and are lost against the pines.
In tight-drawn ranks the pelicans come to the crest,
Move swiftly over.
For an instant, one after another,
They pass across the sun and their wings are flame
And their heads are dominant spears
Outthrust to the south and the sea...
Then we feel that the wind and the rock are cold,
And in us move the memories
Of warm skies and sunny water.
BY THIS LAST FIRE
IRIS LORA THORPE

Heap branches, sun-dried, resinous on the blaze,
Spread down your tattered cloak
On piled sweet bracken,—We will dream the days’
Far wanderings over while smoke
Blows pungent incense, and a dark wind skirrs
The starry summits of the firs.

At break of day we cross the last bright hill:
The last nomadic mile
Behind us, and ahead the chill
Grey stones of town! How shall we reconcile
Our hearts to peace? What can there be
To wake again the melody
Of wonder? We have beheld stars
Over cities fallen into dream;
In lost and silent harbours the phantom spars
Of ships forgotten by the seas. The gleam
And glint of southward drifting wings
Have lured us through the blossomy fires
Of hidden valleys to the secret springs
Of streams far-flowing. And where blue pine spires
Into clouds snow-burdened, we have stood
In silver flooding through a frozen wood.—

And now by this last fire we slip the strong
Worn sandals of adventure from our feet,—
The moon burns high, but I shall lie dark long,
Enshrining for the bleak white hours this sweet
Deep-breathing night, these bough-swept mountain skies
Whose stars glow cool across the eyes!
OLE Treble Finney’s mare was bound to die. I reckon Ole Treble thought more o that mare than he did his passel o younguns. And a powerful sight more’n he did his woman afore she left his house for him and the devil to lock horns in.

Ole Treble was a mighty hard man to git along with. He’d kilt two men, I’d heerd it told. And his wife had stripes on her like black runners where he’d beat her. She’d carry them marks to the grave, I heered it said.

I reckon all o Treble’s sins piled together in a brashpile would look like a haystack o puore midnight.

My pap and Ole Treble never lost no time callin each other brethren. Treble never allowed pap was much of a hoss doctor. Once he had a jinny to die after he’d called pap too late. He never got over that proper. A jinny’s got a time to die jist like a man. But Treble was quare like that. He always did thank more of his creatures than he did folks. Even his own blood kin.

All Ole Treble ever said about pap never done no harm. Pap kept gittin his license every year and his docterin kept him working right peart. O I reckon they was a lot in the books pap never larned. No man kin larn squar to the end o nothin.

But my pap knowed somethin that the doctor books don’t larn nobody. Pap had him a way with creatures that was passin anythang I ever seen or heerd tell of. The fittinest dog would jist walk up to pap and lick his boots. He could git a horse or a cow to lay down quiet for him to work on them.

You ever see a baby that’s scarirot o men folks? Wont even let its own poppy come nigh. My pap could sort o go up to a leetle chap and they would stick out their arms and come to him.

O my pap was a purty quiet sort o fellow. He never went along hollerin to folks like he was runnin for county judge. He bore no hard feelins, but he never was a speakin out man. He never passed a chap, or a dog, or a horse without callin out to them. But he was liable to pass a man up without a friendly word. O you had to know my pap or you’d git him down wrong.

When I heerd Treble Finney’s mare had the bloats I was sort o tickled. I never tuk no joy in that mare sufferin. Hit was Treble Finney sufferin that made me feel good sort o round the edge o my liver. Hit was Treble needin my pap to doctor his mare, and him too hard-headed to ask him to come. Hit must o been like pullin eye-teeth for him to come and git my pap after all he had said. And he was shore slow as Egypt about it.

But he did come. I wouldn’t tuk a war pension for seein Ole Treble come a-sidlin up to our homeplace and a-calling out for pap.

Pap jist sent me out to tell him he’d be there in a minute. Pap jist set there areadin in the paper, gittin all the good out o Treble bilin outside.

When pap went out to see Treble I got down on the floor and peeped out the cat hole. I couldn’t see nothin but their boots, but I heered some o what they said. Pap says he can’t go for less than twenty-five dollars. He was askin Ole Treble twenty-five dollars when he never asked a fellow more’n
two. And he never turned down a sufferin creature if he never got a red cent. Ole Treble went to stallin. I could see his heels workin up and down in the dirt.

I heerd pap say twenty-five dollars in puore cash. That must o burnt Ole Treble squar through his gizzard to pay cash and the craps not nigh out o the ground. I got up and sot one eye on a crack in the door. I seen Treble retch down in his pocket fur his money. I reckon he had the deepest pocket I ever seen. He went squar up to the elbow afore he come out with a roll o bills.

Pap asked Treble what was the matter with his mare. Treble says hit was the bloats and tells him how she is blowed up. Pap says hit takes a hoss doctor to tell what’s the matter with stock. He says this knowin all the time it was bloats. Treble says he reckons he knowed his mare had et up a sack o sweet feed, and he knowed the bloats when he seen them. My pap says he differs. He says he’s the onliest one in this country that got the right to say what’s wrong with a mare for shore.

That burnt Ole Treble up. I reckon he wished he hadn’t come for pap. Hit was costin him money and raw pride. I reckon Ole Treble would liked to have shot pap squar through. The last man he kilt was for less than pap had said to him.

Pap tuk his saddlebags and packed his bottles in. I asked him to let me go, knowin I couldn’t cause somebody had to stay home with our mare. Hit was gittin nigh her time. But I wanted to go purty bad. I’d had my mind sot on bein a hoss doctor myself and never turned down a chanet o pickin up a leetle extra larnin.

Pap rid off with Treble and I went out to the barn to take a look at our mare Dolly. Afore I got in the lot I heerd her blowin through her nose. And she whinneyed right loud two times. I never thought a thang. I was thankin she wanted to git out for a drank o water.

When I opened the door it was dusty-dark inside and I didn’t see nothin for a minute. Then I seen Dolly standin in the corner with her head down lickin somethang on the floor. Then I seen the colt.

Well, I was right smart proud o that colt. Pap had promised it to me when it come. I got down on my hands and knees in the stall to see what kind it was. Hit was a male. I was right tickled. In a minute he got up and stood on his leetle legs, lookin at me and his mommy. His legs was like broomstraws. They was that thin. And his leetle head put me in mind of a deer. By that time my eyeballs was gittin use to the dark stable.

When I seen everythang was all right I lit out for the house. Mommy was right tickled too, and says I can go tell pap. So I struck out to Ole Treble Finney’s place.

I found pap in Treble’s barn. Treble was nowhere round. His mare was in a puore bad fix alayin there on the ground heavin and wallin her eyes. She was blowed up nigh fit to bust. I could see by pap’s face he’d come too late.

I told pap about the colt and he never said a word. I told about him bein promised to me, and he never said scat. He jist sot about tappin Treble’s mare. He sot the tapper in the right spot and drove her in. Then he screwed the mid-
dle out of the tapper and out biled the gas. Pap struck a match to it jist to show me hit would burn. Het spewed like burnin tar. He was doin all he could for Treble’s mare but he knowed hit was too late.

We heerd Treble comin to the barn and pap went outside and shut the door. I heerd them arguin though I couldn’t hear right good. Pap was sayin hit wasn’t the bloats and Treble was swearin hit was. I was scairt pap was goin to git hisself shot. And Ole Treble was already sore about that twenty-five dollars. I heerd him tell pap he’d better work a cuore. And he said it like he puore meant it. I knowed he meant it. I knowed that mare better not die.

When pap come back in the stable I seen pap was sort o concerned. Then he tells me what to do. I never thought my pap would o done it. He told me to go home and not come back till after dark. And for me to brang the colt in the wagon.

What pap told me jist about broke me up inside. But I never crossed my pap in my whole life. Hit would have been the puore rawhide if I did. I jist lit out hurtin inside, but thankin hit was the only way. Givin my colt up after he’d been promised me tetchet to the quick.

It was nigh sundown when I got home and I went right ahead and hitched up the wagon. Ole Dolly rared powerful when I tuk the colt and laid him down in the wagon-bed. I give her a sweet turnip but she never even looked at it. She was runnin up and down the lot whinnyin a mighty heap when I left.

As I got close to Treble’s place I threwed some sacks over the colt. Hit was plumb dark but I wasn’t takin a chance o bein seen.

I driv up behind the barn and pap come out in a hurry and helped me carry the colt in. When we got him in the stable I seed by the lantern light the mare was dead. But she wasn’t half so big with all the gas blowed out. We jist put the colt down and left him there.

I asked pap how long it had been since Treble was in the stable. He says Treble hasn’t been in since he come. Well, we sot thar and waited for him to come. Thar was a light burnin in the house and we knowed he was still up. I reckon we waited thar nigh two hours.

When we seed Treble wasn’t comin out pap told me to go fetch him. I called right big outside the house and he come a-runnin. The way his coat stuck out I knowed he had a gun in his hip pocket. I was plumb scairt for my pap.

Pap opened the stable door and told Treble his mare is dead. The quarest look come over Treble’s face. Hit kind o drawed up in a knot like a ripe simmon. He stepped in the stable and looked. He looked at the mare, then he looked at what was standin in the corner.

Well, he jist looked. But he never turned a hair. He jist looked at that mare mighty close. I reckon he seen that hole pap made to let the gas out. Maybe he didn’t. But he never said nothin.

I seen my colt was gone for good. Treble was thankin hit was his colt. I got to hurtin inside. I reckon I was bout to cry.

Treble must o seen my face. He looked at me right hard, then all of a
sudden he busts out laughin. You could o heerd him a mile. Hit must a shuck his insides powerful to laugh and holler like he done.

When he got done laughin he tells me he ain’t in the colt raisin business and I can have it if I want it.

My pap didn’t know what to say. He jist laughed too. There wasn’t nothin else to do. He stuck his hands in his pockets and pulled out that twenty-five dollars Treble paid him, and he shucked out two bills. He handed the rest back to Treble. He said bein the mare died hit wasn’t worth more’n two dollars. They laughed some more. Then Treble says he’s got a jug up in the hay-loft, and him and my pap skinned up that ladder like a squirrel up a scaley bark.

SONG
JAMES MORGAN

Never will the apples lie in grass again,
I think, to sour softly in the rain.

Nor dusty sunflowers lean along a road,
Nor I be interrupted by a toad.

For sun and rain to me are alien here
Where time and space are a question of a gear.

No cows bawl unless it be along
The slaughter house runways which dull my song.

Some like roof tops, jigging by the sky;
But I remember where the persimmons lie.

Dance halls jingle a tin-pan tune,
But I have heard the frogs by the pasture moon.

And always must I feel uprooted while
I hear street cars by the bathroom tile.

Yet never can I go again where I
May swing in the vine swing by

The dry creek bed, for nothing in the land
Would know me anymore, so changed I am.

I can only know I shall lie at last alone
Where the green lizards flicker over rain washed stone.
COLLOQUY WITH CAROLYN
ELEANOR SALTZMAN

The author lay wide awake, tense beneath the light pressure of the bed covers. The cream squares of the wall-paper marched slowly, sedately, across the ceiling above her. In the far corner a tiny cobweb swayed rhythmically with the breeze from the open window. The author turned to her side, then shifted, restlessly, until her face was buried in the pillow. One arm tucked under her head, she thought about it. If they met on the corner—yes, that was it. They should meet on the corner. She had seen him before, but now she ventured to talk to him. He lived just beyond town in an old farmhouse. Commonplace enough. But that didn’t matter. It was commonplace. The girl—she should be Carolyn, with light, nondescript hair, shoulders stooped a little, untidy shoes.

The author threw back the blankets and reached for her bathrobe. Over her own mussed pajamas she drew the blue crepe wrapper and fumbled her toes into her slippers. She was glad it was Sunday, that she had the whole long morning to write it. Not much plot, only plain, wistful Carolyn, the man who liked to talk to her on the corner, the commonness of the people who lived along the street. She could feel how it should flow along, could hear phrases, sentences, come and go through her mind. "Carolyn felt this new thing through and through her, until her stomach lifted and her throat tightened. He became marvellous, standing there shifting his weight so from one foot to the other. She was conscious, pleasantly, of the uncertain way his hands moved around the rim of his felt hat, of the way he smiled when he told her about his place and what he did when he was a kid. She laughed at his boyhood fights and raids on melon patches, and then grew hot, conscious in a kind of agony that it sounded like the silly giggle of the Mullin girls..."

The author found on the shelf a great stack of white paper and swung the typewriter to the table. "Carolyn pushed off her shoes and sat with her stockingged feet against the cool floor. Sitting there on the edge of her bed, she thought many things." The author’s hair kept falling forward over her face, so that she pinned it back ruthlessly, severely, out of her way. "Mom and Pa, snapping at each other, yet living on together endlessly. Carolyn thought of her own long years of dodging those bickerings, of her funny clothes, of her limp, discouraged hair. Of His farmhouse, of its worn yards and aging barns, the farm where He lived. Of the way the chipped tooth showed when he smiled, of the way his deep brown eyes softened, smiling to her..."

The author hooked her slippered feet around the chair legs and ground the sheet into the typewriter. He should never be named. Carolyn and Him. Him with stocky, farmer kindliness, unkempt, translated by Carolyn’s need into someone very fine, someone very different. The keys moved with swift clatter for a moment. Guessing at its centering on the page, she typed in capitals across the top, BONDAGE. Bondage. Should she let the title stand? Perhaps Capitulation? Or—Well, Bond-
age would do for now. She paused, hands poised, little fingers on a and ; . They explored their position, feeling over c and the shift lock to orient themselves to her subconscious mind. Let’s see. She spaced for the beginning paragraph, then forgot and spaced again.

“Carolyn hung the grease-stained dish cloth over the rack, brushed her reddened, moist hands against the sides of her apron to dry them—”

No, it wasn’t right. Someway, it wasn’t right. Somewhere within her there was a protest. She tried, tipping her chair back a little on its two back legs, to define that wrong something. She could see the girl standing there uncertainly, limp unlovely hair, muddy tanned skin, discouraged droop of her shoulders, wistful gray-blue eyes. It was right for her to hang up the dish cloth and wipe her hands on her soiled apron—

“No, that’s not it. I don’t know.”

She got up to wander round the room a little, then came back and sat down. She couldn’t get beyond the girl Carolyn standing there wistfully in the middle of the kitchen. She couldn’t find what was wrong with Carolyn, waiting for her Him.

“Give me a chance,” she seemed to plead. “Please. You are free. I can’t help my red hands and pimples. I’ve tried curling my hair. But you are free. I want to be different. Please let me.”

“But you are you,” the author cried. “Your hair is like that. You would wipe your hands so, without thinking.”

“Yes,” Carolyn said. “I know I would. But I don’t want to. If you only could see how I feel when I catch myself doing it, thinking how I am. I can’t help it any more than I can help it if my name is Carolyn. They called me that. I want to be really Carolyn, with auburn, curly hair. I want to be pretty. I don’t see, as long as you’re only thinking all this, why I can’t be—”

“But that’s not the way it is,” the author protested. The severely restraining hairpins loosened and let her own finger waves come down loosely. “Most of us are common. It’s life, you know, Carolyn. I can’t help—”

“But you can,” Carolyn said, and the blue eyes were near tears. “I can’t help it. I know what I look like. But can’t you just give me auburn hair and deeper blue eyes? And a slender, beautifully curved body? Please.”

“It’s not right,” the author muttered, fitting her fingers to the keys again. “Life isn’t like that. But I suppose I am giving it to you a little heavy. Auburn hair, then, deep blue eyes, and figure stooped a little—not much—because they’ve let you work so hard. You wash your hands at the sink and stand discouraged in the middle of the kitchen, your limp old organdy soiled from the heat of the day. And then, when you have to go down to help Grandma home from the quilting at the church—”

“Can’t it be a print dress, a new one? If you knew how I hate that old organdy. I had it when I graduated from high school. I know He will be there on the corner. Please.”

“But Carolyn.” The author pushed back her chair impatiently. “We can’t do that. Of course you hate the old organdy. Hate it, hate it, hate it. But it’s life. You can’t help it.”

“I know I can’t.” The author was a little afraid. She had let Carolyn
have the deep blue eyes. And now their deeper blue flashed, dangerously, with new spirit. "But you can, and it's not fair, nailing us to these things when you are free."

"Free?" It was almost a groan. The author's hair was wild now, pushed hither and yon by unconscious fingers. "How free, in heaven's name?"

"Free. You have the whole world. I can have my print dress, my blue eyes, because you can give them to me. You can give me—"

"But it's not right. It's not the way it is. It's not true."

"It is true. It's as true as the old organdy. It's as true as you make it. I don't like His chipped tooth. I don't like the sagging farmhouse and the stocky, awkward farmer. He's not that. You know it. He can't be. I've waited too long, too long. My name is Carolyn, remember, and I've waited a long, long time. I have auburn hair and deep blue eyes—"

"That's what's wrong," the author shouted suddenly. "Carolyn. They should have nicknamed you Carrie. Or something. It's the Carolyn. I'll call you Carrie. I'll—"

"You'll not," and the blue eyes flashed again, dangerously. "It's too late. I'm Carolyn, and I have the auburn hair. You would have to abandon me now, and that would never finish me. You know that. I'd hang around the corners of your mind, getting in the way of your other girls, Emma or Jane or Dorothy, an unlaied ghost in a cross between a print dress and a faded flowered organdy. I'm Carolyn. I am waiting for Him, and He, too, would linger wistfully looking for me, his brown eyes waiting to be kind for me or to light with fire because I am there. He would have neither lovely even teeth nor a chipped front tooth, because you didn't decide. I want Him, my dear, I want Him. You couldn't do that to me. I'm waiting to go down after Grandma, to meet him on the corner as I go. I want him with fire in his eyes and flashing, even teeth. I want him to be the new village lawyer, not a farm hand, and I want him to be tall and handsome. The way his merry black eyes shall laugh with me—"

The author sat, discouraged fingers idle above the keys. She knew she was beaten. At least she needn't send the story out. She would sell it, she feared, if she did. People want the merry black eyes and the auburn hair and the pretty new print dresses. Too many dishwater soaked hands and faded organdies. Too many chipped front teeth. Too many—

"O. K.," she said, low. "O. K. But that's not the way it happens. You know that, Carolyn. It's not true—"

"It is true, as true as man's love for woman, as true as woman's need for man. It's God's truth, those merry black eyes, those even white teeth—"

"Not quite the truth," the author cried, and her fingers poised ready to clatter again. "But it shall be as you say, Carolyn, all but one thing: he has beautifully soft, kind, deep brown eyes. I'll let you have everything else. But you can't change those eyes."

There was a moment's silence, a breathless pause, then Carolyn smiled, and there was something very like tears in the misty radiance of that smile. Her lovely blue eyes caressed the author's untidy finger waves. "No one would want to change them, my dear," she said, and there was some-
thing alive, something vital, thrilling through the low sound of her voice.
The author’s heart was suddenly, unaccountably, glad. After all, this once.

It really wasn’t her fault. Carolyn was to blame. Her imagination raced ahead of the fingers that clattered in a rush over the keys of her typewriter.

THIS FAR PASTURAGE
Marjory Ryan Gunn

I would lose my aching identity
in the cool, forgotten forest of lost words,
and lie beneath their interchanging boughs;
while lapping phrases, like seeking herds,
nibble at the greenery of my mind.

The soothing, thick antiquity
of ripened and deep-mellowed beauty,
lingers here in this far pasturage,
and blooms into a cherished autumn, fruity
with the muttered musings
of long-dismembered afternoons.

ABANDONED CONESTOGA
Verne Bright

This wagon is done with the trails and the rocks’ inimical outcry
Under the iron wheels; the rivers that thwarted its path;
The parapets of wind; the sands where the slow snakes lie
Drowsed in sulphurous slumber: done with the invigorate wrath
Of forests black with rain; of swamps in the fluctuant meadow:
Done with the spring and its song, the wavewise prairies aglow
With flowering laughter; the summer, dark with the mountain shadow;
The autumnal deserts of flame; the winter-deep valley of snow . . .
Done with ponderous harvest, the long way to woodlot and mill;
Abandoned to scurrilous weeds, the insatiate teeth of the rust;
Tunneled by blundering worms, broken of axle and thill;
Old and empty of labor, left to the dreaming of dust . . .
Now is the pause in the heart, (over, the danger and daring)
And the quiet of unremembrance after the dogged wayfaring.
Mr. McAllister and one of his two sons were sent, just as the hay crop was being mowed and stacked on their little place, to the land of the happy blest. The local paper, a bi-weekly, would have news of the funeral and in kindness would probably devote as much space to the life of Mr. McAllister and the promise of the quarter-breed son as it did to the moment necessary to smash the car against the old man’s side and heart for an elbow of steel and tumble him dead with his dying son on the hot summer road. A little place, a potato and hay farm with a line of new trees from the road and a parlor organ, and gravel and blood and gasoline and bodies calm with breakage all untied together on the road by the place. One of the strangers had been killed in the other car, but his body was packaged and sent to the mysterious outlands where smooth cities stand all bright buildings with carnival rosy in every evening room. Mr. James McAllister, the oldest son, and the daughter, Miss Ione McAllister, are the sole survivors of this tragedy and bear up well, the paper would tell tenderly . . . the sole survivors except for the white house by the line of trees that waited tragically for a finish, a close to the performance of their daily calloused hands, the quiet filled hours in the rooms, the sound of feet that knew the time of coming, the ears that heard their going, the hope of minds that filled the house big with years, and the shoulders and heads that moved through the doors and caught lamplight in the now full shadows and gave the house all of a world that was not the world but was as done as though it had been evil and good and complete and finished in judgment. And all the things used and usable, the things touched and accustomed waited like the space before great applause to this finished man and his son.

Miss Ione McAllister played the organ, her fingers forming awkward groups on the keys and music like the placed fingers blew at the chilly corners of the room. The dragging sound needed lamplight. It stumbled about the room, the one plant and the darkening windows with the rain on them . . . Sweet Evelina, fair Evelina. Old man McAllister had liked the song and songs similar to it. Ione felt more at ease dragging the tune out of the organ than she had with all the litter of too much said in the past few days, words trashed, sympathy unfailing and unwanted, faces of friends like the heavy plates in the kitchen, having fed all their fare off one common pot of ill-use for years without number, brightened with their holiday tears, dropped with water and comfortless except as a task done, a meeting finished. She bowed her head and nodded somberly to the unhappy, childlike music, her feet pushing at the bellows. The four glass bulbs at the ends of the organ stool legs were squarely under her big body with a bent leg’s breadth of room shadow between, and two of the glass bulbs glinted with the gray light from the window. Her hair was heavy and very black, coiled so that it covered her ears. The black dress was ruffled white about her neck and where the dying day brushed luminous light.
in one smooth carved stroke on the temple, high cheek bone and chin, she was Indian, and her nose was fierce between her closed eyes . . . Sweet Evelina, fair Evelina, in the valley where the wind never, never blows. She stopped playing, listening toward the kitchen, and the organ snored an infinitely soft sigh of rest. The clock in the kitchen had stopped.

She pushed the old lettered stops of the organ back in place and went to the kitchen. She did not wind the clock but touched the little still pendulum. It swung with a tick for the two lower corners of its square white face on which were painted Dutch scenes in bright blue. Her brother Jim had bought her the clock one Christmas before the Indian in him sat him down all the day among good friends and his sad heritage in the beer halls of the little town out of which the funeral had ridged the yellow summer road blackly for a sunlit hour two days ago. It had been a good Christmas. Old man McAllister had the gift of a few yards of real Scotch cloth from a relative in Scotland that time and had stood about in the glowing trash of Christmas with the cloth in his hands, holding the cloth to his chin and pursing his thin, hard lips, twisting his neck in a brief and well dressed dream of annoyance, as if a collar about his neck had become just a bit mean and nasty, not to be tolerated by a body in such fine cloth. The honest rough tweed of that cloth came back from the local tailor like a good man hanged seeking the man who had willed his ruin. But McAllister had sworn by that cloth and would have no word against the suit and he sweated his Sunday hours out in a coat’s shoulders that had never been lurking in the cloth which had swept grandly from his chin to his great shoes that Christmas night. And now it was grave cloth for the quiet business of putrefaction, the humless spinning of the interlocked fingers of worm and loosening sinew in the wheel of the hill’s brown earth.

Ione pulled a chair from the table by the white plastered wall and with her chin in her hand sat looking at the clock. She had been kinder to him in his moments of happiness, more tender than she had been when he was hurt or grieved or mule mean, as Jim had said . . . the old man, Ione, would sooner see us run with the cattle and be all Scotch than see us sitting around the house, a coupla strange breeds on his hands. Goddamit, Ione, he’s mean, I tell you. Jim had been incoherent with curses and mosquitoes by the barn one night, stomping his new shoes and trouser cuffs into the filth. He had been invited with the rest of the fellows on the team to a banquet given by the merchants of the town and McAllister had said that he couldn’t go. He had been afraid for Jim, liquor, and women, and he had said, You’ll see I’m right, Jim, one of these days. Ione had heard them talking in the front room and Jim had rushed out sick with rage, mad long strides to the barn, followed by the solemn worry of the dog. She saw the old man light his pipe with hands that shook a bit and he looked at her once and his eyes were like a stranger begging without shame, someone she should know. He stood in the yard a bit, smoking. In a little while the old man came into the house again and said, you can tell Jim that he can go, if he wants to. There had been a strange fascination in Jim and when she came to him raving behind the barn, she listened,
fearing to hear something that she had never put into words. He was quiet when she came up to him, watching her. Then he strode away and back, restless and bitter. Do y’ know, Ione, trying to keep his voice quiet, that we’re nothing but a bunch of filthy Indians . . . we’re nothin’ . . . we don’t mean a thing to Papa but a chance to prove to this damned country that breeds can be citizens. Then he lost his small control and words tumbled from him, hot and quick. He pulled his collar viciously, tearing off the button, his blue eyes blazing and his head lean, high in the early dark . . . I’m going to get out of here, Ione; to hell with whole stinking mess, he’s mean as hell, that old man . . . Jim pointed back toward the house . . . and you! he’ll never be happy until some big fat buck from the reservation has you bouncing along in the back of his wagon, what chance you got? No chance; you’re squaw. I’m buck; Colby’s buck; heap Indian; dirty goddam unfair; look, Ione, where in that town can you go? Any young man goin’ to see you unless he’s on the make? Willits? Sims? And that old man will never forget that you’re Indian . . . Jim again pointed to the house . . . I’m sick of it; religion—he made a noise with his tongue and lips. And she told him that Papa had said that he could go if he wanted to. Jim had stared at her widely and then carefully and joyfully picked his way out of the barnyard, looking to the care of his shoes.

Ione nodded her head slightly to the memory and to the silence of the house. The old man had never forgotten that his children were quarter breeds and his defense of them was silent, bitter and mad. “And in a land where the half-breed was the threshold slave to all the weakness and debauchery inevitably set up in any community, he had been determined to rear his children to be ‘good men and looked-up-to women’ and nothing made him happier than when some loafer who mistook quiet for peace would say to him, ‘Well, Mac, like I was sayin’ to Carson ’bout a week ago in Clemens’s, Carson, there ain’t a better raised family in this country than McAllister’s children, and Carson says, by George, Charlie, that’s the God’s truth! That McAllister family’s an example of the highest and best kind and Mac deserves a hell of a lot of credit any way you take it.’” And times when the day’s work was done, the old man would repeat the Charlie’s words . . . “And I tell you, it makes a man feel pretty good to hear that! No matter who it’s from . . .” a look at Jim, who was looking coldly at the name of the praise singer . . . “if that kind of people say that it’s a good sign; you can pretty near lay a bet that it hits pretty close to home! I know Charlie Allen’s just a common kind of plug, but you don’t have to tear around with the highfalutin kind to be a credit to a community.” Jim had done well until the adulation in high school athletics subsided into a good job on a mail route. Clean and lean and altogether a beautiful animal. Many swelling bodied Sorensens and Hansens let his blue eyes and brown skin inspire easily remedied terror in them. McAllister used to speak of the work to be done on the place, talking to Jim, a coaxing genial fellowship that was terrible to remember with Jim now as drunk as any Indian.

The room was cold and Ione’s clothes began to feel damp about her. She went to the stove and jerked at the
crank of the grate. Rain was blowing now against the window. The familiar sound of the rattling grate horrified her with loneliness, the silence of the place crying for another sound. She drew back from the stove. The sound affronted her powerfully and she was not weak. She went to the window over the sink. The stacker tilted deep gray in the wet and the cable looped dimly down to the untopped stack. The hay was ruined. Beyond the fields and the trees that followed a curved watering with pleasant green in bright weather, the coming night sagged greasy and old at the belt of the horizon and the darkness would slobber like a friend asleep on a sleepless night.

Al Ditmars, the hired man, who moved wonderingly through the loosened pattern of the dead men’s unfinished work, was fastening the gate of the corral about the barn. He was like that, Al was. The horses were gone, except for the one team now harnessed and summer gaunt with mowing and raking that loomed big-boned gleams of weariness by a wagonbox. The cows were gone. The chickenhouse door showed a triangle of uninhabited slats of stained rest and there were no chickens plumply balled upon them. A few white and yellow feathers were about the door and a tin cup bent in the rim was lipped with the softened earth. The weeds and tall grass were abruptly and darkly green at the path and on the path in the yellow soil were the marks of only Al’s feet, the new rain softening their slipped carving. Al went into the barn, pulling at his black hat, busy figure. Al could run sitting down, the old man used to say, and get less done than a hypnotist on a bicycle. Al with his blue weak eyes and the furrows of flesh diapered about their forty-odd-year-old immaturity. But Al Ditmars worked for less than the many, and when horses from the road broke into the place at night, he would be the first to stream about the field, holding up his trousers and the moon catching his white underwear, baying freshening curses at the strays. Lone turned from the window and it was like a door closing on the dead day and all the weary bitterness of the little things in the yard.

The house was desolate and the silence that needed sound beat against her heart like a pulse deep in a tangible flesh; her long, grooved upper lip pushed down and held firm upon her dark face... the things there could not be buried as quickly as the old man and Colby, the brother. The darkness of their rooms upstairs rushed bewildered with terror in her mind, the empty stairs pushed against her between her arms. She knew what wailing was then and held herself in the doorway between the parlor and the kitchen, straining as if to fill it with her body, to break the communion of the pressing crowd that waited for her grief about the rooms. Her face was more crying than any unerying thing could be and all memory came sorrowful to madness. She wanted to weep, pitching a wailing cry to feed the throng, speaking a voice for them because they must die and could not die soon. Had she found the sound to speak then she would have wailed and the house would have been even and rich with the sound. The need of this pulled at her so deeply that she could barely refrain from crouching and covering her head and allowing the memories of the house run through her for escape from her throat and be gone.
But there was a subtle trickery there that held her and she knew that it would not do; there were things there that half smiled with virility and would see tomorrow as surely as she did. She remembered the sound her mother made the day that Bad Hat, a full blanket Indian, had stopped one day and had spoken to her. Ione had never known what Bad Hat had said, but her mother had stood, straight with the Sioux blood, one finger to her cheek, standing in the yard listening motionless to the Indian who stood black-hatted, crow-feathered, broken-nosed, a quirt loose at his wrist and flicking as he moved his hands, bandy-legged and smelly. That night her mother had stood by the side of the house in the lake of the dusk, a rosary twisted and forgotten in her hands. Ione had listened, an eyed shadow in the tall grass and her mother moaned an Indian phrase and with it sound that matched the words like dark water flowing under bent willows... eeeeeeh... ahh, eeeeh... and now the sound her mother had made came to Ione with a luring sweetness; but she did not speak it.

Instead, she turned again to the stove, lifted the lid and looked at the low fire. There was paper in the box beside the stove, and her dark dress between the woodbox and the window nearly lost to light the bloom of the Wine Sap Apple luxuriant on the label. She put a few billets of wood on the paper and pushed the lid back. It was getting dark in the room. Her hand pecked at the top of the stove, looped down to the lids and flamed with a match which she fed to a wick through the brass supports that caged the lamp glass. And while the light was gaining strength from the wick, she drew a chair to the side of the table nearest the stove and sat down again, resting her head upon her hands. Al would see the light and come over. Another meal might be growing cold under that light and Al, she knew, could manage sympathy, an entrance, fried potatoes and his leave-taking with a serious ease... he was a man many times blessed with numerous lack of surprises in his married life and another meal brought home, though it be in his own belly, was something in a way for the kids. The little devils, they sure grow, eh Mac? That Vaughan of mine is sure a whirler for his age, Mac... what's that, Mac? Blue eyes pressed against sudden questions and answers like the pale faces of night travelers against windows and a dark strange country flicking by... School? By God, Mac, a man's hellishing lucky to feed 'em, let alone school. By God, Mac, it's the truth... will you have some more o' them spuds, Miss Ione? Al was always decent at the table with the food and he would never set a platter down, holding it courteously until someone dropped a fork and took it from him... I sent mine to school, Al, and kept them clean and decent. My dark hands and Bad Hat's quirt... eeeeh, ahh eeeeh... mother's sound, quiet as a convent, like eyes of a dog, one pine making wind among a thousand quiet trees... and Ione's as nice a young lady as you'll find anywhere, Al; there ain't a slur for her in any part of this country... The old man would still say that, and Jim rotting in the town, clinging to Ione, needing her, loving her and smothering her with his fear and his bitterness. His great shoulders had caved suddenly with the last two years and his suspenders fitted down
over them like paths in gullies and his hands had a curious stiff blindness at little things. As if the show, the splendid effort were done and the knuckles were coming out, stiff and dull, and going home, tired and infinitely weary from the whirling entertainment of the flesh. . . . By George, Mac, it ain’t for me to say it right before Miss Ione’s face . . . bread all intact in a slice, buttered and held like the decoration to the honor he was bestowing upon her . . . but she sure is! Mac, it seems to me that when a man . . .

The closet where her father’s suit had hung was empty and the darkness from the other room told her pleadingly that it was so, and Colby was looking for Jim, dark-eyed and weaker than any of them; but she would not make any sound. The hard palms of her hands pressed steadily at her cheeks and the pattern of the oil cloth was in her eyes.

Mrs. Lourey and Mrs. Stacey had been talking by the car when she left the church. . . . Some women are like that, I know how she is, Myrtle, a little money and she’s on top of the world. Is that so? I don’t know, but she’s like that . . . well, is that so! O dear . . . you poor dear, now Ione, you’re going to stay with me tonight, now Mrs. Lourey, let me . . . honey, you poor child . . . Father O’Leary will be over, I’m having masses said, Ione. . . . They had been really kind, kind. But she was coming home. There was nothing else to do. All that little town was hell to her, her father’s hate of it and its contempt for his wife and his children, the place bubbled with the wide looseness of Jim. Her father was not dead here yet. She had seen Jim on the street leaning against a narrow space of grace between two dives and she had stopped the car and called him. Jim . . . Jim . . . he had been dressed in washed overalls, shiny black shoes and a blue coat, his hands flat under the bib. His cap was high on the back of his head and he leaned, making no move to come to her. Please, Jim . . . won’t you come out with me . . . Jim, listen to me, Jim. It’s no deal, he had said, Ione, I’m practically sold on everything . . . soft, husky voice across the street and she couldn’t see his face for the cap . . . I’m practically sold on everything, Sis . . .

There was a knock on the door, the shed door slammed and in the glass of the door Al’s face gleamed wetly. “Come in, Al,” she said. The fire moved up a bit with the draft as the door opened.

“You all alone, Miss Ione?” He had been working; the big black hat twisted softly in his hands and the table edge and his thin blonde hair was damp with sweat. “It’s a mighty mean night,” he said, and he looked at the table without moving an eye from her face. She could smell the rain on him, the smell of night that was too big for one man, and he had with him the damp black smell from the other side of the barn and about his eyes was the long wet from the fields. His corduroy jacket passed dampness off solemnly to the heat from the stove. She looked from him to the calendar, where fish were pierced among the numbers of the fast days, numbers red and clear watered before and after, and her hand had loosened a bit of her dark hair. It touched her cheek like the hair of a woman in a pornographic photograph, head lowered in utter sad calmness at a stale business from which there was no escape. Oh, Jim . . .
wasn’t fair, Jim . . . practically sold on everything, Sis . . . Al looked carefully at the clock and then looked away hurriedly, his eyes surprised and hurt with questions. The lamp satisfied his gaze.

“I’m going to stay here tonight, Al. There’s some things of Papa’s I want to sort out.”

The terror in Al’s eyes nearly burst the drawstrings of the diapered flesh beneath. It filled him with terror for her, that she should remain here alone, in a house from which her family had just been buried. He was suddenly panicky with the thought of her dark hours after he had gone. He was afraid.

“By George, Miss Ione, you just slip on your coat and come to town with me.” Al had a handful of a house from which his children and wife thrust like unshucked pea pods. “Don’t you worry; now you get in the car, I can snatch the team back into the barn in one minute, Ione. My wife will be glad; now just you don’t worry one minute, Ione . . . he . . . she knew Mac . . . ah . . .”

He had turned to the door furiously, plucking at it with both hands, had dropped his hat and would have dragged the door over it. He looked at her whitely and with pale awe when she spoke. She smiled for him.

“My goodness, Al, this is my home. I’d have to come back tomorrow, anyhow.” He put his hat on and took it off. “And where will I be tomorrow night and the next night . . . now, Al . . .” he was pathetically eager. Let her point out something for him to do, something that she wanted; he was quivering with eagerness and pointed for help like a dog and anything anything and he would be on it in a moment, bringing the helpful thing threshing and kicking, bruised and with the obstinate resistance shaken out of it on the run . . .

“Al, you get home to your wife; she’ll be worried and that team shouldn’t stand in the rain.” He had begun to think of that damned Jim, she knew, and his mouth trembled with ferocious tears.

“No, Al, you better go. It’s too mean a night for any trip to town.”

“Well, that’s a fact, Miss Ione. Now, if there’s anything I can do . . .” she shook her head, “well, I’ll send the wife out in the morning, Miss Ione,” he said, helplessly, “and she can help,” he gestured helpfully, “around for a day.”

He pushed his head up into the black hat and opened the door, looking at her helplessly.

“Good night, Al,” she said.

“Well, good night, Miss Ione. I’m mighty, mighty sorry.”

She smiled for him again and he was gone. The shed door slammed. The fire did not suck the draft so heartily. It was going down. Al was gone and there was no more speaking to a voice again that night. Al . . . any of them. When they talked in that country, she was Indian, not lone McAllister except as the breed McAllister girl. Her mother had wrinkled somberly, but she had been lean, a handsome woman until her death. Her world had been just as much of the world as McAllister
brought to her. He had been a fairly silent man and she was very quiet and their sometime quarrels had been a finality of respect before without the need of words after. She had never told him of her message from Bad Hat, but on the other hand she had listened quietly to all the pamphleteering on the McAllister bagpiping. Ione remembered her father speaking with growing authority on the bagpipes as his pride in the community suffered at the hands of his friends and neighbors. Ione had become proud of her Scotch blood and the bagpipes became a great bright symbol in her mind, Presbyterian and high, undarkened, though she had been reared Catholic and sent for some years to the convent.

The heat of the stove was receding from the room. She looked at the rain swept window ... one day she had heard the pipes. A band had come down from Calgary, some twelve of them, with a little man who had a round belly that bussed a big bass drum and a leopard skin. It had been a celebration of a Fourth of July, with a platform of new lumber for the Indian dancing and the piping. And the pipes began and she could understand her father's deep, ah, there, Ione, ah, girl, as they played. Here was a sound, that day when she stood before the old man, her shoulders feeling lean and straight with his hands on them, and when he leaned with his face against her dark cheek, she heard sunlight rush on eagles' wings, high height about her dark face. She knew that the pipes were the music to which her father's people died, towering aerie for men to run in with wild step, yesterday's feet mad delight in no returning path, no tomorrow's day with death renewed through every known ear and smile and hope ... the pibroch of the great McCrimmon, the McCrimmon, the great pipers, he had whispered in her ear; and when it comes that men must die, the McCrimmon were wild with night and not a friend would be such company in darkness. And then a mighty buck from the reservation had pushed them proudly to one side; for the time of the war dance had come, a war dance on the fresh planed surface of the wood of the platform and the squaws moving down alleys and brooding over refuse piles. The buck was dressed with barbarie splendor, with leggings that reached to the crotch, fringed and without seat. His headdress was bull horns in a furred hide, one hand holding a ceremonial tomahowk and the other hand pushing at them.

The wick of the lamp had burned too high and was now smoking the lamp glass. She got up and turned it down, her cheeks dully red where her hands had been pressing them. What should she do, where go? She could not keep the place, mortgage, taxes. A tomorrow built itself in her mind, half-breed girl, breed hired-girl at Sim's place, the dirt heaped gutters of the little town, placards on telephone poles, and the fresh embrace of a next year's hopelessness and another year's hopelessness and Jim who would not come out to the place ... I'm practically sold on everything, Sis, practically sold on everything ... eeeeh, ahh, eeeeh ... she could not hold the sound and it pushed from her, pulling all the wide and placid past time through the torrent of her throat. It was in the house and spoke for it and its building and its death, rising and falling, the long land and a thousand years all compact
in rhythm from her and all the things of the world she and her people had stood with were eased and completed and the last night had found a voice and the last morning had been. No man could ever speak to her again, no man could ever find another in her. She turned out the lamp. The darkness of the room and the gray light of the immediate window and the sound of her feet had met for the last time about her.

She climbed the stairs in the darkness and the things of the house rose and fell like a breast that had but that to breathe as she past wailing. She lighted a lamp in her room, the blued picture of the Virgin and the blessed palm flat and still before her eyes; in her mind there was a tooth and a red cloth where once she thought was smiling and a brightness. Returning from her father’s room with the unfelt wood-stocked weight in her hand, she stopped in the hall to look for one time on the light that rushed softly from her room into the dark house. She moved through the light deliberately, a tall, black-haired woman and the hall was dark again.

RAIN IN HIGH MOUNTAINS

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

Last night the south wind herded a mass
Of wooly clouds over Hell-gate Pass . . .
In the van of the scrambling flock, a ewe
Ebon as sin, and as ugly too . . .
Down over the boulders and canyon snow
To graze on the flat by the lake below,
The meadow where we had made our camp.
All through the dark we could hear them stamp;
All through the chill, star-smothered hours
Could hear a cropping of Alpine flowers;
And there was a tinkle we couldn’t say whether
Was brook, or bell, on an old bell-wether.

When morning broke, the meadow lay
As flowery bright as yesterday;
No lily trampled, no lupin brushed,
Not a columbine or an aster crushed . . .
Wasn’t it strange, when our eyes had seen
The flock descend, had heard it glean?
And at Hell-gate Pass was never a ewe
Between the rim and the sky’s clear blue;
Only a bell that was likely a brook
On its singing way in a riffled crook;
Only a wisp of a wooly tail
Vanishing over Hell-gate trail.
CITY VIGNETTES

Phyllis Morden

WINTER CITY
A slattern in an ermine cloak,
Drifting scarf of sooty smoke,
And crystal slippers, with a sprig
Of Neon in a frowsy wig.

DINNER HOUR
Beyond plate glass, protruding paunches
Refuse domestic cheeses and new wines;
An old man in the alley, on lean haunches
Squats beside the garbage cans, and dines.

GRASSHOPPER
He says, "My social consciousness . . . the communistic
State will put an end to capitalistic
Robbery! In Russia . . . " while he spends
His bourgeois brother's ample dividends.

SOCIAL LEADER
Always the perfect hostess . . . and the host . . .
She knows more answers than the famous Mrs. Post.
Her maids she chooses for their ugliness,
Girls without admirers work for less.

BENEFIT CONCERT
The violin's whine is shrill, and thin
As the ghost of coffee, swirling in
The eddies of polite applause.
"So lovely!" "Such a noble cause!"

POET
He's bald and wistful, like a lonely child,
He can't see eye to eye with business men,
He talks about the prison of success
And makes a scanty living with his pen.

RIALTO ROMANCE
The grocer's boy and the five-and-ten clerk
Take in a movie after work
And double choc malts. Black Narcissus
Blends with vanilla in furtive kisses.
FACTORY DISTRICT
Before a hundred shrines, the black
Votive candle of a stack
Burning to the god of trade,
Within whose arms men's years are laid.

SLAVE MARKET
Drifters, drab and homeless all,
These waiters for a better day;
The Lord who heeds the sparrow's fall
Too long has looked the sparrow's way.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

IT was Saturday afternoon. The loggers hurried: taking showers in the steamy bath-house; and in the bunk-houses, standing shirts off, faces screwed up, before small mirrors scraping off beard. Then from suitcases and duffel bags they took best suits, clean underwear, shirts, socks. Last minute buttonings and adjustings were made on the way to the cookhouse after the cook had signalled on the steel triangle by the kitchen door. Food gulped down. A rush back to the bunkhouse for hats and last looks in bits of mirror.

Saturday evening. The loggers were going to town.

Right after supper, the little engine puffed out of camp, pulling a box-car loaded with eager men; for forty miles the train rumbled and clanked through desolate logged-off land and gathering darkness before it stopped at Reed-town. The men swarmed out and scattered through the small town, to pool halls, stores, bootleggers, the one rooming-house.

Earl Quinn and Clarence Eddy, partners, were the first men out of the box-car. They had set chokers together for two years. They had spent Saturday nights and their pay checks together. They were twenty years old, and they had worked in logging camps since they had left grade-school. They hurried down the lighted street to Blind Bill's to get some beer. They always went to Blind Bill's. He made good beer. Sold it cheap too. The poor guy was nearly blind, couldn't get out and do a man's work, have a man's fun.

You sat in a dingy room off a woodshed at Blind Bill's and drank your beer. You could drink it out of a tin can, or you could drink it out of large misty glasses, or, if you were a man you could drink it out of the bottle. Earl and Clarence drank their beer out of the bottles, tipping them up and letting the stingy stuff gurgle down their throats. They drank fast. Two quarts, one right after another. They couldn't waste much time. Two quarts was enough to get feeling good. They'd get some moonshine from a bootlegger at the dance later in the evening. Had to have liquor at the dance, but you
couldn’t risk taking it out on the free bus that hauled you to the dance hall. Picked up for it once.

They lighted cigarettes, left Blind Bill’s, hurried through an alley and over to a corner where the bus was rapidly filling. Their steps slowed to a casual saunter as they neared it. Couldn’t act too excited. Had to let people know you weren’t like those punk high school kids. They climbed into the bus, found an empty seat and sat down. The bus wasn’t very big. Never be able to haul the crowd out tonight. Nearly every seat was taken, and more coming. People sat on other peoples’ laps, rumpling dresses, wrinkling pants. Earl and Clarence didn’t let anyone sit on their laps. They were going to have a good time. You couldn’t look around you and flirt with girls with somebody perched on your knees.

Two girls, pretty and laughing, entered the bus and looked around for a seat. Earl nudged Clarence. Some babes! The girls came down the aisle. They looked at Earl and Clarence. One was a blonde with very red lips. The other was dark and had curly hair. They stopped apparently confused. Then they looked at Earl and Clarence. Clarence nudged Earl. “Right here you are,” Earl said. “Lots of room.” The blond sat on Earl’s knees. Clarence had the dark one.

The driver shut the door. People laughed and talked. The motor roared. Earl put his arm around the blond’s waist. It made you feel funny to have a girl sitting there. The bus started, jerked, and roared out of town. Earl squeezed the blond’s waist. She wiggled, and turned sideways so she could look at him. “Ed Leader’s going to play tonight,” she said. “He’s hot. Say,” catching a whiff of Earl’s breath, “What you been drinkin’?”

“We’ll get some more at the dance,” he said.

“That’s swell.” The blond smiled at him. He could just make out her face in the gloom. This was fun all right. Starting right off with a bang. Picked up a hot number without even trying. Girls know men when they see ’em. Should be almost to the dance hall now. He needed another drink. Something strong this time. Beer was all right but you had to drink a lot of it to get drunk. A pint of moonshine would do the trick. This blond now, she wanted something to drink. Swell. Earl tightened his arm around her waist. He tingled with excitement. His eyelids were feeling heavy from Blind Bill’s beer.

Earl let his hand wander. The blond grabbed it. “Not so fast, big boy,” she warned. “We’re still in public.”

Earl laughed. “O.K., sister,” he said. This was going to be easy. He nudged Clarence with his elbow.

“Hey, what’re you doin’?” came from the dark girl. “Haven’t you got one girl on your lap? How many do you think you need?” Earl had accidentally hit her instead of Clarence. They all laughed. Clarence’s laugh was muffled. Earl twisted his head around so he could see. Clarence was lucky. He had the inside seat, and was jammed way down, with the dark girl pressed close to him. “Hey, look at that.” Earl told the blond. “What we need is an inside seat too.”

“What’s the diff’? We’re nearly to the dance hall now. We’ll get one comin’ back.” The blond moved her face down and kissed him on the lips.
"Gonna get some liquor right away, big boy?" she murmured.

Earl quivered. Her lips were warm and soft.

The bus pulled up in front of the gayly lighted Dreamland dance hall, and everybody got out. This Dreamland was the place for fun, right on the Hood Canal, close to the state highway; everybody came for miles around here on Saturday night to dance, to drink, to fight, and make love. You bought your ticket for a dollar from a man behind a glass with a little round hole in it, then you went inside and a woman grabbed your arm and stamped a sticky blue "Dreamland" on your hand. You watched the people in the little lobby, spotting the pretty girls, and taking note of the men with them. A lot of them didn't look very tough. White-collared guys from Reedstown. They were swell to pick fights with.

You checked your top-coats and hats, if you had any, and made smart cracks to the red-head who gave you your check. Then you sauntered into the ball-room and watched the dancers, sneering at some, approving others. You sure could see some funny looking guys, and some funny looking dancers at this Dreamland. That tall bean pole with an Adam's apple as big as your fist, dancing with the fat woman, hopping around trying to keep time to the jazzy music. A guy all humped over a girl like he was going to fall on her. And, a good dancer! Look at him pound the old floor! Look at him swing! That's the real stuff. Benches along the walls, crowded with old women and pretty girls, waiting for men to come along and ask them to dance. Most of 'em bum dancers or they wouldn't be sitting there. All the men hanging around talking and watching know the good dancers, all right. They don't take chances with those wallflowers. They come here for fun.

Earl and Clarence waited in the fringe of this throng for the blond and dark girl to return from the lady's room. The air left your head light. That music—boy! It just ran through your body and made you want to get right out there and stamp your feet and dance hard, fast. The lights were dim but strong enough to show up the colors of the girls' dresses. They looked great—red, green, yellow, black, white—all kinds of 'em whirling past with dark arms around them, and dark suits pressed close.

"See that dame in the red dress dancing with that sleepy lookin' guy?" Earl said to Clarence. "She's a pip. Wonder if a guy'd have a chance?"

"She's a pip all right, but we've got a couple on our hands now. Let's take care of them first. Say, you ain't seen Jake around?"

"I been lookin' but I ain't seen him yet. Maybe he's outside. We'll dance one with the babes then go find him. I need a drink bad."

The girls came with new paint and powder on their features. Ed Leader's "hot" orchestra was playing a waltz. They shuffled off into the crowd. It was a good thing to start in on a waltz. You had to get used to the slippery floor. You had to get warmed up, get the feel of sliding your feet. Then for the hot fox-trots, and the dizzy, jolting drags. It wasn't like walking a log with chaulked shoes.

Earl held the blond's slim body close. These waltzes with the lights dim sure made you feel funny about a girl. She had her eyes closed. She liked his dane-
ing. He knew she would. All the girls liked the way he danced. He was a good dancer. So was the blond. Earl piloted her through the throng, her head resting on his shoulder, her body moving sensuously with his. The music stopped. The blond opened her eyes and walked at his side. “Gee,” she said, “You’re some dancer.”

“You ain’t so bad yourself.”

“When do I get a drink?”

“Right after this dance.”

The music started the dance off again. This was what you worked all week for up in the hills—Saturday night. You couldn’t do anything in camp but work, and eat, and sleep. It sure put you in a mood for a good time when you got to town. Well, this was the way to have it—a girl at the dance, get drunk, get her drunk. Only sometimes you weren’t so lucky as tonight. You had to look pretty hard to find a girl. Sometimes you wouldn’t find any at all; then you’d have to wait until you got back to Reedtown and go up to the rooming-house.

The dance ended. Clarence and Earl left the girls and went outside to look for Jake. There were a lot of young punks hanging around the porch, some of them pretending to be drunk, staggering around and shaking hands with everybody they knew. A few men talked and smoked on the porch. Voices came from parked cars in the darkness alongside the dance hall. Two couples were coming up the road arm in arm, laughing and talking.

Earl and Clarence singled out one of the men. “Hey Jake!” Earl called.

That was the way you did it. Just yell for Jake, and he’d come running up to you, slobby face grinning, hands motioning for you not to talk so loud. Hell! everybody knew Jake. Pinched four times already, but he always managed to get out right away. He made money, and the sheriff got a lot of it, too, you could bet. Jake just pretended he had to be careful.

“Yes sir, boys, havin’ a good time?” Jake’s voice was hoarse and throaty. He was fat. His stomach bulged out.

“Swell, but we need somethin’ to keep things goin’,” Earl said.

“I got’cha,” Jake’s grin spread farther across his face. “C’mon out here.” He led them down the darkened road, far from the parked cars. “You wait here,” he said. “What’ll it be?”

“Two pints.”

“O. K.” Jake disappeared.

“Should follow that bird and find his cache,” Clarence said.

“Can’t bother with him tonight. Got other things to do. Say, those babes are plenty hot.”

“You said it.”

They lighted cigarettes, and smoked in silence. Jake shuffled out of the darkness. “O. K., fellas, four bucks.” They gave him two dollars apiece. He gave them each a shiny flask.

“Thanks, fellas, just come around any time.” He was gone towards the Dreamland.

Earl and Clarence shook the bottles. Each took a long gurgling swig, traded bottles and took another swig. They put the corks back in, their faces in screwed up distaste. This stuff was all right after you got it down; it did the work all right, but it was sure rotten in your mouth.

They walked around the dance hall and hid the flasks under a pile of boards at the back of the building. Then they went inside to get the girls.
You could feel the stuff already. Your stomach felt warm and your head felt light and funny. Jake's stuff had plenty of kick in it. That's what you wanted, something that had lots of zoom.

The air inside the dance hall was hot and sticky. The orchestra was playing a mad fox-trot. Earl caught sight of the blond whirling by in the arms of some punk. He nodded to her. She smiled, and nodded back. The number over, the girls met them and they went out and around to the back of the building. Earl fished out the flasks from under the boards, and pulled the corks, handing a bottle to each of the girls. They took them eagerly, tipped them up, held them, and tipped them down again. The blond shook her head. "God," she said.

The dark girl made an awful face. "Got a cigarette?" she asked Clarence. They pulled out cigarettes and lit them for the girls. Then they each took a drink and lit cigarettes.

"That's good stuff," said Earl. "Here, have another one, and we'll go in and dance." They all took another drink, then Clarence hid the bottles under the boards.

Inside Earl danced with the blond again. That stuff sure did something to your dancing. Your feet slid around like you weren't guiding them at all. Everything smooth and easy. The blond was feeling it, too. She pressed closer to him, swaying. You couldn't stand this very long. Earl leaned his head down and whispered in her ear: "Let's go outside, baby, and maybe get another drink."

"Swell."

Earl guided her to the door. They went outside, and walked around to where the whiskey was. Earl grabbed her and kissed her, long, hungrily. She clung to him tightly.

"You wait right here a minute," Earl said. "I'll be right back.

While he was gone the blond fumbled under the boards, found the flasks and took a drink. She had the bottle in her hand when Earl came back with a robe over his arm. "Got it out of a car," he explained. "Let me have that bottle." He took a drink and hid the flask. "C'mon," he said.

The blond took his arm and walked down to the beach with him.

When they came back they took another drink. Then in the dance hall the blond went into the lady's room to put on some make-up. Earl looked for Clarence. He couldn't see him.

The blond came out and they danced. Earl didn't think she danced very well now. She hung onto him too tightly and her feet got tangled up with his. She must be drunk. She couldn't stand much liquor. He was feeling pretty good himself, but he'd had a lot more. Funny how you lost interest in a girl all of a sudden. He didn't like to have her hang on to him like she was afraid she'd fall down if she let go. It made him uncomfortable. He tried to shake her loose a bit by going through a particular snappy step that swung her out and back into his arms. She clung tighter than ever as he snapped her to him.

When the fox trot ended, Earl left her standing in a group of people. He wanted to find Clarence. He went to the door and looked around, then out on the porch. He couldn't see Clarence, but he didn't feel like going back into the dance hall. Sticky in there. Made you feel choked up. He talked with a couple of men on the porch.
Both were drunk. Earl had seen them at the Dreamland before. They smoked cigarettes and talked about girls. Pretty soon they wanted a drink. The two men took Earl out to their car and they all took a big drink from a brown quart bottle.

"That's good stuff," Earl said. "But you have to come around and have a drink with me." They went to the back of the building, drained both bottles and threw them into the darkness. Then they returned to the porch. Earl saw Clarence going into the dance-hall with the dark girl. He followed them, and when the girl went into the lady's room, he approached Clarence. "How'd you make out?" he asked.

"Swell."

"Me too. Let's get out of here."

"This is the last dance before supper. Let's go upstairs and get something to eat. I'm hungry."

"O.K." Earl agreed.

Upstairs they stood in line, waiting for their turn at the cafeteria supper. The dance over, couples were lining up behind them, stretching the line way back down the stairs. Lucky they came up when they did. People jostled, yelled, laughed, threw things. That's what you did to have a good time. You passed wise cracks at the girls, and tried to get their boy-friends mad. This place wasn't very good to eat in. You had to take all your food in a plate in one hand, coffee cup in the other, and after paying the cashier, try to find a vacant place at one of the four long tables in the room. If you were lucky, you got to sit by a good-looking girl. Clarence and Earl weren't lucky. They found space close to an old married couple, and sat down because Clarence had spilled his coffee, and it was burning his hand. They ate their sandwiches and salads greedily, looking about them all the while.

"Say," said Earl suddenly. "We should have brought those babes up here."

"Aw, they ain't hungry. Besides, I've had enough of 'em. They'll find some saps to feed 'em. Don't worry."

Clarence leaned over and tried to engage the married woman in conversation. "How're yuh makin' it baby?" he inquired. "Havin' lots'a fun? That's what we're here for. Gotta have lots'a fun."

The lady turned her back, and made a whispered remark to her husband. He glared at Clarence, then got up, and he and his wife went downstairs.

"Look at that now," said Clarence. "Those folk are too old. What do they come to dances for if they don't want to get drunk and talk to people? I've got a good notion to go down and poke the old beezer right on the nose just for fun."

"Aw forget 'em. We don't want trouble. It would be a waste of time." Earl swallowed the last of his coffee. "I'll tell you what let's do," he said, smearing his face with a blotty paper napkin. "We'll go outside and scrape up a drink. Ours is all gone."

"Sure. That's a swell idea—hey! look!"

Earl turned and looked towards the head of the stair. The blond and the dark girl were just coming up. Two slick-looking guys were hanging over them, feeding them a lot of words.

"Well, we won't have to worry about feedin' them, anyway," Clarence said. "C'mon, let's get out of here." They shouldered their way through the
crowd and down the stairs giving the
two girls smirking grins as they
passed. The girls didn’t even notice
them.

On the porch they lit cigarettes and
stood talking, letting the cool night air
drive off the dizzy feeling they had
from staying inside too long. After a
while they started walking down the
road towards the parked cars. They
wanted to find a bottle, and the only
way to do that was to find a car that
wasn’t locked. They tried several doors
before they found one that would open.
Clarence stood in the road while Earl
searched the car. He slammed the door
in disgust when he couldn’t find a bot-
tle. They didn’t find any more cars
with doors unlocked. They walked
back to the dance-hall.

Two men came out of the hall and
walked up the road. Clarence and Earl
followed them. The men stopped and
one of them unlocked a car. When
Clarence and Earl came up, they were
drinking from a flask. They looked at
Clarence and Earl and turned their
backs. Clarence jumped and hit one
of them behind the ear. Earl swung
at the other one. The flask dropped,
clinking on the gravel. The men turned
swearing. Fists flew. Clarence hit one
of them on the nose, and the blood
streamed down his face. Another ex-
change of blows, and Clarence sent him
sprawling heavily in the gravel, skid-
ding on his back. By that time Earl
had his man down and was rummaging
around in the car. He found a quart of
moonshine. Clarence picked up the
flask, and they walked down the road
and around behind the dance-hall.

“God,” Clarence said, “those guys
were easy.”

“Yeah, too easy. I ain’t had enough
fightin’ yet.”

They sat on some boards and drank
out of the quart bottle. They took a
lot of drinks, and hid the bottles. Then
they went around to the front of the
dance-hall again. They wanted to
dance. They went inside. They stag-
gered when they walked. They were
drunk now. They were having fun.

**FAITH**

**Bob Albright**

He walked sorrowing amongst the people,
The rich and poor; the old and young,
Hoping in prayers and hymns they sung
Before an altar beneath a steeple,
That a God all-powerful, all-seeing,
Would hear each voice and understand
The prayer, the hope, the slight demand,
And bless with mercy every being.
SHADOWS
G. FRANK GOODPASTURE

I never brushed aside the leaves
That stemmed a mountain spring
But came the shadow of a dread
Age-old unreasoning,
That I had turned my helpless back
To claws that followed on my track.

I never crossed the bar at dawn
Where waves rose thin and green
And watched an old seal close aboard,
Distorted by the screen,
But grim Cerberus stood once more
And growled before the nether door!

HARVEST NOCTURNE
MAUD E. USCHOLD

The ripened grain drooped in the cloudless heat,
As hungrily the sun took gold for gold;
All day the sickles burned through brittle wheat,
And now the sheaves lie heaped as day turns old.

From trampled nests bewildered field mice creep,
And quail pipe in the broken stubble where
Once whispering grain made music for their sleep,
And find a hushed and windless silence there.

Field daisies, caught among the winnowed sheaves,
Droop wanly and their withered petals fall;
A nighthawk swoops above the field and weaves
A whistling pattern through the crickets’ call.

Day slants toward the west; across the light
Insistently the darkening shadows pull;
A bright star peers from the bluing steel of night,
And on the evening’s rim the moon turns full.
SAINT ABE AND HIS SEVEN WIVES

FRANKLIN WALKER

To the curious, books by European writers about the frontier offer more amusement than instruction. Not the lover of The Three Musketeers but the collector of Californiana reads Dumas’ A Gil Blas in California, and few of Captain Marryat’s admirers have looked for the salty flavor of Mr. Midshipman Easy in The Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet in California, Sonora, and Western Texas. Readers of Victorian poetry dismiss Saint Abe and his Seven Wives as the hack-work of Robert Buchanan, a second-rate poet, but the subtitle, “A Tale of Salt Lake City,” prompts an examination of the work by a student of far-western literature.

If you come across a copy of this oddly titled book, issued in imitation blue leather by an obscure Toronto publishing house in 1872, you will not find Buchanan’s name on the title page. Even the copy in the Bancroft library remained unassigned to its poet until very recently. When the poem appeared, reviewers in the East and in England assumed that it was from the pen of a western humorist; this remark by the British Quarterly Review was typical: “Notwithstanding the popularity which Hans Breitmann, Bret Harte, and Joaquin Miller have achieved, we are inclined to think that Saint Abe reveals higher genius than any of the verses that bear the names of these writers.”

The reason why the poem was issued anonymously was not that Buchanan was ashamed of it (as he might well have been), but that no name was better than his own name when it appeared. As the poet’s biographer states: “Saint Abe and its successor were welcomed by the journals with such roars of applause as certainly would not have greeted them had the secret of authorship been known.” For Robert Buchanan was very unpopular in 1872.

Paradoxically, the cause of Buchanan’s unpopularity at that time is the chief reason for his being remembered today. Under the penname of Thomas Maitland, he had started a furious battle among Victorian critics with his attack on the Pre-Raphaelites in an article titled The Fleshly School of Poetry. In it he charged Dante Gabriel Rossetti with writing immoral poetry; he stated that he should have known better than to “wheel his nuptial couch into the streets,” and ended his tirade with the remark, “He is just Mr. Rossetti, a fleshly person, with nothing in particular to tell us or teach us.” Too bitter was the attack to be accepted as legitimate criticism, and while Rossetti, maddened by imaginary thrusts from a score of Thomas Maitlands, drifted into insanity, his brother and Swinburne continued the fight until it ended in the offensive Monkey and the Microscope, a lawsuit for libel, and the ostracizing of Robert Buchanan. Shortly after, when from his retreat at Oban in the Highlands the Scot poet and critic issued Saint Abe and His Seven Wives, his English and American publishers took every precaution to prevent the name of the author becoming known.

The plot of the poem about the Mormons, which aimed to amuse as well as instruct, is simple. “Saint” Abe Clewson, man of brain but little brawn, one
of Brigham Young’s standbys, is suffering from too much polygamy. Having a weakness for pretty faces, he has married six wives, and in trying to be kind to all of them has wrecked his health and his spirits. On top of this, he is sealed to a seventh, Sister Anne, a young orphan whom he has adopted. Then he discovers to his alarm and the alarm of the first six wives that he loves Anne more than the rest of them put together. After deciding that he is “a wretched poor Monogamist, a most inferior creature,” he “skedaddles” with his true love—almost disrupting the Mormon assembly—and settles down in New England, where he produces large hay crops and several bouncing babies.

As the reviewers made much of the “fidelity of local color and diction” in the poem, it warrants examination first on those grounds. Far from studying the locale on the spot, Buchanan at the time he wrote Saint Abe had never set his foot on American soil. Getting up a subject by reading a few books was a favorite method with him. Once he had written a play about witch-baiting in New England with this method, and at another time, in collaborating on a novel laid in Brittany, he had advised his partner: “For Brittany simply describe the Hebrides, with a dash of Blackpool slush, and you will go all right.” For Salt Lake City, he worked out a recipe of desert and mountains, pioneers with multiple wives and babies, an Indian and a few army officers, and the whistle of a train, leavened with a sprinkling of picturesque idiom and mispronunciation. These ingredients were mixed with zest and served to the reader in a rugged verse which bordered on travesty. Joaquin Miller had convinced the English public that western poetry was by nature rugged.

Thus the conversation of the pioneers is studded with colloquialisms. We are prepared for a liberal use of hoss, dern, tater, and pisen, but we are inclined to balk at yer for here, hev for have, and sarcy for saucy; we refuse to accept Fresco for San Francisco. Possibly some hard-pressed Mormon may have complained “the fix is vicious” and avowed that Brigham had “no end of cuteness in his head,” but in lovemaking it cannot be said that “he bussed her with a smack” nor can it be allowed that in his embarrassment he “rattled along in chat.” Without the true idiomatic ring is the use of such frontier parlance as critter, boss, cuss, and botheration, while Buchanan’s use of to faloot and to skedaddle sound as amusing to a native born as do his farthing candle and his four-stone-six of potatoes. The prophets and saints assembled in the Mormon temple chant their tribute to Brigham Young: “Hallelujah, veneration! Reckon that he licks creation,” while a heroine is introduced as follows:

She was a widow young and tight.
Her chap had died in a free fight.
And here she lived, and round her had
Two chicks, three brothers, and a dad.

Geography fares little better than diction at the hands of the chronicler of Saint Abe. Salt Lake City is appropriately described as an oasis in a desert valley—one feels the heat, sees the shimmering “kiosks,” and glimpses the mountains in the background; but the shining beck that turned many a mill on its sinuous way into town is less appropriate. The flights of hen-hawk and blue-winged heron are hap-
pier touches than having Salt Lake City "lying at the darkly shadowed feet of the Sierras." For the most part, however, the attempt at local color is made through portrayal of the inhabitants. Gentile settlers, "Jonathan’s men," are uniformly conventional heroes. Thus we learn that the "boss":

Has lost three fingers in a fray,
Has scalped his Indian too they say.
Can drink, and swear, and laugh, and brawl,
And keep his big heart through it all,
Tender for babes and women.

But the Mormon elders (except for Saint Abe) are crass, materialistic-minded, all of them polygamists, and their wives are dull souls with "eyes dropping down with Mormon guilt," once pretty but now "ragged, wretched, and half dead." The numerous babies—produced even in twin and triplet lots—are sickly and irritable.

A western romance without a native American would be like a turkey without cranberries; the noble redman in this poem appears clad in chimney-pot hat, blanket, and green umbrella, with "nose carbuncled by the white man’s liquid flame." After explaining that he has "papoose, sah, one, two, three," he stays long enough to ask for a drink before he is frightened away by the whistle of the new transcontinental locomotive, symbol of the Yankee’s final conquering thrust. The moral follows that heaven is the only place for the poor Indian. So much for local color.

It is not unfair or irrelevant, when we remember that Saint Abe was finished in the year that The Fleshly School of Poetry appeared, to examine the moral implications of the tale of Salt Lake City. The reader is left in no doubt as to its purpose; in an entertaining, satirical manner it attacks Mormonism as an institution for pampering the flesh. If Rossetti and his friends had wished to strike back at the man who had labeled them evil-minded before the public, they might well have questioned the integrity of a poet who would write a poem attacking a religious sect about which he knew practically nothing. He could not pretend that his sally was harmless, for he must have been well aware of the strong anti-Mormon prejudices in England and America at the time he wrote. Even today the Mormon missionary is called by the yellow press in London a white-slaver in disguise, and more than one Mormon student at the British universities has had to keep his religion a secret to avoid persecution. But Buchanan, without hesitation, depended upon the prejudices of his readers to make his poem popular and increase his royalties.

This act was particularly reprehensible on the part of a man who openly named himself a thorough-going liberal, even a radical in religious thought. Son of a well-known Scottish agnostic, he had heard the name of Robert Owen before that of Jesus Christ. He confessed that he had never forgotten his first horror when children of his own age avoided him on the score that he was the son of an "infidel." Like many a child of agnostic parents, he had felt a strong desire for a religion of his own—had, in fact, hidden in dark corners in order to repeat the Lord’s Prayer daily. He found no creed, but he stated often that his first purpose in writing was to search for the natural divinity of man. The author of "The
Ballad of Judas Iscariot” and “The Vision of the Man Accurst” was aware of the piteousness of man in search of God.

Had Robert Buchanan, like his noteworthy contemporary Richard Burton, visited the Mormons, he might possibly have given them as fair a treatment as is accorded them by a true liberal in The City of the Saints. Instead, from his manor in the Highlands he presented the Church of Latter Day Saints as

Draining old Europe of its dirt and dross
The sewer of ignorance, and sham and loss

All Mormons, under Buchanan’s pen, became vicious and depraved:

Every feature is fashioned here
To a flabby smile, or a snappish sneer.

A notably abstemious people are accused of fortifying their spirits from kegs of liquor. And polygamy, interpreted as a degrading practice, is the sum total of the religious creed:

What’s our religion’s strength and force, its substance and its story? Polygamy, my friend, of course; the law of love and glory!

Increase of progeny is called petty and ignoble; the women are sorry breeding-cattle, the infants are blue-faced bastards.

Although Buchanan pilloried the mystic, ardent Rossetti for wheeling his nuptial couch into the street in a beautiful sonnet of The House of Life, he is not reticent about the mysteries of the Mormon bedroom. True, at no time is he honestly lascivious, but throughout his poem he hovers over the sexual trials of polygamy with the discreet obscenity of the righteous-minded. The main point of his story is that Saint Abe is unhappy with his seven wives not so much because they fight and bicker but because he has mixed sentiment with business. He has made the mistake of falling in love with each in turn; this is the diagnosis of his trouble:

One wife for me was near enough, two might have fixed me neatly,
Three made me shake, four made me puff, five settled me completely,
But when the sixth came, though I still was glad and never grumbled,
I took the staggers, kick’d, went ill, and in the traces tumbled.

Of his trouble a fellow Mormon remarks, “He’d all the human heat, d’ye see, without the saintly feeling,” and “His saintly home was hot as Hell, and, ah! how he was baking!” Saint Abe struggled on with his difficult problem until he went “crawling up and down the place, neglecting his apparel,” and then, deciding that he was not equal to the ardors of polygamy, he ran off with his seventh wife, thus saving her “from slowly curdling to a shrew or into swinedom sinking.” Needless to say, the health and wholesome spirits of the couple revived when they reached the pure air of New England.

In justice to Buchanan we should point out that he later apologized for his “literary backslidings,” of which possibly he considered Saint Abe to be one. He did even more to make up for his error: a decade after the poem appeared, he made his one and only visit to America, going no farther than New York and Philadelphia. While there, he found time to visit the neglected Whitman, whose poetry he had long championed in England. Genuinely shocked at the indifference of the
American public to their greatest poet, he wrote an article for the London press in which he ridiculed the worship of the Brahmins to the neglect of the real genius. When he had asked for the leading writers of America, he was directed to Longfellow, to Lowell, to Holmes—even to Joaquin Miller, but only pity was evoked for Whitman.

"A n  a m i a b l e  o l d  g e n t l e m a n  p l a y i n g Lutheran hymns on a musical box made in Germany, a belated Quarterly Reviewer, plus Poetaster, posing in an English dress as a lover of Liberty and a pioneer; and a half a hundred dieties of the same sort, from a good-humored medical practitioner and Chatterbox in Boston to a Byron in red shirt and breeches discovered out of the West. I asked for bread, and they offered me Publisher's or Nestle's food; I inquired for Whitman, and they volubly assured me that Lowell and Holmes and Longfellow were still alive!" So perhaps we should forgive him for writing Saint Abe and His Seven Wives.

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Head O' W-Hollow. By Jesse Stuart. Dutton. $2.50.

Said Walt Whitman: "But to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insousciance of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside is the flawless triumph of art." And then he spoke with the rectitude and insousciance and unimpeachableness of Walt Whitman; for the animals and the trees and the grass have only such voices as the poet gives them.

Walt could utter Walt's animals and Walt's grass; that was all, and it was enough.

Says Jesse Stuart: "Creator of the Universe: Make me as solid as my hills. Give me the solidity of my stones. . . . Let me gather poetry from the lonesome waters that I can hear above the wind and rain tonight. Give me life close to the earth. Let not my feet stray too far from what is my own." And then he gives us Stuart's stones and waters and earth, for he too is a poet and W-Hollow is what he makes it. His book has the unique quality that is found in all works of the imagination and in no mere reproduction.

The point is perhaps worth making because Head o' W-Hollow is so rooted in the soil that one might be tempted to think its quality springs from that fact alone. The book is as packed with things as Leaves of Grass: with wind, sun, poplars, oaks, sassafras sprouts, pigs, horses, turtles, snakes, rabbits, men, corn, dirt. The stories, too, have as little apparent invention as the cycles of the seasons or of the birth and marriage and death of men and women. In one of them, winter comes and a man is ailing; spring brings revival of earth and man, and a child is born—human life wanes and waxes with the seasons. ("Dark Winter"). In another, a prosperous maker of moonshine ("herbs" in the local speech) takes a bus-load of friends on a joy-ride to Chicago, with spirits running so high that they all seize on one's bright idea of passing themselves off as the Governor of Kentucky and his party—why not? The enterprise springs as naturally out of "herbs" as birth from spring or death from winter. ("The Governor of Kentucky"). In a third, Big Elf, who is a Forty Gallon Baptist (sic), warned of his coming death by a "token," calls in the neighboring Free Willers who scoff at tokens, and dies on schedule for the edification of those of lesser faith. ("300 Acres of Elbow Room"). In a fourth, Battle Keaton is eighty-four years old and has lived enough: "Where is your blood? Your blood has been drunk back by the earth and all the color and heat there was in your body has been drunk back by the earth." He is gone, but his death is like the obliteration of a portion of the landscape, a river dried up or a hill washed away. ("Battle Keaton Dies").

There are nineteen such stories in the book, all of them rich with the tang of the folk and redolent of the earth. They are uniquely W-Hollow and uniquely Jesse Stuart. "Whatever I am," writes the au-
tor, "or whatever shall be, tiller of the earth, poet, short-story writer, upstart, or not anything—I owe to my Kentucky hill—land and to my people who have inhabited these hills for generations. My hills have given me my bread. They have put song in my heart to sing/*

Ella May with "her light stringy hair flashing like a rift of dead cut wheat in the July sun," or of "Dark woods scattered over the white mounds of mountains like the black blotches on a white bird-dog’s back," or of the moon that "hangs over the house like a galvanized wash pan gleaming in the sun."

As I read the book I jotted down the comment, "Stuart has no more economy than a day or a landscape has." That comment needs revision. This writer's special art is to make a story look as full as a day or a landscape—which have no economy at all—and to make a story move with the casualness of the lapse of time, without being either casual or replete. It is only a higher sort of economy that he sometimes lacks, the kind of economy that enables Walt Whitman to bring together "the huge first nothing" and "a flake of mica on the side of a rock," or that enables Thomas Hardy to diminish man's earth and its affairs to the arc of a shadow cast upon the moon at a lunar eclipse.

The regional and the proletarian are surely two of the vital movements in the literature of today, and the fact that writers of both schools are rapidly learning that form is as important as substance is their promise for the future. The work of Jesse Stuart is one of the best pledges that they have to offer. *Joseph B. Harrison*


The publication in an “omnibus” of Mr. Fergusson’s three best novels of the Southwest is a highly fortunate event. Some of the books were already out of print and difficult to obtain. Moreover, the mere fact of their republication in a cheaper edition emphasizes their importance and reduces their chance of oblivion. The books, to be sure, have already established themselves as some of the most significant of recent writings concerning the West, and are to be found in many lists of good readings. Nevertheless, there is always the chance that stupidity of publishers or mere accumulation of more recent writings will cause valuable works of literature to be submerged. The present volume seems to indicate that these novels have established themselves permanently.

As Mr. Fergusson states in his Introduction, each of the three was conceived and executed independently, and only in their common New Mexican background is a unity apparent. But with the passage of seven years since the publication of *In Those Days* this unity of theme has tended to become more noticeable, so that in their joint publication they do not seem strange bedfellows—and three beneath the same covers at that. A curious evidence of underlying and perhaps unconscious linkage may be seen in the resemblance between Diego Delcasar (The Blood of the Conquerors) and Diego Aragon (In Those Days). Though the characters have different surnames and certainly are not identical, still their lives run largely parallel, and the same anecdotes are told of both. The three novels in short are related to the actual history of the region so closely that they are necessarily consistent among themselves, and it would be easy to imagine Sam Lash appearing as a character of *In Those Days*, or Robert Jayson in turn playing a part in *The Blood of the Conquerors*.

Mr. Fergusson’s Introduction is the only piece of new writing in the volume, but this is in itself a valuable contribution. He says indeed almost all which a reviewer—this reviewer at least—would wish to say. He points out his own relation through experience to the work in hand, discusses his object in each of the novels and without either presumption of false modesty indicates what he considers the value of the achievement. In his careful appraisal he shows himself again the historian of *Rio Grande* and the critic of *Modern Man*.

One statement the present reviewer inclines to view with alarm: "What engages my interest now is how to deal with the prickly stuff of the inescapable present." If this means that Mr. Fergusson has renounced the historical novel, a critic should perhaps take the occasion to remind him that his novels of modern life have so far failed to attain the real distinction of those in which he deals with history. One may admire whatever may be leading him to assay modern themes—intellectual honesty, social conscience, or mere Quixotism in assailing what are to him more difficult problems. But will not American literature be the loser? Will not an artist do better work in congenial rather than in "prickly" materials?

Of the three novels at present before us *The Blood of the Conquerors* seems to be the weakest and least likely to survive. It is by six years the earliest, and is somewhat lacking in maturity. *Wolf Song* may be put down confidently as the most successful in attaining its own ends; in fact, it comes as close to perfection
in attaining these ends as any novel is likely to come. The material is the frontier adventure story in which for once the characters have been fully realized. The story thus becomes the quintessence of all "westerns," just as Hamlet might be put down as the quintessence of all melodramas. If Wolf Song is sometimes close to clap-trap, so we may add is Hamlet. What makes both into something else is the development of the characters and the distinction of the style.

As opposed to such a brief episodic tale, In Those Days attempts "to show the long curve of a human destiny through fifty years of spectacular and unprecedented change." This theme in most hands would call for a thousand-page volume or even a tetralogy; Mr. Fergusson "enamored of a swift rhythmical style ... intensity rather than bulk" allowed himself only 267 pages. The technical skill shown at this difficult problem is amazing, but in its final fruition the book seems not quite the equal of Wolf Song.

George R. Stewart, Jr.


No doubt it will come as a surprise to our enthusiastic Reds and equally enthusiastic Red-baiters that Mr. Wilson regards both the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. as democracies. He is aware of a considerable political and economic difference between them, but apparently he feels that they are both fundamentally social democracies in which social caste is a relatively small factor, at least as compared with its importance in such European countries as England.

The book consists of a series of notes jotted down at random. Most of the American sketches record the devastating effects of the depression. We get a glimpse of the Chicago poor living in squalid slums without adequate plumbing or fire protection, and eking out a miserable existence from the garbage dumps. In an Illinois mining town and in rural New York, we see the class war flaring into violence. Mr. Wilson effectively deflates two of our leading ballyhoo artists—Roxy, who managed the theater too big for its house, and Charles Mitchell, the super-investment banker, who was tried for income-tax evasion. One of the best of the American sketches is an amusing and keen analysis of Buchmanism, sometimes referred to by the more democratic as the "First Century Christian Fellowship," and by the snobbish, as the "Oxford Group." Buchmanism is evangelical revivalism, with its emotionalism and conversions made respectable. "It has been the triumph of Buchman and his associates," says Mr. Wilson, "to put patent-leather shoes on the Christ of the missions and get him into a dinner-jacket, and to give him for Mary Magdalene a refined Anglo-Saxon lady, chastely but expensively gowned."

As a whole, the American notes are only mildly interesting. While they were good reporting in 1932, they now tell us little that we do not already know.

The Russian section is much more interesting. Russian experience is interpreted in terms of a democratic set of values. Mr. Wilson raises the important problem of the effect of democracy on culture. There is a tendency in a democracy, he believes, to lower cultural standards. His observations in Russia, however, do not confirm this view. "In no country I have ever been in, even France, has literature such prestige as in Russia," he says, "in no country, even in Germany of the day before yesterday, has science commanded such respect. . . . Abolish the Church with its spiritual direction, and substitute for a government based on divine right, a government based on a scientific view of history; and you shift, to the strictly human sources of order and inspiration, a kind of veneration and anxious attention which they have never enjoyed before. And with the passing of the pageantry of Church and court, the theater becomes more important." He admits, however, that the literary output since the revolution has been inferior because "revolutions are inevitably poor periods for the arts; the great writing of the Russian Revolution was done by Lenin and Trotsky."

Mr. Wilson is very critical of Russia's press censorship which results in the public making up its own tabloid journalism. He dislikes the glorification of Stalin in almost every speech and article. The atmosphere of fear and suspicion, particularly since the Kirov assassination, makes conversation on politics almost impossible. In regard to espionage he points out that it is just as bad in many parts of America, where labor sympathizers are subject to surveillance by the authorities.

Mr. Wilson had the fortune, both good and bad, to spend several weeks in an antiquated Russian hospital recovering from scarlet fever. There he became acquainted with the old Russian way of doing things, with its filth, slovenliness, and irresponsibility. The only people in the hospital who could be depended on were the few Communists who struggled heroically to keep the overcrowded and pitifully understaffed institution going. Mr. Wilson gives one a sense of the tremendous obstacles which the Communists have to overcome in remodeling Russian life and character.

The book contains many shrewd observations, but also a little too much dross. The rather arty Prologue and Epilogue add nothing to its value, and the Flashback dealing with the occupation of the Rhineland seems irrelevant. Similarly with the impression
made by Mr. Wilson's apparently inexpert attempts at petting. On the other hand, many of his observations are worthy of more extended statement, such as the following: "I feel convinced, since I have been in Russia, that American republican institutions, disastrously as they are always being abused, have some permanent and absolute value."

Had Mr. Wilson followed out the implications of this and some other of his insights, his book would have been a more important one.

*Maure L. Goldschmidt*

Thanksgiving Before November. By Norman Macleod. The Parnassus Press. $2.00.

The Seven Sins. By Audrey Wurdemann. Harper. $2.00.

Of these two volumes of verse the one by Norman Macleod is the more interesting and also the more disturbing. Evidently written, poem by poem, out of compulsion of spirit measuring experience, it gives a pertinent record of a life's beginnings and growth and of the age in which that life now finds itself. So stirred is the reader that at once he thinks with Goethe that poetry is "anticipation," then immediately and conversely with Wordsworth that it is "re-collection," and realizes that here these poles are paradoxically harmonized. For in these poems there is the desirous vision of youth set against the reflective and a little sad weariness of middle age, all instructed with clear-sightedness and undergoing scrutiny to resolve the contradictions time creates.

*It is best*

To believe childhood happiest or else—
the poet asserts. Nor does he weaken into sentimentality in this repeated theme note. The opening portion of this volume is devoted to the backgrounds of boyhood and early manhood, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, and is an open acknowledgement of the honesty of impressions gained there; a way of life that is later to become distorted, the native self to be swept out of its depth. Finally, in "Metaphysic of a Generation" he concludes

*And so*

We go down into history
The effigy of our former selves.

In his use of the language Mr. Macleod is out of T. S. Eliot, without the latter's mannerisms, but also with less of the master's integration of thought or ingenuity of conception. In fact the restraint upon this poet's art is his inclination toward stream-line reporting, albeit often with imaginative qualities. This book is the record of a mind and a life, hardly the experiences themselves. But it is an impressive personal document that nonetheless speaks beyond the one life, a document that makes picturesque and stimulating reading. "The strife to live more fully permits no victories," the poet says, and this may be considered his honest acknowledgement of limitations.

In *The Seven Sins* Miss Wurdemann undertakes a seven-faceted study of human nature for which, it must be admitted, her intrinsically lyric talent and her youthful years seem not to be equal. Apportioning man's sins into seven major expressions she proceeds to assemble a dramatis personae of seven sons to give them direful manifestation: avarice, gluttony, pride, anger, lust, envy, and sloth. In each instance, save for sloth's victim who suffers implied prolonged dying, the poet meets out a judgment of death, always in conclusive fashion. Repeatedly the reader wonders why this should be so when the given evidence is often general, or fragmentary, or unwarranting. Never does Miss Wurdemann consider her characters as free agents, but as men upon whom a curse is laid. Each is presented as a tragic failure because of his sin, a result which does not hold true in life. Obviously the progress of her narrative is too arbitrary.

In the telling of this tale the poet has had to submerge much of her native talent for lyric expression, although she writes always with pleasing smoothness. Always she gives evidence of her mastery over words and the poetic line. Yet of the entire book the Prologue contains much the best writing. Herein is seasoned thought, sound narrative tone, and the lines are imbued with implication. From there on the body of the text shifts its manner of expression to quasi-narrative to testimony, to cross examination, to lyric interlude, and at times, in this varied manner, at the expense of main thread story interest. And the Epilogue is little more than rhetoric.

At least for its musical quality *Bright Ambush* was the superior offering. Both of these poets have their best work yet to do.

*Howard McKinley Corning*

John Reed, the Making of a Revolutionary. By Granville Hicks, with the assistance of John Stuart. Mcmillan. $3.50.

So far as I know no one has ever named John Reed the Junior First Citizen of his boyhood home town. Unless someone else does it before these words appear in print, I wish to nominate him for that honor. And on no other authority than that of this book. It is a wonder, says Mr. Hicks, that the biography of the West's most audacious young revolutionary has not been written sooner. It is indeed, and a shame, too, that it has not been done by one of his fellow townsmen. But then, as Carl Van Doren has recently stated, John Reed was the hero of the Younger Generation of the 1920's, that complacency
disturbing group which seems to have had its headquarters just south of West Fourteenth Street in New York City. And Portland isn't Greenwich Village.

In the light of his well-known Marxist leanings (not to say reclinations) Mr. Hick's more conservative readers will be agreeably surprised to discover that he has handled his materials in about as objective a manner as could reasonably be expected. He does, however, and quite naturally, insist that his subject reached complete intellectual stature only when he had come to understand and to embrace in the full sense the teachings of the author of Das Kapital. At best this is a dubious position, and from more than one point of view. It is a question whether John Reed ever really comprehended Karl Marx. He was too impatient of logic and reason to have taken the necessary pains. It is still more of a question, then, whether he was ever really a Communist. But there can be doubt that his heart was in the right place. In the leftists locate such things, whatever may or may not have been the uses he made of his head.

On another matter Mr. Hicks appears to be more seriously in error. John Reed's consuming ambition was to become a poet, and it is the opinion of his biographer that had his life been spared he would have realized his desire. Judging from the samples of his verse reprinted in this volume, I must admit to being entirely unconvinced. The chief effect of the early poems is incredulity that work so bad could at any time have been accepted even for magazine "filler." Certainly the published verse of today's beginners in the poet's calling is distinctly better. In mastery of technique and in maturity of thought and emotion his poetry shows development as he grew older, of course. But one has only to compare the best to which his greatest promise points forward with the achievement of his distinguished classmate at Harvard, T. S. Eliot, to realize how far behind the head of the valiant champion of the down-and-out in Paterson, in Ludlow, and in Bayonne, as the defender of such figures as Villa, Karl Liebknecht, and Lenin, when they stood most in need of defense, as the not to be silenced opponent of our entry into the Great War, and as the sympathetic super-reporter of the Soviets' side of the Russian Revolution, are all rightly his. It is as a splendid, and richly deserved, memorial of the Jack Reed who was ever ready and willing to give his all for the downtrodden among his fellows that this book of Mr. Hicks will stand. The radicals may not have all the arguments on their side, but in Mr. Hicks they have the most accomplished literary historian of the long political struggle now approaching its crisis that any party in this country can muster.

V. L. O. Chittick


Even to those who distrust primitive impulses, the raciness and objectivity of the ballad manner can often come as a relief. At present it provides an escape from the press of neo-Romantic, self-conscious strains after the metaphysical. This vigorous book provides plenty of encouragement to such escape. By calling his poems "free ballads" the author has forestalled complaints against his deviations from traditional forms. His volume is filled with the stuff from which ballads are made. In treatment, too, we have much of the ballad maker's spirit and method. There is the easy command of narrative swing, the alternating heavy and light rhythmic beat, the stark, vivid phrase, and a full cargo of the more gory and glamorous accoutrements of balladry to set forth the poet's findings.

Fightery Dick, in the title poem, relates the tale of Captain Tack, who met his match in a game of pirate-hunting:

They hung his head on the forward mast—
His beard streamed in the wind.
He led the way past rock and reef.
Till the harbor was left behind.

The story is told for the sake of its own inner vitality. Although Fightery Dick himself roars out the challenge, "Now damn all
laws and the makers of laws!"), it would be going far to say that he is intended to convey any general criticism of life. Most of Mr. Lehmer's ballads tell of desperate tyrants who trample the innocent underfoot; but they themselves, though ultimately defeated, do not meet reversal through doctrines and theories. It is fighters as desperate and slaughterous as themselves that strike them down. Not one of the ten gusty poems in the volume fails to hit out; but there is no urge to pick quarrels with either the capitalist or the cosmos.

More than anything else, perhaps, it is the working toward a union of tense passion and consistent impersonality that allies these ballads to the true tradition. Strong tales are picked up on the battlefield of warriors, from the shambles left by pirate cutlasses, or on Gallows Hill "swept with the winter sleet." Mr. Lehmer seems to be fond indeed of the beheading game. The opening yarn presents us with the vivid picture of Captain Tack's head on the mast of the victor's ship. The concluding poem, and probably the most strongly creative of them all, retells the apocryphal tale of Judith. Her strategy involving the city culminates with her return from the enemy camp, bearing the head of Holofernes:

Is my lord cold?  
I will wrap up thy head  
In the hangings of purple and gold  
From over thy bed.

Although he is a serious student of Indian music and customs, Mr. Lehmer has drawn only one ballad from this source. It is representative of his experiments in verse form and rhyme. While to most readers some of these may seem to make too heavy a sacrifice of the native ingenuousness of the ballad style, here the result is convincing. The meter of this poem, "The Harvest, A Ballad of the Mesa" is taken from a Hopi Indian song.

By the pathway  
At the foot of the mesa the hunters were waiting.  
In the cornfield  
Sharp and keen as the frost were the blades of the reapers.  
Such a harvest  
Never grew in the field at the foot of the mesa.

Set against the terrors of ambush are the figures of an Indian mother and her daughter whom she sends down the cliff to warn the hunters who are returning "where the hand of the sun stretches over the valley." With his sound knowledge of the mesa dwellers it is to be hoped that Mr. Lehmer will reach out farther in the direction toward which he points in this poem. He should find a ready audience among those interested in the Indian and in poetry.

Robert D. Horn

Frontier and Midland

Ol' Paul, the Mighty Logger. By Glen Rounds. Holiday House. $2.00.

All books about Paul Bunyan are "by definition" good books. This is a book about Paul Bunyan. It fails, in manner, about midway between the collection of Paul Bunyan yarns made by Esther Shephard and that made by James Stevens, being more imaginative than the one and more authentic than the other. Or, to put the matter so as to accord properly the values involved, it lacks the authenticity of the one and the inventiveness of the other,—though speaking of invention one must give credit to Mr. Rounds for having added to the Paul Bunyan bestiary the ingenious creation he labels the Whirling Whimpus.

Mr. Rounds' enthusiasm for the Paul Bunyan legends has carried him not only into writing another book about the mythical giant of the north woods but also into illustrating it. I wish he had been advised to suppress his drawings. The draughtsmanship that has gone into them is excellent, and there is no question that Mr. Rounds had a lot of fun doing them; but like the pictures that sometimes accompany the descriptions of the cockatrice and the basilisk in the classical dictionaries, though they may serve to satisfy a stupid curiosity they add nothing to, indeed they detract from, the awe-inspiring effect of the conceptions they are intended to help define.

V. L. O. Chittick


No longer need our vision of Washington Irving be dimmed by the blurred and watery interpretations of nineteenth century critics. Stanley Williams has written what must be the definitive life of Washington Irving. In two thick volumes he has assembled in careful form the countless documents, letters, and literary criticisms which throw light on Irving's character. Confronted by the harassing problem of fixing the relation between scholarship and an interesting, flowing style, Williams does not err on the side of light and frivolous. The work is by no means light reading. Like any good biography, however, it is more than just a study of the man; in the foreground is Irving, but always in clear perspective is the larger political, economic and social environment of his day.

Williams carefully aligns Irving according to his major significance as the first American man of letters. Against the larger scale of English nineteenth century writers his import rises, but it is Irving the American who is important. At home alone could touch his literary stature. With his recognition abroad, it was first realized that the colonies could possibly produce a man who could write
Frontier and Midland

easily, who could write like a gentleman. The Sketch Book was more than successful; it demonstrated “the paradox of an elegant book from an aborigine.”

After the publication of The Sketch Book Irving’s reputation was secure against all his own uncertainty and against the vacuity of much of his later work. Extremely sensitive, a dilettante at heart, he seems to have done his best work under the stress of financial worry. Despite an enormous sale, and despite frequent translations, unreliable copyright laws made financial returns comparatively small. Mistaken attempts at speculation kept him constantly in need of money, but it was this need which exacted from him some of his most important volumes.

In detailed fashion Mr. Williams explains the technique of note-taking which Irving followed in all of his writing. Nothing, almost, was spontaneous; for the most part his work was gleaned from the pages of voluminous diaries. An orderly mind, his notebooks absorbed an amazing array of facts, legends and impressions. Not an historian, he was able to weave pleasing and interesting tales out of earlier scholarship. But when he turned to research, his light, delicate touch became heavy; the sparkle of his essays was dimmed under a film of fact. Williams’ study of sources is important in view of the many attacks on the originality of Irving’s work, but happily this matter is mostly considered in the form of notes and appendices which do not intrude upon the reader who is little concerned with the devices of scholarship.

Irving wanted to justify his reputation by treating, in his own fashion, of the wild and advancing frontier. There, among strange scenes, he travelled again; and again he took voluminous notes. But the romanticism which had served so well in treating European legends was not of the stuff which would enable him to understand the forces molding his own land. As a result of these books on the frontier, Irving’s motives have long been suspect in the eyes of critics—the Irving-Cooper controversy furnished ample material for debate. Mr. Williams’ careful analysis throws light on these literary ven-
tures. In Astoria, for instance, it is evident that Irving perceived no more than the romantic struggle between two great fur companies. For an inability to see what he could obviously not be expected to see, we should no longer judge him severely.

The appointment as minister to Spain served as a happy climax to Irving’s career. Despite the delicate personality which seems to peer through all of his writing, his successes in the diplomatic world demonstrate conclusively that there was a solid core to the dilettante. It is this solid core which Mr. Williams emphasizes. These two volumes, together with a third bibliographical volume to be published later, must stand as convincing evidence of American scholarship, and as a basis for all future work in their field.

Vernon L. Parrington


This record shows that the old Mission Press at Lapwai that printed nine little Indian books from 1839 to 1845—the first printing in the Pacific Northwest—was not so unique as we have believed. The missionary society that set up this press on the Clearwater and in 1839 issued Nez-Percs First Book: Designed for Children and New Beginners, had done almost exactly the same thing four years previously in Indian Territory. This was the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Just as they were responsible for the first Oregon imprint, they were responsible for the first Oklahoma imprint. Both little books were Indian primers. The Oklahoma one, printed in Creek or Muscogee language at Union Mission in 1835, was entitled Istutsi in Naktoku, or The Child’s Book.

Beginning with this tiny volume, Mrs. Carolyn Thomas Foreman has covered the printing in Oklahoma and Indian Territories up to 1907, the time of statehood. It took her six years to do it, and it is an impressive testimony of her energy, and her attitude of public service. Nothing like it has ever been done for Oregon, Washington, Idaho, or Montana. The checklists we have seem fragmentary in comparison.

Oklahoma Imprints could be profitably used by graduate deans as an example of the artistry that may be achieved by straight research. Nothing that could possibly be found is left out; everything is organized, rightly proportioned, and in its place; important but routine facts are not neglected, and exciting new discoveries are not allowed unduly to hog the space; from beginning to end of the 499 double-columned pages there is no sign of fatigue in the author, there is no evidence of faulty or careless effort.

The book is divided into seventeen chapters. The first four deal with the Mission presses. One each is given to the newspapers of the five civilized nations, the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks and Seminoles. Three are devoted to magazines, books, pamphlets, laws and miscellaneous publications of Indian and Oklahoma Territories. Five descriptively list the newspapers of Oklahoma Territory, where journalism flourished so exceedingly that the little town of Mound, with about 500 people, had the Democrat, the Mercury, and the Monitor, the latter claiming a circulation of 450, and the Mercury bearing the motto: “A Man Who Fears Competition Is An Enemy Both to Himself and His Town.”

The book has a bibliography, twenty-seven illustrations, and sixty-three pages of index.
It is well printed and attractively bound by the University of Oklahoma Press, which has won a high place among the university presses of the country.

Alfred Powers


The Townsend movement is doomed to failure by the preposterousness of its objective, and to early extinction by the disappointment of members who will finally realize that they will never receive the "$200 a month in pie till you die" which they have expected to start next month; or, at the latest, next year. Nevertheless it is certainly one of the most significant political movements in America in a generation. It has shown the demagogue how to capitalize on economic insecurity; it has shown the conservative the speed with which a threat to the status quo can gather; it has shown the radical how much greater is the appeal of wild promises to be fulfilled within the capitalist system than the sober demand for a reorganization of capitalism; it has shown the politician how dangerous is the enmity of a political group with an idée fixe; and it has shown the rationalist how insistent demand for a fantastic program can be elicited from millions of people by emotional appeal. The political history of the next few years will in considerable part be a record of how the different groups react to these lessons.

Richard L. Neuberger and Kelley Loe in An Army of the Aged present the results of a thoroughgoing study of the Townsend movement. It is an excellent chronicle of the way "The Army of the Aged" was recruited, and of the campaign it has waged. This true story is stranger than fiction—but evidence of its truth is presented at every turn. The analysis of the reasons for the success of the movement is convincing, as are the estimates of the parts played by the two leaders, Townsend and Clements.

Careful reading of the book brings a realization that the Townsend success has opened a new field for cultivation by high-powered promoters. It should shake the hopeful severity of those liberals (including Bruce Bliven in his introduction to the book) who feel that the net effect of the movement has been good—since it has brought the plight of the aged, and the "self-imposed and needless poverty" of a majority of our citizens into the national consciousness. The new leaves added to the book of political demagogy, and the fleecing of millions of aged and needy people while beguiling them with false hopes of imminent affluence total up to a high price to pay for a presumed dent on the national consciousness which only a micrometer could reveal.

An interesting comparison is drawn between the Townsend plan and Major Douglass's Social Credit. Although the movement led by Aberhart in Alberta may resemble the Townsend movement in many ways, there are important differences between Major Douglas and Dr. Townsend. Douglas bases his system on an involved (and obscure) economic analysis. It is an attempt—however unsuccessful—at rationality. Townsend's analysis is less than embryonic; it is pre-conceptual. Representative McGroarty portrayed the typical Townsendite's reaction to economic analysis when he told reporters that "economists are as crazy as hell."

An Army of the Aged provides an indispensable background for those who want to have some understanding of the place of the Townsend movement in the present national campaign; of the relation of Clements, Gerald T. Smith, and Townsend himself to the movement; and of the possibilities for strictly non-rational, emotional movements in American political life.

Blair Stewart


The first chapter in this volume is devoted to a sound discussion of the national claims to the Oregon country, the various treaties relating to the region, and the final settlement of the northern boundary. With this exception the book is devoted almost entirely to the fifteen-year period from 1846 to 1861, although in some instances there are brief discussions of developments after the latter date. The second chapter, one of the longest in the book, contains a narrative of the principal events and features of the territorial period, including such matters as codes of law, politics, location of the seat of government, and the effect of the discovery of gold in California. Three chapters deal with Indian Wars and treaties from 1848 through the Modoc War in 1873. The establishment and early history of towns and counties, agricultural development, and early schools and colleges are subjects receiving treatment in succeeding chapters. The titles of the last two chapters are not descriptive of their contents. One, entitled "Founding a Commonwealth," deals largely with transportation, including ocean and river traffic, stage coach lines, and the early railroads. The other, called "Opening Years of Statehood," is mainly concerned with state and national politics in Oregon during the first years after the admission into the Union.

Although there are no footnote citations to sources, several pages of chapter notes and references furnish an abundance of bib-

Continued on page 70
THE GREAT WEST: THREE INTERVIEWS

MAURICE HOWE

(A series of reminiscences of old pioneers, as related to Mr. Howe, director of writers’ projects under the Works Progress Administration in Utah, and regional director of writers’ projects in the Western states. Other interviews will appear in future issues of FRONTIER and MIDLAND.)

CROSSING THE PLAINS BY HANDCART

Aaron Jackson, who died at the age of 81 in November, 1935, a few weeks after granting this interview, was one of the pioneers who crossed the plains with the handcart companies to Utah in the Fifties. His story deals with the tragedy of the ill-fated Martin company of handcart pioneers, scores of whom froze and starved in 1856 while crossing Wyoming.

Mr. Jackson was a small child when the journey was made with his two sisters, Martha Ann, aged 5, and Mary Elizabeth, aged 7, and his father and mother. The rigors of the journey were so great and the suffering so intense that his father died by the trail along the Sweetwater river in Wyoming one bitterly cold night, October 25, 1856.

Mr. Jackson relates his story as follows:

“I was born January 18, 1854, in Macclesfield, Cheshire, England. My mother was Elizabeth Horrocks Jackson Kingsford. She was born in 1826 in Macclesfield. Her father was Edward Horrocks. Mother was the eldest of eleven children and at the tender age of seven she was put to work in a silk mill. In those days small children toiled long hours in the English factories. She married my father, Aaron Jackson, Sr., May 28, 1848.

“My mother afterward wrote an account of the trip and I will quote at length from her story. We left Liverpool on the sailing ship Horizon, May 22, 1856. There were 700 persons on board. It took until June 30, six weeks, to get to Boston. On the way across the Atlantic there was near panic on board one day when the sailors were working in the sails and an officer gave the order ‘hoist higher.’ An excitable passenger thought the man had yelled ‘fire’ and the passengers got panicky.

“We reached Iowa City by train July 8. We had expected to find our handcarts already for us but instead we had to delay two or three weeks to make them. Instead of iron axles they were poorly constructed of wood. The boxes were of leather.

“There were two companies organized containing 556 persons, 146 handcarts, seven wagons, six mules and horses, fifty milch cows and beef animals. There was one wagon with goods for the Latter Day Saints’ church at Salt Lake City. To each of the two companies was apportioned a mule team and two wagons hauled by oxen to carry tents, stores, etc.

“On July 15 our company left Iowa City for Florence, Neb., 277 miles away. At Florence the two companies were consolidated. Edward Martin was made captain and Daniel Tyler his aide. On August 25 we broke camp and travelled two miles. On August 27 we left Cutler’s Fork and started across the prairies.

“On September 7, when we were near Loup Fork we were overtaken and passed by the Mormon Apostles F. D. Richards, C. H. Whedlock and other returning missionaries. We learned that A. W. Babbitt had been killed by Indians. Apostle Richards encouraged the companies to come on, although some were wondering if we could get across the plains and over the mountains before winter set in, as autumn was already with us, and we had barely got a start. The apostles and missionaries were travelling light with a fast outfit of horses and soon
passed us and got to Salt Lake weeks before we reached South Pass.

"On October 8 we reached Fort Laramie. Our provisions were beginning to run low so some of the converts who had money or jewels took them to the fort and exchanged them for food.

"We had been poorly outfitted from the first and when our food supply got low we were reduced to one-half pound of flour per person per day.

"On October 19 we got to the last crossing of the Platte river. My father was very sick. He was too ill to walk so they gave him a ride in a wagon. When we got to the river the teams were too weak to ford the stream and he had to wade.

"The weather turned off very cold. The people were hungry and weary. Their shoes were wearing out and many were barefooted. My mother's sister, Mary Horrocks Leavitt, became ill and was deranged from the hardships. While mother carried us children across, her sister helped my father wade through the cold waters of the Platte.

"Then a terrible storm set in. We struggled along as best we could. My mother often told us later how the chilled and tired company would join in singing that famous old Mormon hymn:

\[
\text{Come, Come, ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,}
\text{but with joy wend your way}
\text{Though hard to you this journey may appear, grace shall be as your day.}
\text{Tis better for us to strive, our useless cares from us to drive.}
\text{Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—}
\text{All is well! All is well!}
\]

"It was after this crossing that a terribly foolish thing was done. The carts were heavily laden with clothing, bedding and other equipment. The people were getting so weak they could hardly pull the carts. Instead of making camp there, as they were forced to do a few miles further on, when the snow got too deep, they actually piled up great heaps of clothing and bedding and burned them. Those precious quilts and coats would have been greatly appreciated a few days later but the great mistake was made. Instead of caching the goods or just leaving it by the wayside, they destroyed it so it was impossible to go back and get it when it was sorely needed in a short time.

"On October 20 the company walked ten miles in the snow and camped near the Platte river about where it leaves the Sweetwater. For three days snow fell and we remained in camp. Then on we went again. On October 25 we stopped at sundown and the men put up the tents. My father died in the tent that night. My mother discovered he was dead about midnight and called for help but none could come to her aid, so she had to lie there by the corpse all night, freezing in the darkness.

"The next morning they put my father and thirteen other dead persons in a great pile and covered them with snow. The ground was too hard to dig graves.

"Many took sick and died along the weary trail. Nearly one hundred fifty lives were lost from cold and starvation as that company of inexperienced English people, unused to the wilderness, tried to make their way through deep snow over the Rockies by way of Sweetwater and South Pass.

"The men became so weak and so few remained that they could not put up the tents. My mother related that one night when it was bitterly cold she was too weak to find wood or make a fire. Sitting by the cart on a stone she clasped her three little children to her and sheltered them with her shawl as best she could. Holding me on her lap with my sisters at her side she remained that way all night, a widow, cold and hungry in a strange land. While the wolves howled and sharp wind chilled the heart, the poor travellers somehow managed to keep on going.

"On October 28, Joseph A. Young, Daniel Jones and Abel Carr galloped into camp from Salt Lake City amid the cheers and tears of the sufferers. They brought news that relief was coming and that Brigham Young had ordered wagons to come to our aid from Utah.

"The next day we started up the Sweetwater. On October 31, at Greasewood Creek George D. Grand, R. F. Burton, Charles Decker, Chauncey G. Webb and others with six wagons of flour from Salt Lake met our company.

"On November 1, we got to the bridge of the Sweetwater, five miles from Devil's Gate near Independence Rock, Wyoming. There was a foot and half of snow on the ground. The travellers had to scrape it away from..."
the ground with cooking utensils in order to make a place to camp.

“At Devil’s Gate we left Daniel Jones, Thomas M. Alexander, Ben Hamilton and 17 others to guard a cache of freight we left there. Several days after that we came to the last crossing of the Sweetwater. The water was two feet deep and there was three or four inches of ice. When the people and carts tried to cross, the ice broke, plunging them into the cold water, the jagged pieces of ice cut their legs and feet and many of them left blood in the snow and bore the scars to their death. Bravely the poor people kept on in the face of great difficulty.

“The carts were defective and many broke down and had to be discarded.

“One poor chap, when he saw the stream, broke down crying and said, ‘Do we have to cross here? I can’t.’ His wife said ‘Jimmie, I will pull the cart for you.’ Luggage had long since been reduced to ten pounds for adults and five pounds for children.

“Then we camped for several days at Martin’s Ravine, Wyoming. There is a monument there now to commemorate the suffering at that place. There were several days of storm and it was impossible to move. E. K. Hanks said he had seen nothing worse in his years in the wilderness. He had killed a buffalo and he gave us some meat to eat.

“Finally we got over the South Pass and down to Fort Bridger and into Utah. We reached Salt Lake, Sunday, November 30. My mother and family were taken to the home of her brother, Samuel Horrocks, in Ogden, Utah. The following summer on July 8, 1857, my mother married William R. Kingsford and we lived with my stepfather at 2355 Madison avenue. While we lived with my uncle the first winter we were very poor. Mother’s brother, Samuel, occasionally got a day’s work and as he was barefoot he would borrow mother’s shoes to wear while he went out to work. Later he established the Horrocks clothing store on Washington avenue, Ogden, Utah.

“My mother’s father came from England in 1857. He was killed March 10, 1865 in a snowslide in Ogden canyon. He lived at Huntsville, Utah and was on his way home from Ogden with a team of horses and a pet dog.

“Willis Boss, who used to cut wood in a canyon, had a cabin near the scene. He heard the slide and dug out the body. The horses were killed also but the little dog escaped. Snowslides nearly always come on the north sides of the canyon when the snow melts in the spring, but this slide was on the south side.

“When General Johnston’s army came to Utah in 1858 our family moved down to Spanish Fork, Utah. The coming of the soldiers was a great blessing. We were able to buy cloth and other goods much cheaper than before. We returned to Ogden the late summer of 1858.

“My mother had a desire for business. We used to take an ox team and cart and drive to Salt Lake City and buy crockery from Eardley Brothers who found a clay deposit and burned pottery for dishes. I was only seven or eight years old and was so small I could not lift the heavy yoke onto the necks of the oxen. At night I had to leave them yoked together so they would be ready to be hooked up to the cart in the morning.

“We would drive as far as Farmington the first night and camp and then get to Salt Lake City the next day. Later, mother got needles, thread and other articles to sell. We used to trade in Weber county, Box Elder county and Cache Valley. We took anything in exchange for our goods. Often we would trade for wheat, molasses, bacon, vegetables, etc.

“Later mother established a merchandise store where we lived and she operated it for 25 years and then I ran the store for many years. We used to make yeast out of hops and dough and trade a cup of yeast for a cup of flour.

“We also got tallow and made our own soap and candles. I recall going out to the old Hooper herd house near the Great Salt Lake to get saleratus to make soap.

“I had to work very hard. I went into the mountains alone with a team and hauled logs when I was only 15 years old. There are not many boys today who would do that.

“I used to cut grain with a scythe and cradle, then flail the grain and take it to the mill to be ground. There were lots of wild
game in the hills then. Chickens and deer were plentiful. I liked to go trout fishing, too.

"Peter Boyle used to have a lathe run by a water wheel over on Twenty-eighth street on the old Weber canal. He used to operate a mill that ground sugar cane for molasses there, too. On the north side of Twenty-fifth street there was another wheel operated by the same canal. This canal came from the Weber river above Riverdale and flowed along the foot of the bench to Twenty-second street and then back to the river. That canal now goes down Twenty-eighth street underground.

"I remember Brigham Young very well. He used to come to Ogden and stay at the home of Bishop Erastus Bingham of the First ward which at that time took in all of the homes on the bench. Bishop Bingham used to live on the corner of Twenty-third street and Madison avenue. His wife was a very fine cook and she would hustle around and prepare an extra special meal of fine dainty foods when President Brigham Young came to town. Then after she had worked hard preparing the repast when Brigham came to the table he would say, 'Now Mrs. Bingham, don't bother to fix anything on my account, just give me a bowl of bread and milk and don't skim the milk and I will have a fine supper'."

GOLD, APPLES; ALDER GULCH, OGDEN

Mrs. Amanda Taylor Chase, widow of Charles W. Chase, who was in her seventy-eighth year when interviewed in 1935, related:

"My father was John Taylor and my mother was Eleanor Burkett Taylor. They crossed the plains by ox team in 1854. Father was born in 1812 and mother in 1815. They came from Nauvoo, Illinois, over the prairies and mountains with ten children. Two of them, twins, a boy and girl, were only a year and a half old when they were on the journey.

"Father had pioneered in nearly every state there was in the Union at that time. He had been to Wisconsin to get timbers for the Latter Day Saints' temple at Nauvoo, Illinois, and later had a ranch in Texas. Hard times hit them there and for a long time all they had to eat was corn cracked with a sledge hammer.

"I was born in Slaterville, Utah, February 20, 1858, in a house that stood where the Weber river has its channel now. I was the youngest of twelve children. Large families were in style in those days. My father was the oldest of 14 children.

"Father belonged to the Josephite branch or the Reorganized Branch of the Latter Day Saints' church. He did not approve of polygamy.

"After living at Slaterville for a time our family moved to Ogden and we lived at Eden. My maternal grandfather and my step-grandmother, George and Elizabeth Burkett, lived in Ogden valley. I can remember going to grandmother's house when I was little and she gave me little rye cakes to eat. Grandfather's first wife, Catherine Burkett, died on the plains about 1853.

"Father got the gold fever and wanted to go to California. We moved down and camped near the mouth of Ogden canyon while the family prepared for the trip. Then father decided to go to Montana. While we were camped along the Ogden river some Indians came and frightened mother. Father came running up and broke the arm of one of the Indians.

"I was just six years old then. It was the summer of 1864. My parents and six of the children set out with ox teams and went up through northern Utah, across Idaho and finally ended our journey at Alder Gulch, Montana, where one of the richest gold fields in the world was located. It took us many weeks of slow traveling. In later years I have driven the same distance in 21 days by horse team. I have travelled the routes from Ogden to Montana by team or horseback seven times.

"We stayed in Montana nearly ten years the first time. I grew up while we lived there. We used to have some wonderful times. A group of 30 or 40 young people would go out into the mountains for three or four days and pick berries of all kinds. We would take along some sugar and in each pail of wild raspberries or thimbleberries we would put a layer of sugar to preserve them
until we got home and could cook them properly.

"We would take along a big canvas and dance on it around the camp fire in the evening. I learned to ride horseback pretty good, too. We used to ride long distances to candy pulls, quilting bees and the like. We also had wonderful times when we attended the Masonic dances and banquets at Sheridan, Montana.

"But we had plenty of hard work, too. Living in a log cabin without any piped water or modern conveniences isn't like living in a house today. One time I milked seven cows night and morning for a year. Milking develops your wrists.

"I remember Alex Toponce of Ogden who used to freight to Montana from Corrine, Utah in the early days. I remember another freighter named Rogers. One time he came to our house and brought us six lovely red apples in a handkerchief. Another man named Douglas, a merchant, had been a freighter and had his legs frozen off one severe winter.

"I used to help my father and brothers pan gold. I had a little bottle that I kept well filled with gold dust recovered from the sands along the streams. We made several thousand dollars by panning dust.

"We had a little garden, the first in Alder Gulch, and there was a ready market for all the produce. We got as high as fifty cents for one tomato.

"Later my father bought a ranch on Ruby creek in the Ruby mountains at a place the Indians called Stinking Water. In later years the sediment from the hydraulic mines at Virginia City, Montana, eight or nine miles up the gulch, came down and ruined the ranch land. We had harvested between six and seven thousand bushels of grain one fall on 160 acres of land. It was a wonderful farm until the sediment from the sluicing spoiled it.

"After the white miners had pretty well prospected the land and panned out the richest spots then the Chinese miners came from California. We used to see long lines of them walking along with their baskets trudging all the way from San Francisco. They went over the ground again with hand pans, 'rockers,' sluice boxes, etc., and made a living on what was left.

"Then in more recent years big dredges have worked the sand and gravels. About fifteen years ago one dredge cleaned up $35,000 every two weeks.

"There was an abundance of wild game then. We used to have lots of deer, elk, antelope, wild sheep, moose, chickens and trout. My brothers were great hunters.

"While we were in Montana the Indian wars broke out. My brother, William, went to fight against the Nez Perce. We decided to come back to Utah in 1873 after the ranch was ruined by sediment and we had planned to come through Yellowstone national park which had been set aside in 1872.

"Then the Indians went on the war path and the officers in charge of the soldiers stationed at Fort Yellowstone issued orders for tourists to stay out of the park because of the fighting. So I did not get to see Yellowstone Park, and although I have been to Montana many times since by team and train and by automobile I have never yet seen that scenic wonderland.

"There used to be lots of 'road agents' or robbers in Montana in the early days. One time, about 1868, father and mother and my brother, John A. Taylor, were travelling by wagon at Hole-in-the-Rock, near Spencer, Idaho, when they were held up by three masked bandits.

"My mother had very white hair even when she was fairly young and when one of the bandits looked in the wagon and saw mother's white hair he said to the other robbers, 'Come on, boys, leave them alone. I won't rob a grandmother.'

"Father lived to be 83 and mother lived until she was 90.

"When we came back to Utah in 1873 I rode horseback part of the time and herded our bunch of livestock and then I would trade off with my brother and drive the four-horse team while he herded the cattle.

"I was married November 10, 1878, to C. W. Chase. He worked for the railroad companies for 46 years in the freight department, baggage department and then as brakeman. He fell from the top of a car and lost a leg as a result of the accident, so in later years he was flagman at the tracks on Twenty-second street. Mr. Chase was born in 1856 and died in 1923.

"We had three children. Two are now living. They are Adelbert L. Chase of Ogden and Mrs. Hazel Lutz, Carlin, Nevada. I have
six grandchildren and one great grandchild.

"In 1878 we built the house at 1601 Washington and then 29 years ago we built this one at 1615 Washington. When we first lived here, there were very few houses north of the Ogden river bridge. There was a two-story house on the block, I recall.

"I still have one brother and two sisters living. My sister Minerva married S. Paige in Montana before the days of the railroads. When he became wealthy he built a fine brick house in later years, after having resided in a log cabin. He sent clear to Chicago for bricks and had them shipped to Dillon, Montana, and then hauled them by wagons to Ruby valley.

"Father's mother, Elizabeth Patrick, was a pioneer. She died in Harrisville at the home of Green Taylor, her son. Green Taylor had four wives.

"We had no sidewalks, no sewers, no gutters, no electric light, no telephones, no piped water, no street cars and no mail carrier service. When telephones came into use in the late eighties we were among the first to get one.

"It wasn't so easy to get things in those days. When everything had to be hauled by wagon at great expense we learned to do without a lot of luxuries like the people have nowadays. But I think we had more good times years ago than the young people do in these times."

BUFFALO. BUTCH CASSIDY, VIGILANTES

George C. Streeter of Ogden, Utah, related:

"I was born somewhere in Illinois, in 1867, town or county unknown, and from there my folks went to Missouri and then out to Nebraska. My father, who was an itinerant Methodist preacher, took up a homestead about 12 miles from Seward City, Nebraska. I went to school several years at Indianola, Nebraska, and there, as a small boy, witnessed one of the last fights with the Sioux Indians in that region.

"My father worked with Buffalo Bill Cody hunting buffalo to supply meat for the railroad then being built down to Denver in the early '70's. They took me along to drive an ox cart that carried meat back to the camp. They usually shot 16 or 18 bison a day and cut off the hind quarters and the hump, the tongue and took off the hide. The hump is the choicest meat of the buffalo.

"I was told never to get out of the cart for fear of being killed by stampeding buffalo, but one time a big bull bison came over and fought our oxen and I was so frightened I jumped out of the cart and ran as fast as I could for several hours and then laid down and fell asleep. My father finally found me, way out on the prairie seven miles from the cart, by the use of his telescopic sights on his big muzzle loading rifle.

"Father lost his large pocketbook or billfold that trip, while we were hunting on the Frenchman river, a tributary to the Republican river. The leather case was a gift from General U. S. Grant, whom he had served as a dispatch carrier during the Civil War. The next year we were hunting in the same territory and I found the pocketbook with papers intact and still have it to this day.

"We used to get from 75 cents to one dollar for buffalo hides, depending on where the bullet holes were. We used lots of salt on the meat and hauled it 15 or 20 miles to the nearest railroad camp.

"Then the hide hunters began to slaughter the bison for their hides alone and the big herds soon vanished. I recall seeing carcases of dead buffalo for 50 miles along the Republican river so thick you could step from one to the other.

"The last wild buffalo I saw on the plains was around 1885 or 1886. There used to be an old bull buffalo on the South Platte that got in the cattle roundup and every outfit for a hundred miles around had put its brand on him.

"I was educated for the ministry at the Methodist university at York, Nebraska, but I preferred life on the open range so I took to cow punching, broncho busting, stage driving and carpentry.

"I drove stage for the Niobrara Transportation company from Sidney, Nebraska, to Deadwood, South Dakota, at the time of the Black Hills rush. I was only 14 or 15 years old but I was never late or wrecked the stage so badly the horses could not pull it."
"Then I went out to Wyoming to work for the 2-Bar cattle company. At that time they claimed the whole state of Wyoming as their range and had 160,000 head of stock. I was counted one of the best riders in the state as items in the old Cheyenne Sun will testify. Colonel Swan, manager of the company offered $500 for any horse that I couldn't ride. I got a fourth of all the bet money he used to win.

"Those were pretty wild days in Wyoming in the late '80's. There were still a few buffalo left on the Red Desert.

"Cattle rustlers were plentiful and when a cow puncher went to work for a company it was specified that he had to have a six-shooter. The company furnished free ammunition and if a rider was found with less than half a belt of cartridges without a good excuse he was fined part of his pay. Constant practice made the cowboys good shots.

"Although I was young I was nicknamed "Dad" because I had such light colored hair. One day I was trying to throw my roll of bedding up into the four-horse wagon that accompanied the round-up. A short thick-set stranger came up and said, 'Buddy, let me throw that in for you.' He hoisted the heavy roll into the wagon with one hand and then turned to me and said, 'Let's bunk together from now on. I am going to work for this outfit.' I replied, 'All right, where is your bedding?'

"'I haven't any. We will have to use yours,' said the stranger. So we bunked together for two years and that man was Butch Cassidy, who later became the famous outlaw.

"Butch was the best natured man I ever saw and he would never stand for anyone molesting me. He was a crack shot and the best there was with a rope. He was top cow hand and it wasn't until some years later that he started his bandit career. He could ride around a tree at full speed and empty a six gun into the tree, every bullet within a three inch circle.

"The last time I saw him was over thirty years ago here in Ogden. At that time there was a price of $50,000 reward on his head. I spoke to him on the street but he did not turn around. He said quietly to meet him in the Broom hotel and I went to his room and had a long talk with him. He never was much of a hand to drink and used less liquor than the average.

"The last year I was in Wyoming there were fourteen men and one woman hanged and one boy poisoned within 60 miles of where I was working on the Sweetwater. The woman was 'Cattle Kate.' She and her husband, Jim Averill, were killed because the big cattle companies resented their settling on certain springs for their homestead. The boy who witnessed their killing was poisoned a little later. Angered men on several ranches formed a vigilante committee and shook dice to see who would kill the perpetrator. The man who won the toss had to bring back both ears of the accused murderer. Later on he did and they were the correct ears because they could be identified by a horsebite on one and a kife slit in the other.

"While I was on the range with Butch we used to winter at Horse Creek or up in Bates Hole, near Casper.

"I have crossed the plains 13 times on horseback and six of those times were the long way from Montana down to New Mexico. I have slept out on the prairie night after night and lived on what I could catch or shoot. I always ate my meat raw. Once I was so hungry I ate the better portion of seven raw jackrabbits. To this day I enjoy raw meat and am fond of raw calf liver.

"I have driven cows from Oklahoma to Montana and several times took a hundred horses alone from Umatilla, Oregon to Omaha.

"I have used chewing tobacco since I was four years old and I think it is a panacea for all ills, besides soothing the nerves, disinfecting the mouth, calming the temper, and purifying the blood. I have never had an ache or pain in my life, and recently my wife and I climbed Mount Ogden, 9,950 feet altitude, to celebrate climbing it 40 years ago.

"In 1894 I married Jane A. Wilson, a daughter of C. C. Wilson, pioneer who crossed the plains with the first settlers of Utah.

"I spent about a year travelling over the country with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. In 1889 I came to Ogden to ride in a big carnival but they refused to let me compete so I turned to carpentry."
liographical data. Near the close of the volume there are reproductions of four early maps of the Pacific coast, including Jonathan Carver’s map of 1778. An unusually complete index to the two volumes occupies more than one hundred pages.

The author clearly indicates his intention to limit his history of Oregon to the period before 1861, and therefore the reviewer can do no more than express his regret that a work of this size was not planned to trace the development of the State down to a more recent period. Judge Carey has rendered a distinct service in bringing out this new edition of his work in a more attractive and readable form. There is still an excellent field for a history of Oregon since the Civil War.

Dan B. Clark

Hearst: Lord of San Simeon. Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates. The Viking Press. $3.00.

The tip-off on this new book on William Randolph Hearst appears on the jacket, where the words “An Unauthorized Biography” are written in large letters above the authors’ names and indicate a little too plainly the chip they carry on their shoulders. The really good biography of Hearst still remains to be written, and needless to say, when it is written it will be unauthorized. However, for those to whom Hearst is only a name surrounded by unsalubrious rumors, this volume will serve to acquaint them with the salient facts of his life, background and activities, colored not too luridly on the off-side. As an original piece of research the book leaves much to be desired. It rehashes, readably enough, material which has already been written several times, and touches all too lightly on certain goings-on that probably cannot be gone into thoroughly until after the great man’s death, libel laws being what they are. Certainly Hearst presents a wealth of material sufficiently disreputable to make any underlining by his biographers unnecessary. It is unfortunate that Mr. Bates and Mr. Carlson have been so deeply moved that they could not let their material carry its own implications, without weakening the case by what are sometimes intemperate asides.

The book, apart from its value as a resume of what has been written and said before,
does bring the Hearst story up to date. The few years which have elapsed since the appearance of the last books on the same subject have not been without incident in his life, and the authors have assembled much interesting data on the switches in national policy of the Hearst papers, and the reasons behind them. It makes fascinating reading, especially in an election year.

No book that presents in all its horrifying detail the long chronicle of the Hearst papers is without value, and this one serves up the dish in palatable form. Some book on William Randolph Hearst should be required reading for every American citizen. It might as well be this as any other.

Anne Mellett


The title of Professor Mueller's book, the preface, and the first chapter might lead one to expect an easy and discursive work. Instead the book proves to be an able defense of a critical idealistic position of ultimately Platonic and Kantian inspiration, together with interesting discussions in the light of this position of contemporary phases of various perennial issues. The scheme of the book grows organically out of the philosophy it is concerned to expound. Its exposition in the discursive parts proceeds dialectically by the presentation of different historical or possible points of view, the disclosure of the inadequacies of these, and illustration by their shortcomings of the position finally demanded. The style of the book is vigorous, vivid, although at times too highly colored in its use of metaphor, and at its best effectively concentrated.

The crux of Professor Mueller's position is that the only certainty is our uncertainty. The totality of any actual situation must include the actuality of the subject for whose thought or perception it is real. But the actual, always-present subject can never become object for its own thinking at any given time. There is always an unobjectified subject present in the thinking. Thus objective thinking is condemned to be forever and necessarily limited as never able to give us the complete picture of reality. This is the Kantian background against which Professor Mueller develops his philosophy, which is 'dialectical' in a more or less Platonic sense, in that it posits continuously unresolved tension between different aspects of reality. But it is more than Platonic in that it finds in the midst of such tension its own life, and professes to discover Reality through it and in it.

The subject-object dilemma of the Kantian position imposes a necessarily problematic and ambiguous situation upon all human thinking and living. Objects are not for themselves but for a subject. The subject, on the other hand, cannot ingrow upon itself but works only with objects and objec-
tives, which it insists must be what they cannot be, that is outside itself and not limited. It is the very nature of our activity to be continually at objects, to wring out of them or thrust them into that very certainty the absence of which is our one metaphysical hitching-post. But Professor Mueller goes beyond Kant and affirms the metaphysical reality-value of the thinking subject. Also he speaks of 'cosmic life' as 'changing its will and its direction,' and of 'what actual reality or life wants,' as though there were some sort of personifiable life-force shaping all process. It is at bottom these extensions of his basic Kantian position which enable him to see the tragic disagreement of man with man and of epoch with epoch as manifestation of the 'dialectical tension' in which and through which occurs our self-enactment and that of reality, and to remain content with a situation when he has disclosed its tensions. As philosophy, however, the account given of the metaphysical reality of the self and the covert assumption of a life-force or substantive directional will are less than satisfactory in the justification given them. They are themselves riddled with problems as soon as they are assumed to be real; more over their assumption, taken seriously, should lead into a different line of development from that of Professor Mueller's philosophy of uncertainty, which really appears to be a philosophy of metaphysical certainty about the self.

The strength of Professor Mueller's position is like that of Socrates in that it leads him to look for and to discover the limited and partial character of too-positive assumptions. He lifts his Antaeuses off the ground in vigorous style and lets their apparent strength drain off of itself when they are seen in their abstractness. He does this ably with various hollow philosophies of the day, although it may seem at times that he chooses antagonists worth less than his mettle. We end with seeing the false gods as not the true god, but as in their very falseness and limitation, in their wrangling inharmony, somehow essential to the true god's life; and we are supposed to be satisfied, or perhaps exhilarated by the spectacle of a good fight, which happens to be a fight with no finish forever. For Professor Mueller reality has the character of being a 'dialectical tension' of oppositions, opposed viewpoints, value-systems, theoretical doctrines and the like, each of which is limited, so that it even points the partial truth of its contrary. Reality needs all these partial aspects, yet confirms none.

Now it is the business of philosophy to stand in the midst of this process and to bring 'this dialectical character of reality to a conscious and systematic formulation';

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that is, you point out the tension and you have done your work. For example, in the case of politics Professor Mueller surveys and ably criticizes the assumptions of liberalistic capitalism, of communism, and of fascism, presenting an analysis of capitalist sickness that might please socialists or communists and attacking without rancor the claim of right in communism and in fascism. He then locates 'political reality' as lying "between the systems, in their mutual limitations, in their clash and struggle, which leaves political reality open and problematic...

... It is in this living and dialectical center of the entire sorry scheme of things political that philosophy must seek its unprotected and world-open home." And that is all. Philosophy rests satisfied. But might one not question such a fruition as this that is supposed to come directly from realizing what is, from one side at least, perennial unfruitfulness? It seems in a way unfair to life to need its tragedy, while you do not really participate in it, in order to secure self-enactment. And for Professor Mueller, it seems, the role of philosophy requires its doing this. Moreover, the resting content with ambiguity, with the continuously problematic, may seem to some a halfway house for thought to live in. Professor Mueller will have the advantage over these that his Kantianism, into which he may always retreat, puts the burden of proof squarely up to them. Yet in so far as his being able to take the stand he does depends upon the validity of the metaphysical reality he assigns to the subject, to the sort of super-thinking which is taken as validating and vitalizing all thought, —so far as his position here rests on this, the proof is for him to make, soberly and apart from whatever enthusiasm he may be beguiled into by the doctrine. And space requires that we leave it at this.

Beauty, for Professor Mueller, is the 'pause of innocence.' In it we pause from conflict and live in 'the absolute idea present in appearance, symbolized in sensuous form.' Beauty is concerned with surfaces, with entities which have been 'derealized' and which are regarded, apart from their problematic practical significance, as being in themselves whole, harmonious and revelatory.Appearances, mere surfaces, considered as beautiful, are, as it were, magically legitimized as directly significant of reality past the stage of conflict. When practical questions are raised beauty has nothing to do with them: it is exempt, irresponsible. This doctrine of the 'autonomy' of the aesthetic realm is in general attractive for giving more scope to poets than philosophers usually do. But what does it have to say concretely about the poetry of Aeschylus, Shakespeare, and scores of
others, or the music of Bach, or the painting of Cezanne or Goya, or novels like those of Malraux or Thomas Mann. Art is always getting itself corrupted with problematic business, and is always embarrassing aesthetics for that matter. The problem for the latter is to devise a really manipulable formula. And meanwhile philosophy may well content itself with Plato's wholesome respect for poets, which cost them their place, except upon impossible terms, in his state. (The doctrine of the 'autonomy of the aesthetic,' as Professor Mueller indicates, is assimilable from Plato.)

It is to be regretted that there is not space to consider Professor Mueller's treatment of 'dialectical theology,' and the questions of freedom and necessity and of ontology, as well as the interesting chapters on 'scientism' and the polemic against the abstract and confused programs which infest modern education. 'Scientism' is his term for science claiming to be philosophy. According to his view, of course, scientific thinking, which is exclusively object-thinking, cannot deliver judgments relevant to reality as a whole. His Polemic is directed against those, scientists or not, who try to generate philosophy out of science and write books full of eclectic borrowings, pious half-truths and pseudo-mysticism. His polemic is well-taken, witty and entertaining, although at times it becomes somewhat unrestrained.

The book as a whole, whether one agrees with its doctrine or not, is a fine and enthusiastic polemic in behalf of the author's version of a neo-Kantian critical idealism as it faces a world full of confusion and the strenuous fevered positivism symptomatic of despair.

Laurence E. Hartmus


Dr Bryan brings to this study of the advent of the railways to the Pacific Northwest assiduous scholarship as well as broad perspective. He traces the western railways from their inception as agencies of international trade in the minds of Wilkes and Whitney, through the periods of national and regional ambitions, and returns in the final chapter to the twentieth century railway systems as the final realization of the international ideals of a hundred years ago. It is seldom that materials, dealing with the initial activities of four major railway systems and their auxiliaries in a large geographic area, are woven into so clear and
readable a narrative. Hence any criticism of the interpretations of the purposes and aims of the leading figures as Dr. Bryan sets them forth is hardly in order.

Nevertheless, in the sixth chapter in which Dr. Bryan interprets the causes of opposition to the Northern Pacific Railway, he emphasizes the rivalries of local and personal interests without considering the larger reasons present in at least one important case. Portland was restless because of the delay of the Northern Pacific in reaching that city, as Dr. Bryan points out, and had turned to the development of railroads up the Willamette Valley to unite eventually with the Central Pacific, and thus to gain access to transcontinental service. The East Side-West Side railway controversies which resulted are sufficient evidence of Portland’s attempts to find an outlet in this direction, and of local and personal rivalries as well. In a footnote (p. 133) Dr. Bryan says:

On December 3, 1867, the “Oregon and Idaho Branch Pacific Railroad Company” was incorporated by a man closely connected with the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, to follow the southern bank of the Columbia and thence the same course across eastern Oregon and Idaho. This undoubtedly was for the purpose of stopping any rival line to the river traffic.

Dorothy O. Johansen

The man whom Dr. Bryan does not name, “closely connected with the Oregon Steam Navigation Company” was Simeon G. Reed, vice-president and manager of the company, which was closely allied with the interests of the Northern Pacific at this time. It was the Northern Pacific which had promised to bring to Portland direct transcontinental service. According to Mr. Reed’s own words, the purpose in incorporating the branch line to Idaho was to save Oregon from becoming tributary to California and California’s railroad capitalists.

The Oregon Steam and Navigation Company has long held an unsavory reputation due to its monopolistic practices when it was the sole means of service to the Columbia-Snake-Clearwater River traffic, but early in the sixties it recognized the larger destinies of Portland if it could be connected directly with the east by rail. Had the foresight of its directors been common to the whole community, Portland, and Oregon, would not have become a tributary area to California as happened when the efforts of these far-seeing men failed.

Dr. Bryan’s book is of interest to the general reading public as well as to the student of western railway problems, but, with due apologies for the triteness of the suggestion, its value to the latter would be greatly enhanced by the addition of an index.
BOOKS RECEIVED


Out of Iowa. Van Meter Ames. Henry Harrison. 1936. $2.00.


John Cabell Breckinridge. Lucille Stillwell. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell. 1936. $2.00.


Savages and Saints. Mrs. Fremont Older. E. P. Dutton, New York, 1936. $2.50.

Chantey of the Keys. Lydia de Bechevet. The Caxton Printers. 1936. $3.00.

Strange Harvest. Mildred Burcham Hart. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell. 1936. $2.50.


Angels on the Bough. S. M. Steward. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell. 1936. $2.50.


Burning Chalice. Archibald Ruttledge. Harrison. $2.00.


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ROOT, HOG, AND DIE
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This epic novel is the story of brawny, devout Jim Brent, early converted to the Mormon faith. Obeying the commands of the Apostles, he endures the persecution of Midwestern Gentiles, finally takes his bride on the Great Mormon trek westward. There, in the rich soil of Utah, he establishes the Brent dynasty of wealth and power. But Jim Brent’s rise is only part of a shift in Mormon society from communism to capitalism. An alien government jails him for his plural marriages. His grandson, Mark, dies sympathizing with striking workers in a Brent mine, and we see Jim at last an old man, gigantic and outmoded.

Publication: September 25. 418 pages, $2.50.

DAKOTA
by Edna LaMoore Waldo

Through Dakota the Missouri River carried its burden of river steamers with immigrants and supplies for the new country. Custer and his men marched to their doom on the Little Bighorn. Hordes of heavy-booted miners, lured by gold, ran a gauntlet of Sioux into the Black Hills. Later came the elaborate social functions, the political tangles, the florid newspaper writing and oratory, and all of the grotesque activity of a wilderness emerging into civilization.

Edna LaMoore Waldo’s carefully authenticated and yet informal narrative of territorial days in the Dakotas competes in vivid action with the best of frontier fiction.

Publication: September 1. 459 pages, $2.50.