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American Crystal Sugar Company

Missoula, Montana
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gods of Darkness, story</td>
<td>Charles Hilton</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horseback in the Rain, poem</td>
<td>James Still</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetry and Speech, article</td>
<td>Charles W. Hibbitt</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Like a Water-lily, lyric</td>
<td>Ethel Romig Fuller</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seven Poems</td>
<td>Helen Maring</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Walk Home, humorous sketch</td>
<td>Weldon Kees</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come On, You Communist!, story</td>
<td>Nard Jones</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolly’s Man, human interest tale</td>
<td>Bruce Brown</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sowing, sonnet</td>
<td>Verne Bright</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday Dinner, story</td>
<td>Paul Eldridge</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Panorama, four poems</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Factory Town</td>
<td>Carl Bulosan</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amos</td>
<td>Calvin Good</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camp Meeting</td>
<td>James Morgan</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green Things</td>
<td>Arthur Du Bois</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking My Baby Back Home, narrative</td>
<td>Norman Macleod</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science, reflective lyric</td>
<td>Lee Jentelson</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wisconsin Whippoorwill, poem</td>
<td>August Derleth</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sturgeon, poem</td>
<td>G. Frank Goodpasture</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HISTORICAL SECTION</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackfeet Indian Peace Council</td>
<td>Edited by Albert Partoll</td>
<td>199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ego, lyric</td>
<td>Julia Chaine Rogers</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sleigh Song, poem</td>
<td>Richard Sullivan</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOUNG WRITERS</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Better Roads</td>
<td>Robert Fromm</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaft A’Movin’</td>
<td>Joe Boileau, Jr.</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hobo in Comic Tradition, article</td>
<td>Helen Cornelius</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOOKSHELF</td>
<td>Edited by V. L. O. Chittick</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LITERARY NEWS—EDITOR’S NOTES—COVERED WAGON</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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LITERARY NEWS

GRACE STONE COATES, EDITOR

Book dealers’ catalogs are offering the WPA Idaho guide *Idaho: A Guide in Word and Picture* as an authentic Vardis Fisher item for Fisher fans and collectors, worthy to rank with his new novel *April: A Fable*, published jointly by The Caxton Printers, and Doubleday, Doran. For those who know Fisher only in his darker moods, his publishers have a surprise.

A NYC book dealer says *Gone With the Wind* sells “well enough,” but his best bet is still *Blackfeet Indians*, that magnificent volume of Frank Bird Linderman’s *Out of the North* and Winold Reiss’ portraits.

With Robin Lampson’s *Laughter Out of the Ground* in its fourth printing, Scribner’s has asked for another novel in verse, now in preparation, which Mr. Lampson calls *Death Loses a Pair of Wings*. Mr. Lampson’s latest Chapbook is *The Mending of a Continent*.

Carpenter’s *Around the World With the Children* (American Book Co.) has passed the 2,000,000 mark.

Tom Brenner, a student at the State University of Montana, has his first published story, “Breaking a Horse,” in *Coronet*.

Margaret Thompson, author of *High Trails in Glacier National Park*, carries on her fight for conservation of Northwest primitive areas in *Skylines*, quarterly bulletin of the Northwest Conservation League. In the January *Puget Sounder* Mrs. Thompson says of the Northwest regionalism: “We shall never be regionalized in the sense that New England is, or the South—our development having taken place after modern communication linked the country together in one whole. Nevertheless, this section has an abundance of indigenous materials, which our writers are now zealously exploring, and developing a culture—using the word in the sense of cultivating the native, the inherent thing.”

A tribute to Charles M. Russell, Montana’s Cowboy Artist, heads one of “Odd” McIntyre’s *New York Day by Day* columns: “Not many American painters have come so quietly into favor after death as homespun Charley Russell. His canvases and bronzes have shown the steady increase of popularity of a market rise... Winnie Sheehan has one of Russell’s most spectacular bronzes—a raring horse with a cowboy in the saddle. In a spacious room filled with art treasures it is the most diminutive, yet when guests collect it is the bronze about which they stand and admire. H. G. Wells once sat silent before it for an hour. Twice he came back to gaze.”

August W. Derleth’s novel, *Still Is the Summer Night*, will be brought out in March or April by Charles Scribner’s Sons. It is the first of a long series about Sac Prairie, Wix., for which the author has been gathering material for ten years. It is chronolog-

Continued on page 19.
MISSOULA MOVES AHEAD

DEAN ROBERT C. LINE
School of Business Administration, Montana State University

Certain parts of Montana are growing. The state which lost in population between 1920 and 1930 and one of the states which has suffered severely from grasshoppers, drouth and low prices, actually has many cities and farming districts which are growing. One of these is Missoula.

The Rocky Mountains divide Montana into two territories quite different from each other. The part east of the range is by far the larger. Its crops of grasses and grains have been short in recent years due to the physical causes which have hurt farming in the entire Central United States. Many of its rural inhabitants have been forced to abandon their homes and move to the
nearby towns or to other parts. Some of these have moved to Western Montana.

The west side of the range is a mixed farming, timber region. Its rainfall has been short these past few years but it is less dependent on rain than other parts of the state. Here there is greater diversification in farming, a larger portion of its farm land under irrigation, more opportunities for its idle farm labor. All these have helped the western part, which has had a decided increase in population.

The central and largest city in this region is Missoula. It lies at the mouth of the one all-year open pass through which road traffic may pass to other parts of the state. Through this pass have come many eastern farmers looking for new homes; many stockmen looking for summer range or hay; many tourists to see the northern of Montana's two national parks; many CCC workers to report to Fort Missoula headquarters; many students to attend the state's largest educational institution.

Booms are still common in the West. Missoula's boom this year was in house building. For several years past there has been much remodeling. Government loans helped reshingle, paint, construct new entrances, tear out forty-year-old "gingerbread," add new floors and furnaces. Construction of new houses waited for 1936. Government loans for homes aided this development, but the chief impelling factor was the need for more living quarters. The extent of this "building boom" may be judged by the statistics on Missoula building permits.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Square Feet</th>
<th>Dollars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>109,987</td>
<td>$462,502</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>247,235</td>
<td>842,445</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These figures tell only part of the story. Missoula has many suburbs, many additions outside the city limits, but which are an integral part of the Missoula community. Some of these additions are laid out in lots, some in acreage. These sections have had a very real development in 1936. No statistics are available but there is no question but that this increase is much greater than that in the city proper. Here numerous houses of every size and variety have been built. One may find everything from the shack to the modernistic home.
There are more telephones in Missoula today than at any previous time. From a peak of 4568 installations in 1931 the number of telephones declined to 4168 in 1934. The gradual growth in the city has brought that number to 5015 now.

A very good index of the growth of a city or of its increase in its standard of living is the number of tons of freight received. Missoula has such a small amount of manufacturing that shipments into the city are almost entirely destined for consumption. The increase of 1936 over 1935 in tons of freight received on one railroad alone was 19 per cent. Other indicators point that the increase in other rail and truck shipments were in the same proportion.

Several years ago Missoula presented a typical depression picture with many empty store buildings on its main streets. Today a new business must build its own home or wait until some store building is vacated in order to secure a location.

Several important and large-sized business structures were finished in 1936. Concrete has been poured for the basement and structural steel is being put in place for the early construction for many more during the spring of 1937.

Business statisticians report that business in the United States returned to normal in the fall of 1936. It would appear that normalcy was reached in Missoula long before that. On a trip through the city one may observe the amount of street traffic, the congestion of cars on the main highways, the additional telephone line being strung, the water mains under construction, the
houses being started, all pointing to an equally prosperous year in material things for Missoula in 1937.

The increase both in population and prosperity has stimulated community support of such social and cultural enterprises as the establishing of recreational facilities and community concert series of high caliber.

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—Adv.
ically sixth in the series, covering the years 1882-85. The first, Wind Over Wisconsin, covers the years 1831-40. A copious writer, Derleth has ready for publication four mystery novels, a book of short stories, Country Growth, and a book of poems, Hawk on the Wind.

A collection of paintings and bronzes of western life, long in possession of the Cary family, was exhibited in a N. Y. C. gallery. The work of William de La Montaigne Cary (1840-1922), these are said by critics to be authentic in conception and detail. The collection includes a portrait of Buffalo Bill on his horse, Indians attacking a wagon train, Indians in council, and scenes of buffalo and bear hunting.

A $500 and a $100 award will be made by Story for the best piece of prose writing by an author at any time engaged on the WPA Writers’ Project. This is exclusive of any royalty payments. Work may be fiction or non-fiction, of any length. Contest closes September 1, 1937.

The Poetry Society of America has established a Poets’ Fund for aid to poets in emergency, as a loan to be repaid. Henry Goddard Leach, president of the society, offers $500 if members of the society raise a like amount.

Of real significance is the assembling of creative writing from workers on the various projects. Material Gathered on Federal Writers Project as a sample for a project of creative work comes from San Francisco in an attractively bound mimeographed magazine. John Stahlberg, Montana writer, believes “the proportion of simple and sincere stories in its contents justifies the venture. . . . Whether read separately or as the better parts of a whole, such stories as Robin Kinkead’s “Atlantic Episode,” Nahum Sab-say’s “Avdotla,” and Ida Faye Sachs’ “Fair Afternoon” suggest that the promotion of a federal magazine deserves consideration. Margaret Wilkin’s “Run From Your Mind” expertly evokes a mood. . . . Carl Wilhelmson’s “In the Cellar” does almost as much for an atmosphere.”


Halsey Stevens, Evergreen Terrace, Homer, N. Y., has been gathering records of the Stewart family of Henry Co., Ky., descendants of James Stewart who died in Fauquier Co., Va., in 1787. In one branch of that family the name Granville appears five times, suggesting possible family significance. Mr. Stevens asks information as to possible connection between this family and the historically famous James and Granville Stuart of Montana.

Continued from page iv.

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University of Oregon
June 28 - July 2

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2. The Juvenile Story
3. The Novel
4. Poetry and Verse.
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GODS OF DARKNESS
CHARLES HILTON

As he fought his way, painfully, inch by inch, back past the gods of darkness and into the light, he could not free himself from a sense of doom. He had won his victory over them a trifle too easily. For an instant he remembered their expressionless faces, but the struggle had exhausted him and he did not dare open his eyes.

I

Slowly, as bits of inconsequential driftwood are eddied upon the sands by a sluggish tide, fragments of impressions began to assume intelligibility. There was a patch of gray light, and a strip of brown trench with a burst sandbag. It all seemed unreal; then, with a cold sensation, it was very real—the peculiar sound of Captain Thorne’s laughter as he handed him a cigarette. He remembered ducking down upon his heels to shield a match from the wind and rain; but after that he did not remember distinctly. He felt himself being lifted, gently at first, very high up, then settling back, and all was darkness. Try as he would he could not recall anything else. In the darkness, freed from the sound of firing, he became aware of the black gods, still as the silence, looking at him. At first he had mistaken them for the darkness itself; but they moved as he moved, if ever so little, and they were effortless in their movements. It was then that he discovered the chill of the place, which was like no other chill he had ever known. He did not think any sunlight, however burning, could quite remove that chill from his bones.

It was strange how odd bits of memory, unevaluate, at times unreal, bobbed up like corks, in the vast still pool of his consciousness, and before his fatigued mind could gather them into a meaning, suddenly were not there! Again, these impressions seemed to come and go like the shadows of birds over a ripe field. At times, he was certain, there had been movements about him, things had happened to him; but he was not sure. One thing he was sure about: there had been a painful sensation, as if something hard and cold had been slipped into his throat, and then, after an interval, this had been followed by an inexplicable warmth in the pit of his stomach. His reviving reason seized and worried this impression as a dog worries a stick, but he could make nothing of it. In this world, he concluded, time must have passed while in that timeless other world he had been eluding its gods.

Suddenly it became clear to him: “I have been hit badly, and they have had to feed me with a tube. That’s what the sensation was!” The blow was staggering.

His mind, refusing to work, fastened itself upon these words as man to a post from which he will not be dragged,
and repeated them over and over. Terror assailed him lest he slip back again into the world of darkness, and into the clutches of its gods. What if he were in a field somewhere bleeding to death! As he thought about it he realized the impression's absurdity; yet, try as he would, he could not smell that strange, clean, hospital smell. The air he breathed was curiously without odor, and with a cool sensation seemed to sink directly and deeply into his lungs. The discovery startled him. He wept quietly.

II

As his weeping subsided he became aware of a familiar sound which came to him, seemingly, from a great distance. It was like seeing a flash of light, and then, after an interval, hearing the sound of an explosion. So it was that his ears picked up the sound; and then, after a time, his mind became aware of it. It was a broom, that was what it was, sweeping a floor. He listened carefully to make sure. Yes, it was a broom. Again hot tears gushed into his eyes, but he resolved not to give them way. He was in a hospital, surely enough. Then why was the smell absent? As he lay pondering over this he realized that he couldn't smell any smell at all. Before his mind could grasp the significance of this his attention was distracted by a step, a faint, rubbery-sounding step. A rush of joy overwhelmed him . . . that step . . . the presence of the person who made it, after the loneliness and silence of the other world . . . the eternal necessity of eluding its gods! He called out . . . that person . . . it was like meeting a fellow countryman when lost in a country whose language one cannot speak. But the sound he made was like no other sound he had ever heard. Perhaps he had forgotten how to use his voice. There was a pause; then he heard the footsteps again. He was filled with terror. What if this person were going away to leave him alone forever in a foreign yet familiar world? With an almost superhuman effort he called, louder than before. The same hideous croaking filled his ears.

When he was again aware of things someone was standing near him, so near him, so near in fact that he could hear breathing and the rustle of a skirt. He was alive, surely! Up until that moment he had never been really certain of this, really aware of it. For the first time it occurred to him to thank God. How funny, it seemed, that he should have forgotten God, His infinite mercy, until now. Slowly, painfully, he opened his eyes. Everything was a blur, which focused itself gradually into a French window, a portion of white apron, and then, after an eternity, into a white face staring down at him intently. Pity and loathing were mingled in the stare. He closed his eyes; but when he opened them the face had not moved. Then it was that he discovered he saw with but one eye. The fact was curiously without meaning. Perhaps, he thought, I have discovered too many things in this last half-hour and they have deprived me of the power to feel!

III

How curious it is, his mind went on thinking, how curious it is! I have but one eye.

He turned it to the right and to the left, and then closed it. Well, one eye was not bad. But was that all? I've been hit. I've been out a long time. It must be worse than this, surely. His eye flew open with wild excitement.
This movement startled the nurse and she jumped back. Are you all right? she asked.

He nodded his head a little, but the intended smile did not come off. There was a slight pain in the side of his face opposite the eye; and as he obstinately continued the effort to smile, it came to him that there was no feeling where his jaw had been. He made a still more deliberate effort to work his jaw. By degrees fear crept into his heart. Fredrika could forgive an eye, perhaps, but if there were anything wrong with his jaw! A blinding flash. . . . What would life be without Fredrika’s love? The thought terrorized him, and he sat bolt upright in bed. The uneven stumps of what had once been his arms beat the air feebly, and became still. He looked at them stupidly as if they weren’t his. The nauseating whirl of the room. . . .

When he came to again there were two girls working over him.

—If he wasn’t an officer, one of them was saying, they wouldn’t be keeping him alive this way. It would be a mercy if they didn’t.

—It’s life, said the other. The poor man’s always down. Just the same I’d hate to be his family. If my brother ever got hurt this way—

—Sure, don’t I know it. But his folks are probably rich and that makes all the difference.

—He seems to be coming to, said the first nurse, you better go get Dr. Richards. You can’t tell how long these shock cases are going to stay to, and they’ve got some information they want to get out of him.

He opened his eye slowly. The second girl was gone and the first was propping him into a sitting position. She smiled at him, and he tried to smile back.

A fleeting trace of a grimace passed the nurse’s lips. It’s tough, she said.

He nodded. Where was he before he fainted? He felt that he had made some disagreeable discoveries. The words of the nurses helped him. He had no hands. Yes, that was it. Fredrika had always been proud of his hands and so had he. He had loved doing things with them, skilful things like shooting pool, playing polo, building cabinets. He remembered his workshop in the basement of their house at Fort Lee, the good times he had had tinkering with this, gluing together that. Most of the experiences which were really vital to him had come from the use of his hands. There was nothing you could do without hands, much, that was really worth doing. You couldn’t feel the fine surfaces of wood, the coat of a dog, a groomed horse, silver, or cloth. Not in the way hands feel them, at least. You couldn’t even turn over a book for yourself. Oh God, oh God!

In the midst of his grief the idea that he had no jaw occurred to him again. He drew up his arm and cautiously felt over his face. It was true. It was hopelessly true. His nose, the side of his face, his jaw, even his scalp had been blown away. From his hasty awkward touches he gathered that the surgeons had done a great deal to patch him up, but that they could not make the fact he had no jaw and nose any the less hideous. The nurse, who had been for the moment looking the other way, discovered him, and put the stumps of his arms under the covers. There, she said, you will tire yourself out.
By all the rules he should have been dead. It would have been a mercy if he were; but here he was, by one of those strange flukes of war, alive. Yet could he say that he was alive? After this he could never really live. The perilous spark still glowed in him, but he was cut off completely from all normal commerce with his fellows, a disembodied, helpless intelligence, a burden. The suppressed horror, the encouraging smiles of the nurses told him that. Poor Fredrika—what had he, what had she done to deserve a fate like this? Fury, impotent horrible fury blinded him.

IV

It seemed years before the doctor finally came. He was a small man with weak eyes and mousy hair. His body sagged into a chair beside the bed. After looking at him for a moment the doctor said in a tired but kindly voice.

—Are you feeling better now?

He nodded.

—Are you in much pain?

The question sounded funny. What kind of pain could the doctor mean? Physical pain, no, not much; the other kind . . . well, he guessed it wasn't important. He shook his head.

—You can hear, then, and understand what I say?

He nodded and closed his eye. What could this doctor, what could anybody have to say to him that was of the slightest importance?

—We are in the painful position, the doctor continued, of not knowing who you are. (He became uneasy. Obviously the interview was unpleasant to him.) Of the six officers who were standing near you, you were the only one who remained alive. We couldn't identify any of them, including yourself.

The vengeance of the dark gods was not complete, then! There was to be a way out. He listened eagerly.

—There were several officers who might have answered your description, roughly—well, I might say exactly; but they were unrecognizable. We could find nothing to help us out. You see, your chest measure, color of skin and eyes seem to be identical with that of one or two other of the missing men, and your legs have been blown away.

Tears started from his eye and went down his cheek. He had no legs even! He had, apparently, nothing left worth having but one eye and an ear. One ear and one eye.

—Will you nod, please, to indicate your name? (He read from a list the nurse handed him). Colonel Lester, Sergeant Major Busch, Captain Williams, Lieutenant Johnson, Lieutenant Craig, Captain Thorne.

It seemed suddenly funny that they did not know who he was. The gods in their timeless, effortless world were cheated! He had escaped them and their doom! It would be a thousand times better to return to the penetrating silences than to see Fredrika's face as she looked at him for the first time, or to hear his mother's half-stifled cry. They were, he knew, much too well-bred to give way before people: the one would hide her horror, the other her mortal wound.

—You understand what I am saying to you? the doctor asked.

He made no sign of having heard these words. The profound feeling of separation which had come over him once before returned with poignancy. If ever he needed his mother and Fred-
rika he needed them now. He was like a small boy in a dark and alien room wanting to cry but afraid of the sound of his crying. Why was it that though the body changed there was no change in the thing a man was—only the sickness, the hunger, and the need? There was something unfair in this, a deep and egregious injustice.

—Please, sir, try to pull yourself together.

There was a quality about Fredrika which always suggested spring. She was yellow and blue with a touch of the faraway—the yellow her hair, the blue her eyes. Her body was slim and clean as a fresh rain, and her voice was vibrant as water over an old log. For him she had always been as elusive and as maddeningly lovely as a rainbow. When he thought he was about to grasp her, feel what she was like, she was over another hilltop and between them a bitter gulf. Clumsily masculine, he phrased it, but oh, God,. the need of her . . . always, night and day! With other men it had been different. They either understood or didn’t care. Suddenly he remembered her standing in a filmy summer dress on the porch of his mother’s house looking out over the bright sea. A stray sprig of wisteria, curling down from the beam against which she leaned, touched her hair and bare shoulder. The look of rapture in her eyes went through him like a blade, until, not daring to move, he prayed God he would die then, or it would never pass. So it was and so it had always been. He wept.

The doctor looked at him doubtfully.

—Try to remember, sir, that the peace of mind of six families depends upon you. Try to understand the gnawing uncertainty of these wives and mothers. To end their suspense, with your help, is the least we can do. (The measured reading of the list continued).

Madness seized him, and for a moment he wavered on the brink. He was alive, wasn’t he? He was still himself. They could never take him away from himself by any alteration of the exterior, not even the gods. He had the same needs, hadn’t he? The same hungers? He was shaken with jealousy of all clean and perfect things. But as this feeling passed he knew it could not be. He couldn’t face it out. Loathing tempered by pity and a mortal hurt, the fascinated shrinking of little Bobbie who could not be expected either to pity or understand. He could not go, like the black foreshadowing of death, into that household; for at his coming in, carried by four strong men, the summer would leave it forever, the autumn, and the spring. Winter would remain there, always cold and gray. Bobby would grow up to avoid him, and every time his mother or Fredrika fed him with a rubber hose the gods of darkness would renew their vengeance and add a fatness to its store.

The doctor leaned forward and looked into his face. His voice was almost a whisper. —Do you understand me? Do you understand what I am trying to ask you?

He nodded.

—And you won’t answer?

He shook his head. If they ever found out who he was they would have to find out some other way.

The doctor’s face became gray and he slumped in his chair. His lower jaw sagged. The lines about his mouth were deep.
The nurse, who had been standing quietly in the corner of the room, came over to the bed. You are very tired, she said, perhaps you had better go now and get a little rest if you can. We can try the patient again.

Something was singing inside of him a song whose words he had never learned. Perhaps it had no words. Perhaps it was too sad and elemental to have any. He did not know.

When the doctor had gone out of the room the nurse came over and smiled down at him. Somehow she, too, seemed to understand. It’s tough, she said, but you better tell the doctor who you are, just the same.

For the first time he became aware that he was able to look past her shoulder through a pair of French windows into the drifting sunlight of a spring afternoon. As if by chance his eye came to rest, beyond a gray balustrade, upon a bed of white lilies, and at the sight of their cool perfection a brief, clutching madness overcame him—that to-be-henceforth inveterate jealousy of things which are whole. But as he continued to look at the lilies, the madness passed away, and they became curiously meaningless.

HORSEBACK IN THE RAIN

JAMES STILL

With rain in the face
And leathern thongs moist
In the hands, where halt
The mud-scattered journey
For the crust, the salt
Of bread upon the tongue†
Where turn from the flow
Of day slanted greyly
Toward earth, toward the dark
Shaken upon this rank of hills†
Where turn for the spark
Of eyes burnt warmly†

To the stone, to the mud
With hoofs busy clattering
In a fog-wrinkled spreading
Of waters† Halt not. Stay not.
Ride the storm with no ending
On a road unarriving.
WHEN one looks at the printed page of many of our modern poets, he is impressed by the un-English appearance of the material before him. T. S. Eliot with all his poetic power suggests that properly to understand him the reader know French, German, Hindu, Italian, Latin, and Greek, of course. Ezra Pound expects the same requirements of his readers, although he stresses Greek a bit more. E. E. Cummings throws at the reader a series of "unknown" words which must almost be taken into a laboratory to analyse.

"Is this," one asks himself, "the English language, the heritage of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and Tennyson?" Even if the words are printed in the English alphabetical system, they still present a problem. The page becomes a puzzle to disentangle where in the reader is almost certain to lose, and only the poet himself is able to state a true meaning. Take but one example of E. E. Cummings:

sh estiffly
ystrut sal
lif san
dbut sth
epoutin (gWh.on:w
S li psh ergo
wnd ow n,
r,
Eve
aling 2 a
-sprout eyeland) sin
uously&them&twi
tching,begins
butbutfut??
unununum?
ton ton??
ing???
-Out- & . . . .

But that is enough of the quotation to show the sort of inconvenience to which the poet may, and does, put his reader. This, to be sure, may be unusual, but what to-day is unusual tomorrow will be accepted, perhaps. And what of day after tomorrow?

But where does the beauty of this lie? Is it in the cleverness of the typewriter keyboard, for instance in the repeated syllables "unununun?" and the following sounds made so charming by the addition of the interrogation mark? If this be the direction of poetry, our appreciation in the years to come will be focused upon the make-up of the page and the time interval it takes the reader to reach the solution.

Yet all so-called modern poetry is not, of course, of this genre; and those poets who bring us our great ideas are not so engrossed with the mechanics of the typewriter. Although Archibald MacLeish, for example, acknowledges his indebtedness to Ezra Pound, there is not the same esoteric difficulty in his poetry which the master shows. Wysten Hugh Auden follows the system but clarifies Gerald Manley Hopkins.

Should we go so far as to prescribe a poetic diction for our generation after the manner of Pope or Wordsworth? That would gain us nothing in the development of poetry or the language. But there is a need at present of intellectual communicativeness between the poet and the reader, and this very need many of our poets do not attempt to supply. Rather than prescribe a precise vocabulary it would be better if our poets really used the language which is their heritage and at the same time

time took more cognizance of the speech and intonations about them.

One function of the poet is to present his ideas of universal truth as he observes life about him. He should speak the language of his own people, even his own local speech. The words he puts upon the page should mirror the speech of his people as nearly as possible. Our printing, the late Dr. Dorothy Scarborough once said, has made us slaves and has imprisoned the native spirit of poetry. The poet, nurtured in his local environment, should allow his poetic language to represent the voice of his people. The universal application of his thought will not suffer in the least by this authentic interpretation.

Dialectal poetry has indeed been much frowned upon, but no one has yet discredited the folk song on the ground of its limited appeal. Dialectal poetry has a value of its own, and those poets who are willing to use the language of speech in their poetry are doing a real and lasting service to poetry for all time.

I recall with pleasure the first time I heard the phonograph record of James Whitcomb Riley reading "Little Orphan Annie." No one who ever heard that record would forget its honesty of interpretation, its straightforward statement of a child's impressions, its humor, its pathos. No one has ever read it so well as he, because he did not print on the page how it should be read. If anyone heard Vachel Lindsay read "The Congo" he will realize that approximation to his reading is difficult, although the text attempts to give the method of interpretation. Happily a phonograph record was made of that reading as well as many other poems by Lindsay himself at Columbia University, so that the "true account" remains to us.

James Whitcomb Riley and Vachel Lindsay are but two American poets who speak directly from their section of the country of the things which they know. They speak for that large section of the country called inaccurately the Middle West or, as the late Professor George Philip Krapp termed it, "General American."

The large divisions here distinguished are New England or Eastern, the Southern, and General American or Western. Although these sectional groups are large, the range of difference within each is probably relatively small. Mr. H. L. Mencken says that:

A Boston taxi-driver could go to work in Chicago or San Francisco without running any risk of misunderstanding his new fares. Once he had flattened his a's a bit and picked up a few dozen localisms, he would be, to all linguistic intents and purposes, fully naturalized.

Yet why is it that in reading poetry in general and especially at so many of our meetings, we insist on reading the poetry of Joaquin Miller, Sidney Lanier, Edgar Lee Masters, and Robert Frost as if all were born and brought up on the Eastern seaboard? Should not our poets bring with them just as much native quality without flattening the a's or softening the r's as a taxi-driver from Boston or Seattle?
On this point Carl Van Doren in his book *Three Worlds* has something to say. It applies here to Robert Frost, but there is no reason why it should not apply to the poet from Idaho, Louisiana, as well as New Hampshire and Vermont:

And there is Robert Frost. One winter day when he was in town, we met at an apartment which Zona Gale had taken or been lent, near Washington Square. She had so many guests that Frost and I had to go into the kitchen where he was to read me a poem. I had never heard him read before. As he read leaning against the cold stove the sound of his voice for the first time explained his poetry to me. I had always, somehow, read the words as universal English, like any other poem's. But now I found they were Yankee words and without their true intonation had never said to me half what they meant. He writes only what he can hear himself speaking and is satisfied only when the written words have the flavor of speech.

In great part the appreciation Mr. Van Doren finds in the reading of Robert Frost will come from the reading by many poets. I recall the reading of Mr. Van Doren’s own brother, Mark Van Doren, of Edgar Lee Masters, of Carl Sandburg, James Weldon Johnson, Archibald Mauleish and most certainly of the Irish poets George Russell (AE), Padraic Colum, and James Stephens. No matter how universal the words might be there is in each voice the ring of sincerity and true interpretation of the printed words in terms of the sounds each has been accustomed to make.6

Our poetic language, if such there be, should represent the speech of the people in their various sections; we would then have a literature which would more adequately mirror the speech habits and the native voice of our country. We are today encumbered with an alphabet and a system of spelling which do not represent the pronunciation of words over the whole of the country. We shall not be able to develop the voice of the people in its poetry and other literary arts until a remedy is found for this. Yet there is hope, a faint ray to be sure, in the projected dictionary of American speech by Professors John S. Kenyon and Thomas A. Knott.7

One does not need to be an ardent advocate of reform to realize the advisability of doing something for English spelling .... But spelling would be only a beginning of the general housecleaning for which our precious heritage as we know it today provides a profitable opportunity. The language is burdened with quantities of useless lumber, which from the point of view of common sense and reason might just as well be burned on the rubbish heap.8

With wise foresight, Professor Krapp continues:

Suppose the children of this generation and of the next were permitted to cultivate expressiveness instead of fineness of speech, were praised and promoted for doing something interesting, not for doing something correct and proper. If this should happen, as indeed it is already beginning to happen, the English language and literature would undergo such a renascence as they have never known.

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7 The National Council of Teachers of English has established a Committee of Records of Poets headed by Professor William Cabell Greet and myself to make for general distribution records of poets reading their own poems. At the present time there are available four double-face records by Robert Frost containing “The Death of the Hired Man,” “Birches,” “Mending Wall,” “Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening,” “Dust of Snow,” “Neither Our Far Nor In Deep,” and “Two Tramps in Mud Time.” Three records of Miss Gertrude Stein containing “The Making of Americans,” “An Early Portrait of Henri Matisse,” “A Completed Portrait of Picasso,” “A Valentine to Sherwood Anderson,” and “Madame Recamier an Opera.” Made by Erpi Picture Consultants, Inc., 250 W. 57th Street, New York, N. Y. The price is $2.50 each record.


This does not, I feel sure, mean to compliment the kind of letter and syllable combinations cited at the beginning of this paper. Nor does this imply that parenthesis, colons, semi-colons, hyphens and dots simplify and consequently clarify our language and literature. Rather we should develop an honesty of transcription to the printed page.

Why should not the poetry of any section of our country represent the speech of that section? It represents the ideas, sentiments and landscape. Why should it not give the language as well? *Paradise Lost* was not indeed written as dialect poetry, yet we know with what care Milton listened to his work. The sound was immensely important, and the sounds which Milton heard were those sounds with which he had been brought up. Yet *Paradise Lost* is read in the sounds which we are accustomed to hear. How the careful ear of Milton would rebel against those sounds! Why should the poet in Wyoming be forced to write in an alphabet which scarcely represents the sounds as he hears them? The eastern shore of Maryland has a definite pronunciation for words containing the *ou* as in *out* and *house*, and yet the poet of that state cannot transmit that sound to paper.

This difficulty arises from the fact that we cannot write our own language. We write our poems obedient to a dictionary ruled by the “proper” principles of the eighteenth century. Our children will be better off because many of them are growing up with some knowledge of phonetics and how to use the scientific knowledge. Professor William Cabell Greet* has suggested that it would not be a difficult procedure to give a simple method of phonetics to lay folk:

>From a social point of view the most important objective is to obtain currency for the IPA [International Phonetic Alphabet] as a means of giving young people an idea of the phonetic character of the language.

If this study of the IPA would do something from the social point of view, it would do more for the development of a poetic language consciousness. Young poets adhere more easily to the old forms of diction than to putting down the speech as they hear it. To the speech about him, the beginning poet pays small attention going rather to the extreme of preciseness. We as teachers have been the cause in great part for this lack of experimentation and the belief that the other days were more proper and cultured.

Of the two prevailing habits of English expression, the Johnsonian and the plain blunt English of the Saxon type, the former is peculiarly the possession of cultivators of an artful style. The learned style has become the characteristic of formal English literature.**

For some time we have been making a collection known as the Columbia University Library Collection of Speech Records. The title does not give full information, because we have tried to collect not only dialects, as the implication is, but folk lore of all sorts, including Pennsylvania-German, Texas, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and its Gullah, Creole, and Indian. A large part of the collection is, of course, speeches of many people taken down from the radio, but an equally large and important part are the records of

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poets reading their own verse. The poets have been kind enough to come to Columbia and make the records, which cannot, of course, be duplicated or sold, but they can be played to anyone who will come to the Library and ask to hear them. Among these poets we have records made by Conrad Aiken, T. S. Eliot, John Gould Fletcher, Robert Frost, Aldous Huxley, Julian Huxley, Alfred Kreymborg, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, George Russell (AE), James Stephens and many others. There are also many records of actors and actresses from England as well, who have come and made records of their reading from various plays in which they have appeared.

One thing which impresses every listener to the records of the poets is that when a poet reads his own work more than likely he reads it as he has always heard his own sectional speech. This gives to the reading an authenticity and an honesty which the printed page is not able to transmit. But the printed page can indeed do better for the poets than it does at present, so that the tone, the quality, perhaps, and the peculiarity of sounds can be carried over to the reader.

That day is not immediate when we shall be able to do this, but it is nevertheless not outside the realms of possibility. Our grandchildren and their children will see this further development of our language and literature. We can but assist in bringing about the more adequate transmission of the voice of the poet to the printed page. Then we can agree with Byron when the English tongue in America contains

That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech...

LIKE A WATERLILY

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

Like a waterlily
Which needs the sun to bring
Its delicate, white beauty
Into flowering,
So must a girl know warmth of love
Before the petals part,
Lily-fashion, one by one,
From her maiden heart.
And when -- exquisite moment --
The closed bud opens wide,
Ah, the dewy, tremulous
Virginity inside!
SEVEN POEMS
HELEN MARING

I. WHITE LILACS

The white laughter of lilac breaks the dusk;
The lyric of iris trembles against the night.
*Blow, night-wind, blow beauty upon the air,*
*Blow beauty into the heart.*
Music, and fragrance of May,
And loveliness of petals blowing,
Are dream-stuff. *Blow, night-wind,*
*Blow beauty into the heart.*

II. IDLE SWimmer

Cushioned on waves like a drifting boat
I lie inert and dream and float.
The lulling of water, the stir of tide . . .
Above me the sky is blue and wide.

Water is quicksilver, moving, cool;
I am a lily breasting a pool;
I am a bubble the wind may burst;
I am a sponge with an endless thirst.

Breast in crystal, limb in jade,
I float and watch the heron wade;
Three trout swim by in a silver game . . .
The world ashore is only a name.

III. DUSK MOOD

Falling away to a shadow—
How would it seem to be
The mauve of hills at dusk,
The shade of a tree,
The deepening side of a cloud,
Or depths of a rose?
Shadow—and stirred by the lightest
Wind that blows.
Moved at the whim of sunlight,
Or moonlight, or less—
The dark on a pond
With a water-lily’s caress.
The fall of a leaf,
A misty blowing curtain,
Less than the touch of scent,
Not to be seen for certain.
What is a shadow?
The negative side of a dream,
Smoke in the wind by day,
Foam on a stream.

IV. SHUTTERED

I shut the window and silenced the calliope—
I left the carnival out in the night.
The grinding merry-go-round of music
Played a muffled tune with shutters tight.

The merry dazzle of lights was darkness,
The mad gay laughter was still as death;
The shriek of a ferris-wheel patron
Was less than whisper, the merest breath.

I shut the window, but little it bettered me.
Crept to my nest, and my sheltered goal.
But night-long I tossed against the clangor,
The tuneless clatter of my lonely soul.

V. WALKERS

I sit in my window watching humanity pass:
The little gray mouse-man bearing his burden of cheese,
The uniformed nurse looking spotlessly clean-as-you-please,
The loud-mouthed woman who barters the news for some coppers,
Some children loitering by to be late for a class,
The bleach-blonde mistress who minces her steps on high heels
Like stilts, her fur coat brushing the rouge on her cheeks,
The soap-selling little old lady whose tired feet are slow . . .
They come from the dawn to the darkness, they come and they go.

The man who taps with his white cane to follow the walk,
The silly young girls who giggle and titter and talk,
The wage-earners walking persistently, time-clocks to punch,
The little boy throwing a ball on his way home to lunch . . .
Humanity, eating or hungry, and walking by day.

Where are they going? And why do their dreams hold a sway?
Humanity, friended? Or lonely and starved for a word?
The gray-headed man who goes whistling tunes of a bird,
A jobless young man, a young girl whose eyes are dream-lit,
A woman dressed warmly in hand-me-down clothes out-of-fit,
An old man defeated by years, too friendless, alone . . .
Clop-clop of the feet, clank-clanking of heels upon stone.

VI. PROBLEM
I ply the shuttle of my brain
Across the warp of thought—
Ideas are stranger mesh again;
But what has weaving taught?

VII. OLD BONES
Old bones hold ice upon a summer day,
A chill the marrow cannot send away.
With winter in the blood, the hair is snow.
Why should summer turn from one, and go?

A WALK HOME
WELDON KEEES

The grayish man and woman came close together, looked into each other’s eyes, smiled tenderly, kissed silently. The music swelled out in full brasses, a triumphant major chord, full of accomplishment and hope and promise for the future. Mr. Chalmers hastily fitted his glass eye back into its socket before THE END flashed on the screen. The orchestra rehashed eight measures of the theme song and the house lights came on dimly.

Mr. Chalmers sat in the back row for a few minutes, watching the people filing slowly up the aisle. He decided that he would wait until everyone was out: then he wouldn’t have to pack himself in with the crowd that was shoving its way out of the lobby to the street. He blinked his right eyelash a couple of times, just to make sure. The glass eye was hurting him quite a good deal.

Finally Mr. Chalmers stood up. “Pardon me,” he said to the man on the aisle seat. It occurred to him that the man looked at him somewhat strangely, and he wondered for a moment if the man had seen him take his glass eye out. Well, what if he had, Mr. Chalmers said to himself; what if he had! Still . . . He blinked his eyelid again. Funny, a thing like this had never happened to him before: this new eye was a terrible fit. And it hurt a good deal.

There were only a few people going through the lobby to the street. Ahead of him one woman said to another, “I
liked her better in that last one she was in with Warner Baxter though.’ And
the other woman said, ‘‘I don’t like the new way she’s fixing her hair; it just
doesn’t seem to suit her, do you think, Naomi?’’ Mr. Chalmers shoved by them
to the sidewalk.

It was a neighborhood theater not far from his room; he only had seven
blocks to go. Mr. Chalmers stuck out his flat chest and took in a deep breath
of the stale summer air. Not so good. It had been better in the airconditioned
theater. He reflected that this airconditioning was a great thing, all right.
A great thing. And somebody was making a barrel of money out of it, you
bet. Yes, sir. He wished that he could get in on a good thing like that, but it
was always the other fellow who got the breaks.

Thinking about the picture he had just been watching, going over the
good scenes, he walked along briskly, glancing now and then at his reflection
in the dark store windows. That scene where the heroine—what was her name,
anyhow?—where she told that banker where to get off, that was great, all
right. Powerful acting. Yessir, she was a great actress, and a goodlooker,
too. Powerful acting. He shook his head vigorously, then glanced around
to see if anyone had noticed him.

This damned eye! Tomorrow after work he’d go down and give that ocu-
list a piece of his mind, don’t think he wouldn’t. Shearer didn’t need to think
that he could get by with a thing like that! And it hadn’t been the first
time that he’d had trouble with him. You just had to watch people every
minute, that was all there was to it. Mr. Chalmers frowned, picturing him-
self in the act of telling Shearer where to get off.

Suddenly he felt a quick stabbing sensation in the region of his eye. His
face twisted in pain. He couldn’t stand it any longer, not by a long shot. Lord,
what a pain. Stepping into a shadowed doorway, he hastily removed the glass
eye. He glanced up the street to see if anyone had observed him. No; there
was no one on the sidestreet except a young couple about a half-block away,
and they weren’t paying any attention to him. They were quarreling. He
could hear their voices rising angrily and then falling away into silence.

Mr. Chalmers sighed with relief. The pain had stopped entirely. He felt
much better, a great deal better. He looked away from the residence section
towards the district he had just come from. No one in sight. He sighed
again. The pain was gone once and for all now that the glass eye was out.

Standing there, he looked down at his feet, thinking of what he would
say to that Shearer. ‘‘Now you look here, you,’’ he would say. ‘‘If you
think for a minute . . .’’ Yes, he would certainly tell him a thing or two, don’t
think he wouldn’t. He’d walk into his shop and say to him, ‘‘Just what do
you think you’re trying to get away with, anyway?’’ The look on Shearer’s
face. Mr. Chalmers would pound on the glass top of Shearer’s counter until
the displays on it rattled. ‘‘Trying to put something over on me, eh?’’ he
would say.

It would be the last time Mr. Chalmers would throw any of his trade
Shearer’s way; there were other places to patronize. He didn’t have to go
there if he didn’t want to, nobody was making him. There were other places.
Even if they did belong to the same lodge, in the long run what did it amount to? There were some things a man just couldn't put up with, and that was all there was to it.

It happened so quickly that later he was unable to remember just how it had come about. One moment he was holding the glass eye tightly, and the next moment it was out of his hand. He waited, tense, cold all over his body, for the sound of it breaking on the sidewalk. But instead he heard a queer metallic noise, then complete silence. He felt panicky and glanced up the street, his mouth open, searching in both directions for help. Not a soul. Only the empty friendless street, the lights cold and white and hostile.

He felt in his pockets for a match and finally found one. He struck it. Peering down below him, he could see what had happened. The eye had slipped through a grating about a foot from where he stood, and he was able to see it down there about four feet below the street's level. It nestled among some crumpled newspapers and didn't seem to be damaged in the least.

A terrible fear came over Mr. Chalmers. What would he do if he couldn't get the eye out of there? He had to be at work at eight in the morning, and there were no places open before then where he could get another eye. His knees trembled a little. "Good God," Mr. Chalmers said, "Good God."

He pictured himself showing up at the office in the morning without his eye: the girls snickering, Mr. Waples staring fixedly at the closed eye, everyone looking, pointing. Miss Alexander would giggle loudly. "Christ," Mr. Chalmers said. Why did it have to happen to me, he thought. To me?

"Christ," he said again. He could feel cold moist sweat under his arms, but his face was terribly hot. He fumbled in his pockets for a cigarette.

He started a bit, hearing the sound of leather heels on the sidewalk. A man came around the corner and turned in his direction. I'll ask him to help me out, Mr. Chalmers thought. Maybe the two of us can pry this grating off some way or other. The thought of getting the eye out cheered him a good deal; he really felt much better, and when the man came towards him Mr. Chalmers spoke pleasantly.

"Say mister," he called out.

"No money for bums," the man said curtly. He was a large man with broad shoulders. He walked on, not even glancing at Mr. Chalmers.

"Just a minute!" Mr. Chalmers said. "I don't want any money. I need some help over here. I—I lost my eye."

The man stopped and turned around. "You what?" he said. "You did what?"


"A glass eye?" the man said suspiciously. "You lost a glass eye?"

"Yes, a glass eye. I wear it. You know, wear it. I took it out, see, and it sort of slipped out of my hand and went down there." He pointed to the grating again. "It just seemed to slip out of my hand. I can't make out yet just how it happened."

"A glass eye," the man said. "Well, can you tie that!"

"I thought maybe you could help me lift this grating out and I could get at it. I'm not very strong myself. I don't see yet how the thing happened. I was just standing here."
"Well, I'll be damned," the man said. "I never heard of anything like that happening before. It went down there, did it?" He came over to the edge of the grating and looked down into the blackness. "It just slipped out of your hand, huh?"

"Yeh, that's right," Mr. Chalmers said eagerly. "It just slipped out of my hand. I can't figure out yet just how it could have happened. I was just standing here. Maybe if you could help me lift it..."

"Say, that's a funny thing, all right," the man said. "My wife'll get a big kick out of this.

"If you could," Mr. Chalmers began.

"When I tell her about it, I bet she won't even believe it," the man said.

"If you could help me lift," Mr. Chalmers went on.

"Boy, I've heard of some damn funny things in my time, but I never heard of anything like this before."

"If I don't get it out of there," Mr. Chalmers said.

"You got a match? Can you see it?" He stepped closer.

"It's down there, all right. I lit one and you can see it down there just as plain. If we could lift up the grating..."

"Light a match and let's have a look."

Mr. Chalmers struck a match and the two men stared down through the grating. The eye, resting on the newspapers, stared back at them. The match burned down to his fingers, and he threw it down hastily.

"Let's try the grating," he said. "If I could just get down there."

"All right, buddy," the man said.

"Listen, you take hold of this end and I'll take hold of this one."

"All right," Mr. Chalmers said.

It came off easily. Mr. Chalmers reflected that he could have done it by himself. Of course he hadn't known. That was the way things went, though. They put the grating down out of their way and dusted their hands.

"Well, that was no trick," the man said. "No trick at all."

Mr. Chalmers cleared his throat.

"Now if you'll hold a match for me, I'll get down there," he said.

"Sure. You got any matches?"

Mr. Chalmers gave him one. The man struck it on his shoe and held it down low so that Mr. Chalmers could see to let himself into the shallow pit.

"Can you make it all right?" the man asked.

"I can make it fine," Mr. Chalmers replied. He dropped down, the newspapers and other rubbish crackling as his feet struck them. He reached down and picked up the eye.

"Is it OK?" the man above him said.

"It didn't get hurt none, did it?"

"No," Mr. Chalmers said. He felt a warm pleasant glow all over his body now that he had the eye in his hand again.

"Plenty lucky it didn't get hurt," the man said.

"You said it."

"I'll give you a lift up," the man said.

When Mr. Chalmers was back on the sidewalk, the two men replaced the grating. A man and a woman walked by on the other side of the street and glanced curiously at them, then walked on faster.

"I bet they wonder what we're up to," Mr. Chalmers said.
“Yeh.”
“They probably don’t know what to make of it.”
“Yeh, I guess that’s so, all right,” the man said.
“They probably think it’s pretty funny business.”
“Who gives a damn what they think,” the man said. “I don’t give a damn what they think.”
“I don’t either,” Mr. Chalmers said.
He felt of the eye in his pocket with gratification. Well, that certainly was a relief. What if they had been unable to get the grating off, and he had had to go to the office in the morning without the eye? He was still shaking a little.
“This certainly has been a big help,” he said. “I don’t know how to thank you.”
“Ahhhh, don’t mention it, buddy,” the man said gruffly. “Forget it.”
“Well, I just want you to know I appreciated it a lot.”
“Ahhhh, forget it. Glad to help out.”
The two men stood uncertainly for a moment or so, neither of them able to think of anything to say.
“Well,” the man said finally. “I guess I better be getting along. My old woman will wonder what’s happened to me.”
“Well, thanks again,” Mr. Chalmers said, putting out his hand.
They shook.

“It wasn’t nothing at all,” the man said. “Forget it.”
“Well, it was certainly a help.”
“Well, goodnight,” the man said.
“Goodnight,” Mr. Chalmers said.
“I hope your wife hasn’t been worried about you.”
“Oh, her. Say, if she is, well, it won’t be the first time, by a long shot.”
“Well, thanks again,” Mr. Chalmers said, caressing the eye in his pocket.
“OK, buddy.”
Mr. Chalmers watched the man for a moment, thinking that he was a good sort. Then he turned and started up the street the other way. At the corner there was a drinking fountain, and he stopped and took a long drink, sloshing the cold water around slowly in his mouth. Then he took the eye from his pocket and washed it carefully. A person just couldn’t be too careful about sanitary precautions, he said to himself.
He dried the eye on a clean white handkerchief which he took from his breastpocket, and glanced around to make sure that no one was near. He inserted the eye quickly. Then he threw his shoulders back and walked erectly in the direction of his rooming house. Tomorrow he would certainly tell that Shearer a thing or two. Shearer had better not get the idea that he could get by with that sort of stuff. Mr. Chalmers would certainly tell him where to get off, don’t think he wouldn’t.
"COME ON, YOU COMMUNIST!"

NARD JONES

THERE was still the country club, and that struck me as odd. I suppose I thought that the country club would have been boarded up long ago, for to me it always seemed an absurd thing for Inland City even in what we were pleased to call normal times. But it was nice to be sitting there on its porch again with Julia, and I told her so.

"Everything the same?" she asked.

"Sure. You, and the way the green looks at night, and the smells of wheat and summer fallow from a long way off. Only one thing's wrong."

"What's that?"

"The music in there. Ought to be a saxophone wailing above every other instrument, and there isn't."

"'Margie'?"

"'Margie' and maybe 'April Showers' and 'The Japanese Sand Man'."

"Oh, no, Blake! Not 'The Japanese Sand Man'. That was long before. That was when we were in high school and hadn't even met."

"What's the difference? Freshmen in high school... seniors in college... a hundred years?"

Julia laughed. "That sounds like old times. You were always so beautifully cynical at night." Then she laughed again, but in a different way, and I asked her what was so funny.

"I was thinking of you being cynical in peon pants."

"Peon pants?"

"Don't you remember? Cords belled at the bottom. There was a fancy slit in each leg, faced with red velvet. Or was it blue?"

"Please," I said. "And recall that I did not buy a jazz suit."

"The craze lasted only a few months, though. So maybe you just didn't have the money for a new suit at the time."

"No. I remember distinctly that Pete Forrest and I stood against jazz suits. We made some speeches against them, in fraternity meeting. We reminded the brothers that just because Rudolf Valentino had cast his influence over some of the nearby high schools was no reason why a college man should descend to that sartorial level."

"But it was the thought of Warwick College being influenced by high schools—that was what got you and Pete. Our little alma mater isn't as isolated now as it was, and of course neither is the town." Julia's hand flew to her throat, and she said, "Blake, it's not really ten years!"

"Yes, and if you say it seems like yesterday I'll throttle you. I said it was a hundred years, at least, and it is. You and I bloomed in the Golden Twenties—the latter twenties, which were as absurd and curious as the Gay Nineties. And we're separated from them by years when nobody lived at all."

Julia's head turned in the darkness. It was a very beautiful head. I knew she was getting ready for the question. But the question she put to me now wasn't the one. "Do you really believe that, Blake?"

"Of course I believe it. But what you'll probably say is that the depression taught us something, and that we're all the better for it."
"You’ve no reason to insult me like that."
"Then you agree with me?"

It was like old times to be arguing with Julia Todd again. It was like being flat on the grass across the little creek from Billings Hall after History Two. It was like being awfully young again. But Julia didn’t answer my question and while I sat there thinking how good it was she gave me the one I’d expected before this: “I don’t know whether I agree with you or not,” she said slowly. “You see, I don’t know what you’re implying. Is it true that you’re a Communist?”

“So the news has drifted to Inland City, has it?”

“I wouldn’t say drifted, darling. It came on the wires. When there was that row with the president of the University over free speech, your name was printed with a list of the left-wing profs who criticized him. It all came out in The Bulletin, and they’ve been carrying follow-up stories on the University fracas. It must be exciting over there.”

“There’s nothing exciting about it,” I said. “President Howison simply wants to make a hit with the people downtown. You see, here in Inland City the little college and the town are interlocked; but over on the coast there’s the big University, and then there’s the town. Somehow the President feels he must please the town, and a number of us object to his Nazi tactics, that’s all.”

“You haven’t answered my question, Blake.”

“I’m sympathetic to the Communist movement, if that answers it. I’m not a member of the party. But then, I wouldn’t tell you even if I were. Scared?”
end of it, for Andy owned a dim desire to be the biggest wheat rancher in Washington. The times had been with him, and the War helped, too. He had married in nineteen-three, and hoped for a son. But there were only Sarah and Julia, just a year apart. Sarah had attended the University, where I now taught, and with her diploma she’d brought home a young man. There was a big home wedding in Andrew Todd’s town house. It was a fine affair, and I always remembered the Cadillacs and the La Salles and the Lincolns scattered all up and down the block. Wheat was more than two dollars a bushel then.

Andrew Todd didn’t have the town house now, and Julia’s mother had died the year after her eldest graduated from Warwick College, the little privately endowed institution of which Inland City was very proud. Julia told me that she and her father were living in the ranch house on the North Fork. Times had been plenty bad for Andy Todd, as for all the wheat ranchers. The allotment checks had buoyed him up, but he had never felt right about taking them, and he knew it couldn’t last.

Julia was the daughter of this man and the granddaughter of old Lyman Todd, and I couldn’t expect her to know what I was getting at. “Let’s go back inside and dance,” I said.

She turned to me in mock astonishment. “And let the world go hang? I’m surprised at you, Blake.”

We hadn’t danced very long before Hal Wyman cut in. I thought his handshake was brief and cold, but I couldn’t figure out whether it was because of what had been in The Bulletin or because I was with Julia. When I had watched them dance together awhile I was pretty certain it was because of Julia.

The music stopped and they walked over to me. “You won’t mind if Hal goes back to town with us,” Julia said.

I told her I thought it would be fine that Hal was going back to town with us. Anyhow, I’d come in Julia’s car, and it seemed that Hal Wyman had walked to the country club after his stretch was up at the service station in town. Wyman and I had never cared much for each other at Warwick, but usually that sort of thing evaporates. As we three stood there on the edge of the dance floor I felt that none of it had evaporated between Wyman and me.

Suddenly a slim little girl with black bangs slid her arm through Hal’s and said, “Come on, you’re going to dance with me.”

I grinned at Julia, and watched hopefully for signs of disturbance. Julia just grinned back and said, “That’s what comes of being big and handsome.”

“I wouldn’t know about that. But if Hal is so popular why are we delegated to see that he gets back to town?”

“Because his car’s gone wrong,” Julia said. “I told him this afternoon that I might look in on the dance, since I was one of the committee, and he could come along later. Of course, I didn’t know then that you were in town.”

“Oh, so that’s the way it is?”

“Hal’s been awfully nice to me this winter. He’s really a peach, Blake.”

All the way into town I looked for signs of Hal Wyman’s resembling a peach; but by the time we had rolled
into Main street I had concluded he was a sullen bore. I don’t know what he had decided I was, but it was obviously nothing worth while.

“Shall we drop in somewhere and have something to eat?”

“Let’s, Blake.”

Hal didn’t say yes and he didn’t say no. But neither did he make any move to be let out of the car. In Inland City at one-thirty in the morning it isn’t difficult to decide where you’ll eat. By then the three hotel dining-rooms have closed, and the short-order places, even if open, seem to admit customers reluctantly. But there’s always Pendy’s on Main street. Of course there were the beer slots, just outside the city limits so they could serve beer on Sunday. But naturally we three favored Pendy’s. His place had been a fixture in our Warwick days, while the beer slots were new. I think we resented them a little because they weren’t there when we went to Warwick.

At Pendy’s we ordered hamburgers and tall glasses of cold milk, as in the old days. I raised my glass to Julia and said, “Well, here’s to Stalin.”

Hal said “Nuts to that stuff,” and he was clearly unpleasant about it.

“So you don’t approve of him?”

“You’re darned right I don’t. And if you think you’re going to get very far peddling that stuff around here you’re mistaken, that’s all.”

I tried to laugh him off. “Hal’s been reading the papers, too, Julia.” But it didn’t work very well.

“Sure,” said Hal. “I thought you might as well know where I stand.”

“All right, Hal. I didn’t dream you were even eligible to the Legion.”

“I’m not. But Pendy is, and my advice is that you don’t let him hear you getting funny about it.”

“Let’s forget it.”

“As long as you forget it, I’ll forget it. Every man has a right to his opinion. I just wanted you to get mine straight.”

Julia begged somebody to give her a cigarette instead of talking so much. But not even Julia’s cigarette, or Pendy’s hamburgers warmed up the trio much. They dropped me off at the old Grand Hotel, with Hal still sitting in the car like a stolid Indian.

Up in the room I took off my shirt and sat in the rocker. The old Grand still had a rocker in every room, and I wondered why more hotels didn’t put at least one rocker in every room. I put my head back and looked at the ceiling. It was pale green and sported cherubs in relief. They trailed a string of flowers, but the string cut off abruptly at the end of the room and I realized suddenly that I was in a part of the old bridal suite. They had made three rooms of it now, but in its day it had been something in Inland City. Few brides had ever slept in it, but there had been plenty of all-night carousals in the days when Inland City was rougher than now.

It was frightfully hot in the room, but I had the consolation of knowing that in all the town there was probably no place cooler. Perspiration ringed my throat and stood out damply under my eyes. I knew there wasn’t any use in trying to sleep until about three o’clock in the morning. Then, if I were lucky, there would be a little breeze up from the valley.

This was the first chance I’d had to wonder why in the devil I’d come to Inland City. I knew, of course, why
I wasn't on the coast. But why had I chosen this place, and in July of all months? It was not only too damned warm, but it was too near the coast for any comfort in another way. There was every chance that The Blade-News, a Red-baiting newspaper, would get wind I was only a night's ride away. I could imagine them sending a man down, maybe even a photographer: FACULTY RED HIDES IN OLD HOME TOWN.

That was what Jarrs had been afraid of if I stayed—that The Blade-News would start after me. "You've said too much," Jarrs said. "You've been too open, and The Blade-News has you spotted. Prexy's plenty hot now and you might be the cause of getting us all blown out of the water. If I were you I'd skip town for a while."

"But what about my examinations?"

Jarrs said he'd take care of them. "And I'll write your column in The Voice of Action, too." That was the local Communist newspaper. "If the column stopped, and The Blade-News tumbled you were out of town they might put two and two together."

I never knew for certain whether Jarrs was a member of the Communist party. Sometimes I felt sure he was, and felt slighted because he'd never asked me to join—as if I weren't to be trusted. But at Jarrs' home I'd met plenty of men and women who defiantly admitted they were members of the party.

Jarrs himself never said much during these little gatherings. He let the rest of them talk. He wasn't very articulate anyhow. Jarrs was a Finn who had come to Kansas when a small boy. His family had thought of America as a great land of opportunity, and when somehow things did not go right with them in those Kansas hills of corn it must have astonished them. I gathered that Jarrs's early years had been rather rough. His education he had hewn out himself, and he was proud that with almost no teaching he had come to teaching others. But the memory of that lost Kansas farm still rankled. Once or twice, when I talked with Jarrs, it came out in conversation. I can see now that it was these memories which made him sympathetic toward Communism. He recalled his father complaining about interest rates, and he remembered his mother haggard and dying with work, and somehow he connected these with a great fault in the American system.

But it was Jarrs's wife who did all the talking for the Jarrs family when they held their little soirees on Friday nights. Jarrs just sat quietly, or mixed more drinks in the kitchen. I never knew whether Jarrs had convinced his wife that Communism was truth, or whether she had convinced him. It may have been that they arrived by separate roads. However it was, Anna Jarrs made it very apparent that she believed her husband worth a great deal more than society was allowing him.

But sitting there in the creaky rocker at the old Grand I didn't think of Jarrs very long. I began to remember Julia Todd, and how beautiful and exciting she had been when we were classmates at Warwick. Then I got up and fished through my coat for a cigarette. "Don't be a mutt," I said. "Don't try to fool yourself. Julia's just as exciting and beautiful now as she was then. You can't kid Julia back into the past with all the things that no longer be-
long to you. She’s here now—and you’re in love with her.’’

Then three o’clock came and a slow breeze began to lift the curtains. I folded them up into the curtain-rod, and then flopped down on the bed atop all the covers.

The breeze stopped with the sunrise and that was when I awoke. For a while I lay there hoping I could go back to sleep, but I really knew it was useless. I could smell the wheat again, full and yellow in the heads, warm and scent-giving in the first sun of morning. Then I remembered that it was harvest time and I hadn’t seen a wheat harvesting in almost ten years.

After a shower and some breakfast I started out toward the edge of town and it surprised me how soon I arrived at its edge. In school I’d always thought of Inland City’s “city limits” as being a good way from the Grand Hotel, but they weren’t. Within three-quarters of an hour I was tramping along the graveled road leading to the North Fork and Andrew Todd’s home ranch.

There were almost a thousand acres in Todd’s north ranch, and in a good year every acre in seed could produce sixty bushels of wheat. The soil lay mostly along a tiny creek that had once been a roaring river. On each side the soil rolled easily down on the old river bed, shielding itself from the hot winds of summer and in winter holding the snow protectively over the seeded furrows. Except for the old house and barn there was nothing, not even a tree, to break the line of rolling hills, or deflect a plow from its path.

I could see that it was to be a fine harvest this year. A great harvest, with the yellow gold thicker than ever on the rolling hills. Months before, there had been snow which had made the hills glitter blue-white in the weak sun of winter. Then hills whose surface grew a little gray with the first rains began to crumble damply under the chinook winds. The loam was black and rich and soft to a man’s boots. A fine thick soil that looked clean and smelled clean—that even tasted clean when the mares’ hooves tossed it against your mouth as you braced yourself on the harrow.

I’d missed all this. For ten years I’d missed it, and the green wisps of early grain, growing heavier and taller until the whole countryside was a checkerboard of green and black: ground seeded to wheat, ground lying fallow. Now the wheat stood almost as tall as a man, and the heads were dry and full. I knew that Andy Todd’s two combine harvesters would be among the first to lumber into the fields. Drawn by sleek mares and geldings, they would have long ago been pulled out of their sheds and into the wheat. Already, a week before, the little McCormick binder had circled the fence lines, hurried through its dual purpose of cutting hay and making the initial path for the combines.

But by now the Todd harvest would be really under way, with the horses leaning hard against their breast-straps, tugging the butt-chains tight. And then, coming suddenly onto a little rise, I saw one of his combines—tall and ungainly, somehow impressive in its very awkwardness, like a stately cart in some medieval parade, moving relentlessly through the wheat.

I stopped to peer through the dry white dust, but I knew perfectly well what was there without actually seeing
it. The header-puncher was watching carefully, raising and lowering the blade-arm to get just the heads and leave a good stubble. With a sort of majestic grace the wheat met the oscillating blades, falling resignedly and allowing itself to be pushed onto the moving canvas and carried into the thrasher heads. Inside that trembling, noisy recess, filled with destroying teeth, the kernels were being beaten from the stalks and the chaff. They were sifting and churning, pouring into the waiting sack. Millions upon millions of tiny yellow grains pouring with a soft humming sound.

When the combine drew nearer I saw through the swirling dust the familiar outline of Andy Todd on the sack-sewer’s platform. I waved to him, and I think at first that he did not know who I was—nevertheless he hopped off the slowly moving machine and came down to the barbed-wire fence. Todd was big and ruddy-faced, and he wore his overalls and heavy work shoes with the unmistakable air of a boss man.

“Hello, Mr. Todd,” I said. “Looks like a good harvest.”

He put one dusty paw across the fence line. “Hello, Blake. How are you?”

“Fine, thanks. What’s she yielding?”

He looked back out across the field. “Fifty, I’d judge right now. Too damn’ bad I can’t get a price for it.”

He turned to me again as if he expected some comment. Then: “What you doin’ over here?”

“Just resting. Thought I’d like to come back to look the place over.”

He put both his hands on the wire, just as if the barbs weren’t there at all. “You know, Blake, I always say what I’m thinking.”

“Sure,” I laughed. “I know that.”

“If you figured to see Julia again I’d as soon you wouldn’t.”

I was too flabbergasted to mention that I’d seen her already. “What do you mean by that?”

“You used to like each other and you might again. I wouldn’t want that to happen on account of you joining these Bolsheviks.”

He stopped a moment, watching me closely. “Julia gets dissatisfied once in a while, like a girl will on a ranch. She might like the idea of going to the coast with you and being a professor’s wife over there where there’s a lot going on. But I wouldn’t like the idea much.”

“After all, Mr. Todd, my political views—”

“They’re not political views, as I see ’em,” he snapped back at me. “At least not American political views.”

“Certainly a man has a right to talk. He—”

“There’s too damned much talk about free speech, and too damned much free speech, Blake. Back at Washington they’ve encouraged a lot of young fellows to make damn’ fools of themselves.”

“Your father was a Secessionist, wasn’t he? Practically the whole town was.”

“Whatever they called themselves, they were Americans,” Andy Todd said, and stalked back toward his combine. I stood there with my mouth open to the dust, watching him overtake the machine in great long strides. I wanted to laugh, but somehow I couldn’t laugh very wholeheartedly. He’d made me feel like a kid, and a very ungrateful kid at that. I just
stood there and watched the combine out of sight over the hill, and then I started back to town.

“Just a scared hick,” I said. “Just a hick who wants to keep on going bankrupt in the manner to which he’s become accustomed.” But I didn’t believe it. Andy Todd had never been a hick and he’d never been scared. Walking down that road in the dry white dust of July I felt a little silly being a Communist sympathizer. I thought of Jarrs and Anna, and all their friends crowded into the stuffy little apartment. I thought of my clever column in The Voice of Action. They all seemed a great way off, and none of them seemed to belong to me somehow.

When I got back to the hotel I telephoned Julia. “I called on your father this morning to ask for your hand.”

“Blake, darling! How’d you ever work up the courage?”

“I didn’t have to work up any courage. He ordered me to keep away from you even before I had the chance to ask him.”

Julia’s voice grew serious. “I should have warned you. He was wild when he read that piece in the paper. It made him angry just to think we knew anybody who’d become a Communist.”

“Maybe we could meet casually—say at the corner of Main and Alder, and I could ask you to lunch.”

Julia hesitated. Then, dubiously: “All right, Blake.”

It was too warm to stay around the hotel. I left my coat on the bed and started out to find some outdoor shade, even though my legs were aching from the walk to North Fork and back. On Alder I passed the service station and saw Hal Wyman smoothing the gravel driveway with a rake. He looked up, dropped the rake, and joined me on the sidewalk.

“I’ve been trying to phone you, Blake.”

“Yes? What’s on your mind?”

“Only that you’d better skip out of Inland City.”

“Is that a threat?”

“It’s not a threat. It’s just a tip. Pendy heard you blowing off last night in his place, and I have it pretty straight that some of the boys might be trying to have some fun with you.”

“I’ll bet Pendy was sore when the Klan broke up here, wasn’t he?”

“You do what you like. But I’m telling you.”

“Your solicitousness wouldn’t be because you’d like to see me leave town, would it?”

For a second or two I wasn’t quite sure whether Hal was going to swing on me or not. But I was plenty certain that the idea crossed his mind.

I imagined that Julia would enjoy the joke at lunch, but she didn’t. “I think you really should go, Blake. There’s a train at four. You can’t tell what that gang hanging around Pendy’s will do.”

“They’ll spend some time in the hoosegow if they try anything funny.” I laughed. “You forget this isn’t war time, Julia.”

“You forget it’s Inland City. You can get away with a lot over on the coast, Blake, where the school is big and the town is big, and people have so much to do that they just let you have your fun. But news travels fast here, and it’s probably been noised around that you’re here to start a Communist movement.”

“It wouldn’t be friend Hal who noise it?”
Julia flushed. "Blake, that's infantile. The whole trouble with you is that you've never grown up. Do you know what I think?"

"I thought you were telling me now."

"I think that even your Communism is just a case of arrested development. You're still a sophomore who wants to tip things upside down. Staying on the campus has made it worse. You should have gone into business or—or—"

"Farming?" I said. I could feel my cheeks growing warm and tight. "I'd thought of farming—only I haven't a farm. I'd thought of marrying you to get one, but your father beat me to the draw. How do you suppose he knew I'd come over here for the express purpose of marrying you, Miss Todd?"

"You needn't be sarcastic. You did ask me once or twice, you know."

"That was a long time ago. You admitted that last night."

Julia looked past me at the wall. But her marvelous eyes were looking through the wall and over the years, and I knew what she was seeing, and it was disturbing. Then she said, "You're right," and it was like getting a clip to the chin. Finally she roused herself and came back to me, to the Blake Thomas who sat across from her now. She said something in a polite voice about leaving to do some shopping. Then she thanked me for the lunch and left me standing by the table, and leaning against it a little because I was really feeling pretty bad.

All I could think of was that her old man had been right. Julia was more than ten years away from me. It went deeper than that. Julia just wouldn't fit into the cluttered cubicle in a multi-family dwelling, into the kind of a place where an associate professor, even a married one, would live. Julia had to have air and a look at the rolling hills of wheat. And I knew what she would think of my friends at the University. She'd think Jarrs was weak, and that his wife was amusing. It made me mad to think Julia would see them that way, and then I remembered that once I had seen them that way, too. But when I thought of Julia becoming one of us I didn't like that, either.

I went out onto the street, in the hot sun, and began walking. I passed Pendy's place and I saw Pendy glaring at me out of the front window. Somehow I had an almost unmanageable desire to kick my foot through the plate glass, but I didn't. I just walked on in the hot sun, and it occurred to me that people were looking at me a little curiously. "Damn them," I thought, and then I realized that I was the only man on the street with his coat on.

I walked quite a distance, until the sidewalk petered into a board walk and suddenly I saw a beer slot and knew that I must have crossed the city limit line. There was nobody behind the counter but the proprietor, and he said, "Better shed that coat, friend. Glassa beer?"

Sitting there at the counter I didn't turn around when I heard the screen door slam behind me. But when I looked up into the back mirror I saw Pendy with another fellow about his own age behind him. His friend just stood there, but Pendy came and sat down on a stool beside me.

"Thinking about leaving the fair city?" he asked.

"It might be a good idea." Even after what Hal had said, and what
Julia had said, and even with that big friend of Pendy’s standing there I didn’t quite get it.

“We think it’d be a swell idea,” Pendy said. “Don’t we, Jack?”

I turned around on the stool and looked at Jack. He said, “Sure we do. You haven’t any real reason to be staying around, have you?”

“Do I have to have a reason?” I was scared all right, and sparring. I grinned at Jack. “This is a free country, you know.”

“You’re a swell one to be talking about a free country,” Jack said. “We know where you stand, all right.”

Well, I thought, you’ve talked too much again. There’s a time when you have to stand and take it when you’ve done too much talking. And this is it. “What of it?” I said.

Jack had come for trouble, and now he wasn’t sure whether it was getting away from him or not. “Come on,” he said. “Come on, you Communist, and just tell me where you stand and I’ll knock your block off.”

The funny thing was that I liked him all the time. He wanted a thing to be black or white. He wanted to know where a man stood, so that he could tell whether he was friend or enemy. He wouldn’t take money from a state-operated institution while working against the state. If Jack didn’t like the thing that fed him he’d tell it where to go. He was straight and simple, like old man Todd. He wasn’t all confused with the crosscurrents of a big University. Sitting there against the hardwood counter I wanted to be like him. And I wanted to be as powerful as he was, so that I’d have a chance to knock his block off.

I slid down off the stool and he came at me, missing wide. I heard Pendy shoving the stools back and the proprietor saying, “Listen, why don’t you go outside?” In the next few seconds I got the surprise of my life. I was a match for Jack. He had lots behind him, but he wasn’t good at finding where to put it. I got in several good punches, and then an awfully lucky one. Jack staggered back against the stools, knocking several of them down.

For a part of a minute I was afraid Pendy was coming in, too. But he didn’t. He stood back, waiting for Jack to get up, and I began to see that it would be just Jack. It was Jack who was representing what they stood for, and Pendy would let things go at that, whichever way they went.

When I saw Jack getting up off the floor I didn’t feel so good. I had a hunch that he could get up off a floor a good many times like that, and I was pretty tired. But not so tired as I was going to be in the next two seconds when Jack connected very solidly. Standing there weakly I wondered why so many hours were going by with Jack not hitting me again. I saw Hal Wyman, too, and knew I must be worse than I thought. There were slits of silver against my eyelids when I tried to blink Hal Wyman out of the way; and then the floor rose obliquely to strike me hard across the cheek.

When I woke up I saw my right foot on the running-board of a car. It turned out to be Hal’s car and he was holding me up. “Can you get in?” he said. “I wish you’d hold your handkerchief to your chin. I just had the ear re-upholstered.”

“Where’s Pendy and his pal?”
"They've gone," Hal said, getting behind the wheel. "I took a poke at both of them."

"Why?" I said weakly, holding the handkerchief to my chin. "Why were you there at all?"

"Because I went into Pendy's for a hamburger and the kid in there said he and Jack had followed you down the street."

"You were a little late. But I appreciate your thoughtfulness just the same."

Hal Wyman looked at me. "I don't feel like any of your funny stuff." He shoved the car into gear and we rolled out into the road. Then, very evenly, Hal said, "I was afraid they might do something worse if you shot off your face and made them good and sore. That's all the reason I bothered."

"What would you care what they did?"

Hal said, "Because you're in love with Julia." Then he saw that this didn't make sense, and he added: "Because she's in love with you, and the two of you will probably marry if you stick around together."

"That's screwy, Hal. Maybe we were in love when we graduated. You're off a mile and there's no point in this martyr stuff."

"There's no martyr stuff about it. I didn't want Julia worried, that's all."

He stopped at the old Grand and when I got out of the car I said, "You're a grand egg, Hal. But forget about me where Julia's concerned."

He didn't know my heart was pounding so hard that my head was beginning to ache on the left side. He didn't know I was thinking: Hal wouldn't realize there was anything between Julia and me unless she told him. She must have let him know. She must have told him that she was afraid something would happen to me.

But when I thought of Hal, when I got upstairs in that room with the green cherubs over me and thought of Hal Wyman, I couldn't be sure. Finally I went to the telephone and called the Todd ranch. I was trembling so badly that I had to lean against the wall. Julia answered the telephone.

"This is Blake, Julia. I just telephoned to say goodbye. I'm taking the afternoon train."

Even when she said, "Oh, Blake, I'm glad!"—even when she said she thought that was the wise thing to do, I wasn't convinced. Maybe she was really afraid to say anything, afraid that if she did I'd stay and be hurt.

"Let me know how you are," I said. "I'll write, too."

Even when I got back to the University and saw Jarrs and Anna, and took up the column in The Voice of Action, I had an idea I might hear from her more definitely. The work on the campus kept getting drearier and somehow I couldn't fall into the spirit of "the movement" again. A hundred times a day I'd be thinking of Julia and how she looked there on the porch of the country club. And when I wasn't thinking of her I'd be thinking of Andrew Todd's combine in the white swirling dust, and of big Jack standing in that beer slot saying, "Just tell me where you stand and I'll knock your block off!"

You've got to go back home again, I told myself, and let her know what you feel. You can't expect anything from her until you do.
But I was wrong about that. She did write me at last, saying that she and Hal Wyman were married. Saying that it was wonderful of me to sense how things were when Hal had made that adorable and quixotic gesture.

DOLLY’S MAN

BRUCE BROWN

DOLLY Armfield took in washings every day. She was a young, buxom woman, with red cheeks and dark hair. She went barefooted in the summertime, but she was always very neat and respectable looking. Her tasks at the washboard began about six-thirty in the mornings. She would have her fire built under the kettle and her tubs ready.

The reason people felt sorry for Dolly was that she did not, like most of the single women who lived on Sassafras Street, run around like she was wild and always have half a dozen men at her house all the time. The people on the street had always been a sort of white trash, given to causing disturbances, pistol fights, and a general blot on the civic pride of Post Oak, or they allowed men to rent one of their rooms in their houses where they could play poker, shoot craps, and all sorts of gambling games. But Dolly was quite religious and law-abiding, and she had three children to support. Everybody wanted to help her. It did the barbers a lot of good to send their towels to her to launder. She earned enough from them to pay her living expenses and save a little.

Everybody had a good opinion of Dolly until that fatal, hot June morning at eight o’clock when a man operated the wash wringer in her back yard. At the moment, he was turning the thing, squeezing water out of towels and a lot of flat pieces.

When Dolly walked out into the yard, there was something so strange about her that Old Lady McKenzie, next door, took her pipe out of her mouth. She stared as hard as her old eyes could. Dolly was certainly happy looking. She moved toward the man quickly, carrying a cup of hot coffee. She walked, Old Lady McKenzie decided, as if she were a young girl out cutting up capers.

The old woman watched Dolly and the man, wondering, while, scowling thoughtfully, she took another whiff from her pipe and with cloud-like motions the smoke blew into the morning air. Was that Dolly’s husband? Whoever it was, he was certainly making himself at home. Dolly, who had always been a clean-living woman!

“Howdy, Dolly,” she said in a quaky voice.

“How you this morning, Miz McKenzie?” she said brightly. “I got a man workin’ for me now. He come this morning.”

“Well!” said the old lady. “That sure is nice.”

“He’s going to stay here and help me with my work,” Dolly went on proudly. “He brought a cow with him, too.”
The old lady was getting excited. “The cow’s in the barn. She’s awful pretty and she gives fine milk,” Dolly said. “I don’t see how I ever done without a cow before.”

Everybody was a little bit surprised at Dolly when they heard she had a man. The cow was all right, too, but the man was something different. Everybody became a little suspicious; they watched the man carefully.

Mrs. McKenzie never could get up enough nerve to ask if they were married. She knew they weren’t; but she wanted Dolly to say so. She just couldn’t say, “Dolly, who is this man? What do you know about him?” It would seem like a meddlesome thing to do. She could only watch and see what went on. The man seemed all right. He rented a room in Willie McGanahan’s broom factory and slept there at nights. He took his meals with Dolly and worked all the time.

As days passed, the old lady tried to sound Dolly out, but she didn’t get far. Her desire to know more about the business was fast becoming an obsession.

She said, “Dolly—er—Dolly. Do you know anything about this man?”

“He’s a preacher. His name is Bean.” Dolly looked at her and grinned. “I don’t have to know anything about him,” she said.

The weeks went by. With leaden heart Old Lady McKenzie saw Dolly’s reputation being smashed to smithereens in the town. There was no good in her. She was like all the other immoral and degenerate white trash on Sassafras Street. But there was something genteel about Dolly and it was a shame she had sunk so low. There were rumors that she came from a well-connected family, that she had married a man of whom they didn’t approve. When he died, leaving her without a livelihood, she had come to Post Oak to take in washings.

Old Lady McKenzie decided to tell Dolly what people were saying about her. She decided that the fat, uncommunicative man should be sent about his business. Taking her pipe in her hand, she went over to him while he was punching clothes into the kettle. “Mister Bean, where did you come from?” she asked.

He paused, the clothes-stick in his hands.

“I don’t tell my business much.” His dark head leaned on one side. “I never bother anybody. Dolly, she wants me here.”

“She does, does she?” She retorted, hating him. She had spoken sharply. She started smoking, puffing quickly, blowing the smoke with satisfaction while “Dolly’s Man,” as the neighbors called him now, lifted steaming clothes from the kettle. There she stood, wasting time, trying to find out something.

Several days later, Dolly’s man, hunting for wood to burn under the wash kettle, got into a quarrel with Mrs. Haywood near the railroad about some old ties.

“You leave them alone, you old devil,” Mrs. Haywood yelled at him.

He told her to shut her mouth. “They don’t belong to nobody,” he said. “I’m going to take them.”

Mrs. Haywood was mad. She had had her eyes on those ties for a long time. If she could ever get her lazy husband to cut them up, she meant to use them under her own wash kettle.
“I’ll get the marshal,” she hollered. “I’ll have you arrested.”

Dolly’s man grunted. “What for?” “You’ll find out.” She pursed her lips. “I’ll have you chased out of town.”

Everybody felt the same way about him. Why didn’t he tell something about himself? Everybody knew everybody else’s business in Post Oak. Dolly’s and her man’s silence was not regular. Everybody agreed that he was sneaking and no-account.

The next day the sheriff drove down to Rector, twelve miles from Post Oak, and, competent as he was, found out that a cow had been stolen there a few weeks before. He didn’t want to be too hasty—not in Rector, anyway, but he got a description of the cow.

The barber shop towels were all flapping on the line when he stopped at Dolly’s house. Everything was quiet. The man was sitting on the porch in his bare feet, whittling a gun out of wood for Dolly’s youngest boy. Dolly was ironing in the kitchen. The sheriff went up to him and asked to see the cow. Its description coincided with that of the missing one at Rector.

That night Dolly’s man was in jail. He admitted that he stole the cow, that he was not married to Dolly, and that she just took him in and fed him from the great generosity of her heart.

“I needed somebody to help me,” Dolly said. “When he come to my back door that morning, leading the cow, I told him he could stay and help me do the washings. I loved him.”

Since then, everybody has thought of Dolly as another fallen woman.

THE SOWING

Verne Bright

April is a tall man sowing grain:
Trampling the harrowed earth with haughty stride,
He scatters the pregnant seed, he scatters wide
The hunger of far peoples. The swift rain
Follows with silver steps. A sudden bell
To ring the shoots from slumber, the whispering
Of wind. The fragrant morning meadows sing
With the green growing. Life is audible.

April is a sower: see him go
Scattering seeds of laughter in the sun.
How long till green shoots burn to harvest-dun?
How long till joy give way to golden grief
After the sickle and the fallen leaf?
Brown, arid sheaf-stalks hooded in still snow!
BY nine o'clock on Sunday morning old Sarah Roper always began to watch the sky where it showed a bare undulating line above the cotton. By ten she was making useless errands to the back porch, so that she might halt there for a moment before continuing to the cellar for more potatoes, or perhaps a dish of spiced pears. Her feet, shod in store leather, moved with silent tread. Her face, stolid with Indian calm, revealed an inner radiance. Come hot, come cold, always on Sundays the children would leave what mysterious activities held them through the week, and like homing pigeons return to the battered old house where their mother counted plates, knives and forks, set the spiced pears near Roy's plate, the dills farther down where Lorene could reach them.

Sometime before eleven Roy's shiny V-Eight would slither out of the cotton into the yard and come to a stop under the lone paper-shell pecan tree. He would crawl out—lac ed boots, cords snugly belted, all-over black sweater encasing his good shoulders and V-ing in front to reveal a gay four-in-hand—and come striding across the barren yard. Her first-born, handsome—the tilt of his hat, the brand of his cigarette, the kindly cynicism of his smile thrilling her with their modernity.

Sarah was very busy then; too busy to do more than look his way, or to say, "You come first today. I guess you must be hungry." But her secret joy betrayed itself as she moved with increased zeal from stove to table and back again. Eyes like shoe-buttons, body shapeless in clean calico, face dark as if tanned by tropic sun, and crow-wing hair—Choctaw blood, an eighth.

Blond Si Roper would wink at the favored son. He would say to the beady-eyed tot sitting by his side, "Well, Tony, ask your dad what he brought you," and would chuckle at the boy's frenzied play with the stilts, the football, or the latest toys from Tulsa.

By twelve o'clock they were all there: Lorene, seventeen, on week-days pert student at the Consolidated; Frank, nineteen and a first-class mechanic with something approaching a garage of his own, hurtling over the low gray skyline in a strip-down flivver; Fred, twenty-one, hitch-hiking from the State University; and Roy, the sophisticated business man speeding in from Tulsa.

At eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning in January, Lorene Roper in her best dress stood on the topmost steps of the First Church in Washita a little to the right of the entrance, back pressed to wall by an importunate young fellow in a new suit. A new roadster stood below.

"Be a sport," he pleaded. "Say you're goin' home with Sally today, and you and me'll," his voice slurred the phrase, "go places."

"But I always eat Sunday dinner at home, Monty. Always."

"So what? Well then, invite me home with you."
As she was silent, he asked shrewdly, "Did the big bad wolf growl after I left there last Sunday?"

She confessed, "Papa said I wasn't to—"

Monty's voice and eyes put a period to what papa said, though a faint flush tinged his cheek. "Lissen, baby," his eyes narrowed the fraction of an inch, "You sneak out after dinner and meet me at that ol' dead sycamore on the river."

"Monty, I know they wouldn't like—"

"'Traid to?"

"No, I'm not afraid to!"

"I'll be waitin' for you, baby, at three o'clock."

Fred Roper, hitch-hiker, was saying to the unknown driver who was rattling him down the highway toward Washita, "... so I've decided I'll just quit college."

The driver turned. "An' you're goin' home now to break it to the old folks?"

The owner of the model-T asserted emphatically, "An' you're doin' jest right. If more o' these young pups'd get out an' work, the country'd be better off. College, you don't need to go to college to make a profitable livin'! Look at me!"

With an engaging grin young Frank turned to his customer: "Here she is, mister, ready to run, as good as the day she come out of the factory."

He started the motor and leashed power spoke. Flicking it off, he crawled out of the lowslung seat. He grinned up in the face of the man who was watching him keenly, a hard face, not easily read, with cold eyes.

"How old are you, kid?"

"'Nineteen."

"What's your name?"

"Frank Roper."

The man sized him up: greasy coveralls that plumped his appearance, yellow curly hair above a grease-streaked face, blocky shoulders with a slight hunch to them, square spatulate fingers.

"What you doin' in a dump like this?"

"Just startin'. And it's my dump."

"What's the size of it?"

The young garage-owner gave a comprehensive wave of his hand. "You're in the middle of it, mister. It's mostly a tool shop. There's an old hay barn behind. Empty now. Could be used for storage if—when—I get the cars."

"Let's see it. You're way outa things, ain't yuh, kid? Nigh outa Nigger Town?"

"But trade comes to me." Frank Roper grinned. "You did."

"Gambler's luck. Broke down, that first time. Since then. . . ." In the tone of one not given to sentiment: "You're good. You got engine fingers, and you're usin' 'em to screw lugs on Model-T's and change casings for a bunch of farmers. Why don't you get wise to yourself, kid, and give yourself a break?"

The boy looked at the car. "I'm doin' all right," he answered; but his eyes lingered.

The man meditated. "I might be able to give you a little business."

"What kind of business?"

"An agency." He picked his words.
An anti-car-thief agency." He eyed the boy, then continued. "You know there are a lot of cars being stolen now. In order to prevent it, certain parties are planting a bunch of stations between Kansas City and Dallas. Relay stations. We keep cars under cover so nobody can steal 'em. I was thinking about your hay-barn. There would be a lot of drifting north and south, under orders."

"At night," spoke the boy.

"You catch on quick, kid." The man's hard eyes pierced the boy's face, from which the grin had gone.

"I was wonderin' what I got out of it, mister, except a chance to burn my fingers."

"Mine haven't got scorched yet." The man matched manicured nails. From a thick roll he skinned off a bill for his repair work. "There would be all makes of cars. A chance to work on a lot of different motors, kid. That would be an education to a man who wanted to learn. And if he made himself useful, the Big Boss and I might see that he got a bus like this—a little used, but like this—for his own running round in on Sundays. You probably got a place where you go on Sundays, ain't you, kid?"

"Yes," said the boy in a tone subtly different, "I got a place where I go on Sundays."

"If you come in with us you gotta pay me fifty bucks for the privilege."

Young Roper laughed. "I must look green!"

"This is just one of the boss's notions. He makes us all buy stock. I'll see you're left enough parts so you can't be stung." He gave a slow grin.

The boy grinned in response.

"What do you say?"

"Well, I've got fifty bucks, but not on me. It's home."

"I'll be back through here day after tomorrow, Monday."

The boy watched the car glide away toward the sunset.

"What if it is hot?" he muttered. Reaching for a lug-wrench, he turned to a Model-T. "Gosh, I'll be in the money."

The V-Eight slid to a smooth stop. Good-looking Roy Roper turned to the girl beside him and put his arms round her for a moment.

Released, the girl laughed shakily and fumbled for her compact. She said, "You know, this is the first time you've ever had a date with me on Sunday!"

Roy Roper stared before him as the car again glided along the paved road.

"A man who is asking a girl to be his"—he stopped short—"doesn't usually take her to meet his kid and his folks."

"That was a rotten thing for you to say, Roy."

"Isn't it the truth?"

She said, "You mean you've been coming down here every Sunday to see your little boy?"

"Who else?" He stared, honestly surprised at her feminine obtuseness.

"Roy, why didn't you tell me? It clears up everything. Why, I thought—"

"What, for gosh sakes?"

"I thought—oh, I won't say it—it's too petty."

"What did you think?"

In a small voice, "I thought you came down every Sunday to see her."

"Good Lord!"

"And to think you only came to see
your boy—and your folks—darling, it's—it makes me cry! You do need somebody.'"

Roy stared straight over the shining hood.

"Julie, listen to me. She left Tony and went to California after she got her decree. I've never heard from her, and I never want to. Julie, she burnt me out on—on marriage and that truck, in a way I can't explain. And that's why marriage is out. And I'm bringin' you down to Washita today to show you what you'll share if we tie up—the only way I'll tie up with a woman again. And you can give me your answer tonight when we get back to Tulsa."

Austerely Julie withdrew her hand, but her eyes were not austere, and when the man stole a glance at them, his blood began to pound.

Looking at the clock on the dashboard and counting the hours till midnight, Roy Roper turned his car as by instinct off the pavement and followed the dirt road that led to the cabin in the cotton.

II

"Miss Lantry, try some of that pickled pig's feet. We just made it last week when we killed five hogs. Roy, give Miss Lantry another piece of sausage."

Julie Lantry turned to old Sarah Roper, who sat at the table-end nearest the stove.

"Please call me Julie."

Sarah Roper shrunk from such effrontery. "Maybe I could get used to it after you and Roy—"

It was Julie's turn to flush.

At the Ropers' prodigal Sunday board Julie and Roy sat facing two younger boys addressing themselves with single-minded devotion to their heaped plates. At Roy's left, small Tony out of sloe-black eyes watched the city lady, then turned a grave glance upon his grandfather at the end of the table.

Julie had never seen Roy eat so heartily. It gave her a curiously shut-out feeling to see how discriminatingly that dark, impassive woman plied him with food. She had a knowledge of Roy's tastes that made hers seem sketchy.

"Get Roy some o' that coconut cake, Lorene. He don't want chocolate. Pour some more cream on Frank's chocolate. Don't pour any on Fred's. Lorene is a good cook, Miss Lantry. She cooked all this meal."

"Not all, Mamma.\" Lorene flushed. In her tight pink dress adorned with a frilly apron she looked like a town girl. The dress revealed her budding figure.

"Yes, daughter, you sure can cook.\" Si's big voice closed the discussion. "Get me another piece o' cake."

Though Lorene moved to obey, it was old Sarah who rose and got it. How devoutly she served her men-folks! Julie observed. Lorene, willing, could not compare with her.

"I hope we get done by three,\" Lorene said with unconscious bluntness. Her gaze strayed to the window, across the cotton to the dark line of trees on the river bank.

"You ain't runnin' off today, are you?\" asked her father.

"Oh, it's so close in here. Thought I might get away from this hot stove and get a breath of air."

"I'll wash the dishes for you, Lorene, and you sit in the shade and visit with Miss Lantry. You worked hard
today." At the foot of the table the mother gave Lorene a sudden, sweet smile, her black eyes steady, watchful as a panther over her young. "Give your papa some of your chocolate cake with whipped cream on it. Now I have a fine, big girl that cooks better than I do. I want you should rest."

Lorene's face fell. She would not answer her mother's smile, she could not meet the calm gaze of those eyes.

Shrewd Indian denseness seized Sarah Roper. "No one can make a chocolate cake like Lorene," she stated calmly. "She'll make some man a fine wife. Some good man like her father."

Apparently it was an impromptu remark, but Lorene flushed again and darted a quick glance at grinning Si Roper, at her mother, and then out the window.

Julie wondered what struggle was going on behind the clear blue eyes. Then the moment passed. Lorene fixed the chocolate cake, set it before her father, gave his shoulder a pat. After that her gaze no longer strayed out the window to the line of trees above the cotton.

"Make out your dinner," Sarah was urging as Roy, who in Tulsa complained of dyspepsia, rose reluctantly from the table.

Julie, sighing, rose too. She was short-winded from eating.

Small Tony darted ahead of the others and seized a glittering bicycle that was at rest against the edge of the porch. Mounting it, he flashed round the house. Roy gave Julie a grave wink as they moved lazily down off the porch to watch him.

From a ladder where he had ensconced himself on the sunny south side of the smoke-house, Si boomed out at the re-appearing boy: "I bet he can't go over that cave without pedalin'!"

Suddenly Roy was pulling Julie behind the house. He was putting her on Tony's last year's wheel, and half supporting her, half leaving her to her own risk, pushed her forward.

"Here, you ride mine," Tony, breathless from his cellar exploit, was beside her proffering the handle-bars. Julie managed to keep upright for a distance. "I'm afraid I'll break it." She gave him the bicycle.

"You sit on the rod and let me ride you."

Small Tony pedalled her right merrily. They circled the unpainted house and came back into the sunlight where father and son stood laughing. Lorene and her mother came out and watched them. The group suddenly assumed a family solidarity. Julie felt as she had felt at table, like an outsider.

Then Tony deposited her before his family. He walked straight up to his grandfather. "Grandpaw, let's sell a hog and buy her a bicycle. She likes to ride."

The crystalline silence broke as the group burst into a laugh. Julie felt, vaguely, that she had passed a test. She found Lorene supporting her on Tony's old bike. Both girls crashed in shrieks and laughter. In the violent exercise Julie had completely lost the logy after-dinner feeling she had had on the porch.

"You had a date at three, didn't you, Lorene?" Julie asked.

"Only that feisty Monty Hainer. Too sure of himself, that fellow." Lorene's tone was confidential.
"You were going to meet him down on the river?"

"Well, he told me I was afraid to. Papa won't let him come to the house. Mamma don't like him either."

"H'm." Julie remembered the table — old Sarah sweeping out the cheap affair like trash before her broom. With a vague smile she consulted a wrist-watch. "Three-thirty."

Lorene looked out over the brown cotton stalks. Half-a-mile away by the gate Monty's roadster was kicking back to town to find him a girl who was a good sport. Lorene looked down at the hand on the handle-bars and was moved to discuss something really important.

"How do you make your finger-nails red?"

Julie told her.

"May I come to Tulsa some time and visit you?"

"Why, why yes. Yes, of course."

"Not now, I mean," Lorene reassured her, "but when you and Roy..."

When she and Roy....

Old Sarah Roper came up. "I'm sorry I didn't get the yard swept yesterday; but we butchered."

Five hours earlier, Julie Lantry would have been hard put to suppress laughter at the thought of anyone's sweeping a yard round a cotton shack. Her impression when Roy had driven into it had been of simply so much bare red earth about a battered house. Secretly she had wondered at Roy's absurd enthusiasm for the meager little place. Now, gilded in sunlight, it had become a playground for a happy family. Old Sarah's sweeping of it was only good housewifery.

Suddenly her eyes stung with tears.

On the south side of the battered house, cranking his strip-down Ford, Frank straightened. "What?"

Si's voice boomed again: "Be sure and fix up my radio for me before you run off anywheres."

His fifty dollars burning a hole in his right-hand pocket, Frank suppressed an oath. "All right, papa."

Entering the room where his father, hands on knees, sat before the ovoid stove and Fred sat facing him in a straight chair, Frank made his way to the radio in the corner. A burnt tube, that was it.

Fred was being tactful, ingratiating, waiting for the right moment to announce that he was going to quit school.

"I told that teacher all the storms in this country come from the northwest," said Fred, "but the text says——""

Old Si gave an impatient snort.

"When was that big storm, papa?"

"Twenty-fifth of October. When you and Frank was in town goin' to school. Your mamma and Rene and me was out here. Had a note due at the bank the first, but we'd got in a good crop that year."

"Cotton was a good price, wasn't it?" prompted Fred, speciously interested now, that he might later gain his point.

"Yeah. Twenty cents. We had in twenty acres. We planned to start pickin' the next week. Yes sir, when we turned in that night, it certainly looked like we was settin' purty."

Fred waited with just the right deference. Involuntarily Frank began to listen.

"The next afternoon the Madam come in where I was settin' down lookin' at that twenty-cent market. I
couldn’t get over it. With that little laugh she’s got, kinda hatin’ to bother me, she said, ‘It’s gittin’ colder out, Mr. Roper.’ I went out on the back porch, and it sure was colder, all right. The air felt funny, like ice, though the sun was shinin’. I walked out in the yard by the west side of the house and looked north. Over beyond the cotton field the sky was yaller, goin’ to green. The Madam sidled up to me and said, ‘Bad storm. I can feel it, Mr. Roper.’ We heared a noise, a roar; but it wasn’t wind. That yaller-green sky had turned a dirty gray. Something popped down at our feet. It was hail! We rushed in the house, me holdin’ my hat over the Madam’s head.

‘It had hit the barn by then, and the marbles had got big as hen aigs. Sounded like folks poundin’ the house with clubs. We heared glass breakin’ in the other room. Them glass winders was her pride, but she never let out a yeepr. She jest held onto me and ’Rene. We crawled under the kitchen table, and ’Rene begun to bawl, but the Madam never cheeped. Injun blood is pure grit. Your maw never laid down on a job in her life, and never hollered when things was bad.

‘Sure was bad that time. When the roar crossed the river, we crawled out. The Madam looked at me, and I said, ‘We’ll go out and see.’’ He sighed. ‘‘We seen, all right. Holes beat down in the ground. Them twenty acres was a sea of mud sheeted over with them little ice marbles. The Madam looked, and kinda straightened up and looked at me. ‘Can’t we pick it up and warsh it out, Mr. Roper?’ she said. We couldn’t, but I said mebbe we could. Plumb foolish, tryin’ to cheer up the Madam, though. What I needed was to cheer myself up. Wiped out. That’s all I could think of, wiped out. And a whole year to wait, and eat, before there’d be another crop. And that note due at the bank. I tell you, boys, right then’s when your old dad darn near lost his grip.

‘‘I hitched up and started for town. That storm had made a narrow swath and never touched Johnson’s crop across the road nor Peterson’s on the west. That didn’t help me none, to see that, now I’m tellin’ yuh! But now listen careful to this, boys. It goes to show yuh how I learnt the biggest lesson of my life. I got the first part quick as I hit town. The store-keeper begun to laugh. ‘So it spared them bootleggers and gamblers beside you and got the best man in the country!’ he says, like it was a big joke. But it sure wasn’t no joke to me. I reck on I looked pretty blue, fer he sobered up and got me over to one side and said, ‘Listen! Do you suppose we’re goin’ to let you and them kids starve! You walk up there to that counter and order yourself a bunch o’ groceries. As long as I’ve got a loaf o’ bread in this store, half of it’s yours. Lord! you ain’t wiped out yet!’

‘‘Well, that made me feel half a shade better, but I still had to go to the bank. I went in and I said, ‘Leech, I cain’t meet that note. I’m wiped out. It took jest a half-hour fer the hail to do it in.’ He said, ‘Why, you ain’t wiped out, Si. You’ve just had hard luck. Now we’re gonna fix this note up, and the bank’s gonna lend you some money to tide you over till next crop when you can pay it back.’ He’s the hardest man in the country. They say he’d bleed his own grandmother. It keeled me over. ‘I
“You’re quitting?”
“Yeah?” Frank stared absently at the little group clustered on the south side of the smokehouse round the solid old man in overalls.
“I’m—well, I’m quitting college this week.”

Tony on his bicycle flashed into sight and out again. Frank detached his gaze from his father and turned.

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hand us another yarn to make us feel like thirty cents.'"

They crawled out of the car and strolled over to the family group.

Two hours later the V-Eight glided out of the cotton bearing back to their mysterious week-day activities the two Ropers and Julie. When they hit the pavement Roy turned on the radio. From the periphery of existence alien things clamored in to destroy the magic of a Sunday dinner on a farm that Julie hugged to her heart. Soon the restored collegian was dropped at his town, and the car was speeding toward Tulsa.

Julie grew frightened at the way the outside clutched her again.

"'Roy,'" she said hurriedly, "'I can't do it. That arrangement, I mean. If you wanted me to,'" her voice caught, "'you shouldn't have taken me down there to meet your mother and your father.'"

Roy turned off the radio.

"'Ain't that a laugh? I felt the same way. I've been ashamed to mention it. Makes me feel like I ain't modern, or something.'" He laughed low. "'Say, honey, how about us getting married before we go back home next Sunday?'"

PANORAMA: FOUR POEMS

I. FACTORY TOWN

Carl Bulosan

The factory whistle thrilled the atmosphere
With a challenging shriek: the doors opened suddenly
And vomited black-faced men, toil-worn men:
Their feet thudded evenly upon the gravel paths;
They reached the gates, and looked at each other.
No words—lidless eyes moved, reaching for love.
Silence and fear made them strong, invincible, wise.
They shook their hands and tossed their heads back,
A secret defiance to their fragmentary careers;
And paced the homeward roads with hurried steps.

These were the longest years of their lives;
These were the years when the whistle at four o'clock
Brought them to the factory yard, then they scurried
Home heavy with fatigue and hunger and love.
These were the years when the giant chimneys blocked
The skies with dark smokes that reminded passersby
Of the serpent-like strength of life within, bleeding,
Scarred with love and death. These were the years...

Faces behind laced doors and curtained windows,
Did you see the young man stand by the factory gates,
His face serious and forlorn, brittled with pain,
His hands unsteady with nervousness, did you see him?
Look at the lengthening lines of voiceless men waiting
By the factory gates who will never be men again.
II. AMOS

Calvin Good

Amos is strong. He has tall grandsons (seven), but he is sturdy yet. The years have eaten cleft hollows in his cheeks, and still the leaven of a tough spirit says he is not beaten. He farms a sandy quarter in the hills, half black-jack and half sand; and he can follow the plow as long as need be, for he tills the soil as well as men not lean and hollow.

He has his uses to society, being husbandman of stalk and blade and vine. Hester, his wife, (as firm and sweet as plums that bud and make along the section line) is his to feed and keep, as are the three who hold tight to her skirt when company comes.

III. CAMP MEETING

James Morgan

Camp meeting howling to the inattentive hills—
Lord, our souls are on fire!

The sun lazies down on the dust-tipped weeds, A jay-bird flies past the water tower— Piece of sky against the rust—white clouds lie Like white drawers ballooning on the line. Halleluiah, set us free!

A whistle, faint as silk, of a far-off train (Miles of prairie dust atween you and it). O, Glory and the Christ to the poor!

Hand clap, hand clap, thump of shoes. This gingham frenzy drinks, with egg-white eyes, The passion tilting sermon of the preacher Man is communing with his God. A vulture like a pin-point high in the sky Waits for Jones’ black-and-white cow to die. The wasps are singing by their mud-daub home, The rooster by the wire fence shakes his comb, A horse, far-pastured, whinnies and stares Across a road at three careless mares. O, Lord, lead us to thy happy home...
IV. GREEN THINGS
ARTHUR E. DUBOIS

Your Majesties,
not I alone have had
A glimpse at life so grey, so soot-begrimed
In cities that its senators were glad
For cemeteries to sit in, sunned, untimed,
Overlooking the cared-for graves, alone,
Finding the greenest things on earth they have ever known!

WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME
NORMAN MACLEOD

THERE are different distinct ways
of feeling: the mode of expression is what counts. If I could
properly relate the one to the other,
my life would be more of a mean. But
there is too much violence in this various world. It creeps into one’s verse;
it knocks you in the unwary eye from
the headlines of every tabloid. Crossing
the intersection of a downtown street, the car skids across the curb and
curls itself around lamp posts of memory.

Even in retrospect this is so.
There was Billy the Kid before the
dark days on a high plateau when I
lived in Taos under the sunlight, taking
long rides to Carrizozo. Wild Bill
Hickok when I went to grade school in
Montana, the kids aping his exploits.
There was some hidden connection be-
tween my being lost in Chicago as a
child and the massacre on Valentine’s
Day. Al Capone had nothing on me.
And I was in prison once, as he.

Life had never been easy. Things
go along well until something explodes
in the locked cells of the brain. The
nerves bunch at the base of the skull
and my body takes action without the
counsel of the mind, the mouth saying
foolish things.

What it is that does this to me I
don’t know.

I suspect people and worry about the
world; or open my heart to the merest
stranger. There is something vitally
wrong with me. I would like to put
my finger on the affected spot, get to
the root of disturbance.

There are different ways of going
about this.

Historically, there is much to be said
by way of palliation for emotional in-
stability and violence. In frontier days
the lust to shoot sought foothold in the
consciousness of men and remained.
Force tangled with blood spilled and
for years the soil was rich with car-
nage; and good crops were grown ma-
nured of human bones. Cattle and
sheep grew fat on the luxuriant grass
while punchers and herders fought for
range control.

The children grew up to be the fine
stature of men with the sun dark on
their foreheads.

Although the Indians died in the
Northwest and upon the plains, there
were settlers coming in. And through-
out Arizona and New Mexico even the Indians throve on violence. Many were the Jesse Jameses who wrote with bullets their names in the sand. In Utah Avenging Angels killed off the Gentiles for the Mormons, and my great grandfather was one of those killed.

Blood has a curious way of augmenting itself. The perplexed sap of man has gorged the scarlet arroyos of the Great Divide, and yet the forests of humanity sweep over the mountains west. Between the various species growing in different soil with barriers between them of rock and wind there is distance out of mind. The scrub oak or redwood flourishes according to its soil.

But I do not think my blood accounts for the friction in my veins. The _Knife of the Times_ is the way that Williams feels about it. And certainly it is true that the world stands with bayonets thrust at the crossroads of these days. In Europe I passed from France to Germany. On May Day saw the Nazi hordes in the Unter den Linden crowding the Jews off the streets of Berlin. In Moscow witnessed the Red Army march before Lenin’s tomb in Red Square.

Back in Paris again the different costumes of militarism were a dangerous masquerade. In Europe I found that Americans were not wanted. Communism was at death grips with fascism all over the world; and one raucous American word out of place and there were four close walls staring you in the face.

In all of this what is the one silent word of peace to let us sleep?

At night my nerves tighten rather than relax. Outside the window an Elevated is a streak of hate, blurred by the sadistic carnival of taxi honks. A bottle crashes in the court, and children cry. Fire alarm with attendant red trucks speeding in a mad insanity of sirens as the ambulances pass.

But it is not the rhythm of the blood alone that accounts for this, as Mary Austin once averred, pushing a strand of grey hair off her forehead. It is not the meter of contemporary times, spondee after spondee, that makes me lock the windows against the light, drawing the shades to their full extent and turning on the lamp.

Perhaps it is true that I fear the Japanese will invade the Soviets, embroiling the world in another war; or that Italy’s aid to the Spanish fascists will entangle the French; or that . . . I admit that these considerations affect my life.

There is my Italian friend who is a casual bartender working on and off at nights, who can’t get work now in Harlem because II Duce fought the blacks. Reading a paper, working on WPA projects, crossing streets, I know that American workingmen are beaten up, jailed and killed because of the way they feel about these matters.

But that’s not the whole of it; nor is it the exact answer. I must inquire into myself what makes me do the foolish and extraordinary things I do. What makes me take so much on the chin and go down kicking at myself and the world?

I am not a strong man. Not over a year ago I loosed the blood in my veins like a sleepy jaguar of the night; but before it was all gone they stitched the cut. Now I am whole again, or almost whole, as it takes the blood some time to replenish itself.

But I remember from the earliest
Frontier and Midland

years of my life how quiet I was, warming my introspective hands at the constricted fire within my breast. Cowardly because of the excitement that jammed my throat, until I took myself firmly in hand for the fight. Usually I lost; but sometimes I won.

Prison in France was normal enough. I couldn’t speak French and the gendarmes saw that my tie was red, but in Moscow why should I have offended the Soviet novelist, Vera Inber, because she acted like a British saint? And the vodka was bad and food sparse to one with too few stolovia cards.

Of course, having my passport taken away by a special agent of the State Department as I docked in New York was not unusual in cases of that sort—I had insulted the English Immigration Service and the King must be served.

Insubordination is my middle name. Always getting into difficulties. Being quiet for many weeks and then exploding the locked cells of my brain. A weak and disorganized bull in the china closet of our times, hurting nobody nearly so much as myself. Losing jobs and eking out days. Making friends and losing them much more quickly. Writing poetry and tearing it up.

The blood of the past in my veins and the lurid lymph of contemporary times cannot be the entire explanation. Something is wrong with my guts. And yet, it is hard to figure out. And although I don’t believe in escape mechanisms—I have been so drilled in contempt for the ivory tower—yet there are weeks when I wish to sink into a protected silence, forgetting problems and my uneven struggle in this world. But there is the rent coming to plague my thought.

Fearing that once more I am destined to defeat, I sally out, trusting to unsanguine luck not to be thrown beneath a subway express, hoping I will not put a dime in the nickel slot-machine.

But it never lasts for long—that newborn bubble in the brain. Hope explodes and cataclysms follow. There are different ways of feeling, distinct as destiny: the mode of expression should be of its patrimony.

O, Falcon of our Hunger and Starvation, lead me the way through a dismal field of forgotten factories to the tenor of tenements, transient camps, and cops.

It is good for a man to discover his country. And, baby, I’m walking—walking my baby back home.

SCIENCE

Lee Jentelson

None of walking words to speak, only to stand alone,
only to try the pliancy and then the underneath of bone.

Only to knuckle soft in cheek down to the hard of bone
and know the fluent sand and sea and still the underlying stone,

the plastic yielding of the snow, weak to the wind’s wild teeth,
but rolling only with the earth unmoved the shaping rock beneath.

Beneath the transience to know, under the shifting sheath,
rigidity—a fixed rebirth of change unchanging underneath.
Dusk's hour is the whippoorwill's, a shell
of memory open for the well
of dark:

here now the killdeer cries, sandpipers spread wing,
take air, the upland plover mourns:
where Frontenac's priest paused to rest,
where Carver sat and wrote,
the shore is bare, the shore is dark, the nighthawks dip and cry alone.
Where canoe and rafts and riverboats came down
year after year, score after years summed as a score:
creak of oarlocks—nothing more.
Three times a night the mail cries down the sky, red eye and green,
through lark's ascents, hawk's countries on the buttes of air, the eagle's
solitudes.

O Wisconsin!

land of woods and many lakes up country,
land with the heart of it a land of sand,
south land low rolling, rich for seed—
the place, the greening place—
Red Bird, Black Sparrow Hawk and Yellow Thunder:
Marquette and Joliet, Lahontan, Keokuk:
Carver, Dewey, Philipp and La Follette thrice:
they told the years: Wescott and Garland, Schurz,
Gale, Gregory and Latimer: fought at your Four Lakes,
at your Heights along the river, at the Bad Axe, Wisconsin—
and at Portage, Black Hawk folded arms.

Arbutus greeting April:
marigolds:
here men walked with naked feet, with moccasined feet,
hard heel on grass and fern turned deathward—
in fragrant air, sweet air
where now the whippoorwill
calls at the mossgrown windowsill.
THE STURGEON
G. Frank Goodpasture

Leviathan . . . impaled on hooks!
Dismayed, I watch you rise
Out of the waves, a baffled gleam
Of hate in your bleached eyes.

Rasping along the gunwale's edge
You lie, each futile roll
Driving deeper the tri-point barb
Into your reptile soul.

Spawn in the deep hole near the sea
Grope blindly trails of slime;
But darkly in unfathomed gloom
Your fate awaits its time!

HISTORICAL SECTION

Old letters, diaries, journals, and other materials relating to the Old West will be welcomed. They will be carefully handled and, if desired, returned. Accepted material cannot be paid for.

THE BLACKFOOT INDIAN PEACE COUNCIL

A document of the official proceedings of the treaty between the Blackfoot Nation and other Indians and the United States, in October, 1855.

EDITED BY ALBERT J. PARTOLL
Montana State University School of Journalism.

INTRODUCTION

The Blackfoot Indian peace council between the Blackfeet and other Indian tribes and United States commissioners, Isaac I. Stevens, and Alfred Cummings, was a masterful stroke of diplomacy, because it brought about a great change in the history of inter-tribal relations, and placed the conduct of the tribes under the authority of the United States. It marked the beginning of a new era of Indian history.

To Governor Isaac I. Stevens, of Washington Territory, who was also superintendent of Indian affairs of the territory, is due the credit for making the arrangements for this treaty. Governor Stevens had been in charge of the government explorations and surveys for a railroad route from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean. From 1853 to 1855 the exploring parties carried on their work, in the meanwhile holding meetings with Indian tribes and discussing the merits of the policy of peaceful inter-tribal relations.

Stevens had been empowered to make arrangements for such a council and after two years of careful preparation saw his efforts meet with success. For the first time in the history of the west the Indians east of the mountains and the Indians west of the mountains were to be bound by a treaty of amity. Warfare was to be outlawed, and the western Indians were to be permitted to hunt buffalo east of the mountains without fear of their ancient foes of the Blackfoot nation, who regarded the western Indians as poachers.

In many ways the Blackfoot Indian council corresponded to the international peace tribunals of the white men. Warriors who had previously met only on the field of battle, or had taken part in expeditions for plundering each other, forgot their past differences to listen to the words of the "Great Soldier Chief," as Stevens was titled by the Indians. Wise tribal councillors chose to arbitrate with diplomacy not force. Statesmanship was preferable to the chaos of battle.

Previous to the great council Governor Stevens had made a series of treaties with Indians of the mountains, and as a fitting climax negotiated the Blackfoot treaty. Assigned by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to be present at the treaty was Colonel Alfred Cummings, of the central Indian superintendency which included the Territory of Nebraska in which the council was to be held.

The great council was originally planned for early August but owing to the failure of treaty goods and presents to arrive by boat from the east the council was postponed until their arrival, which was not until October. Originally about 12,000 would have been present
but the delay caused many to return home, so that only a portion of that number was present when the council opened.

The official treaty bears this introduction:

"Articles of agreement and convention made and concluded at the Council Grounds, near the mouth of the Judith River, so as to be more accessible to all concerned. At that time Judith river was part of Nebraska territory, but was included in Montana territory, organized in 1864. James Bird was selected by James Doty because of his linguistic knowledge. He was familiar with the Blackfeet dialects and is described by Doty as "a half-breed, English and Blackfeet; is an elderly man, respectable and intelligent, and the best interpreter in the country." Bird's early career in the west is concerned with the fur trade in which he is variously described as a man associated with many enterprises and expeditions.

Alexander Culbertson's wide experience in dealing with the Blackfeet and other Indians well qualified him as the advisor and interpreter for Governor Stevens. At the treaty of Fort Laramie in 1851, he was interpreter for the Assinobines and Gros Ventres. He was designated as special agent among the Blackfoot Indians by Stevens in 1853, and was instrumental in arranging conferences with these Indians. He rendered invaluable services on many occasions for his manner of coping with inter-tribal friction.

His wife was a Blackfoot woman and his alliance in this connection served the government well. His career in the fur trade in which he is as well as other fur trade activities.

This is Benjamin De Roche, whose name is so given on the official treaty. He was a private with the exploration party. His name is sometimes given as Roche.

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children to understand that I have been sent here with my friend [Stevens] on the left, by my Great Father in the East.

"Your Great Father has been very much grieved to hear that you have had difficulties among yourselves, and has sent us up now to arrange them. Today we will open a paper in which we will all agree to live in peace and friendship, after which we will give you presents, which the Great Father has sent to show he is in earnest. By and bye, when you have signed this paper, the presents will be given.

"I am glad to see, and the other Commissioner is glad to see, that the hearts of the Indians are disposed for peace and to meet the wishes of their Great Father.

"When my Colleague has said a few words more to you, we will open the paper and the Interpreters will explain it to you, clearly, so that you can understand, and if you do not you must ask for explanations.

"The Great Father told me to tell you that if you kept your promises he would send goods to you every year, and people to show you how to farm, so that you can raise plenty to eat.

"I met the Assiniboines before coming here. They sent by me Tobacco, to be given you at this Council, saying that they wished to live in peace with you and all the Indians in this Country.

"It was Low Horn," who, two years, since, said to me, 'Peace with the Flatheads and Nez Perces.' The Lame Bull said, 'Peace with the Flatheads and Nez Perces.' The Little Dog, Little Gray Head, and all the

"I will quit by saying I hope the Great Spirit will put good sense in your heads about what you have to do at this Council."

Commissioner Stevens said:

"My children, my heart is glad today—I see Indians, East of the Mountains and Indians West of the mountains sitting here as friends. Bloods, Blackfeet, Piegains, Gros Ventres, and Nez Perces. Kootenays, Pend d'Oreilles, Flatheads. And we have the Cree sitting down here from the North and East, and Snakes, further from the West.

"There is Peace now between you all here present. We want Peace also with absent tribes. With the Assiniboines. With the Snakes, and yes, with the Crows. You have all sent your message to the Crows, telling them you would meet them in friendship here. The Crows were far and could not be found, but we expect you to promise to be friends with the Crows here.

"I might have some doubt did I not know from experience the hearts of these men. You have known me long. You have always found me your friend. You have trusted me once, I know you will trust me again. Peace, I say with the Crows!

"It was Low Horn," who, two years, since, said to me, 'Peace with the Flatheads and Nez Perces.' The Lame Bull said, 'Peace with the Flatheads and Nez Perces.' The Little Dog, Little Gray Head, and all the
Blackfoot Chiefs said, ‘Peace with them, come and meet us in Council.’ And here they are. Here you see them face to face. I met them the same year, I told them your words. They said: ‘Peace also with the Blackfeet.’

“And both my brother (Comm. C.) and myself have seen the Great Father, and he has sent us among you to be witnesses of this peace and friendship.

“And the Great Father has said, ‘Peace with the Cree and Assiniboines, the Crows and all neighboring tribes.’

“I shall say nothing about Peace with the whites. No white man enters a Blackfoot or a Western Indians Lodge, without being treated to the very best. Peace already prevails. We trust such will continue to be the case forever.

“My heart must express its gratitude to you all for the kindness you have shown to me and those connected with me, for nearly three years.

“We have been travelling over your whole country, both East and West of the Mountains: In small parties, ranging away north to Bow River, South to Yellowstone, and from Ocean to Ocean.

“We have kept no Guard. We have not tied up our horses, all has been safe. Therefore, I say Peace has been, is now, and will continue between these Indians and the White Man. There is no need of more words. It is a fixed fact.

“We will read the paper to you.”

Commissioner Cumming said:

“I wish you to say to the Blackfeet and the other Indians, that the Cree here present, who came up with the “Little Dog” is with him, a witness to the friendly spirit manifested by the Assiniboines and Cree, and their sending by me some tobacco as a token of their friendship and desire for peace, and I will now distribute it.”

(The tobacco was given to the Cree, who accompanied by the “Little Dog,” gave it to the principal chiefs present.)

Commissioner Stevens then said:

“Thus you have the message from the Assiniboines. By and by you will have from my Brother here, a message of Peace from the Crows: but from this ground send tobacco to the Crows, through these men (pointing to the Nez Perces) who know the Crows.”

The Commissioner then proceeded to explain the treaty. He said, “Here is the paper. But before I explain what is in it, I will state what is not in it.

“A story was told among you, that your country was to be taken away from you and that you were to be driven North to the Saskatchewan, among the Cree and the Assiniboines.”

“You see Mr. Doty” writing at that table. He told you it was a lie. You know Mr. Doty, and that he has never told you a lie.

“Tell you that story is a lie, and you have always had the truth from me.”

“We want to establish you in your country on farms. We want you to have cattle and raise crops. We want your children to be taught, and we want you to send word to your Great Father, through us where you want your farms to be, and what schools and mills and shops you want.”

“This country is your home. It will remain your home. And as I told the Western Indians we hoped through the long winters, by and bye, the Blackfeet would not be obliged to live on poor Buffalo Meat but
would have domestic Cattle for food. We want them to have Cattle.

"You know the Buffalo will not continue forever. Get farms and cattle in time.

"I will now explain this paper to you."

The treaty was then read and explained—Article by article, and having reached the third—Comm. Stevens said:

"A few words before I explain the next point in the paper.

"The Blackfeet know that the Western Indians go to Buffalo on the other side of the Missouri. They use certain passes. The Medicine Rock, the Big Hole, and others further south.

"They pass over and through those passes, go to the Muscle Shell, and the Yellowstone and return home by them.

"These the Western Indians have hunted, and there the Blackfeet have hunted. We propose that all the Indians here shall continue to hunt on that ground, and that it shall be common hunting ground. I will explain that ground more carefully in a moment.

"I have a word to say to the Western Indians: They have hunted at the Three Buttes." The Blackfeet complain of them. They say give up hunting here, and you may hunt on the Common Hunting Ground.

"We think that talk is good, and wish the Western Indians should not hunt there. I think, Alexander will think it good.

"I told you a few moments since that I should explain more fully the position of the Common Hunting Ground."

A map was then shown to the chiefs, and the boundaries of their country and the hunting ground fully explained by Commissioner Stevens, who then said:

"I have now explained to the Blackfoot and Flatheads chiefs about their Common hunting ground, on the map—I will now explain it to the Nez Perces."

(After which he continues)—"We have now explained to all the Indians their country and the common hunting ground. Now Alexander the Pend d'Oreille chief wishes to speak."

Alexander said:

"A long time ago our people, our ancestors belonged in this country. The country around the Three Buttes. We had many people on this side of the mountains, and now you have shown us only a narrow ridge to hunt on.

"You do not see all of our people here. There are many beyond the mountains. It is a very small place you give us for a hunting ground.

"A long time ago our people used to hunt about the Three Buttes and the Blackfeet lived far north. When my Father was living he told me that was an old road for our people.

"We Indians were all well pleased when we came together here in friendship. Now you point us out a little piece of land to hunt our game on. When we were enemies, I always crossed over there, and why should I not now, when we are friends? Now I have two hearts about it—why cannot I go there? What is the reason? Why do you point us out a small place?

"Which of these chiefs (pointing to the Blackfeet) says we are not to go there? Which is the one?"

The Little Dog, a Piegan answered—"It is I, and not because we have anything against you. We are friendly. But the North Blackfeet are bad, it might produce a quarrel if you hunted near them. Do not put yourselves in their way."

Alexander continued—"Here is this White Chief who has just been talking to us. He said all your nation was here to make peace. Why is it that they do not?

"The Chief tells us that we are all, all us

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1 The Three Buttes were isolated high elevations in the upper Missouri river region, and were widely known as landmarks and watchtowers to the Blackfeet, Assiniboines, and Crows, who could observe the adjoining country for many miles from them. They were favorite lookout places for buffalo hunters. Western tribes frequently hunted in their vicinity and were to be denied this right by the treaty being considered.

2 Head chief of the Kalispells, and a signer of the treaty at Hell Gate in 1855. His services to the Stevens surveys was of value as was his interest in treaties.

3 The name Kalispell is derived from Kalispelm, meaning "people of the flatland," which may in some measure support the statement of Alexander as to tribal residence and rights. The Pend d'Oreilles and the Kalispells are the same people.

4 This reference apparently is to the northern Passes of Cut Bank and Marias, both of which were used by the Flatheads, Kootenai, and Kalispells on their buffalo hunting expeditions, they regarded as poachers. An Indian trail was well defined through both passes.

5 These Indians lived north of the 49th parallel and came into the Upper Missouri region to hunt buffalo and to trade at the American posts. Their residence was in Canada.
Indians, to eat out of the same plate, one plate. Now you tell me to quit crossing in the North. I wonder how this can be."

The Little Dog said: "I went to the North with Mr. Doty. Those Indians would not come to the treaty. I do not know what they intend to do."

Comr. Stevens said, "I will explain to Alexander why the Commissioners think their plan about the hunting just and good."

Alexander said, "All these Blackfeet chiefs spoke but one word. I was glad to have the treaty. I was following only what they said. Now I do not know how it is. I thought they came here to make peace. When peace is made we should be mixed together freely. Here am I, and many of us. If they wish to come to our country we will not tell them to go back. If in my country, I saw you coming I would be very glad. Below here God tells us that we must all come together, all of us Everybody. If I see us all come together, then I shall be very glad. I like all of you. Now we are trying to learn everything. We are only trying. Our children will have better sense. I want you to speak. What are your minds?"

Little Dog said, "Since he speaks so much of it, we will give him liberty to come out in the North."

Commissioner Cumming said, "I wish Alexander to understand that all that Country North of these lines, (and here the Comm. pointed out on the map the boundaries of the Blackfoot territory as laid down in the treaty of Laramie) is recognized by the Laramie treaty as belonging to the Blackfeet; and the Blackfeet in a desire for peace and friendship, give that to them for a Common hunting ground. It is not so large as some countries, but it is pretty large, and appears to be sufficient for their use."

Comm. Stevens said, "In making this division we looked to the Indians obtaining their living. The Blackfeet need all their country here. The Western Indians have enough in the piece given them in proportion to their numbers. Alexander does not want the Blackfeet to starve. The Blackfeet also want Alexander to have food. The Blackfeet agree as my brother has said, that this shall be a common hunting ground. We want Alexander to agree to it. The Western Indians are only one fourth as numerous as the Blackfeet. Let Alexander think of this. He does not get all his food from the Buffalo. He has farms and cattle. The Blackfeet have none."

Alexander said, "I speak for this because when I am hungry, I go in the North" and hunt a few Buffalo and return home soon."

Comm. Stevens said, "Alexander has spoken of friendship and peace. It is right. We expect him to be good friends with the Blackfeet. Let him pause and not give a quick answer. But to listen to his father."

The Big Canoe (Pend d'Oreille) said, "I am glad now we are together. I thought our roads would be over all this country. Now you tell us different. Supposing that we do stick together, and do make a peace. That is the way we talk on the other side. Now you tell me not to step over that way. I had a mind to go there."

Comm. Cumming said, "The object is not to prevent social intercourse between the tribes. It is only to preserve their hunting grounds distinctly apart. The Blackfeet will always be glad to see the Flatheads. The Whites make these lines to show where each must hunt so that there shall be no quarrels. The Blackfeet invite you to come and see them at all times."

The Lame Bull (principal Chief of the Piegans) said, "It is not our plan that these things are going on. I understood that what the White Chiefs told us to do, we were to do, both sides. It is not we who speak. It is the White Chiefs. Look at those tribes, (pointing to the Western Indians) they are the first to speak, making objections this morning. We intend to do whatever the Government tells us; we shall take care to try and do it. We shall consider what the White Chiefs wish us to do, and I think we shall do it. They have done much and in..."
tend much more for us. Let us listen. We shall abide by what the White Chiefs say. I hope these Indians will make friends with us and that it may be shown by a friendly exchange of property."

The Big Canoe said, "Don’t let your war parties hide from me. Let them come to our camp as friends."

Commissioner Cumming said, "I wish to say to the Western Indians that upon this land no permanent settlements shall be made for ninety-nine years. Although it is recognized Blackfoot country by this paper." (pointing to the treaty of Laramie) I wish Alexander to decide upon this proposition, that I may repeat it to the Blackfeet if he agrees to it."

Alexander declined replying—

Comr. Stevens then said, "I will say a few words to all the Indians present. We will try this treaty again tomorrow. Think over the matter in your lodges tonight. I will say to the Western Indians that the proposition made to them I believe to be just and good. Let them conciugel together and see tomorrow, if it will not suit their hearts, when you separate talk in friendship with the Blackfeet and see if your hearts cannot be one."

The Council then adjourned till tomorrow at 10 A.M.

October 17th Wednesday.

The Indians assembled and the Council was opened at 12 M.

Comr. Stevens said, "My Children you separated in friendship last night. You meet as friends now. The Blackfeet said last night, they say now, we will agree to what our Fathers recommended us to agree. We will give to the Western Indians the liberty to hunt on the trail down the Muscle Shell to the Yellowstone. Thus the Blackfeet give to you the right to hunt in their country down the Muscle Shell."

Comr. Cumming said, "Say to the Blackfeet that the Muscle Shell continues to be the boundary of their country. Say to the Flatheads and Nez Perces that the Muscle Shell continues to be the boundary of the Blackfoot Country; but the Blackfeet give them the right of hunting in their country along the trail passing down the Muscle Shell."

Comr. Stevens said, "Here is a map and I will now explain carefully the boundaries we have spoken of." And the Commissioner then proceeded to explain them in detail by means of a map, and a rough sketch of the country drawn on a Buffalo skin. Having thus fully explained Articles III IV and V the Commissioner said, "If no objection is made to these articles, my brother will explain to you the next articles."

The Indians appearing fully to comprehend and assent, no objections being made:

Comr. Cumming proceeded to say, "It is the wish of your Great Father that the Indians remain within their own countries except when going to the country of neighboring tribes for the purpose of visiting or trading. The arrangements we have made will not prevent you from visiting each other as friends. The great Father wishes to encourage you in this."

The Comr. having taken up and carefully explained the VI, VII and VIII Articles continued as follows:

"I hope this will be agreeable to my Red Children. It is what the Great Father says to them. Is there anything to which they object?"

The Indians expressed an entire comprehension and satisfaction with the agreements required of them, and the Comr. proceeded to take up Article IX relating to annuities...
and said, “In consideration of the goodness of his children and the promises which they make, the Great Father has sent those goods to you pointing to the goods which were piled up near the Council Ground.

“These goods he tells us to give to the four bands of the Blackfeet, and the Indians from the West, according to their numbers. There are some of the Four Tribes absent. The Great Father has sent an agent to live at the Forts above who will be your Father. When you have any trouble, go to him as you would to your Father. As soon as I can get the goods fixed I will divide them out among the Indians perhaps to-morrow. It may be the next day, but I will do it as soon as I can. I know you are anxious to get away. Some of the Indians who live far off had no horses and could not come to the Council. We will give a plenty of goods to everybody here. For those who are absent, my brother and myself have agreed to place them in the hands of the agent sent to them by the Great Father, till he can see them. When they come to the Forts they will find him there, and he will give them their goods. I presume this arrangement is agreeable to the Blackfeet, let them say if it is not.”

The Commissioner then explained in detail, the consideration to be paid, contained in Articles IX and X, and,

Comr. Stevens in continuation of the subject said: “The Great Father thinks much of farms, schools, mills, and shops, and he wants you to consent, if he thinks best, that no goods shall be sent you, but all be given to farms, etc., your own wishes will be consulted in this respect. But the Great Father does not want you to starve when the Buffalo passes away. Therefore he will do all he can to get for you farms, cattle, etc., and teach your children trades. We want, as we have said, the Indians to be the friends of each other, to be the friends of the Whites. If the White man takes your property the Great Father will make it good to you. If any of you take the property of a white man, you will make it good to him. If Indians steal from each other the same rule will apply as in case of Indians stealing from Whites.”

Article XI in relation to their dependence upon the United States was minutely explained, as also were the remaining articles of the treaty.

The Commissioner continued, “Now, what we have said to you is written in this paper. If you like it, you will sign it, and from the time you sign it, you will agree to be friends with the Western Indians. This paper will be sent to your Great Father. If he thinks it good he will send it back. It is a long distance there and you cannot hear from it till next year. It is sometimes the case, the Great Father thinks it may be changed a little. He is very wise; wiser than my Brother and myself. But he will send back the alterations to see if you consent to them; if you do then it is a bargain. But I think and my Brother thinks that the Great Father will think the paper good and will approve it. You have heard the paper. Is it good? Speak out your hearts and let us know if you all like it. We are now ready to sign the paper if any Indian wishes to speak, let him do so.”

The Lame Bull wished to know what they should do in case their enemies the Assinibolnes and Crees or Crows came to steal their horses.

The Commissioners advised that they should follow the thieves, retake their property, if possible and on returning report the affair to their agent.

“Three Feathers” a Nez Perce Chief said, “I came here to hear what the Blackfeet would say concerning a peace. We on the other side have already received laws from the Whites. We came to see the Blackfeet receive laws and make peace with all their neighbors. We are friendly to them. Let the Blackfeet show their hearts.”

The Blackfeet expressed a desire for Peace and friendship with all the tribes west of the mountains. They were determined to make a peace now.

“Three Feathers,” said, “It is good. The Blackfeet agree. We of course agree. We came here to make friends with these people and we are ready to sign the Treaty.”

Piegan, Blood, Blackfoot, and Gros Ventre tribes comprised the Blackfoot nation and are so designated in this treaty.

Three Feathers signed the Blackfoot Treaty and was loyal to his cause of being friendly to the whites. He was also a signer of the treaty of peace and friendship between the United States and the Nez Perce tribe, August 6, 1858, in Walla Walla valley, when tribes of the region and United States troops were at war. This treaty clearly defined friends and foes.
Onis-tay-say-nah-que-im, Head Chief of the Bloods, said, "I wish to say that as far as we old men are concerned we want peace and to cease going to war; but I am afraid that we cannot stop our young men. The Crows are not here to smoke the pipe with us and I am afraid our young men will not be persuaded that they ought not to war against the Crows. We, however, will try our best to keep our young men at home."

Comr. Stevens said, "Your Great Father wishes you to be on friendly terms with all the tribes, to keep peace with the Crows as well as with all others, but he does not wish you to lie down and be killed. You have a right to defend yourself, and if the Crows come into your country to make war and to steal your horses, drive them out and kill them, but do not go into their country to war. Your Father here (Col. C) has an agent among the Crows. He will let the Crows know your wishes. That you want peace. Send messages to them and if they come to your country as friends treat them friendly. I trust that they will not come as enemies."

In reply to this remark of the Blood Chief, Comr. Cumming said, "I am alike the Father of the Crows and the Blackfeet, the words I also say to the Blackfeet I will say to the Crows. I will tell them that the Blackfeet have made a Treaty of Peace, and that you will all consent to send out no more war parties. Where a young man of the Blackfeet is lost in battle, there is a great lamentation in your lodges and so when a young man of the Crows loses his life. He lays down in death upon the prairies, but in the lodges of the Crows there is weeping and every night they cry for the dead. Tell your young men that your Great Father wishes all his children to live in Peace; if you do not live in peace, and continue to go to war, he will be mad with his children. He will be ashamed of his children, and will not send you Blankets and provisions, coffee, and tobacco. Tell your young men to take wives and live happily in their own lodges, then the old men will see their sons. Your sons will see their children, and you will all be happy. Remember my words. I will say the same words to the Crows."

The Commissioners then signed the treaty, and were followed by the Chiefs, headmen and delegates of the various tribes present. Great satisfaction prevailed and every chief of any importance signed the treaty.

At 4 p.m. the Council was declared concluded.

Onis-tay-say-nah-que-im also had the translated name of "The Calf out of sight."

Governor Stevens notes that "We got through with the Blackfoot treaty, everything having succeeded to our entire satisfaction, and, beyond our most sanguine expectations. The greatest delight and good will seemed to pervade the minds of all the Indians, and we left them at the mouth of the Judith on our way to Fort Benton, and thence to the waters of the Pacific, rejoiced that our labors had had such a consummation."


EGO

JULIA CHAINE ROGERS

I am much smaller than my mind
And I can lie in little space—
Within an arm, upon a breast,
Or any place.

But larger, and impatient of
The inconsequences that are I,
The mind asks nothing of the earth
Except the sky.
SLEIGH SONG

Richard Sullivan

jingle bells and jingle all the - oh!
- the way and jingle all the way, like sleigh
bells linked in a frosty chain on a frisky bay
brown horse on a deep cool night with fresh white snow
on the ground around - oh, jingle bells, wind blow,
snow crunch as the sleigh bells jingle - hey! horse neigh
as the sleigh bells jingle - say! what fun - oh say
what fun it is to ride in the sleigh on the snow
in the cold deep night, in the sleigh on the snow in the cold
starry night with laughing jingling silver old
sleigh bells tinkling and chiming and flashing in
the starlight - crisp white sleigh tracks slashing in
the star-bright snow - ho! the wind keen in the gleaming
trees, and the horse's nostrils steaming!

YOUNG WRITERS

In this section will appear the writing of undergraduate students in Northwest colleges
and universities. Contributions must be sent only through some designated instructor
of creative writing.

BETTER ROADS

Robert Fromm

For almost an hour I had been
traveling over dirt roads in a noisy
Ford coupe. In a sense I was an
official, armed with red flags and com-
plexed yellow report-sheets. My busi-
ness was to station myself on a lonely
country road, to stop all vehicles which
passed during an eight-hour period, and
to record their destinations. This was
part of a state-wide survey conducted
in the interest of better roads for Mon-
tana. Poor roads heavily traveled were
to be improved, and I was to discover
such roads.

The sun rose bright, but there still
remained the early morning coolness,
softening the monotony of prairie into
hazy beauty. Later in the day heat
waves rising from the earth would
make the rolling waste appear to boil,
and hell would seem close to the world's
surface. But now the prairie had
charm. Here was the soil of God, green
blades of grass would grow on it, and
trees would spring up and burst into
leaf, if only the cool of the morning
could remain.

Often antelope were disturbed by my
passing, and bounded away toward dis-
tant adobe hills, their back legs held
stiff, and their white rumps bobbing
up and down like dandelion seeds in a
wind. The road passed over ridge after
ridge. Sometimes my way was flanked
by mud cliffs; sometimes I passed over
a rise of land higher than the rest and
could see miles of nothing. Mile after
mile, each mile was like the next. There
Frontier and Midland

were no distinguishing landmarks. My map was useless.

At last I came to a draw, deeper and larger than usual, and found in it a house, barn, out-sheds, trees, and, wonder of wonders, a pool of stagnant water. A few horses and cattle were fringed about the water, and a woman with a crumpled wide-brimmed straw hat stood in the middle of the road which led to the house. I drove up and stopped.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "what section and township this is?"

"Heh?"

I repeated the question. She peered at me without an expression on her face. Her brown skin was wrinkled into deep valleys. She was ancient as the soil on which she stood. That she should endure forever seemed possible, almost probable. Suddenly she shot a large squirt of tobacco juice onto the ground and shifted her quid. She had a peculiar way of spitting, curling her lips back and holding the stumps of her broken teeth close together. The juice popped as it hit the earth and immediately turned to dark brown dust.

Finally she answered. "Cain't say as I kin. One section's same as t'other out here. You ain't reckonin' to take up land, be ye?"

I explained that I wanted to locate my position on the county map, and what my business was. She said she'd call her son, and hobbled off toward the house. I got out of the car to stretch my legs. The ground lay dry and caked. Crisscrossing fissures ran about in all directions and gave the earth the appearance of a giant board for checkers or chess. I found myself playing an ingenious game of hopscotch, jumping from one piece of eaked soil to the next. In the stillness I could hear the sound of many scissors cutting, cutting, cutting — mowing down the dead, dry grass. Hardly audible, but constant and steady, this sound came from the thousands of grasshoppers which covered and walked away with the earth. It came from their mandibles as they cut, snip, snip, snip, through leaves and roots of the vegetation. The grasshoppers ate my lunch, my cigarettes, loose bits of leather on my shoes when I stood still, and, whenever they had the chance, they even ate the soft, brown bowels of one another.

Spiraling toward me came a crazy cone of dust, one of the twisters so common on the prairie. It approached and centered itself about me. My eyes smarted and burned, and the dust stung my face. On went the twister and on with it went my hat. I zigzagged after it — through a wire fence, across a field of stubble, and down into a ravine. Here I stopped, letting the hat twist on and on away from me, and returned slowly to the car. I was nauseated. No grass; no shade; no water; what could one expect? Cattle not shipped out of the region were sure to perish. And so three or four cattle had perished in that one ravine. Cause and result. The picture there went back beyond a fact stated in words. Man's work could not bring from the soil enough sustenance to keep these beings alive. Nature seemed to delight in spoiling and marling the carcasses. Heat, drouth, insects, dust storms, each of them had performed its part.

When I got back to the car, the woman's son and grandson were there. They knew the section, and I located myself. Neither the man nor his son
seemed depressed. They talked and joked, and touched me for cigarettes. I commented on how grim and desolate the whole region was. Well, yes, they supposed it was. Livestock were dying off pretty fast now, the well was low, and the water tasted fierce. But did I see that section over on the side of the ridge? Yes, I saw. Well, that section had run fifty bushel to the acre before John here was born.

Who knew—perhaps the section would run fifty to the acre again in two or three years. Meanwhile, they'd live. They weren't sure how—but they'd live.

I thanked them for the information and drove away to my location. As I sat by the side of the country road and waited through an eternity for the next vehicle to pass so that I could record its destination, place of ownership, and all the rest, I thought of the old hag and her son and her grandson. Three generations. In them lived the pioneer spirit of the first settler. They asked so little of life, got so much less, they who were closest to the soil. “Better roads for Montana,” I thought.

Better roads, better cities, better transportation, better jobs, better pay. Civilization is pregnant with better life. But that life exists in the souls of those settlers who feel that the section over the ridge will run fifty to the acre in a year or two, in the souls of those men who don't mind if the water tastes fierce, or if the dead cattle stink.

SHAFT A’MOVING

JOE BOILEAU, JR.

SLIDIN’ his hand along the rail and using a lot of lift when he had a good hold, Carl ups the stairs danglin’ his grease gun under his arm. He's done it that way ever since I know’d him. Goin’ up to the cat-walk, like he was bogged down with lumbago. Time I asks him Carl answers he’s just roundin’ forty-eight and never a hitch yet. Careful, that’s all when I tells him how cautious he climbs the stairs as if they’ll bust down.

“Can't tell what’l happen,” he says, “one time my wife—”

When he starts on that I edges over and works on the side head next the pipe shootin’ shavings to the burner, where the drawin’ air’s whistlin’ so I can’t hear him.

Course I remember what happened to Carl’s wife, time she fell down cel-
'em cool. Don't seem more'n every five minutes he'd run his hand in that jacket he wore, what'd stand alone from the grease on it, and pull out his watch to look what time it was. Reminds me about what I seen in that movin picture Ben Hur, men doublin' up and pullin' back rowin' a ship where they was chained. Carl's like that; gettin' his work done and only usin' that part of him what wasn't willin'. Just gets tired before the mornin' whistle blows thinkin' of the eight hours until he can go home. Feelin' those shafts and bearings he gotta oil keeps tyin' him down.

I got work to do settin' machines and keepin' heads in shape so's they'll finish lumber smooth. There ain't no one who's been boomin' around the country like I have will feel bad about what happens, 'Specially when they don't mean nothin' to you. So I steps the machines up to 175 feet a minute, everything goin' fine until that big order for minin' planks came in. Wasn't enough rough in the yard to fill it and they was usin' green lumber. Carl said when they ran green stuff through No. 8 machine the heavy shavin's filled his oil cups. Wasn't room for oil and the bearin's got hot. We filled that order with heavy 2 by 12-20's—planks what break the feeder's back liftin' them onto the feed table. I slowed down the speed and tried to keep the blower pipes open to carry away the chips.

Shavings covered the machine like snow. Couldn't even see the oil cups. Carl was standin' by with his long spouted oil can. He takes off his glove and digs under the pine chips to find the boxes. Yellin' he jumped back wavin' his hand. Iron boxes is burnin' hot when they don't get oil to film the friction.

"Damn fool," I swears at him.

White smoke eddied up from the side head bearing, puffin' up to the timbers above and thinin' out under the roof. Hot lead drippin' out of the box. Side head jumpin', tearin' chunks out of the planks goin' through.

Hot metal and scorchin' oil was stinkin' up the air. I feel the whole platform quiverin' under the rattlin' goin' on in that machine. Slappin' belts drummin' in my ears. Bright steel glarin' in the sun shinin' through the windows in the roof...

Expression on Carl's face—I wake up some nights dreamin' about it. Like the faces on the rollin' heads of them Chinks who couldn't give up opium. Just crazy—crazy with surprise, I guess.

Skin was surlin' up on his hand. Sickenin' smell of burned flesh hits me as I bends over to look at it. Pain searin' his mind and drawin' his eyes back into his head.

"Don't touch it, Jim," he whispers, tears startin' from his eyes. "Hurtin' like hell, Jim."

"Go on over to the office and have it fixed," I says, gettin' a little sick seein' big red welts movin' on his hand like grease on hot water.

He turns like he's struck and meets the boss.

"Burned another bearing, eh Carl?" not noticin' Carl's hand, only seein' smoke puffin' up from the machine.

Carl hesitates, eyes squintin' with pain, lips tight together makin' lines across his face, then stumbles over the platform to the office. He passed the boss not even lookin' at him, holdin'
his hand and hunchin' his shoulders like he could keep the burn off.

Maybe those Chinks' faces was leerin' before they froze, like in one picture I saw. Carl's was strained like that when he turned out there on the platform. No pain in them eyes, just smokin' hate. A chill furrowed up along my spine and reached out to shiver over the boss who Carl was lookin' at. His fingers was white where they tightened on his arm. Then chin droppin' and teeth bitin' his lip he stumbled into the office.

Timbers keep comin' in, goin' through the machines, fillin' up boxcars what rail away into the east. I passes Carl's house when I go home for dinner and see him settin' in a rockin' chair, feet in slippers restin' on the table, bandaged hand like a white sash against his blue shirt. When I walk home at night he's usually takin' in wood, holdin' half-a-dozen sticks on one arm, other hangin' in a sling. Time comes when that sling's gone, hand a' layin' inside his suspenders.

"About ready to start work again?" I asks him, leanin' on the fence.

"About ready," he answers, clippin' his words like he grudged sayin' 'em.

Come a mornin' when he meets me on the sidewalk and walks down to the mill.

"Goin' to try it again, Carl?" I asks, "three months now, ain't it?"

We was walkin' into the pay office where the time clock's hangin' on the wall side of the long rack of cards.

"Three months today," he answers, takin' his card and punchin' it in the clock. "Can't buy nothin' with the compensation they give you around here. Kids goin' to school, wantin' money, and orderin' things at the store I can't pay for. Say, who's oilin' now? Burnin' any bearings?"

Surprised me to see his eyes sorta light up with hope, but he got red when I told him Bill's a good oiler, didn't have no trouble. Knew Carl'd like it if I told him Bill didn't know how to oil. Kind of disgusted me. I wasn't tellin' the truth, 'cause Bill's careless, comin' out of the shed to take Carl's place and not knowin' much about the job. But I wasn't knockin' Bill so's to give Carl somethin' to be pleased about.

Carl won't tell me his hand is scarred up bad unless I ask him, so he uses it to put his card back in the rack. I sees it and asks him if it hurt much yet.

"Still sore, Jim," he answers. "Can't hold anything heavy."

Bill stays on helpin' him with the oilin'.

There's a lot of shaftin' upstairs and it's movin' fast. A three-hundred-horse motor runs the main line and a drive belt hooks on from every machine. Gotta be careful not to get caught. That's what I told Bill when he came down to fill his gun. I could see he was new around machinery the way he stood back of the belt. Saw a man get one rapped around his neck. Broke him up pretty bad when it slipped off the pulley. That was out on the coast before Bill's time, so didn't make much difference to him. Kept gettin' careless. Guess Carl warned him, too, 'cause he was more careful after that. You see, I been feedin' and settin' machines all over this country ever since I was a kid. Kinda funny, can't tell a punk he might get hurt, like when he first reached out for the stove. Just wasn't hot till he found out for himself.
You see, I knew somethin' was goin' to happen. Carl hatin' his job and hatin' the boss 'cause of the time the side head run hot, and ignorin' slow, clumsy Bill, who shoulda been pushin' buggies, sort of a steadyin' job, place of one where he could take a short cut and step over a movin' belt.

Bill stepped over one; lacin's broke, knocked him down to the lower floor. Both legs broke way they dragged when we carried him to the filin' room. Me and the boss and the filer was ganged up around Bill layin' on a bench, givin' him water, when Carl come in to fill his oil can.

"Old timer like you shoulda told Bill to be careful," the boss pipes at him. "I told him plenty times. Punk kid—he couldn't learn nothin," Carl flashes back. "I been doin' all right and I got a sore hand."

Bill raised up slow from the bench, faints, and falls back while the boss phones. His eyes open again and stare at Carl huggin' against the wall in the corner. Right then I knew what he could see. Rollin' and heavin' in Carl, tremblin' on his lips was comin' up what stood there leerin' at us on the platform.

We watched him crouchin' there like a treed cat with a snarl waitin' in its throat. Then movin' with that scarred hand feelin' along the wall he jerks open the door and rushes out.

The car runs up just then to take Bill away. I was glad not havin' to look at the filer or the boss; went out to get busy on my machines.

We had real work for the next three months. New men bein' hired every day to handle the extra orders. I didn't want to see Carl again. Didn't want to see his slow movements which he said was bein' careful or hear him whinin' over my shoulder. When I'd kinda forgot the queer look, he was back sweepin' up with a large broom.

I asks the boss.

"Three kids and livin' in a company house, bill at the store way high. Orders," the boss says, "Carl's gotta work."

New oiler we got from Spokane took those steps two at a time goin' up to the cat walk. Carl would watch him, lips moved and his broom sweep a little faster. Knew he was damnin' everthin' he could think of.

Runnin' some bad lumber that time. Been layin' around in the yard and was full of dirt and rocks. Couldn't run the machines a day without the knives bein' all nicked up, and kept me busy featherin' them so they'd cut sharp.

I got them runnin' pretty, and was showin' the boss one day where we needed a new drive belt. It was around quittin' time and I was feelin' lazy. Sting of tar come driftin' down from the roof, mixin' with the sticky smell of pine pitch, and catchin' in your throat if you breathed deep. Heat rollin' like smoke. Loose piece of leather hangin' from the belt and flappin' as it went around the shaft. Feeders movin' smoothly, every move countin', bendin' over and straightenin' up to slide a board onto the feed table. Knives whinin', shavin' off the rough, lights shinin' on the glassy surface of the lumber comin' out. Oil drippin' from the overhead shaftin' and makin' brown spots on the floor below. Carl sweepin' closer, boss steps back, kickin' a cloud of shavings into his face. Then it happened, what I been waitin' for.

Carl hooks his broom around the
boss's feet and pulls him on his face. It was a honey. He spreads like an eagle onto the oily floor, then he gets up. Smear on his forehead runnin' into his hair. Dumb. Carl kicks him in the leg before he wakes up.

I never seen a sprint like that. He comes to—could of swore he whirled like a top before the lights out after Carl flyin' down the platform. For an old guy who's always last in the lineup when the whistle blows and says the rush's too fast for him Carl would of run a deer down. Boss didn't go far. Turned around, saw us all laughin', whipped out his handkerchief, swiped his face and stumbled down the loadin' platform. I straightened my face and got busy with a wrench, and sees him hurry into the filin' room.

The grader makes a pass at the feeder and chases him around the machine, laughin' all over. I laughed too, sets down and bust out.

"Crawl into your hole, Carl," I heard someone say, "Ain't worth a dime around here now."

Carl—he's not working now. Won't give him any credit at the store since he didn't get back on at the mill. Moved too, livin' in one of those shacks down by the river.

Me, I been thinkin' of movin' on.

THE HOBO IN COMIC TRADITION
HELEN CORNELIUS

A play which is in every respect a part of Western comic tradition is scheduled for appearance in Seattle soon. In Heavenly Express Albert Bein has created the fable of the hobo and shown him to be blood-brother to the Yankee, the backwoodsman, and the Negro of Constance Bourke's analysis in American Humor. Had the play been written to pattern, which it was not, it could scarcely fulfil more exactly the qualifications of the national humorous tradition as Miss Rourke defines them. Using hobo ballads as a basis for his fable, Albert Bein has placed the hobo on the stage as a complete figure, still in the tradition, although presented in a sophisticated art form.

In theme Heavenly Express is another example of "comic myth-making, which was grounded in the immediate and circumstantial, but moved quickly into the typical and fanciful." The scene is laid in Winslow, Arizona, division point for the Santa Fe. Through boarding-house gossip we are advised of the extraordinary: a frightful blizzard is raging; that morning for the first time in history it snowed in the Imperial Valley. The extraordinary passes into extravagance and extravagance into delirious fantasy, until Ed Peeto's train disappears for a space and comes back through the blizzard with "grass an' flowers cloggin' the wheels and branches on toppa the box cars."

As Miss Rourke describes the three comic characters of our early tradition their relationship to the hobo is apparent. "Each had been a wanderer over the land. . . Each in a fashion of his own had broken bonds. . . As figures they embodied a deep-lying mood of disseverance. . . Comic triumph had appeared in them all. . . Masquerade was salient in them all."
The hobo is more the wanderer than any of his predecessors. To admit a destination, even to himself, is to tempt a malignant destiny. At least as much as they, he has broken bonds, and masquerades under a "road monicker." If the hobo has not triumphed before, he does in this play, where he reaches an apotheosis in Jehovah de Bo, the Exalted Bum, "He dat's du mightiest 'Bo uh all— an' he ain't never stopped to rest on his Cosmic Way. He made du world an' now he won’t stop goin'! He won't stop goin' cause he feels at home nowhere!"

The most characteristic ingredient of Western comedy, the rhapsodic boast, appears again and again in Heavenly Express, although it is modified and broken up into dialogue. Almost immediately after the opening of the play we hear Methuselah Mike's eulogy of Ed Peeto and the Overland Kid: "But dere was a time on du Santa Fe when Ed Peeto's word was law. He was du greatest engineer dat road ever saw— an' de Overland Kid was de greatest uh boes—an' Peeto and du Overland Kid was de greatest uh pals. And I wish du days were back again when Ed Peeto's word was law—and du boes could ride dat line in peace an' style."

And, again: "He rode du tops uh du Golden Arrow Limited—an' du rods uh de Memphis Flash. He hid in du tool box uh de Denver Shortline—dat road only has six miles uh tracks an' dey swore no 'bo would ever ride her—an' he held down du blinds uh de Union Pacific fer a record uh two thousand miles."

The Overland Kid, "dressed like a grasshopper," isn't above bragging, himself. When Cameron asks: "Yeah, how is it you ain't been frozen in that goofy outfit yet?" the Kid replies scornfully: "'Cause I'm an out an' out hobo an' no kinda weather fazes me."

And as for Rocky Mountain Red: "I never saw a cradle, a' when I was eight months old, I ran up an' down de Rocky Mountains t'get my dippers dry!"

The soaring imagination of the hobo finds its victim, not in the English traveler of the old plays, but in the yard-master of the Santa Fe, whose literal mind is thrown into confusion by the onrush of the mighty loco train.

Heavenly Express has the sense of scale essential in the Western tradition. The vanishing horizon continues to vanish from the tops of swaying box-cars. The feeling of the vast expanse of the country is emphasized continually by the very names of the transcontinental railways and by the road-monickers of the hobos. The lonely desert water tower of the first scene heightens the impression.

The play further bears out the tradition in its use of dialect. It is more emotional than the earliest comedies, but again it falls into line, since of the emotions tendermess is uppermost, and fear and melancholy are blotted out by a rising exhilaration. Anger, romantic love, hatred, and remorse do not appear at all. If innocency is another characteristic of our American Hero, comic and otherwise, the hobo should qualify, with his code of honor that makes wood-splitting a disgrace and a job-holder a "slave;" with his heaven "where the jaybird sings by the lemonade springs in the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

It is interesting that a work which is a tribute to trains as personalities should be presented through the eyes of the hobo rather than the trainman. There are the fast mails, the slow freights, the
dangerous trains of the "hostile roads;" Eastbound and Westbound, the nature of the country they traverse, direction and destination give color to their character:

When that train shoved in sight far up the track
She was working steam with her brake-shoe slack.
She hollered once at the whistle post
Then she flitted by like a frightened ghost.
He could hear the roar of her big six wheel
And her drivers pound on the polished steel

And the screech of her flanges on the rail
As she beat it West over the sanded trail...

This iron heroine of the play becomes fabulous in the Heavenly Express, a kind of Pegasus among locomotives, with its thundering platinum wheels, its meteorlike speed, and a celestial destination.

It will be interesting to see whether American theater-goers will find its frontier tradition still congenial.

A WESTERN BOOKSHELF


The significance of man and his destiny are problems that have been rather severely let alone by recent philosophers. Logic and metaphysics, epistemology and cosmology and ethics can occupy the attention of our professionals without raising the issue of what life is about or where it is headed. There would seem to be almost a gentleman's agreement in academic circles not to raise issues so gripping. If there is this tacit agreement Alexander has kept himself aloof from it and in this book makes a frontal attack on the forbidden problems.

This attack begins with a critical examination of the current belief that whatever the actual solution of the problem of man's destiny, that solution will be approached only through the paths of science. This belief is mistaken. Science is a human activity and its true followers recognize its tentative nature and its restricted aims. Being a human achievement man has in his science made himself the measure of the world. Its dimensions are drawn from human experience. Attraction and repulsion and force in general are familiar experiences which have been necessarily the basis for our understanding the world. The pound "is literally a lifting." And a foot-pound is a lifting for the distance of a foot, a human foot. "All our science," he says, "is but the weaving of a cosmic cocoon about our own larval being."

Moreover, science is only one of the ways in which men have thought about the world and God: intuitive, imaginative, oracular, conscientious, sensuous modes of thought have prevailed in other cultures and in other times and even in our own thinking the deepest sanction of science lies in the fact that our intelligent feel intellectually at home in it and have a serious belief in its images. It is not science that will lead men to full understanding but man himself, and man himself is a person, something that no charts or formulas will ever portray. Not even autobiography can give more than a "circumferential and estimative" account. The living man escapes them.

Our human frame has given the world its dimensions. Our thumb is the inch, our mile "is the pace multiplied by the cube of the ten digits." The order of space "is generated around the human body in its most human position, erect-standing . . . on the foothold plane, which is the world's equator, it has four directions, an east and a west and a north and a south, and this is because man knows before and behind and right-hand and left." But it is not the body alone which man must read into the world. He is a person and knows himself as a person. He must understand the world in terms of personality also. "The whole competence of man, the person endowed with every faculty and every sympathy, this human person is the one reason that can give order to nature and harmony to the cosmos, which wanting, its boasted law and studied fact can be no more than thriftless gales from nowhere, teasing old wreckage." . . . "To evoke order from chaos, a nature from the nights of phenomena, a humanity from history, or to bring significance forth from the noise and confusion of experience . . . there can be but one agency and one figure, which is that of the man-person and of the God-person man-reflected." Such is the true dramatic hero.
Frontier and Midland

and the only cosmic reason. Science is a description of the world, in terms of our familiar parts, but the understanding of the world-drama requires actors, agents, and not merely units of measure. Time, in the formulas of physics, is reversible, but living time, time of living persons, is not; and only living time can make destiny. And if the world has a destiny that destiny can be understood only in terms of living men and of a living personal God, whose aims and efforts make history meaningful.

This is roughly the skeleton of Alexander's argument. His own writing covers this with fair flesh and a costume in which is not disdained a certain amount of embellishment for its own sake. If we object that his rational argument is largely negative and that the positive nature of the God for whom he argues and the direction of human destiny which he foresees are accepted on a mystical basis, this he will readily grant. Mysticism is no disgrace. It is also the foundation of science.

E. R. Guthrie


As one who did much to energize the life and literature of his time, Joaquin Miller was and will be for years to come an interesting figure in American literature. Rugged frontiersman, talented poet, unconventional citizen, he competed successfully for newspaper headlines against an able publicity-enticing figure in American literature. Rugged Texas, had trouble getting back his horse after leaving it with some ranchers in the region. During the whole of this time he reverted to poetry and to other literary exercises as an offset, apparently, to a none too happy life.

The cue for my remaining remarks I take from a line or two in the introduction to the diary. Speaking of Memorie and Rime (1884) and other sources where Miller writes confusedly of his life in the West, the editor remarks: "Writers dealing with Miller have been forced to use this jumbled mass of autobiographical data because of the lack of contemporary records. No account of Miller, as a result, is free from inaccuracies arising out of his own writings." It is the data the author refers to that are so confusely and accounts of Miller are often inaccurate because of the infiltration of Miller's tall tales or other fictions "arising out of his own writings." But why the diary—"his own writing," after all—should be excepted from the charge of inaccuracy is a question in this reviewer's mind. Miller wrote many "diaries"—among them the one covering his English trip after he had returned to America. My reason for being skeptical of certain facts written down in the one under consideration is that they are at variance, in some cases, with facts provided by men who knew Miller during this California sojourn.

I have space here for only catch-as-catch-can contradictions. Harry Wells in his history of Siskiyou County, California, gives the dates of Miller's stay in California as from 1856 to 1859. "Twenty reliable citizens" back this assertion, as they do the denial of Miller's participation in an Indian battle at Castle Crags, referred to somewhat vaguely in the diary. H. C. Thompson in the Overland Monthly states explicitly that Miller remained in Oregon for three years after Miller's parents settled there in 1852, which precludes Miller's having gone to California as the diary records, in 1854. As to Miller's age, which the diary notes on three occasions: the date of the poet's birth is so variously recorded by Miller and others that the matter may be regarded as still unsettled. My belief is that Miller himself is the most unreliable of all witnesses to his age. He has given the year of his birth as 1841, 1842, and now in the diary as 1837. For what reason? No one can finally say. Perhaps he himself didn't know the exact year of his birth and surmised his age to suit the occasion—in California to appear younger than he was, in England to appear older than he had been. His brothers, George, in a letter to me in 1932, and James in the Oregon Daily Journal, Oc-
October 26, 1921, give the date of his birth as March, 1839. And Mr. Frank Reade in a thesis submitted at the University of Virginia some years ago arrived, independently, at the conclusion that the poet was born in 1839.

If the question be asked, how can these contradictions between the diary's statements and those made by relatives and the friends of Miller's youth be reconciled, my answer is that Miller, always imaginative, enhanced a bit the record of a not too exciting life in the gold regions. I do not question the authenticity of the whole diary—even an "enhancer" is truthful a part of the time. In places it has a plausible, realistic tone.

Martin Peterson

Co-op. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

In the early nineteenth century, Robert Owen appeared in England as the prophet of a new economy. He planned for the equitable exchange of commodities according to the cost of production. The keystone of his theory was the elimination of profit and the extinction of the profit maker. In 1884 twenty-eight Lancashire working men successfully put into practice certain portions of Owen's ideal in the founding of the Rochdale Toad Street Store. By 1860 the idea of a general federation of cooperative societies for wholesale business purposes was embodied in a definite organization. Today the aggregate membership of British retail cooperative societies comprises approximately sixteen per cent. of the population. In 1933 the London Cooperative Society did a business of fifty million dollars. From Great Britain the consumers' cooperative movement has spread to most of the nations of Europe: there now exist cooperative societies in some thirty-seven countries.

However, all cooperative societies have not sprung from this English root; many have arisen spontaneously as a reasonable solution to the problem of withstanding economic pressure. Co-op is the fictional history of one such group. This society has its conception in the minds of a number of middle-class men pushed from substantial positions to living in joints of idle sewer pipe on a vacant lot in the imaginary town of San Sebastian, California. A meeting of fifty unemployed men and women in 1832 leads to an association supplying work and partial sustenance to one thousand persons on the eve of the 1836 election.

This association differs from the English consumers' co-op in that it is founded on the principle of self-help through production for use and not for profit, although many of the English cooperatives have branches for production as well as for retail. In his novel, Sinclair pictures one of the one hundred and seventy-five self-help cooperatives in California, and what is significant, he makes the plan appear entirely feasible and desirable. However, the progress of the group is not without hardship: there is friction with the local relief agency, with the community where the blanket name of "red" is applied to the group, with the government for federal grants for tools. In fact, the book closes with the society on the verge of dissolution if it cannot get the much needed grant which a sympathetic administration, playing for reelection, feels it cannot give.

The eighty-five characters are live, hungry, suffering men and women whom every reader has met in these last few years. But the hero is the cooperative society itself, and interest flags when the narrative departs from the theme of the group and becomes involved in the personal histories of its members.

To refuse to battle with other critics who seize upon a work of Upton Sinclair as justification for an argument on the novel as propaganda is to approve tacitly its theme and method. Among the increasing number of current books on the cooperative movement, both at home and abroad, Upton Sinclair's novel Co-op successfully sells the idea and provides stimulating reading.

Dana Small


Sutter's own story, the story of the German-Swiss immigrant whose influence was felt so strongly in California during the last years of the Mexican regime and the first part of the American, is one more in the long list of records depicting struggle and conquest in the West. Landing in California in July, 1839, Sutter soon established himself as master in the great interior valley of Sacramento, in that territory which surrounds the present-day capital city of the State. There he acquired property, erected buildings, planted crops, raised livestock, started industries, participated in commerce, conquered Indians, administered justice, played at political intrigue, led armies, served as host to immigrants, and had a passive but diplomatic part in the acquisition of California by the United States in 1846.

Sutter's brilliance was not to last, however. The discovery of gold on his own land in 1848 marked the end of his power and influence. What was not taken from him by the invading hordes of goldseekers was taken by creditors, tricksters, squatters and the courts. As a leader in the constitutional convention at Monterey, in 1849, he played his last major role. Until his death, in Pennsylvania, in 1880, bitterness and disappointment were his lot. Only the fort at
New Helvetia remained to testify to the power of its past.

Mr. Gudde has presented the story of Sutter in a very readable manner. Feeling that a biography of the founder of New Helvetia would not be more than a duplication of other such books, the author, for the most part, has put the story in the first person, supposedly in Sutter's own words. In so doing, the "reminiscences" of Sutter, as dictated to Hubert Howe Bancroft in 1876, are followed generally. Instead of quoting Sutter verbatim, however, Mr. Gudde has felt called upon to add, omit, transpose, paraphrase, reorganize and correct, wherever it was thought necessary to make the story more accurate, chronological, or readable. The sense of Sutter's dictation has been kept, and a scholarly attempt has been made to provide the true picture of his life. The errors, in themselves, are minor. Mr. Gudde's own comments upon Sutter's career and upon the economic, political and social phases of California during the period in consideration are helpful and tend to tie the threads of the account together.

There are those who will criticize the placing of the main part of Sutter's story in quotation marks. It is obvious that what are supposedly Sutter's own words are not actually so. Sutter did not speak such good English nor was he so accurate in detail as Mr. Gudde appears to make him. The author, however, does not intend to give the impression that the master of New Helvetia actually spoke the words presented in quotation in Sutter's own story. It is true that some of the atmosphere of Sutter, himself, may be taken away in Mr. Gudde's presentation, but for the average reader of popularly presented publications this will be more than made up in its being readable. The scholar will find the book a helpful guide to be used as a supplement to his own research.

Vernon Aubrey Neasham

The Story of the Supreme Court. By Ernest Sutherland Bates. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

The Supreme Court is once more the center of political interest. One of the paradoxes of American democracy is that the most irresponsible and undemocratic branch of our government has almost final authority over matters of policy which in other democracies are the responsibility of the elected representatives of the people.

Dr. Bates, who is well known in the Northwest, has written a popular history of the Supreme Court, America's unique contribution to the art of government. His thesis is that the decisions of the Court have, on the whole, reflected the interests of the dominant economic groups in American society. He quotes with approval, but subject to exceptions, Justice Miller's remark: "It is in vain to contend with judges who have been at the bar, the advocates of railroad companies, and all the forms of associated capital, when they are called upon to decide cases where such interests are in contest. All their training, all their feelings are from the start in favor of those who need no such influence."

Dr. Bates explains how the Court has used vague constitutional provisions like impairment of the obligation of contract and "due process" to protect private property from necessary regulation by the state. Even charters of incorporation were held to be contracts, and therefore not subject to revocation by the states which had granted them. "Due process" which originally referred to procedure, and meant a fair legal trial, was construed by the Court as a substantive limitation upon the legislature; in effect, the Court held that any legislation which it regarded as unreasonable was contrary to "due process," and therefore unconstitutional. Under this provision of the constitution, the Court came to the conclusion that to permit a railroad a return of less than 6.25 per cent, on its investment was confiscatory and therefore a violation of the constitution.

In his eagerness to prove his thesis, Dr. Bates occasionally becomes a little careless. The Dartmouth College Case, which held that charters were to be regarded as contracts, and therefore irrevocable, did not have quite such disastrous consequences as he suggests. The state in issuing new charters simply included provisions making them revocable. His explanation of Justice Holmes' dissent in Meyer vs. Nebraska, in which the Court voided a state law prohibiting the teaching of German in the grades, is without foundation. If Dr. Bates had read Justice Holmes' dissent in the companion case of Bartels vs. Iowa, he would have realized that the former dissent was based on a theory of judicial interpretation which Justice Holmes applied quite consistently. It is doubtful whether this story of the Supreme Court gives an adequate account of the extension of governmental control which has taken place in the twentieth century under the authority of the police power.

In view of the widespread criticism of the Court, one may well wonder that it has survived the assaults of powerful leaders like Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln. Instead of curbing its powers once and for all, these men preferred to gain control of it by appointing friendly judges. Sometimes they were successful but frequently their appointees could not be relied upon. The Court, when under serious attack, prudently withdrew from the field of battle as, for instance, during and immediately after the Civil War when it was challenged by the Republican Congress. Furthermore, the
Court has wisely refused to be drawn into arguments about its right to declare legislation unconstitutional. Silence, it has discovered, is its most effective weapon. After a time, the cause of discontent disappeared, and the Court's powers have remained intact.

Dr. Bates has made an important contribution to popular education. If the contents of this book were more widely understood, it might be easier to restore the control of public policy to the elected representatives of the people, and to take the Court out of politics.

Maure L. Goldschmidt


Miss Field, in her preface to her book of poems, *Darkling Plain*, employs Wordsworth's phrase "emotion recollected in tranquility" to define the limits of that province of her experiences which she feels able to transmute into poetry. In this preface, which she calls "Note to Fellow Marxists," she apologizes for not expressing in poetry those deep and sincere emotions which have come to her from her long first-hand experience in the class struggle. She says the poet turns to other and more universal themes, love, nature, death, subjects touching all generations regardless of calendar and geography.

Miss Field's apology seems not to apply. Death, nature, and love are good subjects for poetry, but great poetry has been written on other subjects. It would be difficult to make Spenser's *Faerie Queene* fit under any one of these heads or even under all three. Surely it is not that the class struggle has not lasted long enough that disqualifies it as a subject for poetry. We have good authority for the statement that the poor are with us a long, long time, long enough to outlast the fame of many, even good poets. That few poets have been able to write well of "the turbid ebb and flow of human misery" is certainly true, and that a poet also does not write well of a subject which he tries too hard to write about is illustrated in Miss Field's own book of poems. For if these fine poems have a serious fault it is that they strain to belong to the metaphysical school and that they sometimes seem less the expression of emotions coming directly from the impact of love, nature, and death than echoes of these emotions reaching us through John Donne.

But after this reservation, which another reader may find as unnecessary as this one found Miss Field's apology, the rest is praise and sincere gratitude, for Miss Field's poetry is of such high order that it furnishes the satisfaction that art gives. It is in a mood of tranquillity that the reviewer recalls the esthetic emotions which have come from *Darkling Plain*. The high points were attained in "Still Marriage," sub-titled "Death and the Soul," the long poem, "Shared Heritage," the charming and wistful poem to a child, "For a New Hunter," and the very beautiful "The Flight," in which Miss Field has written a High Mass of love and in which we are allowed almost to behold the ineffable mystery of the transubstantiation of physical emotion into the beauty of words. The closing lines of "The Flight" contain an image which, though slightly reminiscent of George Meredith's "faint thin line upon the shore," is yet original and exquisitely wrought:

No motion now—no sound.  
Like sea foam hurried on high waves  
To bitten edge of rocky caves  
Where a green knot of seaweeds  
Enfolds at last white weary beads.  
In a soft, narcotic clasp.....  

Esther Shephard

Caleb Catlum's America. By Vincent McHugh. Stackpole. $2.50.


Their Weight in Wildcats. Edited by James Daugherty. Houghton, Mifflin. $3.

Audubon. By Constance Rourke. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

At last what the authorities have long been saying could never be done has been done. An American epic has been written. To be sure, it is a comic, rather than a classic, epic, but it is all the more American for that. What Mr. McHugh has given us is a satirical history of this country's evolution worked out in terms of its tall talking, and tall acting, folk heroes from Davy Crockett and Mike Fink down to Paul Bunyan and John Henry. His point (and how he makes it!) is that we as a nation have declined from the pioneers' idealism of such "adventurers" as were Caleb Catlum and all his tribe, sprung from the line of Eric the Red, to the later day materialism of the "traders," of whom Sam Slick is the archetype and new world progenitor, Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman were Catlums, of course. In the conflict between the rival philosophies of national development the traders, as we are too well aware, triumph, and the adventurers, to the last one of them, retreat underground—but not for ever, if their dream is to come true. Some day they will emerge from their subterranean elysium, and once more the ideal of great deeds and high living will prevail in this land of ours.

Mr. McHugh knows his source material from A to Z. What is more, he improves upon it in the sense that through his title
creation he outroars his ring-tailed roaring originals and outpiles the Ossas of their comic exaggerations with Pellons entirely of his own upheaving. If occasionally he slips an utterly anachronistic item into his humorous "catalogs," it is because he has learned how to get a laugh quite as well by radio and movie, as by backwoods, technique. Certain reviewers, completely ignoring the necessities imposed upon him by the intent of his satire, have charged him with deriving his principal figures from books rather than from life, as though nowadays our folk characters, except the most recent of them, live anywhere else than in the pages of books. How little those who would set Mr. McHugh right are acquainted with the frontier matter with which he works is revealed in the suggestion of the latest of them to the effect that he should take a lesson from James Stevens' condemnation of Paul Bunyan. Stevens' stories of the mythological lumberjack are grand stuff, make no doubt of that, but they never came from the inside of a bunkhouse. They came, in fact, from the inside of their gifted author's head, and from no other place.

Unlikely though it may seem, Dell McCormick's book, a version of the Paul Bunyan yarns written for children, brings one closer to the actual north woods flavor of this cycle of tall tales than anything previously published. Most of the dangers of denaturing the originals in the process of rendering them acceptable for young ears Mr. McCormick has avoided. Indeed so natural does he make his account of the doubtable axeman and his Blue Ox that I am tempted to call it my favorite of all the Paul Bunyan redactions. Part of his success lies in his drawings. For years I have protested that attempts to illustrate such stories as these only result in destroying the element of the superhuman in them. But here is an artist who has very nearly turned the needed trick. This, I think, if the paradox can be credited, is because he has kept the details of his loggers' clothing and equipment strictly realistic. The colored sketch on the dust-jacket (it is reproduced on the cover), in particular, shows a fine feeling of what the frontier amused itself with in prose and verse about itself would be hard to make. Tall tales of all the figures usually presented in exhibits of pioneer yarn-spinning are included, and for good measure there are others about such personages less frequently met up with as Simon Kenton, Lewis Weltzel, Jim Beckwourth, and Big-Foot Wallace. The range of authors represented extends from Samuel Woodworth with his "Hunters of Kentucky" of about 1820 to Guy B. Johnson and the results of his recent research in the legends of the southern negro. Assuredly the promise of the editorial foreword has been realized, and Mr. Daugherty has spread before his readers a veritable panorama of "the joyful strength and shameless extravagance of America in her Heroic Age."

To associate Constance Rourke's Audubon with these other books may appear strange, yet on every relevant count it belongs with them. For its subject, if not strictly speaking a frontiersman, spent much of his life along the pioneer fringe of the South and old West and left behind him in his paintings of the birds of that area one of our earliest records of outdoor nature; and its author through extensive investigation, carried on in public and private libraries and by travel over the whole of the locale involved, has penetrated farther into the significance of the frontier than anyone else who has written about it. Riding alone on horseback across the Cumberland Gap, enduring flatboat hardships on the Ohio, fighting bear and blasting early in the Kentucky Cumberland, cordelling a keelboat against the current of the Mississippi, running a store and a mill in a western trading post, and failing with each, these were all experiences known to J. J. Audubon at first-hand, and Miss Rourke has at her command both the factual data and the writing skill to recreate them vividly. But her task was, obviously, to do far more than to make of her hero a tall tale prodigy of hunting-trail valor and long-rifle shooting feats. He was a naturalist and an artist even more certainly than he was a born scout and a marksman. Happily, Miss Rourke has the same competency for considering his performance in the one double role as in the other. And her vigorous commentary concerns itself with determining the aesthetic value of Audubon's The Birds of America, quite as much as with appraising its worth as science. In her opinion the plates which were engraved from the watercolors prepared for that colossal work possess, in spite of the harsh criticism formerly directed against them, ample merits as art to sustain all the claims put forward in their defense by their warmest admirers. The reproduction of a dozen of these plates among its other illustrations,
Riding for Texas. As told by Colonel Edward House to Tyler Mason. John Day. $2.


In public esteem the Texas Rangers are running a close second to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Indicative of this increasing bid for fame is a group of recent books falling in general into two classes: those dealing with the organization as a whole, such as Professor Webb's The Texas Rangers; those praising individual leaders of which the above two titles are examples.

Riding for Texas is a cluster of highlights (eleven chapters of them) illuminating the life of Captain Bill McDonald, one of those indomitable spirits which helped to bring order to the old Southwest. Some of the chapters appeared earlier in Liberty. This may account for the unmitigated eulogy that turns a modest hero into a superman. No one can stand a continuous spotlight, not even Captain McDonald. Colonel House, intimate friend of the hero, writes a foreword and furnishes the material for Mr. Mason's glowing narrative. While some of the episodes are exceedingly vivid, much of the style is in the overstrained manner of the following excerpt: "The ranger's jaw settled into those lines of steel that seemed to case his whole countenance in armor. His hand gave a reassuring pat to his Winchester; his eyes flashed; the pony streaked along the trail."

Shooting a gun from a rustler's hand or holding singly an infuriated mob at bay are seemingly ordinary occurrences. In a note Mr. Mason writes: "We have aimed at color and drama more moving than the rigid limitations of biographical exactitude would have permitted"—words which merely mean that despite later assurance to the contrary, this book is but another western thriller.

In contrast, Mr. Haley's biography is a real contribution—one of the best of its kind to come out of the Southwest. It is based on personal interviews and exhaustive study. Born and raised as he was in Western Texas, the author knows his background thoroughly. The man of whom he writes is fully as colorful as McDonald and more important, since Goodnight was a leading experimenter in the breeding of range cattle and an international authority on range economics. He invented the chuck-wagon. As a matter of personal gossip we find that in smoking and swearing he must have exceeded the re- doubtable S. L. Clemens or General Grant. On a single day's ride he is credited with smoking as many as fifty cigars.

Writing of interest and importance fills the four hundred and sixty-six pages of this admirable biography. Such, for instance, as the contrast between the inefficient and the efficient military leaders, Obenchain and Cureton, or, the note on frontier curatives which ends with the comment: "And thus out of the soil itself they treated their ailments, simply and fiercely, until they were well."

Goodnight lived to the ripe age of ninety-three, being in his prime in the formative years (for the West) during and following the Civil War. His exploits equal those of his better known contemporaries, Carson and Bridger. The general reader as well as the special student should be grateful to Professor Haley for saving such a grand old plainsman from oblivion.

Pen and ink illustrations by Harold Bugbee and a detailed map by Thomas L. Jones add interest to the volume.


This informal, social history is an interesting account of the Dakotas from 1861 to 1889. The author aims at presenting the changing background, the varied personalities, and the entertaining sidelights which rarely get into formal histories, and accordingly she furnishes material on many phases of territorial life in Dakota. The Missouri River traffic, the isolated government forts, the Black Hills gold rush, the Indian outbreaks of Custer's time, the Red River country in the North, the Indian campaigns of the Civil War period, the cattle era in the Badlands, the growth of bonanza farms from pioneer sod huts, the vigorous social life of the prairie towns, the vices of the newspapers and their ambitious editors, the conflicts of territorial politics, and the final achievement of statehood: all these find place in this pleasant account of a neglected period in the development of an important region.

The information upon which this account is based, seems to be derived in the main from territorial newspapers, which the author has intelligently used with due regard for the rules of historical method, checking the accuracy of the periodicals against other available materials. When necessary, she employs other sources to round out her picture.
The writing of social history inevitably involves problems of organization and emphasis, nor are these problems, in *Dakota*, completely overcome. The author is wise in treating her subject by topics, but the development of each section is somewhat too desultory and, in part, confusing. Perhaps more serious is the author's emphasis as when, for instance, she slights well known events in favor of others more obscure or more interesting. The result in this case is not a distortion of the relative importance of various factors, for they are fairly well balanced, but a complete omission of the skeletal facts which would give the general reader a proper focal point; consequently the details tend to blot each other out in the reader's memory. For the specialist or the student of Dakota history these objections would not hold, and with regard to such groups the author has worked with considerable success.

The book is a careful and attractive account, written by a well informed author, and deserves a warm reception.

*Alexander C. Kern*

**Civilization.** As told to Florence Drake by Thomas Wildcat Alford. University of Oklahoma Press. $2.50.

This volume escapes the chief pitfall of its type in that its Indian narrator, a great grandson of Tecumseh, sees through truth-seeking eyes rather than glasses of a boastful imagination. The result is a simply told story which grips frequently with its record of the struggle of an Indian tribe against shortcomings of nature and insatiability of white men. Shawnee philosophy is set forth in readable fashion beneath an autobiographical superstructure: the golden rule in its native application; similarity of tribal customs to Old Testament practices: courtesy: disgrace to both parent and child of child punishment: reverential attitudes: spontaneous gaiety: awesome solemnity on occasions sometimes savoring of triviality. One gains an adequate comprehension of individual ingenuity pitted bare-handed against nature in a struggle for self-preservation: of tribal government, which parallels our own except in relation to recurring elections, although the matter of "representation" is not clarified; of the strength of Indian faith in the relationship of the absentee Shawnees to the huge, tape-bound, paternal democracy. One has not to read far to find the buffeting of a simple, honest and religious people against the varied currents of small gains, cross-currents of immeasurable losses, and rip-tides of astonishing neglect in our incomprehensible civilization. The narrator is finally led to wonder, "if civilized people could not learn something from their Indian brothers—self control."

*Chester Anders Fee*

**Strange Harvest.** By Mildred Burcham Hart. The Caxton Printers. $2.50.

**Angels on the Bough.** By S. M. Stewart. The Caxton Printers. $2.50.

We regret that Mrs. Hart found it necessary to choose a hackneyed theme. We have had rather too much of land-grabbing, money-saving farmers whose end and aim in life tend to wreck those who are dependent upon them. Otherwise we should have called *Strange Harvest* the auspicious beginning of a writing career.

August Spengler, the pivotal figure of *Strange Harvest* is carefully but conventionally drawn. He compelled marriages, managed sisters, nieces, and sons with equal rigor; he demanded heirs for his wealth, but he never got them in the abundance he anticipated. Even his death failed to relax the pressure of his will. Lowly gave way, decency abdicated, weakness and strength alike succumbed to his ambition and wealth. One knows the story pretty much by heart. For the most part, the author's incidental material is simply and truthfully recorded; the dramatic passages are skilfully conceived and briefly accomplished. Characterization however, loses clarity outside of Spengler's immediate family. Only in the case of the final sublimation of Marta's love, is anything overdone.

Mr. Steward's volume cannot truly be called a novel. It might be considered rather the preliminary for character sketches for a novel. It is possible that he had in mind the recent trend in literature which endeavors to portray society and its modern com-
plexity through the medium of a group of unrelated characters. But in this case, it should not have been necessary to make any attempt to twist the loose strings together as does the author in his three final chapters. Such an attempt only serves to confuse what feeble issues were dimly pointed out in the earlier part of the book.

Neither can an author expect results by an entirely subjective approach. But Mr. Stewart makes all his characterizations by the stream-of-consciousness method. All are painted to type; most of them are psychopathological. We meet a stiff-necked young professor who is wagging successful war upon his emotional life; a graduate student who leans toward the church; a man who lacks intellectual growth over his artistic talent; a cheap girl who has not quite so cheap who discriminates somewhat; another girl who has failed to achieve any kind of maturity; and two aged maidens, sisters, who take in roomers. All the characters have some loose material connection with other characters, but mentally they never make contact, or draw the smallest spark. The style is affected and stilted.


The Flowering of New England is the flowering of Van Wyck Brooks's genius. It marks the high point in a steady development to be traced through a dozen sound volumes, three of them, Sketches in Criticism, The Life of Emerson, and Emerson and Others, having been written in immediate preparation for the present study. Even if Mr. Brooks never completes the series of critical works on American literary history of which he announces this book as the first, he will, by virtue of his outstanding success in this one alone, have the satisfaction of being recognized as the ablest of our literary historians to date. Nothing like so brilliant a performance emerges among the achievements of his predecessors. All the greater reason, then, for indulging in the wish that the whole of his ambitious undertaking may be carried through to completion. One more unit of it at least seems certain of publication, that covering the New England scene from 1865 to 1915. Its appearance will be eagerly awaited.

The method of Mr. Brooks in his latest book is, as he himself frankly admits, narrative rather than historical. He depends for none of his effects, however, upon the popular device of fictionizing history and biography. Chapter and verse, he assures us, make up the chief support of his statements, and no one who reads him will be inclined to doubt his word. If there is a scrap of evidence, either in print or in manuscript, that he has not examined it is hard to imagine where or what it can be. His fusion of the manner of free flowing story with the returns of never-ceasing study has resulted in a freshly created form of the writer's art which progresses triumphantly with all the interest of a novel, and simultaneously, with all the authority of a voucher. In general its movement adheres to the line of chronology, but like any piece of writing that follows the drift of life it ever and again doubles upon itself. Yet no tangle of repetitiousness holds back the march of events and character. To a degree far beyond that reached by any other book on the same, or a related, subject Mr. Brook's study makes the figures with which it deals live. One leaves the reading of it with the gratifying conviction that one has come to know precisely how the various individuals who people its pages looked and thought. This impression arises, doubtless, from the fact that Mr. Brooks has built his work around persons, treated singly or in groups, and not around ideologies and philosophies, as such. Throughout the course of his book never once does he allow himself to be caught in the critic's conventional task of "tracing a movement," and never once does he pause to summarise, in the usual sense of the word, the content of an author's works. Nevertheless he inevitably communicates to his reader the comfortable assurance (almost too comfortable, perhaps?) that they too have learned at first-hand the very flavor, as well as the matter, of the documents which he has so painstakingly examined, often in the lonely vigils of out-of-the-way scholarship.

Followers of Mr. Brooks's career will recall that his first considerable impact on the consciousness of the reading public was made with The Ordeal of Mark Twain, the underlying thesis of which was that the influence of the American frontier on the advance of American culture was, on the whole, to be deplored. Now that he has written a book in which he palpably rejoices over a veritable golden age in American letters, which flourished while the frontier was being rapidly extended, there will in all likelihood not be lacking those who will bestray themselves to point out that Mr. Brooks has changed his mind, or is inconsistent. (Indeed their voice has already made itself audible.) Neither conclusion follows. For Mr. Brooks happens to have a mind capable of holding more than one idea at a time, even though some of his ideas are seemingly unreconciled or irreconcilable. He had the courage to speak out when his studies brought him into view of something to be regretted in our cultural history. He has the courage to speak out again when his further studies have brought him into sight of something in that same history to be exultant over.

Fair-minded readers will honor him for de-
Clarifying his two opinions without fear of their being alleged to conflict. And they will find him right in both.

V. L. O. Chittick


San Francisco’s Chinatown will be an eye-opener to many of us who have been brought up on the colorful and all too exotic legends of “Old Chinatown,” handed down by numerous writers of fiction, better and worse. Mr. Dobie has left out none of the color, none of the glamour, none of the mystery of dark alleys and the sinister depths of underground dens. He gives us all this because he sees it as well as the fictionists, but with this difference—his emphasis is primarily on interpretation rather than on surface values. Of earlier accounts of highbinders, slavegirls and opium dens, he says in his introduction: “I had not progressed far before I realized that such notes had been struck not too loudly but too unintelligently. What was needed was not less emphasis but more understanding.”

This understanding is the keynote of his book. In a thoroughly sincere endeavor to get a true meaning of the whole pattern of Chinese life in California, he goes back to those earliest settlers of mining days, towards whom the current tone of public opinion was reflected in a San Francisco newspaper as follows: “These celestials make excellent citizens and we are pleased to notice the daily arrivals in large numbers.” He follows them through the strenuous period of competition with the Irish in railroad building; the ever-increasing fear on the part of Californians at an unbelievably steady influx of the once-welcome celestials; the immigration laws of the ’70’s; the reign of terror inaugurated by their own associations of hatchetmen and highbinders.

And behind this struggle of adaptation to a new world, reaching back into dim centuries of tradition in the old, lies the real mystery of Chinatown, and its fascination for us. We can laugh at its quaintness of custom, delight in its gorgeous ceremonials and pageantry, and marvel at the love of beauty that gives us priceless treasures of art and design. We can become genuinely fond of our Chinese servants and share with them all the joys and sorrows of our household, yet we still really never know them. Their personalities, their attitude to life, their sense of values—all these remain essentially unknown quantities to the Occidental mind.

Mr. Dobie himself makes no claim to understanding the Chinese. But he comes very close to them, and it is this insight which gives his book its deepest value. He says: “I can only hope to suggest their infinite variety. I merely give you the scent of their quality.” Unquestionably he has done this, and a great deal more.

The physical beauty of this book speaks for itself. Merely to glance through it gives one the satisfying “feel” of it as a whole, and a delightful sense of anticipation from the end-papers, chapter heads and illustrations.

Barbara E. Bent


Mr. Milburn writes a spottily amusing tale of the influence of the Montgomery-Ward, Sears-Roebuck catalogs on the lives of small-town Southerners. Little boys peer delightfully at colored representations of bicycles and toys. Fubsy widows order beauty preparations with eager confidence. Lewd yokels stare despairingly—yet hopefully—at the women’s underwear section, their dumb eyes popping with lust. Local merchants mutter invective against their skilful competitors. The mail deliverers curse, yet take a curious pride in delivering along their routes both pleasure and a distinctly utility article in one package.

There are other elements in the story: social criticism in the form of a characteristically bestial lynching; satire in the persons of the local banker, newspaper editor, and others. But Mr. Milburn would have written a much better book if he had confined himself to genuine American relating to the catalog. His satire is an inept repetition of more penetrating and more skilful writers. No new angle on civil liberties in the South is revealed in his lynch scene. His social observations only negate the possibility of a good piece of research on a unique American institution, the mail-order catalog.

Burton McCabe


Most of the western stories that are served up to the reading public are too dramatic and far-fetched to appeal to the average matter-of-fact western mind, but here in Mr. Weadock’s fine collection of short stories of the southwest, Dust of the Desert, a westerner meets the men he has known or of whom he has been told from childhood, in a setting and character altogether convincing and acceptable. Told in a simple, straightforward style, they have an appeal to the story lover anywhere, whether he be acquainted with our last American frontier through actual contact or by armchair traveling.

Dust of the Desert contains thirty-one stories and is divided into three sections. The first is called “of the Desert”; the second, “of the Border”; and the third, “of the
Border Patrol." No attempt is made at continuity. Each story is a distinct unit. The only bond that holds them together is their western character. For the seeker of style, there is very little offered, unless the direct and simple language of an ordinary western conversation is the style he seeks.

Jack Van Rider has added realism and charm to this book by his simple but effective black and white drawings of Mexicans, Indians, horses, cowboys, and other unique western subjects.

Margaret Ashbaugh

The Descent of the Idol. By J. Durych. Dutton. $2.75.

The historical novel must always be suspect. Two handicaps peculiar to it appear nearly insurmountable. Not only must the author acquire the background of his period—which is not merely the gathering for himself a set of dates, names, and places—but he must also carefully explain a great deal which he who describes his own world may assume.

Durych's Descent of the Idol, I think, is clumsily handled in both those respects. Unfamiliarity with the period of the Thirty Years' War will not be greatly relieved by this story of Wallenstein. Hundreds of undelineated proper names can hardly be anything but confusing to un scholarly readers. But the other point is more important. In nearly seven hundred pages concerned with extremely important events only the surface material is touched. Durych makes no attempt to probe theories which seem to us even more significant than the resultant events; he deals with changes and differences in the political, economic, and religious set-up in terms of battles and executions.

Blood and action is Durych's primary interest. The descriptions of two mass executions are extremely well done. Battles are numerous and duller. There is a strange, fine little tale—only a few pages—of a girl's journey in Peru; there are others of Indians and Spaniards; and still others of blood, religion, and the jungle. The story of the assassination of Wallenstein is also finely done. In the history books Wallenstein is a mercenary more than half a traitor. Durych's version is more dramatic—Wallenstein is a dying hero gradually hemmed in by the cowardly intriguing priests and generals of a stupid king.

A romance cluttered a considerable part of the book, a man and woman either losing or finding each other in chapters alternating with political scenes. The man is apparently a rebel against religion and sex; they seem somehow to be associated to him; and he succumbs to both at the same time. The girl is sincerely religious and simple. But it is difficult to discover whether there is anything happening in the minds of either of these characters, nor are they closely related to their background.

The religious belief of the author is the thread which gives the book whatever coherence it possesses. That belief appears to be some simple, mystical, god-man relationship rather than any clear form of Catholicism or Protestantism. If the title, indicates the Protestant iconoclasm against Catholic idolatry, the author makes no real attempt at interpretation of the inception of Socciarianism, Ariminianism, Calvinism and the dozens of other sects so important in the history of the early seventeenth century.

The translator appears to have hurried. Unrelated pronouns, irritating cliches, and grammatically meaningless sentences contribute to the book's muddled confusion. Finally, we must take occasion to reprove Thomas Mann for following the lead of English and American boosters of their fellow authors. Wildly generous remarks quoted in book-jacket blurbs have been an indecent joke in this country for some time. Mann cannot have seriously intended to compare Durych with Tolstoy.

Tom Norton

Death Valley Prospectors. By Dane Coolidge. Dutton. $3.


Death Valley Prospectors satisfies the prevalent desire for knowledge about an area which has always intrigued Americans, both because of the danger proclaimed in its name and because of the tales of its fabulous wealth to be found by the fortunate prospector. Mr. Coolidge is qualified to tell his story since he has traveled through the desolate sink and has also a thorough grounding in the legends which have grown up about the place. A fascinating part of the book deals with the widely advertised twenty-mule teams which hauled out borax in great wagons weighing almost four thousand pounds when empty and twenty-six thousand when loaded. However, the romance of Death Valley lies not in borax but in precious metals. Many are the stories of rich strikes and lost mines, the most notable being the famous Breyfogle mine, which is being sought to this day. There is ore in the valley, but, as with borax, the problem is one of practical economy. Can it be taken out at a profit? Men like Smitty, John Lemoigne, and Shorty Harris have spent their lives prospecting in the valley without ever gaining fortunes. The exception is Death Valley Scotty, but there is doubt as to the source of his wealth. Mr. Coolidge has met all these men, and he conveys their
Frontier and Midland

flavor in a very readable book full of delightful anecdote.

*Buckboard Days,* although less well written, is concerned with a more important subject. There has been too much of volumes devoted to notorious killers and bad men, but there is room for more accounts of men who went to the West and there achieved success. That country was built up by such men as John William Poe, the leading figure of this book. Leaving Kentucky in 1870, he reached Fort Griffin after working on farms and in railway gangs en route. When an attempt at farming was ruined by a plague of grasshoppers, he turned to wolf and buffalo hunting in West Texas. Having proved himself as marshal of Fort Griffin, he was selected as a stock detective for the Canadian River Cattlemen's Association, and in this capacity he assisted in the final capture of Billy the Kid. Soon afterwards he was elected sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico. Mrs. Poe, who relates the story, came to New Mexico in 1881 and after a strange courtship married the sheriff, who then resigned to become a rancher and later a successful stock farmer. After nine years he sold out his interests to try banking, and eventually attained sufficient prominence to serve as president of the New Mexico State Tax Commission. The story's real value lies in the vivid depiction of the type of pioneer and frontiersman who could keep abreast of progress.

Stanton A. Coblentz' book, *Villains and Vigilantes,* describes the activities of the first two Vigilance Committees of San Francisco with some explanation of the reasons for their inception and some evaluation of their effect. As a result of the gold rush, conditions became so bad that in 1851 the more substantial citizens formed the first Committee, cleaned house, and then became inactive. When crime and corruption again grew rank, James King of William, a fiery, outspoken, and incorruptible journalist, attacked this political chicanery so savagely that he was shot by an ex-convict politician. The Committee resumed operations at once by arming Fort Gunnybags and cleared the city of criminals. The author concludes that "the work of the Vigilance Committee is to be regarded in the light of a palliative, a temporary remedy—salutary in some of its results, and deplorable in others, but in any case no more than a scraper of surfaces." The book, is valuable for assembling materials not easily gained from any single source.

*Chief Joseph, the Biography of a Great Indian.* By Chester Anders Fee. Wilson-Erickson. $4.

Those who knew that this book was in the process of preparation have awaited its appearance with considerable anticipation, for we have long needed a comprehensive and authoritative biography of Chief Joseph. The book contains 346 pages, including the bibliography and index. There are eleven illustrations, including two maps. As would be expected, the major part of the book deals with the Chief Joseph uprising of 1877.

One is disappointed to find so little documentation, for there are only about thirty footnote references. The careful student of history is eager to know where Mr. Fee got his material. This disappointment leads to the suspicion that sometimes Mr. Fee is careless about details. The early part of this book, regarding which the reviewer feels most qualified to criticize, is sprinkled with small errors of fact. Mr. Fee asserts that the Indians had smallpox at the time of the Whitman massacre whereas the trouble was with measles and dysentery. He states that Spalding on one Sunday received thirty new members into the mission church, when the records show that only nine were received on the day in question. He speaks of the women and children who were killed at the Whitman massacre, when in truth Mrs. Whitman was the only woman and the Sager boys the only children, if boys 15 and 17 years old could be called children. He identifies the battle of Steptoe Butte with the butte of that name today near Colfax, when in fact it was fought near Rosalia, Washington.

On the other hand, it should be stated that the author has given history in a most readable form. Once the story is begun the reader will find it having the interest of a novel, and he will lay down the book at the end with a new appreciation of the greatness of Chief Joseph. The author is sympathetic with the struggles of the redmen against the encroachments of the whites. Surely the way our Government treated the Nez Perces should make us hang our heads in shame.

The book contains two important appendices by Colonel C. E. S. Wood and Lieutenant Lovell H. Jerome, who were eye-witnesses of some of the events described. Colonel Wood claims that he and General Howard were the only ones who were at both the beginning and the end of the campaign. These documents are important source documents for all students of this period. The author makes no acknowledgment of aid received from the Idaho Historical Society, and the assumption is that he did not get material from that source. This is a serious oversight, for the last number of the report of the State Historical Society of Idaho contains an interesting series of letters written to Governor Mason Brayman during the war and a copy of the Journal kept by Colonel Edward McConville which was addressed to the Territorial Governor. Colonel McConville was in charge of the Lewiston Company of Volunteers. In view of such omissions, perhaps the final definitive life is still to be written.

*Clifford M. Drury*
LITERARY NEWS
Continued from page 4a.

John Rood's novelette, This, My Brother, is the first to be issued by the Publication Committee of the Midwest Federation of Arts and Professions.

Helen M. Solitros, Brazil, Ind., solicits poetry for her syndicated column, Commonwealth, Commercial Club, Richmond, Va., solicits verse and pays nominally.

Margaret Widdemer speaks on the NBC blue network every Wednesday at 1 p.m., MST, on the Technique of popular writing.

Edwin Markham, 85, who last December received from the Academy of American Poets a "special prefatory" award of $5,000, has been declared incompetent to manage his $60,000 estate. The proceeding was brought by his sister-in-law, Miss Mary Murphy, with whom the aged poet and his invalid wife make their home. It was alleged that a broker had recently attempted to de-spoil him of a substantial part of his investments. Mind and memory, dulled for recent events, remain alert to music and poetry. Marked in a volume of his poems which he carried into the courtroom was the passage: "The poet is forever young and speaks the one immortal tongue."

Jan. 1 appeared No. 1, Vol. 1 of the Intermountain Review, Murray, Utah, "medium of expression for writers of the intermountain west." Ray B. Wertz, Jr., editor; George Snell, Grant H. Redford, associates; Wallace Stagner and Wanda Burnett (remember her Dancing Mormons) contributing editors.

The N. Y. Herald Tribune offers two prizes of $250 each for the best book for small children to be published in the Spring, and for the best book for older children to be so published. This prize is for the encouragement of spring, as against fall, publication. The Iowa Authors Club Letter, Mrs. Worthington Smith, editor, went to 310 members last month. It carries much regional information. Address 4023 Cottage Grove, Des Moines, Iowa is poetry conscious, says Raymond Kresensky. Margaret Ball Dickson is planning a four-state meeting of poets in St. Paul. Mrs. Smith continues a regular Wednesday radio reading of poets, and station WHO has a Sunday broadcast.

American Prefaces, Iowa City, carries reproductions of the best works of art of the midwest. Sun-Talk, 1018 Maple St., Des Moines, is a new poetry magazine. Hinterland, organ of the Midwest Literary League emphasizes the regional note.

The winner of the first Book-of-the-Month Club Fellowship Award of $2500 is Robinson Jeffers. Random House will issue soon a new book of his poetry entitled Such Counsellor You Gave to Me.

Myron Brinig's latest novel, The Sisters, Farrar & Rinehart is averaging sales from 2000 to 3000 daily. Its setting, like that of his earlier books, is Butte.

Mary J. Elmendorf, Seattle poet, author of Two Wives and Other Narrative Poems, died suddenly on February 9.
EDITOR’S NOTES

Gene Shuford’s poem, Sonata for a Southern Town, appeared in a somewhat different form before it was published in FRONTIER AND MIDLAND’S last issue in the Fayetteville Democrat, Fayetteville, Arkansas, its editor, Mrs. Leslie S. Read, informs me.

The new section, appearing in this issue, YOUNG WRITERS, will carry writing by normal school, college, and university undergraduates. Material for it is to be submitted only through instructors in writing after selection from among other manuscripts. It should prove a welcome and interesting feature of the magazine. If readers find it such, or if they think it out of place in this magazine I shall appreciate their writing me.

The decrease in the number of stories of raw realism that have come to me during the last year suggests in young writers either sensitiveness to change in reader interest or failure longer to find values in photographic and unshaped and unselected portrayal of life.

COVERED WAGON

THE POETS—VERNE BRIGHT (Oregon), who recently had a long western poem in the North American Review, has contributed, with ETHEL ROMIG FULLER (Portland), and HELEN MARING (Seattle), to this magazine since its beginning as a regional medium of expression in 1927. Their poetry appears steadily in many magazines. AUGUST DERLETH, also a staunch believer in our regional aim and accomplishment, is a busy and successful Wisconsin writer. ARTHUR DU Bois (Poem) has appeared in FRONTIER AND MIDLAND before; he is well known as a literary critic and as a writer. CARL BULOSAN, a Filipino Californian, is making a fight for his health in a tuberculosis hospital. CALVIN GOOD is an Oklahoma writer, making his first appearance here. G. FRANK GOODPASTURE, pioneer oysterman and boatbuilder of the Washington coast, last spring opened a boat shop at Bruceport on Willapa Bay. The town was named for the brig Robert Bruce, burned at that spot in 1851. “Part of her keel,” wrote Mr. Goodpasture last June, “has recently emerged from the sand, and I have salvaged the old hand-forged copper nails that have been on the beach all these years.”

LEE JENTELSON sends his poem from Cincinnati. Since acceptance of his poem JAMES MORGAN has moved from Kansas City. The editors would like to know his present address. JULIA CHAIN ROGERS is a Colorado poet, living in Boulder. JAMES STILL’s story On Defeated Creek, which appeared in the winter issue of FRONTIER AND MIDLAND, has aroused pro and con discussion, as we thought it would. He is a Kentucky writer. RICHARD SULLIVAN now lives in South Bend, Ind.
THE STORY WRITERS—Bruce Brown (Arkansas) has published in several of the little magazines. His writing was in Story before that magazine settled in America. We have already published three stories by Paul Elbridge (Okla.). He knows the Indian of Oklahoma country who has fallen in with white ways. The story Gods of Darkness by Charles Hilton (Seattle) we rank with the most moving war stories to come out of the Great War. Mr. Hilton, who now is working on a magazine, took his master's degree at Montana State University. Nard Jones, also a Seattle Writer, has several novels to his credit, among them All Bide Were Lovers, which is both a smart story and a probe into life. Weldon Kees (Nebraska) has published in Prairie Schooner. Norman Macleod (New York) is better known as a poet.

OTHER PROSE WRITERS—Charles W. Hibbett is a professor in the department of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University. Albert Parott is instructing in the School of Journalism at Montana State University. He is a researcher in Northwest history. Helen Cornelius calls attention to this new play by Albert Bein, Guggenheim Fellow, from New York.

THE YOUNG WRITERS—Both Robert Fromm and Joe Boileau, Jr. are undergraduates, sophomore and junior, at Montana State University. This is their first published writing.

"American in character, national in scope, international in quality."
—Christian Science Monitor.

The Virginia Quarterly Review announces for the Spring number

Dictatorship and Property, by Calvin B. Hoover.
The South's Unbalanced Budget, by David Cushman Coyle.
High Road to Heaven, by J. McBride Dabbs.
Letters of Edwin A. Robinson to Daniel Gregory Mason.
Mary Austin, Woman Alone, by Dudley Wynn.
Prude's Progress, by Lionel Stevenson.
Blake and the New Age, by Kerker Quinn.
Poems and Discussions of New Books.

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Books for Spring

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IDAHO is the first published volume of The American Guide Series, books for each state in the Union planned and produced by The Federal Writers' Projects of the Works Progress Administration. It is a large, handsome book, plentifully illustrated; and it characterizes and describes Idaho, and logs eleven fascinating tours into every part of this beautiful but little-publicized state. The Project in Idaho was directed and energized by Vardis Fisher; and the book owes the beauty and fluency of its style to the fact that most of the copy came from his pen. The New York Times has written: "The word guide is far too modest a term to describe a book with such readable text, such beautiful and broadly illustrative pictures as this." Samuel A. Kaufman wrote in the Brooklyn Times Union: "IDAHO is a volume that should stir the interest even of persons who have never visited Idaho and have no intention of ever going there. For those who do, it is a mine of valuable information."

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APRIL

VARDIS FISHER

For those who have branded Vardis Fisher a gloomy, humorless fellow without lightness of touch and certainly without either brevity or wit, APRIL will come as a surprise. This humorous idyll of the Antelope hills is subtitled "A Fable of Love," and in it Fisher has delivered a small poetic summary of all his powers. The story concerns June Weeg, the homeliest squab in Antelope, and the way in which she went about turning her drab life into poetry and grace. It is mischievous and mocking, but it is much more than a humorous and graceful tale. Buried in it, and running from end to end as the submerged theme, is a sly satire for those who wish to look beneath the surface of what June Weeg says and does. And in its ironic laughter it concerns all of us who imagine that we have within us a spirit surpassing loveliness.

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