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Visit MISSOULA This Summer

ROBERT LATHROP

Rich with the lore of the early northwest lies a city of 23,185 population situated at the entrance into a territory where the atmosphere of gold hunters, gunmen and Indians has not been entirely overcome by modern civilization. The city is Missoula, metropolis of western Montana. Here is the entrance into a land of scenic beauty through the famous Hell Gate canyon and into the heart of the beautiful Pacific northwest. Through Missoula run the Northern Pacific and Milwaukee transcontinental railroads, the principal United States highways and daily transcontinental air service. Far to the south is the only other pass to the west.

In Missoula the resident or visitor can feel himself a part of the early days of settlement when the region was included in the Washington territory under the governorship of Isaac I. Stevens. He can visualize himself a member of the Lewis and Clark expedition or as one of the first missionaries in the territory. He can ride with the notorious Plummer-Ives outlaw gang or with the vigilantes who brought law to the state. He can travel with Selish Indian hunting parties, with Blackfeet war parties or with Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce. If he desires he can be with the United States Army and take part in a historic military blunder at "Fort
Fizzle.” He can trade at the first store in Montana, take part in the first trial by jury, attend the first wedding and be at the bedside of the first white child born in the state, or watch the building of the first church. He can witness hangings, train and stage robberies and the discovery of gold. He can feel himself part of the Mullan expedition and travel with them as he drives on highway U. S. 10 or he can attend a picture in a comfortable, modern theater on the same location where the first milling activities in the region were begun.

If imagination is lacking and the desire to see replaces the desire to participate mentally, the communor need only look to the east of the city. Two mountains, Mt. Sentinel, which holds the “M” of Montana’s state university, and Mt. Jumbo, on which is a lone pine tree, the “Sentinel Pine,” form a gap through which the traveler coming from the east must pass. The gap is famous Hell Gate canyon, key to stories of Indians, explorers, vigilantes, bad-men, missionaries and exploiters who have given life and tradition to a pleasant city. He can sit at the base of “Sentinel Pine” and watch the history of the territory unfold itself.

Within a small radius of Missoula are many points of historic interest to lend actuality to imagination. Following the main east-west highway through the entire region the traveler is on the route surveyed by Captain John Mullan. When Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War and Franklin Pierce was President of the United States the desire to increase the size of the country and acquire more slave states to balance the power of the free states was prevalent. The Washington territory was the solution but it had to be settled. In conjunction with the desire for settlement, Territorial Governor Stevens selected Lieutenant John Mullan, United States Army engineer, to locate the best passage and build a military road connecting the Pacific and the east. The route selected by Mullan was laid-out by nature and had been followed for centuries before by Indians. The same route is now followed by railroads and highways.

East of Missoula about 30 miles is Bearmouth, at the foot of Bear gulch where gold was plentiful a few years ago. The little town, now almost extinct, was the scene of hold-ups and murders as the gunmen of the day waylaid stages following the Mullan trail. Later, after the railroads had pushed their way through, train robberies were not uncommon. The road leads on and
soon passes through Hell Gate canyon to the site of Montana's first town, Hell Gate, where the population never exceeded 14 persons.

The settlement was started when F. L. Worden and Christopher P. Higgins selected the location as advantageous for a trading store and is the birthplace of Worden and Company, founded in 1860. In spite of the town's size, its historic value is great. Hell Gate saw the first trial by jury in the state and the end of organized lawlessness in the territory. On January 25, 1863, four of the west's most ruthless bad men, members of the Plummer-Ives gang of murderers and thieves, were captured by vigilantes, tried and hanged. They were tried in a little cottonwood cabin and hanged from an improvised scaffold constructed at the Worden Company corral. The cemetery at Hell Gate has 19 graves. The town was abandoned after about 10 years and the trading post moved up to Missoula.

Continuing westward about seven miles from Missoula is a grove of scattered pine trees which can easily be seen from the highway. It is Council Grove, so named because it was the meeting place of Indians and whites who gathered to secure for the whites the undisputed settlement of the country. The conclave was called by Governor Stevens shortly after his appointment and brought together many representatives from all of the tribes in the area and most of the members of Stevens' cortege. After eleven stormy days a treaty was agreed upon that has since resulted in the passing of freedom for the Indians.

Near Council Grove was born the first white child in Montana of which there is any record. Farther on the trail branches northward (U. S. 93) to lead into and through the Blackfeet Indian reservation.

As the traveler continues on he enters the little town of St. Ignatius, where the mission established by Father Ravalli is still continuing its activity. Set down near the base of the breathtaking Mission mountains the old Jesuit settlement is a picturesque reminder of the early west.

From Missoula southward down the Bitter Root valley toward Hamilton are opportunities for further reflection. At Stevensville St. Mary's Mission still stands. It was founded by Father DeSmet after persistent urging by Indian representatives to the "Black Robe" home in St. Louis After three such requests Father DeSmet and a small party of Indians and missionaries passed through Hell Gate canyon and into this region with the first wagons and oxen that the territory had ever seen. The mission was established and existed for approximately ten years before it was abandoned. Repeated raids, often nearly bringing disaster to the settlement, at the hands of marauding Blackfeet parties made the work extremely hazardous. After many narrow escapes from death the mission was abandoned and moved northwestward to
St. Ignatius. Father DeSmet returned to the east and Father Ravalli took charge.

With the abandonment of the region the mission came into the hands of Major John Owen, who changed it to a trading post and fort for protection against Indian hostilities.

On the same highway, before coming to Stevensville, the traveler passes through Lolo where a highway marker informs him that Lewis and Clark had twice visited the same valley over a hundred years ago. The location near Lolo was given the name, "Trevelers Rest" by the expedition. They had stopped near Lolo creek at the entrance to Lolo pass for a two-day rest on their westward journey in September of 1805. On their return they visited the same place and rested for four days before continuing. It was here that the expedition split its forces. Lewis traveled north through the "Buffalo Country" and passed through Hell Gate canyon. Clark and the remainder of the men traveled south through the Big Hole country and down the Yellowstone river. The two parties met several months later at the mouth of the Yellowstone.

Not far from Lolo is the site of "Fort Fizzle" where Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce slipped by an ambush set for them by a military detachment. The Nez Perce chief was leading almost two thousand of his tribe in an effort to reach Canada and escape from white rule. The Indians, more than half of whom were women and children, were believed by the soldiers to be on the war path. When they were sighted in Lolo pass an effort was made to bottle them in. The detachment of soldiers built a blockade across the pass and waited for the Indians to approach. Chief Joseph, aware of the blockade, easily outwitted them by waiting for darkness when he calmly marched his tribe around the sleeping camp. The soldiers waited in vain until they learned of the Indian strategy. The stupidity of the military blunder earned for the blockade the appropriate name, "Fort Fizzle."

Missoula, because of its location, has stored a vast quantity of invaluable information concerning the northwest and gives an opening to almost every phase of its development. The city has progressed with the times and is today the center of varied and extensive commercial activity.

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LITERARY NEWS

The Metropolitan Press will issue Young Pioneer, a boys' book on Whitman, written by Nard Jones and J. Gordon Gose.

Citizens of St. Ignace, Mich., are restoring old Fort St. Ignace, known in fur-trading days as Fort de Baunde. Outlines of the earthworks erected 250 years ago are visible on a hillside near the grave of Father Marquette.

John Stewart Curry, Kansas artist, has completed a mural for the Justice Department, Washington, entitled "The Bringing of Justice to the West." Mrs. Curry appears in the mural as a pioneer woman carrying a baby in her arms.

The Medicine Lodge Treaty Association of Kansas are preparing for a pageant, October 5-7, in which 1,500 persons will participate, many of them descendants of the Indians who took part in the formalities of the original treaty in 1867. When the Kansas Pacific railroad laid its first rails across the territory, Indians foresaw the loss of their hunting grounds. Five thousand Indians were summoned to the powwow designed to end depredations, and every five years the occasion is celebrated as a frontier peace day.

Vol. 1, No. 1 of Coast, a magazine of Western writing, has appeared from the Federal Writers' Project of San Francisco.

Mrs. Margaret Cobb Ailshie, publisher of the Boise, Idaho, Statesman, was one of the few women to attend the recent publishers' convention in New York City. She is quoted: "We are getting along very well on government money. Money is plentiful, thank you. We have had more money appropriated for relief in Idaho this year than for the past two years, thanks to the generosity of taxpayers of the East."

Middletown in Transition: A Study in Cultural Conflicts, Harcourt Brace, by Robert S. and Helen M. Lind, has given renewed publicity to Muncie, Ind., where the authors made their initial study of "Middletown." Reviews of the book have been extended and thoughtful; and Life (May 10) carries a series of Margaret Bourke-White's photographs to illuminate the Lynds' findings.

Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, one of three recipients of an annual award given to foreign-born citizens by the National Institute of Immigrant Welfare, spoke in response of America's treatment of her foreign children: "It received them without any sentiment, without any care; often, perhaps, with outright neglect and selfishness. But it gave them a chance, a chance to educate themselves and their children." Dr. Hrdlicka, born in Bohemia, 1869, is a distinguished anthropologist, curator of the United States Museum of Anthropology.

Pulitzer Traveling Scholarships were awarded Robert W. Root of Ames, Ia.; Richard T. Baker of Cedar Falls, Ia., and Fred J. Pannwitt of Nakomis, Ill.

Continued on page 302
HERE is the story—half-portrait, half-memoir, wholly delightful—of the author's grandmother, a remarkable old lady of ninety who still clings stubbornly to her home on The Divide, overlooking Virginia City and Gold Hill, to which she came as a bride in her 'teens.

In her story is all the color and flavor of the mining boom towns, through their rise and fall, and of the distinctive society they bred. Highwaymen of striking gallantry, saloon moguls, forerunners of modern gangsters, prostitutes, and sudden millionaires stalk the pages.

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350 Mission St., San Francisco
On either side of the road water raced and gurgled through muddy ditches. The horses and buckboard were splashed with it, and the lines, blown sideways in the moist flapping of the Chinook, glistened yellow and wet.

"I never seen snow go so dum fast," the foreman said. "There was two foot here yestiddy. I bet there's water goin' over the top a the dam."

Old Man Purcell slowly wiped a smear of mud from the back of his neck, spat over the lurching wheel, made sure that the dynamite and pike poles were behind him under the blanket, and sank back into immobile taciturnity.

Then for a mile there was nothing but the steaming horses, and the splash and plop of their carelessly placed hooves, and the grate of gravel under the iron tires, and the curving drip of yellow mud and water brought up from the road by the wheels. Boss and foreman drove wordlessly, catching in the heavy wind the smell of soaked earth and sodden grass.

The ruts of the road curved away from the shoulder of a hill and angled down through the brush to the edge of the river, where the cowpuncher's dryland wonder at so much water got the better of him again.

"Good hell!" he said. "Looka that erick!"

Bank to bank, the river was a broad expanse of viscous brown water. There was something pantherish about its lithe flow, about the sucking noises it made under banks and through low-growing brush. Already it had overflowed the far shore.

"That'll be up over Hinchey's land in a few hours," Slip said, "an' the damn flood ain't even started yet."

Beside him he felt the taciturn Old Man stir angrily, heard the low rumble of an oath. The Old Man's hand went to his mouth, removed the sodden quid, and drew back in throwing position. There was a sharp splat, and the team jumped into a trot as the off horse felt the sting of the flattening wad. Flying drops spun from the wheels; the two men turned up their collars against the spatter.

"That dam will stand anything but a hell of a quick thaw after a hell of a hard winter," the Old Man said. "It ain't gone yet," Slip said. "I've seen 'em do a lot with dynamite at the railroad bridges."

"Maybe," said the Old Man. "But that ice is four foot thick."

When they reached the dam the sun was out bright and the Chinook still blowing. Through the spillway on the south side was pouring a rod-wide torrent of muddy water but there was no sign that the ice had weakened. The channel above was carrying almost six feet of flood water on top of the ice.
Nothing could be done until it should begin to break up.

For two hours the Old Man paced back and forth along the top of the dam, eyeing the river, answering in monosyllables the questions of stragglers who waded out from town to look things over. The town had it that Purcell's dam was a cinch to go, and that, they said, on top of the four thousand head of cattle he lost in the Christmas blizzard, would wipe him out for sure.

"He's big, and he's tough, and he's been up against some mighty hard propositions," they said, sitting quietly on the bank listening to the steady clack of the Old Man's boot heels on the cat-walk. "He's made a lot of money and done a lot of things, but this's the shot that sinks him!"

"His wife seen this comin'," they said. "She didn't wait around till he'd lost every dime. Not her. She skips with Dubois while she can still get somethin' to skip with. She had her eye out for Number One, Mamie did. She seen the ship sinkin', and she beat it."

Furtively they watched him pacing the cat-walk, knowing him a better man than any of themselves, outwardly sympathetic of his losses, secretly willing enough to see the tallest one come down.

With a long pole Slip had scratched a line on the muddy cement face of the dam, six inches above the water. In thirty-five minutes it had disappeared under the swirling brown current. He scratched another almost a foot higher than the first. In a little over an hour that too was swallowed. The Old Man watched him in silence. The water was then within a dozen feet of the top, and the spillway was a boiling cascade. Still the ice remained quiet, hidden under the flood, and the water continued to rise.

"What time is it?" the Old Man asked.

"Three-thirty."

"Get these guys to pile up a lot of brush along the banks as high as they can pile it. We may have to stay here all night and we can't work in the dark."

Slip splashed his way through slush and mud to the group sitting on the high bank.

"Want a job, you guys?"

"Sure," some said rising. Others sat still. "She's goin' out anyway," one of the sitters said. "Why not stay in a grandstand seat and get a good look?"

"Lissen," said Slip in contempt. "You know the Old Man better'n that. You know damn well she ain't goin' out, if he has to get down underneath and brace it with his back. Come on, let's get some wood."

All but two or three rose and spread out through the willows. From the dam the Old Man could see them plowing through the brush, heaving at windrows buried under packed and melting snow, staggering back to the bank under loads of willows, trunks of trees, ties and driftwood scattered along shore by the floods of other years. Boys galloped about. Gathering fuel became an exciting race, and red-faced men lumbered recklessly through the tangling willows dragging twenty-foot tree trunks behind them.

The piles on the bank grew. In an hour there were three of them, ten feet high and fifty feet around, one at the end of the dam, the others upriver at intervals of a hundred feet. When
those were done the mob swarmed over the dam past the Old Man, laughing, yelling, saying, "If this'n goes we got enough wood to build another right up behind 'er." All were now great friends, eager and helpful, and desirous of nothing so much as to save the dam. In less than an hour they had matched the first three pyres with three others on the opposite bank.

"Now," they said, "let 'er come!"

They sat down again by small fires to wait, talking quietly, their ears tuned to the sucking gurgle of the whirlpools and the steady clack of the Old Man's riding-boots. The water continued to rise.

"Seven foot an' a half," Slip reported at five-thirty. "She ain't comin' up so fast now."

The floodgate was wide open, and the water piled against it, seeming to crowd and push like a mob pouring through a narrow door. Above the Chinook, which now blew with lessening force, were the pantherish licking noises of the river.

Just after sundown the loungers on the banks rose sharply to their feet and listened. The sound came again, a heavy roar from upstream, then thunderous cracks and a slow ponderous grinding. In the middle of the dam Old Man Purcell stood peering, his hand over his eyes to concentrate the fading light.

"Light the fires!" he yelled.

Men on shore ran with matches and torches from pile to pile. Behind them sprang up tongues of flame that raced through dry twigs and small branches, slowed and spread redly at the wetter fuel above, and then settled to a steady gnawing into the heavy wood. The flames grew long and leaped in wild streamers before the blast of the Chinook, and the crowd fell back before the fierce heat.

Slip stood beside the Old Man, waiting uneasily for the disturbance to begin again. On each side were three great wind-fanned fires, the people in front of them black as posts, those behind tinged ruddily with irregular highlights. Before him was the brown river with the firelight red on the whirlpools. Boys shouted and danced like devils around the flames, tossing on more wood, and the river raced solid and swift and irresistible against the protecting piles that slanted in front of the dam. The spillway was a swishing roar on his left.

Then something went off upstream like a siege gun, and all the shouting died. All eyes were on the swift oily water. Two more thunderous reports, nearer this time, and the middle of the river broke into a myriad great racing whirlpools like immense spinning coins.

There was not a sound from the people on shore. Old Man Purcell stood clutching a stick of dynamite, almost squeezing it in two. Men watched fascinated as the great whirlpools spun downstream, bounced in and out against the sloping piles like crazy wasps against a screen, then slid mysteriously, instantly, into the smooth brown rush of the spillway.

After a period of seconds the Old Man's fingers bit into Slip's arm, as he pointed. A hundred feet in front of them the ice rose above the water, curved in a great bow entirely across the stream. Only the dull thunder of the floodgate, suddenly far off and unimportant, broke the tense hush. The ice rose out of the water until it stood eight feet above the surface directly
between the two far bonfires. Its sides shimmered and glanced with fairy lights.

For a second only it towered. Then with a grating roar the bow reared up several feet and toppled over toward the dam. Water sheared out before it as before the bow of a liner, and the splash soaked people on both banks. The ice sank, came up again in a welter of white foam. Slip noticed for the first time that the noise had begun again. Farther back he could see the ice humping and heaving under the chocolate water. The whole river broke up.

The water backed by the great berg came down in a ten-foot wall, floating huge cakes of ice. Slip and the Old Man couched, waiting the blow of it, with arms crooked over their faces. Before the impact the protecting piles splintered like twigs. Soaking spray dashed high into the air; water sloshed entirely over the dam; the ice cakes ground against the dam’s face.

A block of ice twenty feet square jammed cornerwise in the spillway with other blocks piling behind it.

‘Quick!’ the Old Man yelled. “Dynamite that chunk!”

Slip capped two sticks and lit the fuses, and the crowd scurried away from the end. He tossed them aboard. In the roaring of the ice the explosive sounded thin and puny. One charge only threw out glittering sparks of crystal. The next one, however, struck in a crack and split the cake in two. The Old Man and a crew of helpers steered it through the gate with pike poles.

From that time on it was a sweating, swearing, breathless race against ice and floodwater. Men toiled mightily with poles and levers, risked their lives to dislodge blocked chunks, slaved and sweated and swore and fell back to rest while others took their places.

Still the ice gained. Half the pike poles were broken; the dynamite ran low. Twice the spillway jammed fast, and Slip clambered down in the lurid dark among cakes that threatened to give way at any moment, wading in water that pulled like ropes at his legs while he placed sticks of explosive. The first two efforts were successful. A third jam almost cost him his life. With instant precision the Old Man leaned far out, lowered a pike pole which Slip caught, and hauled the cowpuncher out hand over hand before the blast.

But the shot was useless. A head of ice built up high against the face of the dam, and there was no dynamite to blast it loose. The river, rushing between and under and around the great cakes, and finding insufficient outlet, rose behind the blockade and eventually came over the top. Heavy blocks began falling on the plank cat-walk.

The Old Man stood solidly for a long minute looking at the jam. Then his arm waved.

“Everybody off!” he shouted.

Slip walked behind him as he slowly retreated across the spillway bridge to the south pier. There they watched as the ice rose, crashed, ground, tumbled, and rose again. The corner of a cake caught in the end of the light bridge. Another pushed it from behind, and still another rose and toppled upon it from above. Bridge and all crashed into the clogged chute.

As his sweating body cooled Slip felt the chill of his wet clothes, and put on his mackinaw. In the darkness a few
feet from him glimmered the wet white shirt of the Old Man. He was leaning on the railing staring moodily at the heaped ice almost level with his eyes. “Better put on your coat!” Slip shouted.

“I ain’t cold.”

Slip stood shivering in the night air. The glimmer of the white shirt before him was somehow the symbol of a mighty defeat, the capitulating flag of a lost cause. He cursed aloud and could not hear his own words.

Water sluiced heavily and swiftly over piled ice, its wet rush a sibilant undertone to the erratic crash and grind of the jam. On the pier Purcell stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the transitory flash and glitter of the water and the looming whiteness of the ice that filled the spillway. From where Slip stood it seemed that he was standing in the very midst of the pack.

Slip moved closer and yelled. “Hadn’t you better climb back outa here!”

The Old Man motioned him away. Almost at the same instant a block slid like a chip on a wave over the crest of the pile, crashed against the pier, and split into a halfdozen large fragments. Slip shouted as one of them skittered with incredible speed toward the Old Man, upended him, and carried him abruptly almost to where Slip stood.

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Purcell rose before the other could put out a hand.

“Hurt?”

“Naw,” said the Old Man. His shirt was torn half off his back, and trailed wetly. He stood rubbing an elbow, staring back at the river.

Then above the pandemonium rose another sound, a deep, ominous, earth-shaking one, a shuddering groan of overstrained timber and cement. The pier shook.

Slip grabbed Purell and hauled him bodily up the sloping bank. Behind them, when they had taken only a halfdozen steps, they heard the dam going. They whirled to watch.

From shore to shore the heaped and jumbled ice rose up and forward, heaved in a great wave. Under it the whole center of the dam buckled and leaned, hung for a moment, and fell with a crash.

The previous clamor was nothing to this. This hammered on the eardrums with idiot vehemence. There was every noise fused in it—the falling of great trees, the splitting discharge of thunder, the screaming of horses, the roar of heavy surf. Slip cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted something directly into Purell’s ear. Purell didn’t hear him. He didn’t hear himself. He only felt the terrific strain of chest and throat and tongue.

They stood quietly and watched. Not until after the Old Man had led the way silently back to the buggy, shaking off excited men who ran up to grab his arm and shout at him, were there any words. They were lurching back along the road to town when Slip spoke, driven to conversation by the silence, full of thoughts like bright knives.

“‘This’ll flood the whole dum valley.’”

“Yup.”

“Think it’ll do any damage in town?”

“None. Other side the river.”

“Might get your house some,” Slip suggested. “You’re pretty low down there.”
"Maybe. Nobody home but the Chink, though."

"Yeah," Slip said. "That's so."

Their talk died abruptly. The road swung close to the river, through flooded brush. The horses hesitated, then plunged belly deep. Slip rode the tongue, pushing off cakes of floating ice, while the Old Man drove. Past that, they rose to the shoulder of the hills and had comparatively dry road. They had been fifteen minutes without speaking when the Old Man's voice came out of the chilly dark, flat, even, unmarked by emotion or loss. "Funny," he said. "I wanted to see a lot of things happen in this valley. I used to have pipe dreams about that dam ten years before she was built. I could see little farms, quarter section or so, all down below her, with dairy herds, and alfalfa fields, and hay for winter feeding, and vegetable gardens. Civilized farming, see? Table truck, and flowers, and families. Kids by the million playing Indian in the brush, or fishing, or helping on the farms. I had a whole slew of storybook ideas about this place. I could even see myself sitting in my house with Mamie, playing God Almighty to the town. I could see this stretch of the Frenchman the greenest, healthiest, happiest valley in Saskatchewan."

The Old Man laughed quietly. "Godamighty," he said, and rubbed his knuckles so that Slip could hear the sand papery rasp in the dark.

The last mile they drove in silence, Slip thinking of the dark lonesomeness of that big stone house by the river where the Old Man would go to bed, wondering if perhaps he oughtn't to suggest that his boss stay at the bunk-house. But when they reached the bunkhouse a quarter mile from Purcell's mansion, the Old Man reached out and stopped the team.

"You go in and get to bed," he said. "You've done enough today."

"Oh, I'll take you home," Slip said. "I ain't in any hurry."

"Naw, go in and go to bed," said the Old Man.

"Where'll you put the horses? There'll be water in your corral two foot deep."

"I'll find some place. You hit the hay."

"But there ain't any place," Slip protested. "Come on, I'll run down with you and see how things is."

"Get out," said the Old Man. Slip clambered down.

"You'll be up all night fussin' with those nags."

"Naw, I'm going to drive around a little bit," the Old Man said.

The buggy started with a jerk, leaving Slip staring from the muddy road. "Drive around? Where to, for the hell's sake?" he yelled.

There was no answer from the Old Man. Standing in the road, Slip cursed softly. He heard the noise of wheels and the plop of hooves swerve to the right, into the road that led out across the bench hills to the south, toward the open prairie and Montana. Slowly the sounds diminished, faded slowly into the wet dying whisper of the Chinook.

As he turned to go into the bunk-house the thought of the stone house by the river, its flower garden and artificial spring, its rustic benches and gravel walks, all drowned under dirty floodwater, was like the thought of someone lying dead.
ON a time it happened that a sailboat sank off the coast of Sta. Cruz, Marinduque, and of its crew of six only one survived. Picked up by a passing steamer and forthwith brought to Manila, it was some time before he got back to his home-port Maricaban. Then, when he related the story of his disaster, people did not at once believe him, some even saying that he was so young and, perhaps, was simply fooling. Only after months had passed did the owners of the vessel give it up for lost and the women say their prayers for the souls of the departed.

Now it occurred to Juancho, for that was the name of the young survivor, that among his companions who drowned was one not a native of Maricaban Island, but of some distant barrio in Mindoro. Gorio was his name, and Juancho thought that certainly no news of the man’s ill fate could have reached his village. And how then could the women of his family say their prayers for him? Juancho was troubled by this, for Gorio had been his friend.

At one time he thought of writing to Gorio’s father, but he did not know the man’s name, and besides, his letter would not bear much weight, or might not even be believed, Juancho thought. Afterwards, however, he met a fellow-sailor, one named Bastian, who claimed he was from Mindoro. Would he be good enough to look up Gorio’s people and tell them what had happened? When Juancho mentioned the name, Bastian was filled with sorrow—for Gorio was his own brother.

But it was not until May that Bastian thought of going home. It was only then that the chance came. The sailboat, the Pagasa, was then on her way to Bulalacao in southern Mindoro, and off at a point called Dayhagan she was becalmed. Bastian’s barrio was not a long way off from there, and on that calm morning he could see the sand-bars lying off the mouth of his home river. In the clear bright sunshine, it seemed to rise like a huge polished arm above the sea.

A strange feeling swept him over. There came some kind of itching in the soles of his feet and his heart began to throb wildly as though trying to get out of his mouth. At his age it was almost funny to feel this way, he thought. Then it occurred to him that it was some seven or eight years since he had left home.

So he could not help but talk with the piloto. At first he said naively that he wanted to see his village, for it had been a long time now that he was away. Ka Martin listened indifferently. Then Bastian told him about the disaster off Sta. Cruz, in as detailed a manner as Juancho had related it to him. Ka Martin was suddenly moved. Certainly, he said at last, Bastian might go ashore. With this kind of weather it would be about dawn of the next day when the vessel would reach the river’s mouth. Bastian must be back on the beach when the bodiong sounded.

“But you must be the one to blow it,” Bastian said to the sailing master. “For, when you blow, it is like the whistle of a steamer, and surely nothing else can waken me from my sleep.”

The remark flattered Ka Martin, and
he bullied the boy who sculled Bastian to the shore.

Bastian was hours on his hike to his village, and on the way he thought of how he would break the news to his mother. For, surely, Aling Betud would be grieved. But was he not there strong and very much alive still and willing to take care of her?

Perhaps it would be better to tell her nothing at all. Should she learn of his brother’s death, it might be difficult for him to go to sea again. And now he loved the sea even though some day it might claim him too.

It was hot most of the way. He passed two villages before noon and two more in the afternoon. About dusk he reached Paclasan, but though he knew many people there, he did not stay for the night. Ah, my barrio is just the next one ahead, he kept thinking.

He came now on to the beach and just then the moon was rising. Far away on the horizon he could see the Pagasa with her sails up as though trying to catch the moonbeams rather than the wind. It occurred to Bastian that he could be home early enough and so he hastened. He hoped he could be in time for supper. At last he reached the river bank and called for the boatman. On the cold sand he sat and waited. On the opposite shore, the houses were sounding with much bustle of folk. Strains from guitars and the stamping of rice pestles reached his ears. Bastian remembered it was Maytime.

When he met his kin he wondered why they were all in the barrio. He had thought they would be in the country preparing their kaingins; planting time was near; but now it seemed they had known of his coming.

One after another, they asked:

“Why is it only now that you have come?”

“And how long will you stay?”

“Are you married now, and have you any children?”

Bastian could only smile at these questions, for it was beyond him to answer them all. Women tugged at his elbow and chattered in gleeful voices. “What a tall man he has become” they would say. “Ay, how handsome with his curly mop hair! How like a hero!”

Presently they dragged him out to his mother’s hut. The old woman could not contain herself with gladness. She laughed loudly, saying how fortune had been good enough to bring him back. She had two sons and, at least, one of them was back, she said. Several old folks brought in tuba in long bamboo containers and soon every one was drinking. The moonlight was bright in the sandy front yard.

“But now you must stay with us for a while,” Aling Betud said.

“Oh, no. Only tonight,” replied the son. He drew her to a corner and spoke at length about his agreement with Ka Martin, the sailing master of the Pagasa.

That night he was given a finely woven sleeping-mat on which to lie. He could feel with his back the delicate designs of colored buri leaves woven into it. How many moons must have been spent in the weaving of it, he thought; before any answer came to him he fell asleep.

Sometime after midnight he was wakened by a dream, and rubbing his eyes he could not remember what it was. This made him restless. The night wind came in through an open window carrying many sounds, even the noise of the rising tide in the river. He also heard
the cry of some lonely bird—and the sound of a sea horn. It came full and clear, but now soft! It was as though but lightly borne by the wind.

He got up and tiptoed to the door. It was still dark. He stepped on his mother’s sleeping-mat and almost knocked against her feet.

By the river, Mang Tiago the boatman had built a night fire. The man sat within the circle of the light and Bastian went up to him. At first the two were silent, but as soon as Bastian had warmed himself he began to talk. He told of the Pagasa and of his lost brother, Gorio. When he finished, he said: “You are the only one who knows about this in the whole village,” and he laid his hand upon the man’s bony shoulders. The sound of the horn reached his ears for a second time, and he stood up now and bade the boatman goodby. “You can go and tell the others what I have told you, for I am going now, you see,” he said.

Off at the river’s mouth the Pagasa swung at anchor. Her sails were still unfurled as before. As the day was breaking, flashes of light spread on the empty canvas.

Left alone by the fire, Mang Tiago sat wondering. Bastian had told him a sad thing, indeed. And he felt sorry for the lost brother, Gorio, and in his own mind he told all the barrio folk about it. He thought it wrong of Bastian to keep such tidings to himself.

So it was through Mang Tiago, the boatman, that the story spread, for he told it to every one who came to cross the river on his banca. Soon people came to Aling Betud, hoping to console her.

But the old woman had little to say. Even sadness came slowly to her, and for days she sat at the window simply thinking and thinking. Then one day, the idea came to her that Bastian himself must have been dead and what had come was but the ghost of him. And she went out to her close relatives and told this.

“Oh really, how can we tell?” said one.

“Nothing else can be true, it seems. For why did he not wait for day before departing?”

“Ghosts are like that,” easily explained another.

It irritated Aling Betud to hear these others speak as though with a doubt. So she managed to smile wryly when he said, “We shall know all, we shall know all. For my other son Gorio will come—and we shall ask him, and he will tell us.”

THE EAGLE’S PRIDE

Marie de L. Welch

The eagle’s pride, If he is proud, Is not of peak And not of cloud.

But of eagle blood And eagle feather, Wing and heart Flying together.

All his glory In his flight Is of eagle, Not of height.
RILEY ON THE GLORY ROAD
Pat V. Morrissette

1. RILEY RESTS IN DEATH VALLEY

You'll starve and you'll thirst in Death Valley!
You'll choke in the shade and you'll parch in the sun!
You'll die in Death Valley they told him.

But Riley found Death Valley in the moonlight
With the salt like snow upon Dakota ground
When the wind has swept the prairie smooth.
The crystals beamed and blazed in nascent brightness:
Upon the purple mountains.

Here is my heart, said Riley.
Something salt and something solid.
Something good upon the earth and God-like.
Something desolate and clean and holy.
Some word divine carved out and left here.
Some crystal sifted out and planted,
A shrine forever secret, unattended and devout.

I am tired of all the crassness of my dreams.
I am bloated with fancy and sick in the head
With thoughts that deceive and wisdom that fails,
And with visions that fool and betray,
And with lank and steam-heated prayers.

I'll cast me down upon this rightness.
I'll rest upon this rightness.

I'll spill upon this smooth, hard rightness
All the tattered wisdom of my mind,
All the torn and faded banners, and the standards
That have cracked to stubs within my clenched hands.
This is the gold. This is the bed I am weary for.

And Riley laid him down to rest.

2

I lay me down to rest here.
This is the thing, the crowd removed, that I can know,
That I can take within my hands and understand.
This is earth, though parched and long forgotten,
Standing witness to the rigor of design.
I'll burrow down and rest here,
And let my slumber cling upon the cleanness of the ground,
I shall use my burdens for a pillow,
And weigh upon the load
That has sought to weigh me down.

3

So Riley made his bed within Death Valley,
One man alone within that dry arena,
With the mountains high and silent all around.
The stars gazed down. Mount Whitney stood
In old impassive wonder.
The Amargosa fled silently along the flatness
And disappeared in moonlight crystals
Like snow upon the ground.

No man but Riley
In this land below the sea
Set up his battered banners in the earth.

No man but Riley
Spilled his private dreams upon the desert
And in his desolation slept.

4

No thought alone however seared with inner light
Can match the solid splendor of a stone,
Nor be a softer pillow to the heart
Soul weary in the search of truth,
Than was the bed of Riley.
No dream however bright can match the comfort
Of the bed of salt where Riley laid his burdens down,
And snuffed the flame within his heart
With shears as sharp as cold reality.

No cloud enchanted vision
Of a prayer encompassed soul
Can match the God-wrought beauty
Of the desert where Riley slept alone,
Dreamless and forgotten of his dreams,
Clipped clean of phantasy.

5

How does the Word sleep within the heart?
How does the dream become stone?
When thoughts are like deserts
Baked clean to the crystaline bone,
When words are like earth
You can light fondly to cheek,
Men are like cliffs, like oceans, like seas,
And dreams rest in their hearts
Like salt on the floor of deserts.

Like stone on stone Riley slept in Death Valley,
And like a dream did the desert support him
While the world was a cloud in the wind.

But there is heat to the day.
There is hardness to life.
The sun of Death Valley will sicken the brave.
So he rose and he shook him.
And went on his way.

Under my shirt is the stone of my heart.
And the blood of my veins is urged by the will
That gendered the earth and set the sun to blaze.

Whatever the heat of this fiery moon,
It will keep my flesh clean
And whiten my bones
Like the fact of this blessed earth.

What ever the dryness that comes in the desert,
It will make my grave sweet,
It will keep my heart clean.

I'll worry no more for the heat of the day.
I'll take up my staff in the sun.

UNLIKE THE SWAN

FANIA KRUGER

Unmastered sorrow yields the heart
No hour of spring;
Unlike the swan, the daunted die
Before they sing.
THE ARBOR
ROBERT HILLMAN FETTERLY

THERE were many things about himself that John G. Cutler did not know. Perhaps a few of these things would have pleased him had he known them, but by far the greater part were unknown to him because that was his wish. He knew he was fifty-seven years old, a successful banker, and a member of the city's social elect. He knew, tonight as he looked in the mirror, that he was distinguished in appearance. But he did not see that his hair was much thinner and greyer than he realized, nor that his waistline justified his wife's occasional unkind remarks about it. He saw a worried look on his face, but he did not see that self-satisfaction overshadowed even that expression.

John's self-satisfied air had once inspired a disrespectful wit to name him J. God Cutler. John had been slightly shocked at the irreverence, and vastly irritated by the name, but there was in him, nevertheless, a conviction that he and the Almighty were of one mind. He often said, to avoid more such wit, "God knows, I have my faults." In his heart he did not believe it. And here he was, in spite of this close affiliation with the Almighty, about to face the gossip and half-hidden ridicule of all his set. He could hear already the whispers, see the watchful eyes and the smiles.

His anticipation of the unpleasantries of the evening was interrupted by his wife's invasion of his room. She would start all the arguing again! He expressed his displeasure with a look.

Mrs. Cutler was prepared to coax, or to weep, or to threaten. In the past few days she had tried everything that had occurred to her. She had even thought of threatening to leave him. She had not planned tonight's attack because she knew she would not be able to stick to a plan.

"Do you realize, John," she said, "that we have just ten minutes to get there?"

"I don't see," he answered, "why we have to go in the first place. God knows, we have reason enough not to."

"I suppose," she said with false sweetness, "that Mrs. Lincoln Wilton's position means nothing? I suppose we should sit at home and mope while the gossip runs wild? It wouldn't be the thing, of course, for us to go and face it out."

"It's not gossip; it's fact. And it won't do any good to try to face it out. There's only one thing to be done, and I'm going to do it." He was aware that his voice expressed quiet determination rather than defiance. He turned back to the mirror.

"Oh, John."

Her voice was soft and pleading. He hoped she wasn't going to cry again. In the mirror he saw her sit wearily on the edge of his bed. He turned quickly.

"Please, Frances, be careful of my shirt. Here, help me get into it."

"John," she begged as she buttoned his shirt up the back, "don't you see you're making a mountain out of this? If only you'd accept it everything would turn out all right. There'd be talk for a while, but people would forget it. They'll be happy together. She's a charming girl and they're really in love. If you do as you say
we'll lose him. Does that mean nothing to you?"

"Frances, I've been a father to him, given him everything—a home, money, a college education, promised him a position in the bank, and how does he repay me? By picking up with this little nobody, getting her in trouble, marrying her to keep out of the penitentiary, leaving school to keep from being kicked out! I wouldn't countenance such actions in my own flesh and blood, and I won't do it for an adopted son."

His carefully chosen words pleased him but infuriated her.

"You're a fool. You make it so much worse than it is! It's easy enough to remember that you're perfect. You never let anyone forget it."

He pushed his collar over the button and handed her the tie. She tied the bow as though she wished to choke him. He ignored her anger. With his head tipped back, he continued. "I don't understand, Frances, how you could think of accepting him here; how you can—Well, if you think you can talk me into changing my mind, you're mistaken. You go on and on about narrow-mindedness and broad-mindedness and love. There's a marked difference between being broad-minded and defending such conduct. I know you haven't said that he's done right, but you want to make it easy for him when he's had it so easy all his life that he doesn't have any appreciation or any sense of values. You want us to take the brunt of things when you should know what he needs is to face this mess himself. Maybe it will make a man of him to take care of himself and this woman for a while."

He held his coat out to her. At her motionless refusal to help, he smiled.

"If he comes through this like a man we can think of taking him back later."

"He'll never come back! He's been our son for eighteen years and you don't know him yet!"

"Frances, you sound like Madame X!"

There were tears in her eyes now, just as he had expected.

"I wish there were some way to get under your smugness. You weren't like this once. Every year you've become more self-satisfied, more intolerant of other people's faults. Do you really think you're perfect?"

He waited for her to finish.

"You act as if I'm a scarlet woman because I've learned that people naturally make mistakes. I was a pure prig once, but I'm not now. Why are you so changed?"

His only answer was a look of astonishment. He left the room. She turned to the mirror, saw that her nearly-shed tears had not damaged her make-up, and followed him.

She should know by now, she reflected, that he rejected everything unpleasant unless it had to do with business. He could joke about the so-called facts of life—deplore the problems they gave rise to; but he would not think about them. He spoke of them, when he had to, as briefly as possible and in the manner of a fourth-rate preacher. He hid such topics behind the long skirts of convention.

They were stiffly silent as they left the house, entered their car, and were driven to the party. He was bitterly reflecting that she had completely upset him just when he needed all his aplomb. She was wording a final attack.
She delivered it just as the car stopped at Mrs. Lincoln Wilton’s home.

“I just realized, John, that you haven’t thought for twenty years.’’

The remark caught him just as he was rising from his seat and forced him back onto the cushion. “Why—why—” he stammered; but she was on her way. Realizing a minute later that the chauffeur was looking at him strangely, he left the car in embarrassed haste and followed.

John Cutler had been on the Wilton’s guest list since his college days. He knew the family, the house, and the other guests intimately. The affair this evening was informal. Of course everyone wore his best and was on his best behavior—it was unthinkable to do otherwise. Still, for entertainment, one was free to choose among cards, conversation, dancing, and drinking.

John Cutler had been too deeply moved by his wife’s remark to think now of entertainment. He sought her with the idea of releasing some of the vague expressions which were variously phrasing the idea that her remark was ridiculous, meaningless, and unjust. Until he saw her he was not conscious of anything else. She was seated with her back to him at a bridge table in a room full of players. He stood in the doorway staring at her until her partner noticed him, spoke to her, and she turned in her chair to face him. There was amusement in her face as she looked at him. He walked away, momentarily wondering if he looked as strange as he felt.

He went to find a drink, and took several. Then, acutely aware that people were noticing his behavior, he left them and walked out onto the balcony that overlooked the garden. He sank into a chair, tremendously relieved to be alone. At first he tried to think, but he felt an increasing sense of frustration, a chaotic flood of emotions. He sank back with closed eyes and tried to relax. The liquor, warm in his stomach, made him wonder if he’d taken those drinks too fast.

Gradually relaxation eased him. Time moved at that incalculable rate it has when one is half asleep. For the first time in many years his mind slept while his senses recorded unforgettable impressions.

Faintly the orchestra’s music came to him, the oldest popular pieces following the newest, music steeped in the fragrance of the garden. He felt a slow, steady pulse where his head rested on the chair back. His eyes opened and gazed at the innumerable balls of white on a snowball bush.

A sense of being motionlessly suspended in a new awareness came over him. He looked at his hand, lying on the arm of his chair, and wondered whether his fingers would move if he tried to lift them. His eyes wandered aimlessly from his hand to the garden, to the hall on his right, where they were caught and held by the glitter of the chandelier. Blobs of rock crystal, glittering like huge drops of water in sunlight. When his gaze finally returned to the garden, his eyes held the crystal’s glitter, and even when that after-image dimmed he somehow felt the bright glitter still.

The garden was dimly lighted, but it was some time before he was conscious of the figures there. His eye was first held by a tiny glint of light, which was, he saw, a jewel on the girl’s bosom. Her old-fashioned gown left her shoulders and throat bare down to the curve
of her breasts. Her head was lifted as she looked up at the man beside her, who was almost hidden in shadow. The girl was familiar to John; he remembered her face, but could give it no name or background. John felt he knew the man, though he could barely see his face.

She was listening to him, but John could hear only the orchestra playing Liebestraum. The man stepped forward his shirt front white in the darkness, and took her hand. She turned away, but he slowly drew her to him and kissed her. His head lifted from hers and they looked long at each other. Then again he kissed her. Her hands pushed against his shoulders. (John felt that he heard, under the slow melody of the orchestra, a murmured objection.) Then she turned away and moved quickly toward the house. He started after her instantly. (For John, watching from the balcony, the moment held all the suspense of a dream where one flees with all possible speed from danger and yet barely moves. He hoped that she would escape: he hoped the man would catch her.) His outstretched hand grasped hers, and he turned her in a silent pirouette into his embrace. They separated, and after a long pause moved down the path to the lily pool. They passed from his sight in the shrubbery, but John followed them, in his mind, down the gently curving path, down the two stone steps at the pool's edge into the ivy-covered arbor facing it.

John stared into the garden. His mind had received a perfectly detailed impression of what had taken place before him and yet it was incapable of thought. He was aware of nothing but the perfumed, sensuous loveliness of the garden. It moved him as he had once been moved by Keats' poetry. He was not conscious of himself until the laughter of people moving in the hall disturbed him. In distaste at the thought of being seen alone there he rose and stepped out of the block of light from the chandelier. The stone wall of the house was cool to his hands as he pressed against it. He waited until he heard no further sound in the hall. Then he stepped through the door, narrowing his eyes against the brightness of the light. He felt that he must have been on the balcony for hours.

He looked in surprise at his hands as he felt their trembling. Realizing that he was overcharged with nervousness, he suddenly wanted to get away from the house. He walked restlessly to the card room, saw that Frances was not there. The house had been crowded, and he could tell that a few had left already. He could leave, then, as soon as he found Frances—that is, he could if she didn't make a fuss. Maybe she would want to stick it out. The idea irritated him.

He found her in the ballroom talking to Mrs. Long, who, he intuitively felt, was trying to judge Frances' reaction to Tom's trouble without really pumping her.

Frances drew back her lips in a gay smile as he approached and held out her hand. Feeling vastly foolish, he took the hand and smiled into Mrs. Long's scrutiny.

"Are you ready to go so soon, John?" Frances suggested.

It was not until they were leaving the hall that Mrs. Cutler really saw her husband's face. She looked up at him, ready for all that she expected him to
say. She saw that he was not going to speak. He was not wearing his well-known determined expression. He was not, in fact, wearing an expression. His eyes were searching beyond all that they saw. His features were set in a blankness that was strangely intense. The look was so foreign to him that she felt uncomfortable. After thirty years of married life she would not accept her impression of something taking place in him that she did not know and understand.

There was unpleasantness, almost a slight fear in her as she walked to the car with him and sat silent beside him in the darkness. She began to tell herself that he was merely upset by all this trouble and by her remark about his not thinking. It was a cruel remark; yet she was more proud than ashamed of it. There was truth in it and maybe it had shocked him into some real thought. She had read recently that nine-tenths of the people beyond thirty lived by habit and not by thought, and though it did not apply to herself it certainly did apply to John.

In a flash of light from an approaching car she looked uneasily at him. He was staring straight ahead.

She was watching him again as they entered their home. He stopped inside the door with an air of bewilderment, as though, having finally reached home, he did not know what to do next. Anxious to get away from him, she started quickly up the stairs. The heavy thud of steps behind her chilled her. At the top of the steps she turned in irritation.

"Goodnight, John," she said, and stepped into her room.

She heard his steps pause at her door and then go on to the next one. The door opened and closed. His bed creaked as he dropped on it. She relaxed, but as she prepared for bed and slipped into her dressing-robe she listened.

She sat at her dressing-table applying cold cream to her cheeks. She didn’t look fifty-four, but she would like to have her face lifted just a little. She put her hands to her temples and raised the flesh half-an-inch. Like that. It made such a difference! But it didn’t seem to be the right thing to do. John would throw a fit, though he would like it. She dropped her hands, displeased at her vanity at a time like this.

He was walking the floor in there now. What was wrong with him? Acting like he’d gone crazy! Was he changing his mind about Tom? If he didn’t, what should she do? Go with Tom? John would come round sooner or later, Tom wouldn’t.

John’s steps stopped at the door between their rooms. She watched it in the mirror. As it opened she turned to face him.

"What’s the matter, John?" Her voice was choked.

In the car John had fully realized that the scene in the garden had been one of seduction. There was no astonishment in the thought, for he had understood it at the time; but it had lacked meaning then, or importance. Yet now he could not force his mind from the couple. And there was some personal significance that he could not understand. As a start toward understanding, he had acknowledged the truth of Frances’ statement that he had not thought for years. Still the question beat in his mind: "Who was she; who was he?" Not knowing the answer,
he had reviewed the incident, unable to separate the seduction from the enchantment of the garden—the loveliness of the girl with her head tilted back, her throat and shoulders glowing in the semi-darkness. What did it matter who they were? How could that answer solve anything?

"There was a girl at the party," he said softly to Frances, "and a man. She wore an old-fashioned, low-necked dress and a lavaliere of some sort. She had brown hair and was very pretty. He was tall and slender, but I didn't see his face. Who were they?"

Her nerves on edge, Frances flared into anger at his meaningless talk. "Good Lord, how could I know who they were from that kind of a description? What were they doing?"

"They were in the garden, and they walked down to the arbor by the lily pool."

She laughed with nervousness.

"But John, there hasn't been an arbor by the pool for years. Mrs. Wilton had it taken out along with those poplars when she had the garden landscaped long ago. You must have been dreaming. Good Lord! What's the matter with you tonight?"

John turned away from her and entered his room. He stopped in front of his mirror. He remembered now that the arbor was gone. But it had been a part of it all. If it wasn't true, the rest couldn't be true.

Then he knew what he had seen. The blob of rock crystal had glittered and he had seen it still when he had looked away; and it had become the glint of a jewel on a girl's throat. He had forced himself to forget her years ago. In the long years since, he had hidden the scene in the garden from memory, had sealed up the affair.

Frances had never known of it and would never know, but he felt a sudden temptation to tell Tom.

CROOKED MILE
TED OLSON

We are the children of the nursery fable,
Grown tall and old, to find that every mile's
A crooked mile, and under every gable
Are crooked folk, with sly, misshapen smiles,

And words tangential and malicious. Trees
Knot to a knuckled menace over roofs
Crazily slant; fences have twisted knees;
Horses go by with syncopating hoofs.

And prudent men look elsewhere when they pass
Mirrors that mutilate the truest spine,
Well though they know the hump is in the glass
And not the back.

Why do you stare at mine?
JOSE awakened suddenly from his uneasy doze and reached for his rifle.

Somebody coming to Agua Dulce? No, it was nothing. He lay back on his poncho and grumbled. This business of getting ceremonial salt from Pinacate was no good. Why couldn’t old Mente Borracho use store salt, like everyone else? Damn old Mente Borracho anyhow. The polygamous old fraud was always sending someone—what was that? A strange moaning sound, like a lost soul; or was it a warning from the spirits at Pinacate? No, it was a song of some kind, with a strange tune, certainly not Papago, and not Spanish, either. Who was coming? What would anyone be doing at Agua Dulce in the hot season, before the summer rains? There was the song again—“Come fillum him up um come fillum goddamn—come saddle him horses um goddamn again—”

It was a song in Americano, but not like the miners at Ajo spoke. Some of the sounds were different. It was more like the Ingles that El Doctor Lumbo spoke, many years ago, when Jose was a muchacho, and didn’t have to go across the desert for ceremonial salt. Still nobody was in sight, but the song continued, a little louder now—“spik raw word or tree or um love um um dammit um Barney Dummee.” The tune sounded like a horse galloping, and the voice was very clear. Strange, the voice didn’t come from the trail, but from the dry bed of the river. Someone must be looking for water. It sounded like a man walking, and he had on store boots, with steel plates on them, like the miners wore—Jose heard them click on the rocks.

He came into sight around the bend in the river, a white man, a very white man; even his hair was white. No, it wasn’t white, it was yellow, like Clodomiro’s wife’s was before it turned white. He was, then, a rubio. The stranger stopped and put down his pack. Was he going to camp there in the river bed? That would be foolish, for the Sonoyta River had an evil spirit, and rose in sudden floods whenever men camped in the flats. No, the man was not making camp; he was taking a shiny thing out of a little leather box on his belt. He looked at the shiny thing and made marks in a little black book. He was talking quietly to himself—probably praying, Jose thought, like the priest prayed to the silver statue of La Virgen Maria in the church at Guaymas. The shiny thing must be a statue of the white man’s God. These white men had funny religions, not at all like the sensible Papagos, who worshipped the great God Iitoi, giver of all things, good and bad.

The white man picked up his pack and started toward the water-hole, singing. This time the words were clear: Then away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks; Ere I own a usurper, I’ll couch with the fox; But tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee; You have not heard the last of my bonnet and me.

Jose didn’t understand all the words; possibly some of them had magic meanings, or were the names of powerful spirits. He decided that it was the marching song of the yellow-haired white men who prayed to shiny things and little black books. If it was a
marching song, it meant that the white man was going somewhere to fight, for did not the *Dorados* sing *La Cucaracha* as they went to battle? Jose cocked his rifle and took aim at the stranger.

He was a good target, and Jose noticed, over the sights, that he was wearing *anteojos*, like a profesor. These were the magic things that men wore so that they could read and write. There were a lot of little leather boxes on the white man’s belt, but there was no gun. If there was no gun, the white man was not going any place to fight; so Jose uncocked his rifle, put it on his poncho, and stood up.

"*Comaysta*?"
"How do."
"Me spik Ingles—two bits—hell—goddam—"
"So I notice."
"Where you go?"
"To Pinacate."
"What for go Pinacate?"
"To study the geology there."
"No comprendo scolly."
"To look at the rocks—*para mirar a las rocas*."

"Me savvy. What name you? Me Jose."
"John Fitzgerald."
"Johnny Fizzjerry. Where you live?"
"In Scotland; and you?"
"A donde? *Es en Norteamerica*?"
"No, it is very far away, across the ocean—*es muy lejos de aqui, en otro lado del mar*."
"Me go Pinacate too, get salt for fiesta. You sleep here?"
"Yes, tonight."
"Johnny Fizzjerry" put his heavy pack next to Jose’s almost empty one and squatted by the water-hole, filling his canteen. Jose looked covetously at the two-gallon sheet-iron vessel. It must have cost all of five pesos, and held enough water to keep a Papago two days. The Scot put the filled canteen on the ground next to his pack and fished in the worn leather box at the side of his belt. He pulled out the shiny thing and rubbed it with a white cloth from his pocket. Then he opened it, and something inside, like a straw, kept jumping and turning. Truly, it was a magic device.

"What you got, Johnny?"
"A Brunton."
"Un que?"
"A compass."
"Un uh—*Una Gompa*?"
"Yes, that’s it."
"What it do, Johnny?"
"I’ll show you; come with me—we are going south of camp. Look! Now the white end points north, toward camp."

"Always it point that way, Johnny?"
"Yes, always."
"Why point, Johnny?"
"Terrestrial magnetism attracts the needle."

Teressigal magicism—yes, surely it was magic. A little shiny metal box, with a needle in it, and the white end of the needle always pointed toward camp. Now if camp was Sonoyta, the white end would point to Sonoyta, and Jose would have no trouble getting back from the salt beds at Pinacate, even if the sand spirits should make storms. No more getting lost in the dark, or looking for markers on the lava flows. He must have La Gompa.

"You sell La Gompa, Johnny?"
"It’s not for sale, Jose."
"Five dollar, American money?"
"No sale."
"Ten dollar, American money?"
"It's not for sale at any price, Jose, I need it in my work."

Well, if Johnny wouldn't sell it, even for ten dollars American money, Jose would have to take it away from him; for with it, a Papago could become an important medicine man, maybe even more important than Mente Borracho, and then he wouldn't have to go to Pinaeate any more, to get ceremonial salt. Jose watched for his chance, but the stranger was wary. Jose knew that he mustn't make any mistakes, for white men fought like devils, or Seris. The stranger turned his back to stir his pot of rice and meat. Jose raised his rifle and hit the white man's head, hard. Johnny Fizzjerry fell into the fire, and made moaning noises when the boiling rice spilled on his face. A wisp of flame consumed the yellow hair. Jose hit him again to make him be quiet.

Johnny Fizzjerry was dead. Surely Jose was justified in killing him, for he had offered a fabulous price for La Gompa. Quickly he salvaged the instrument from its case and rummaged through the pack. Johnny carried a number of things that Jose didn't understand. Fossils, notebooks, exposed film—they were no good to an Indian. Camera—an evil spirit in a box, that took men's souls—throw it away. An aneroid barometer caught his eye. Jose broke out the glass, tore out the works. It would make a good drinking cup, and he could hang it on his belt by the ring on the handle. Boots—they were too big, and were no good—they didn't squeak—throw them away. With La Gompa in his pocket, the cup on his belt and the canteen on his back, he fled the scene of his crime. It wouldn't do to spend the night there—Johnny's spirit might return during the night and disturb his sleep.

Twenty miles west of Agua Dulce, at Pinacate Tank, Jose paused to refill the canteen, eat a handful of parched corn, and rest. Then he was trotting westward across the lava, toward the sand dunes that lie on the shore of the Gulf of California. Through the moonlit dunes he plodded, and by midnight was sleeping at the traditional campground of the ceremonial salt gatherers.

At the first faint light of the false dawn he arose, washed down a handful of parched corn with canteen water, and started northward toward the salt beds, humming ill-remembered snatches of the song he knew as "Barney Dum-mee," in order to appease the spirit of Johnny Fizzjerry.

Then he was standing on the edge of the sacred salt bed, where he was to gather the ceremonial salt for the fiesta. Here, he prayed to Iitoi, the God of his people, then to Djivut Maaka, the God of the Yumas, in whose lands the salt beds lay, and finally to Santo Cristo, the God of the white men, from whom his people bought seed and mezcal. As an afterthought, he rubbed La Gompa with his shirttail and hummed "Barney Dum-mee." The Gods having been duly appeased, he filled his pack and prepared to return to Sonoyta.

La Gompa always pointed toward camp, and camp was Sonoyta, so La Gompa pointed toward Sonoyta. Opening the case, he waited for the needle to stop jittering. Far off, in the direction of the white end of the needle, a mountain rose from a mirage lake. Toward it he would go. It was far to the left of the ancestral route, but La Gompa was an infallible spirit, and always pointed toward camp. Johnny
had said so. He plodded north across the shifting sands.

Strangely, at the end of the day he had not reached the lava flows, although he could see them at his right. The ancestral route led directly across the lava. Even more strange, the sun set at his left, when, according to tradition, it should set behind him. The trail of La Gompa was a new trail, but that was all right, for La Gompa was a powerful spirit, and would show him the way.

Two days later, still going in the direction of the distant mountain, Jose came to a wide sandy plain, covered with graves. Looking about, he saw that it was the Mesilla de Muertos, which his father had told him about. Here, hundreds of gold seekers had died of thirst in the time when his grandfather was a muchacho. The Papagos still had some of the clothes that the old ones had taken from the dead. If he remembered rightly, there was a place in the mountain beyond the Mesilla de Muertos called Tinajas Altas, where there were nine tanks of water. From these he could fill his canteen. Crossing himself, to keep the spirits of the dead Christians away, Jose crossed the mesilla rapidly and trotted toward the mountain. He smelled the water in the tanks above him and climbed up the talus to the first ledge. Above him was a smooth slope of rock, broken only by narrow joints. Here, the gold seekers, exhausted from their desert journey and weakened by thirst, had died, unable to climb higher, although they had tried. The legends told of their hands being worn off by scratching at the smooth rocks. Driving a toe into a minute crevice, he sprang up until he could grasp a small knob of rock. Putting his foot on this, he inched up to a ledge. From this, using infinitesimal ridges in the rock as holds, he climbed to the first tank. Here, in the water-polished plunge pool, he found nothing but white sand. He climbed to the second tank, and found mud, but no water. At the third tank he filled his canteen, drank deeply, and slept.

In the morning he climbed to the summit of the range that he now knew was the Sierra de Tinajas Altas. He was puzzled, for he had been three days on the return journey. As the journey took four days, he should be one day out of Sonoyta, yet his father had told him that the Mesilla de Muertos was three days' journey from Sonoyta. Something was wrong. Either his father had made a mistake, or La Gompa had misled him. Yet, La Gompa was white man's magic, and therefore infallible. Could it be that one had to sing the Gompa Song, "Barney Dummee," before La Gompa would show the right way to camp? Jose sang his garbled version devoutly, and carefully polished the glass inside La Gompa with his shirt-tail. Looking eagerly along the needle, he saw that it pointed toward a wide valley, and at the far end of the valley was a column of smoke. This was surely the Agua Dulce valley, and the smoke must be at Sonoyta. La Gompa was right, after all, but one must sing "Barney Dummee" before it showed the way.

Northward from the base of the Sierra Jose carried the backload of ceremonial salt, following the valley floor in the direction that the white end of La Gompa's needle pointed. Here and there were ruts in the ground, like those in the Devil's Road at Agua Dulce. The valley looked very much like the right one, but there was some disconcerting differences. Jose made a dry camp in
Frontier and Midland

the sand at nightfall. Surely he was very near to Sonoyta.

Dawn found him trotting along the alluvial valley floor in the direction of the column of smoke, now quite clear on the horizon. He must be almost in Sonoyta, but the country was not quite familiar. There were fewer choya trees and more saguaros, and he had not come to the hot springs of Quitovaquita, although he could smell water. Topping a slight rise, he looked northward and saw a river. It was the largest river he had ever seen—ten times as wide as the Sonoyta, even in flood time. On the near bank was a black house, with a big chimney, almost as big as the one on the smelter at Ajo. At one side of the house a pulsing stream of water ran out of a pipe into a ditch, and smoke from the chimney pulsed too, just as fast as the water. Between him and the house was a road, wider than any road he had ever seen before, and covered with a black substance, like guayule gum. Jose walked to the road, bewildered. There were no ruts in it. Now he was sure something was wrong, probably badly wrong. Was La Gompa lying to him? Had he sung the wrong words in the Gompa song? Or was Johnny Fizzjerry’s spirit having its revenge?

Taking the compass out of his pocket, Jose rubbed it, and looked at the white end of the needle. It pointed to the black house with the big chimney. Feverishly and fearfully he sang the Gompa song to make the needle swing toward Sonoyta, wherever it might be. The black house was bad magic of some kind. The needle did not swing as he sang, nor did it waver when he repeated the song. Did the spirit in La Gompa want him—

"Hey buddy, whatcha got there?"

Turning, Jose saw a white man, a very large white man, carrying a very large revolver, coming toward him from the black house that blew smoke. It would be better to humor the big cariblanco; white men had a habit of shooting at Indians for no reason at all.

"'No got nothing.'"

"'Sure you have, in your hand.'"

"'Es La Gompa. You no look, very magic.'"

"Give it here—give it here—I only want to look at it."

Jose gave. A .45 applied where his belt buckle should have been made him give very quickly.

"A Brunton, huh. Where in the name of a nickle-plated hell didja get it? What’s this? ‘JOHN FITZGERALD, DUNVEGAN, SKYE’? That’s the geologist guy from Scotland that showed up missing t’other day. Where did you get it, huh? Come on, now, I gotta know."

"Findum lie down in road."

"Like hell you did. Where did you find it?"

"Agua Dulee—make longtime—no hit, no hit, por amor de Dios, no—"

"You better come along with me. I gotta telephone the Sheriff in Yuma. Come on; get going—vamos pronto. Do I gotta hit you? Move."

"No hit, no hit, me go."

"That’s better—no, go inside—sientese ahi. Shut up while I call the Sheriff."

Jose watched him as he turned something on the side of a box on the wall. More magic?

"Hello. Get me the Sheriff in Yuma. Yes, business. Sheriff! This is Bill Oleson, out at Taena pump. Yeah, well I got a Indian here with a compass that belongs to that Fitzgerald guy; says he found it at Agua Dulee a long time back."
Huh? Murdered? Yeah, I'll hold on to him—sure thing. No, he won't get away. O.K. Sheriff.'

Jose was a little perplexed at this one-sided conversation into the box on the wall. He didn't understand all the words, but felt that it was more white man's magic, which was likely to get him in the wrong place, just like La Gompa did.

"Well, whatsyername, you sure got yourself in a sweet mess now. That Scotch guy was found dead and eaten by coyotes at Agua Dulce. Now you gotta explain to the Sheriff how it happened, and why you got his compass, and what you are doing here, and a whole lot of other how-comes and why-fores."

"No comprendo. No like here. Me go."

"Like hell you go. You sit right there, or I shoot. Comprende?"

"Comprendo." This was more white man's unreasonableness. Here he had a backload of salt to take to Sonoyta and the big man with the gun wouldn't let him go. Maybe the white man really knew about Johnny. Maybe the "telefonum sheriff Yuma" was something like the black rope that the deaf surveyor used to hear through. Maybe La Gompa only worked for white men, like the Navajo rain dance only brought rain to the Navajo country. An automovil was coming. Jose knew the sound, he had heard it in Ajo.

"Bill?"

"Inside here, Sheriff."

"Still got him?"

"Yep, over there in the corner."

"Get up, you lousy fleabitten son of a rattlesnake. Put your hands together in front. Hurry up." The handcuffs clicked. "Put his stuff in the back of the car, will you, Bill?"

"Right."

"Get in there. Sit down. Shut up, or I shoot. Savvy?"

"Me savvy."

"If there's a reward out on this critter, Bill, I'll see that you get it."

"Thanks, Sheriff."

The man called Sheriff did things with shiny knobs and the automovil made growling noises inside. He pulled handles and did things with his feet and the automovil was moving down the road. It was going faster every minute—faster than Jose could walk—faster than his horse could run—faster—faster. Jose's normally mud-colored face turned gray, greenish, white. He shut his eyes to hide the speeding landscape. He was afraid. Truly, cariblancos were powerful magicians.

The automovil slowed down, and stopped. Jose opened his eyes to see why, and saw a city, larger than any city he had ever seen before; larger even than Ajo, where the miners lived.

"Get up, you, and get moving into the hoosegow. Move."

Hoosegow — hoosegow — that's what the miners called the Juzgado Civil in Sonoyta, where Jose was locked up once when he drank too much pitajaya wine at the fiesta and threw bottles at the comisario. The hoosegow was a big building, made like a house, only with little red adobes instead of the big brown ones they used in Sonoyta. All of the windows had glass in them, like the window in Alberto's house. He was pushed up steps made of white stone, like the mission floor in Caborca. Dragged by the Sheriff, he went slowly down a dark hall and was pushed into a small room with bars on the door. The Sheriff took
the shiny handcuffs from his wrists, and went out clicking something as he shut the door. All was quiet. Jose went to sleep.

People came in to see Jose often, interrupting his sleep, and asking him questions. A man came in every few hours and gave him food—the best food that he had ever eaten. Men came and gave him cigarettes and talked of international law, murder, and larceny, and other things that he didn’t understand or care about. He had plenty to eat and plenty to smoke and didn’t have to work. Now, if he could only get the salt to old Mente Borracho, he would be content to spend all of his time dozing in the *cariblanco* hoosegow, where the food was so good.

"Come on, Jose, you gotta appear in court today."

"What court for?"

"That’s where the judge decides what to do with murdering Indians."

"What judge do?"

"Sees that you get hanged legal, Jose. Get moving."

The shiny handcuffs clicked again, and Jose was led into a big room where a tired old man sat on a high bench and a lot of people sat in chairs. He walked unwillingly, not from fear of the court, but because he thought he was going to be put out of the hoosegow, where he could sleep and eat and smoke without working. Jose recognized many of the people in the courtroom. There were Jose Juan from his country, and Clodomiro Lopez, and a lot of soldiers, and all the men who had given him cigarettes and asked him questions, and many others. More people, in fact, than attended the fiesta at Quitovac each year.

A big white man was pounding on a table in front of Jose with a wooden hammer and shouting something about "ORDERINNACOURT, ORDERINNACOURT." Another white man read something about "Honorable court—State of Arizona—Jose of Sonoyta, incompetent Indian—murder—" The voice went on and on. It meant nothing to Jose. The room was hot. He went to sleep.

"Jose of Sonoyta—will somebody wake the prisoner—Jose of Sonoyta, stand up. Do you speak English, or do you want an interpreter—Quiere usted un lenguares?"

"Me spik Ingles — hell — goddamn — sonoma—"

"ORDERINNACOURT." The big man was banging with the wooden hammer again.

"What you want, old man?"

"Where did you get this compass?"

"Findum lie down in road."

"Where was it lying in the road?"

"Agua Dulce, make longtime."

"Why did you kill John Fitzgerald?"

"No talk."

"Have you anything further to say?"

"Wanna go back to hoosegow. Here no like—too much stand up—too much talk. Hoosegow food good—no work—wanna go back."

"Order, order. That’s all, Jose. Will Deputy Kite take the stand?"

Jose sat down as the deputy was sworn in. What was this man going to say? Jose didn’t pay much attention.

"You are a Deputy Sheriff in Yuma County?"

"I am."

"Will you describe to the court your theory of just what happened to John Fitzgerald, and why?"

"Well, it’s a long story, and the Indian, Jose, the prisoner there, won’t give out much information. Seems like Jose and this Fitzgerald fellow met up"
at Agua Dulce, plumb center on the Mexican border line, and Jose killed him on account of he wanted his compass, which was a very magic device, as the Indian says. Apparently Jose thought that the compass always pointed toward camp. Well, the Indian goes west on account of he has to get some salt for a medicine man named Mente Borracho. He keeps going west until he hits the salt beds on the east shore of the Gulf, and collects some salt like he was supposed to. It's right over there, exhibit C. Then he takes this here compass, and, thinking as how it will show him the way back to camp, he follows in the direction it points, which takes him north, when he should ought to have went east. He follows it for three-four days, coming out at Tacna Pump, after which Bill Oleson, the engineer, catches him and turns him over to the Sheriff. That's about all, except I tracked him from Tacna Pump south to Tinajas Altas, after which the trail goes over the line, where I ain't got any authority. We found on the Indian a canteen which was Fitzgerald's, besides the compass and the case off of one of these here surveying barometers. We couldn't tell much of anything offa the stiff, on account of it was coyote-eaten something fierce. That's all I gotta say.''

"Deputy Kite, you state that you believe that Jose of Sonoyta murdered John Fitzgerald to secure his compass, and then wandered northward, following the compass direction, instead of going eastward, to Sonoyta?"

"Yeah, that's right, Judge—I mean Your Honor, pardon."

"That's all."

Jose was somewhat surprised at this. How did these men find out so much? Possibly Johnny's spirit had told them. He dozed, while lawyers argued his fate. During the recess he ate heartily. While his lawyers fretted over the slowness of the jury, Jose smoked calmly. He still didn't know what it was all about. The verdict of "Guilty, murder in the first degree" didn't worry him either. He stood up when the Sheriff told him to.

"Jose of Sonoyta, have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?"

"No talk, old man; too much talk."

"Jose of Sonoyta—jury of your peers—guilty—murder first degree—laws of the State of Arizona—hanged by the neck—God have mercy on your soul."

Jose pondered the partially understood words as the Sheriff led him back to his cell. Dead—God have mercy—certainly he would, for hadn't he paid the priest five dollars once to get him into the white man's heaven? That night, the barefoot priest from the mission called, to offer consolation, but Jose wanted no priest, he wanted to see old Mente Borracho, to explain why the salt was not at Sanayta in time for the fiesta. Mente Borracho would be angry, terribly angry. A few days later, the Sheriff brought in Mente Borracho, and the aged shaman heard all about the magic Gompa, the cause of the loss of the salt, and of Jose's good fortune. Now he was in the hoosegow, and didn't have to work anymore. Somehow, Mente Borracho didn't envy Jose. He gave him advice about the strange ways of cariblanco and left him an eagle plume, from the cave of Iitoi, at Pinacate, to protect him from harm.

As Mente Borracho left, a sad-looking man asked Jose what he wanted for his last supper. His last supper! So they were going to put him out of the hoosegow? Could he have anything? Yes,
In a few hours, Jose was asleep, gorged on his favorite foods.

Early in the morning, the Sheriff came, with the priest and some soldiers, and got Jose out of bed. Jose didn’t want to get up, it was too early.

“Jose, this morning you are going to get hanged, like the judge said. Do you have any last wishes?”

“Yes, wanna go back to hoosegow.”

One of the soldiers laughed, and was reprimanded by the sheriff. Jose couldn’t see anything funny about being cold, or getting up so early.

“So sorry, Jose, we can’t do that. You will sleep a long time pretty soon. Isn’t there anything else you want? You can’t go back to the hoosegow.”

“Si, cantan—uh—singum Gompa song.”

“Gompa Song? What’s that?”

“Come fillum up cup um come fillum goddamn—song Johnny sing—makeum Gompa tell camp trail.” Jose thought that as long as he couldn’t go back to the hoosegow at least these white men could sing the Gompa Song and get him back to Sonoyta.

“What’s he talking about, Padre?”

“I don’t know, but it seems to be a song that Fitzgerald sang. Why not call MacGregor, at the fort, and see if he knows. He was a close friend of Fitzgerald’s.”

While the sheriff was telephoning, the priest asked Jose if he had a confession to make.

“No can do.”

“Why not, my son?”

“No got two dollar!”

“But you need no money now, my son.”

“No pay, no good. Shut up—go hell—goddam!”

The priest retreated a few feet, puzzled and hurt.

“Padre?”

“Yes?”

“MacGregor says he knows the song and he is coming right over with his bagpipes.”

“Isn’t hanging enough unpleasantness for one day?”

“Seems like t’aint, Padre. Should we hang this critter before he gets here, so’s Mac won’t have to play?”

“No, sheriff, he is entitled to his last wish.”

The wait was annoying, and Jose was cold. It was too early to get up in the hoosegow. Why didn’t these men wait until later to put him out of the hoosegow?

“Hello, sheriff, I brought my bagpipe. The song Fitzgerald sang all the time was ‘Bonnie Dundee.’ Want me to play it during the hanging?”

“I guess you’d better play it now, Mac. Jose here thinks it was a magic song, and asks for it.”

In the skirling of the bagpipes, Jose recognized the right tune of the Gompa Song and smiled. With that, and the eagle plume from the cave of Iitoi, he would surely get back to Sonoyta, in spite of anything that these white men might do.

“All right, Jose, up the steps. Last trip for you.”

He was guided up some rickety steps onto a shaky platform. His hands were tied behind him, and a cloth put over his face. Hands put something rough around his neck. More white man’s magic. Jose was a trifle afraid of all this magic, and very much puzzled.

“All ready, sheriff?”

“All ready. Anything more to say, Jose? It’s absolutely your last chance.”
The priest was praying quietly, the Sheriff was breathing hard. The eagle plume—the Gompa song—Sonoyta—it was powerful magic—"More Gompa Song."

"Play it again, Malcolm."

"All right, Sheriff."

The skirling of the bagpipes recommenced, and sounded not unlike the reed pipes at the fiesta. Jose prayed to Iitoi, and to La Gompa, the spirit that would show him the way to Sonoyta.

"Spring it." Something clicked, and as Jose prayed to the God of the white men he found himself standing on air. La Gompa was taking him back to Sonoyta. Truly, La Gompa was a powerful spirit.

**CLOUDBURST**

H. E. Bates

He woke long before daylight, all hot, in fear of having overslept. The small bedroom was stifling, the candle warm to his touch before he put the match to it. "Hey," he said gently. "Missus. Nell. Missus, rousle up," and with a kind of dreamy start she woke, the sweat of sleep still on her.

"Can't you lay still?" she said. "You bin rootlin about all night. Turn over and lay still."

"No," he said. "Rousle up. It's time we were out. We got that field to mow. That barley."

Then slowly she realized it. Work, corn. The field. Harvest. Then she realized the heat too, felt it no longer as part of sleep, but as an oppression in reality. The air seemed to drip sweat on her. The candle was like a furnace. She pushed it away with what was already a tired hand. Simultaneously her husband got out of bed. He looked, in the candle-light, excessively dwarfed and thin, an old man of bronze bone. Dressed, with blue shirt, leather belt and corduroys, salt-haired, he stood tired, heavy with sleep, dumb. She shut her eyes.

When she opened them again he had gone. Struggling, she got out of bed also, pulled on her clothes clumsily, smoothed her hair. The heat was wet, thunderous. It dripped continually down on her. Then, as she went downstairs with the candle in her hands, it burned up into her face. She was about sixty, very thin, straight-bosomed, and faintly sunburnt, a stalk of human grass. Downstairs, on the kitchen table, another candle was burning. She set her own beside it. In the better light she saw the time by the alarm on the shelf: four o'clock. Four o'clock, twelve o'clock, four o'clock, five o'clock, eight o'clock, ten o'clock, dark, moonlight. How long was a day? She was not thinking. Her mind went round with the clock, stupidly. Like that, not really awake, she poured out tea. Then she cut bread, buttered it, and sat down at last. Eating and drinking, she looked out of the window. She saw, then, that there were changes in the sky, far distant appearances of creamy golden light, like the unearthly reflections of the candlelight.
"It's gettin' light," the man said. "Look slippery."

Still eating, he got up.

"You all of itch?" she said.

"We gotta be all of itch," he said. "I don' like it. It's too hot by half. We git a storm on that barley we're done."

She said nothing. She knew it: useless to deny it. She got up, still eating too, and began to prepare food for the day: bread, cold meat, cheese, tea in a can. When that was ready she was ready. She had not washed. She put the victual-bag on her shoulders, locked the house and went out.

Outside it was almost daylight. The heat steamed. There was a great dew on the roadside grass, a heavy silvering that wetted her big lace-up boots to the sweat-browned tips of the uppers. She walked quickly. By the time she was well out on the road it was light enough to see the colours of the August flowers, red and purple of poppy and knapweed, and then, more distantly, the blue of her husband's shirt as he opened the gate of the barley field.

There was a great stillness everywhere, too, and in a moment or two, long before she had reached the gate, she heard the sound of stone on scythe. It cut the drowsy air in steel discords. It was like the starting up of a rasping-engine.

By the time it had ceased she was at the field gate. It was so light, now, that the barley, about five acres of it, was visible like a clean blanket of white, still, rippleless. It stood perfect, flanked by a long patch of scorched up potatoes on the one side, by roots on the other. And somehow, so white and flawless, it also seemed vast. She could not help standing, for a moment, to stare at it.

As she stood there, two things happened. The man began to mow and, almost simultaneously, far away, across distant acres of cut and uncut corn, the sun came up. It was like the sudden flashing of a brass eye above the lid of earth.

It was hot from that moment. She rolled up the sleeves of her blouse. The man mowed the swathe, the first trashy thistle thick swathe on the edge of the cart track. She took straws from it, quickly instinctively, combed them straight with her hands, held the ears bunched, tied the first band and laid it on the earth at last. Barley bands were awkward. The straw was short, needing to be locked. Wet with dew, it slipped in her hands. So early in the morning, sluggish, stiff, she could not catch the rhythm of the thing. The straws were like steel. She could not twist them. Her own hands were spiritless lumps of bone.

Then the first swathe was finished and another begun. She began to rake, foot under the gathering sheaf, rake light on the straw. Already the world was golden, great-shadowed. But with eyes on the barley and the earth, she hardly noticed it. She was watching how the sheaves would work out: how many to a swathe. At the end of the swathe she looked, but did not count. Some instinct told her that it was fair; that, later, it might be good. Secure in that, she began to go back, bonding the sheaves. And for all her age and her sluggishness, she was quick, expert. She worked without premeditation, rapidly. Sheaves began to lie in rows, then in avenues. The stubble took on a new pattern, a great cross-knotting.
of sheaves, with the fringe of the untied swathe spread out at one end. All the time the man mowed with her own lack of premeditation, her own unconscious fluency. The scythe went sweetly through the barley with the sound of prolonged kissing, the stone swept the steel with ringing discords. They were the only sounds in an empty world.

Then as the day crept up to seven, heat and silence were one, both intense. There was no breath of wind, only a vast sultriness of wet heat, ominous even so early with a gigantic promise of far thunder. The sun was brassy. The big-cracked earth came up at the touch of rake and feet with small puffs of greyish powder. There was a great sweetness of barley ears, of straw warmed in the sun.

Then, at eight, the man made a sign. His scythe was already on the ground and the woman, seeing it, put down her rake. He began to walk, a moment later, towards her. She got the victual bag as he approached; and in a moment, and afterwards for about five minutes, they ate and, between mouthfuls of bread and cold bacon, talked.

"I ain't on it," the man said. "I don't like it. It seems all of a boil everywheres."

"You won't stop it," she said, "if it does come."

"It'll come all right. Th' only thing is, we gotta git that barley down afore it does. That's all."

He was on his feet. She followed him, still eating. "If this ain't the best bit o' barley we ever had I ain't sharp. We oughta git some pork offa this. This'll make pigs."

He was off across the stubble before she could think of anything to say. She swallowed her food, tied the victual bag, laid it under a sheaf and followed him.

And now it was hotter than ever. The dew was drying rapidly, the freshness evaporating. The sun stung her on neck and chest and eyes. She felt it as only the heat of the moment but the promise of the blaze of noon and the bitter scorching of afternoon. The sky was deeply blue, far off, stainless. It was like some great blue burning glass, only low down, on the horizon, was there any kind of blemish in it: a dark smokiness, tawnily hot, the promise of thunder.

And as they worked on, all morning, up to noon, the promise swelled and sweltered into a threat. The heat never cleared. It dripped on them in invisible spots. The man took off his shirt. And the woman, sweat-blinded, would look up to see his back bathed in veins of molten gold.

At noon they ate again, squatting in the hedge-shadow. The day burned white, the barley a flat sheet of unquenchable white flame, the sheaves like smouldering torches, the beards like smoke. Even under the hedge there was a great sweating oppressiveness, without relief, the sun blinding beyond the black tip of shadow. They ate in silence, hardly speaking. They lay and rested with eyes shut. The heat rained on them through the hedge and the shadow. Sweat came out on them in great waves. They were almost glad to get up and move again, to feel the slight wind made by their own movements, to feel exertion shake off its own sweat.

"We gotta git on," the man would say. "I don't like it at all. We gotta git on."

They worked on mechanically. Heat
and barley almost effaced them. They moved like two figures of desperate clockwork. They kept up a changeless rhythm, he mowing, she bonding, which gradually the afternoon forged into iron monotony. Once the woman, looking back, tried to count the rows of sheaves. Her mind fainted. She counted and lost count. The sheaves seemed to dance and quiver as the heat itself danced and quivered over the lip of earth and the hedge. Two, four, six eight. Twice four are eight, twice eight are barley. All this barley. Barley for pigs. Pigs, barley, pigs, barley. Winter, pigs, pork, money. Twice two are pig, twice pig are sixteen. Her mind evolved and lost a series of crazy catechisms. Constant heat and barley and motion made her drunk. Knowing that the barley meant so much, she yet reached a point, in the middle afternoon, where it and herself and all the world seemed to mean nothing at all.

And about that time there was a shout: "Hey! You seen that?"

She lifted her eyes. The man was shouting, pointing. Far out, to the south, a vast cloud, tawny and blue, had sprung up out of nowhere. "It's coming!" he shouted. "Very like it'll blow over," she called. "It looks a long way off."

"Not it! It's coming. I know. I felt it all day."

And she knew. Five minutes later, as she looked again, the cloud had risen up like a tower. It seemed to stand almost over them, an immense dome of strange white and darkness, against a thunderous background of iron and smoke. It was coming. She saw, even as she stood and watched, a great change in the wind currents, a sudden ominous rolling forward of cloud.

"Hey!" She turned. The shout startled her. "Drop that. We'll git set up. We'll set up and be on the safe side."

He came half running over the sheaves to her. He stopped only to pick up a sheaf in each arm. Dropping her rake, she picked up sheaves too. They met, humped the sheaves together, clawed up others, finished the first shock and went on.

"If we git set up it won't hurt so bad," he kept saying. "If we git set up—"

He did not finish. There was no need to finish. They had only one purpose: to set up, to make sure, to save. They lumped sheaves together clumsily, running to snatch them up. Not looking or caring, they made a line of shocks that was crazy.

And every now and then, looking up, they saw changes in the approach and form of cloud that were staggering. The sky was suddenly more than half cloud, a great hemisphere of shifting blue and smoke, of silent revolutions of thunderous wind. The sun was not quite hidden. The field was a strange world of stark corn-whiteness and emerald and tawny sunlight.

Then, abruptly, they became conscious that the sun was hidden. The world was instantly stranger, the colours more vivid, the air deathly. There was something like fear in the air, a shadowiness of terror. All the time they were running about the stubble, seizing the white sheaves like two ants hurrying their eggs to safety.

Suddenly the thunder came, the first split and rattle of it over the near fields. It seemed to shake them. The
woman stood still. The man got angry:
"Here, here, here! Claw 'em up. Claw 'em up. We got no time to stan' an' gape."

"That thunder frit me," she said.

Almost before she had spoken it cracked again, rolling above their heads almost before the lightning had died. She looked instinctively up. The sky was chaotic, awful. The clouds were like the black smoke of some colossal fire. She ran with sheaves in her hands, still half looking up. The barley was dazzling, beautifully white. And suddenly there was a great silken shuddering and rustling in the standing beards. It went across the field in a great wave, and died in a tremendous stillness. They themselves were the only moving things on earth.

Suddenly a spot of rain hit the woman's hand like a warm bullet and the thunder cracked terrifically even as she lifted one hand up to wipe the rain off the other. She stood stock still and a scorch of lightning split the sky before she could move again.

"You run!" the man shouted. "Git in shelter. Go on! Git in shelter."

"I'm all right. I—"

"Run!"

She turned and saw the rain coming. It was coming out of the south, across the already dark fields, like a running curtain. She heard the sound of it, a great rising hissing. And in a second, even as she started to run, it was on her, a smashing deluge of white thunder rain that drowned and blinded her.

She ran crazily across the stubble for the hedge and lay, at last, under the big hawthorns. The world was flooded, the barley washed out. She called feebly across the stubble at the figure of the man still staggering about with his puny sheaves, but rain and thunder annihilated her words as they almost annihilated him.

He came at last, a figure of water, a man saved from drowning, his clothes desperately comic. He stood under the hedge and stared. The stubble was flooding great corn-coloured pools widening and joining and churned up by wind and rain. The nearest standing barley, just visible, was flattened like a mat. The shocks were like roofs torn apart by an earthquake.

"It's a cloudburst, it's a cloudburst," he kept saying. "I never see nothing like it. It's a cloudburst. We're done."

Gradually, between themselves and the shocks, a pool widened into a small lake, with sprouts of stubble coming through it like reeds. They stood as though on an island, in desolation. It rained, all the time, with everlasting fury, the thunder turning and returning, the lightning scourching the storm-darkened air with savage prongs of gold. The sheaves became like skirted bodies, floating.

It was almost an hour before there was any brightening of sky, a full hour before there was any lessening of rain. But at last the man could walk out, boot-deep in water, and stand in the waste of flood and straw and look about him.

In a moment the woman slopped out too, and they stood like lost souls, in despair.

It was then that the man saw the victual-bag, ship-wrecked as it were against the sheaf where the woman had left it, tea-can adrift, bread and meat spewed out and swollen with rain.

"Whyn't you look after things?" he shouted. "Whyn't you—"
His anger was impotent, useless. It was anger in reality not against her, but against the storm, the ruin. She picked up the victual-bag. Water flowed out of it as out of a net, all over her sodden skirt and legs. She shook it. It hung in her hands like lead.

"That was a good bag! Whyn't you—" The ruin of the bag seemed to hurt him more than anything else. Then his anger squibbed and died, damped out. "Oh! I don' know! What's the good? What's the use. Oh! I don' know. Look at it. A good bag."

She clung to the bag, as though in fact it had become precious. They stood and looked out on the waste of flooded water and drowned sheaves. They stood impotent. The man could think of nothing to do or say but a constant, 'It was a cloudburst. Didn't I tell you? Didn't I say so?" which came finally to mean nothing at all.

At last he waded and slopped across the stubble and found his scythe. He could not dry it. It dripped silver. The woman waited, clutching the useless bag in her hands.

After another look at the field they slushed out of the gate and down the road and away, clutching scythe and bag, like two figures setting out on a pilgrimage to nowhere at all.

**STILL LIFE**

*Mary Jane Morrow*

Whisper if you speak,
Tiptoe if you walk.
Do not take a sudden breath
Or start to sing or talk.
The trees are listening,
The grass is still,
The frogs will not croak.
Speak if you will,
But the moment will falter,
And time will surprise,
Will muffle our moment
Before our eyes.
The frogs will hear you
And answer back;
The owls will hoot at
The hens in the shack.
The snake will rustle
Where it is hid,
And katydids argue
She didn't, she did.
Only this moment
Will there be peace,
Only this moment.
Then it will cease,
And time will surround us
With babble and talk.
Whisper if you speak,
Tiptoe if you walk.

**REDBIRD**

*Mabel Kingsley Richardson*

Bury me shallow or bury me deep,
I shall awake when the redbird sings.
His lively whistle will pierce my sleep
A thousand and one returning springs.

Deep, down deep and out of sight,
The stirless dark surrounding me,
I shall follow his flashing flight
Through the lanes of eternity.

When April drips from the window ledge,
When South Wind fashions madrigals,
Wait for me by the lilac hedge—
I shall come back when the redbird calls.
TWO SONNETS
Dennis Murphy

I
Against the pale horizon of the west
Where pioneer and Indian long have lain,
He watches elevators gorging grain,
Screaming young factories within the nest
Of soaring cities, roads, and sunniest
Of prairie farms across the cattled plain
Where railway-artery and river-vein
Carry the life blood of the earth breast.
Rugged settlers in your six-foot home,
Plowmen all, and all you early dead,
Your sweaty brawn and blood manure a loam
Where now your son goes plowing in your stead.
Faithful to you in raising corn and cattle,
He also feeds a world and fights its battle.

II
A house, a silo, and a big red barn
Endure the weathers of uncertainty:
A house sitting beneath a lacy tree
Peering into distance, quiet and worn;
A silo glutted on the sweet green corn,
Rolling with wealth in autumn’s luxury;
And a barn, most imposing of the three—
A house, a silo, and a big red barn.
And everywhere around him he can see
This commonplace evoking praise or scorn,
An emblem plainer than the fleur-de-lis
Or the British lion and the unicorn.
Perhaps it means a kind of trinity—
A house, a silo, and a big red barn.
LINDA
NARD JONES

SHE had eyes that were consciously mischievous. They got to you a little, but not quite enough. Not quite enough unless you happened to be drunk, or not in love with your wife, or unless you were just looking for trouble. You felt that if you could catch Linda Howard off guard her eyes wouldn’t be mischievous at all, but only a little weary and maybe bewildered and frightened, too.

After all, Linda was as old as the rest of us. Linda was thirty, or a bit more—and a woman of thirty is past being mischievous. I remember Linda at school, and her eyes hadn’t been mischievous then. They had been young and clear and wide, and sometimes questioning. But now they pretended a secret and eternal jest, and I was sure that Linda was lying with her eyes.

She went with the crowd which lived across the lake, a crowd of thirtyish married people, and Linda was the only steady member who wasn’t married. Of course there were unmarried people who drifted in and out of the crowd, but Linda Howard was always in it. She was in it whether it happened to be having cocktails or going to dinner or coming across the lake at night to see a movie or a play.

There were a lot of us living across the lake from town, and we all had our oral reasons. It was nice across the lake, or it was cheaper to live across the lake, or the people who lived across the lake were a lot of fun. Some of us said that the ride on the ferry, morning and evening, was invigorating. Then there were those of us who said, “It gets you away from town and business. Once you’re on the other side, you forget all about the worries of the day.”

That came nearest to the truth, but it wasn’t quite touching the truth. The reason why most of us wanted to live across the lake was that we were trying to get away from something. And this something was the ghost of what we’d once believed we would have in store for us at thirty. Now we were all thirty, or a little more, and we knew that in the next ten years not very much was going to happen to us, and that after the next ten years it would be a little late.

But we couldn’t quite escape those ghosts even by living across the lake all winter in houses which had been designed only for the summer months. Sometimes the ghosts would follow us onto the ferry, and make the ride with us in the thick winter fog. When that happened we would stand them all week, because a fellow has to keep pretty alert to make his dollar these days, but on the week-ends we were likely to let loose. On the week-ends we drank a lot more than we should.

That week-end drinking was a lot different from the week-end drinking before nineteen twenty-nine. I don’t know whether you can remember back that far or not. It seems like a long time—much longer than it really was—and when you do capture a memory from before nineteen twenty-nine it’s queer and unreal, like something remembered from a dream. Our crowd got out of school around ’twenty-six or ’twenty-seven, right at the peak of the Golden Age. We’d all been taught that we had a right to homestead on the
great American resources, and that we could make a good living, maybe a fabulous living, in fair competition with our neighbors. Then we got out of school and it looked as if we'd been told the truth. It just looked that way.

Well, there was week-end drinking then. But it was hard and fast and a little loud. The kind I'm talking about now is slow and steady and ominously quiet. Linda was one who drank like that. She could hold a lot of liquor of assorted kinds, and I think she drank a good deal more than the other girls in the crowd. She didn't have a house to take care of, or children to look out for, or a husband for whom an example had to be set.

You might think it odd that Linda Howard wasn't married, for she was really an attractive girl. She was tall and slender and sort of golden. Five years ago you saw her type only in the cigarette advertisements, but now you run across an occasional one in life. It's as if the advertising agency boys, by sheer force of printer's ink and will, have brought forth a new female of the specie. But Linda was three-dimensional. She could talk and she could think; and she had a trick of adapting herself not only to a man's mood but also to his degree of intelligence.

But when you thought about Linda you saw that it wasn't so strange that she hadn't married. In school she had been very much in love, but then the boy had gone east. They wrote letters a while, and it was when Linda and her boy were writing letters that the rest of us married. Some of us had children even before that remarkable October of nineteen twenty-nine. After that October the boy and Linda didn't think of marrying, and after another year or so she stopped talking about him.

But she stuck with our crowd because it was the only crowd she knew or liked. Essentially she was one of us—the same age, the same disappointments. She'd been fired by love like the rest of us, only it hadn't come to anything. She had nothing to show for it, except maybe some old letters from her boy. I imagine she told herself that she wasn't keeping those letters. I imagine that every so often she would run across them, pretending to herself that she was surprised, and say, "I must throw those away."

We all liked Linda. At first we managed young bachelors for her, but finally we realized she didn't much care for that. And the young bachelors didn't much care for it, either. There is nothing which so puts a young bachelor on the defensive as being thrown into a married crowd with one unmarried girl. They'd go around with their guards up, and this would amuse Linda, and she'd overdo her charm purposely. You could almost see their fright. You could almost see them reminding themselves, My God... I can't marry, the way things are!

The beginning of what happened can probably be traced from the time Linda began to lose that sense of humor. I can't be sure, but I suppose it must have been then that her eyes took on that coyness which almost got to you but not quite. And I'd never have seen it at all if my wife hadn't called my attention to it.

"Have you noticed that Linda is changing?" she asked me one night at dinner.

"No. . . ."

"It's too bad," she said.
Two days ago Linda had been over playing badminton with the Carruthers and us. I tried to remember what she had looked like, and decided she had looked just as always. Perhaps even more attractive than usual, for she had worn a pair of blue shorts and a white sweater, and Linda was born for those things.

“What’s too bad?” I said.

Julia’s glance said plainer than words that she believed I knew very well what she was talking about.

“You don’t mean to tell me you men haven’t noticed it—and talked about it, too?”

“I haven’t noticed anything,” I said, “except that Linda has a new pair of badminton pants. And as for the men, you know perfectly well they never discuss women around me.”

But Julia was very serious. “I’ll admit I haven’t noticed her showing much interest in you.”

“That’s a very dubious compliment, Julia.”

“But she’s not making herself popular with Mary Carruthers and Maurine Betts. Especially Maurine.”

“Oh...” I said.

“What do you mean by that?”

I shrugged. “You know Jock Carruthers and Lester Betts when it comes to women. I’ve wondered before this why they haven’t made a play for Linda. Matter of fact, I seem to remember Jock trying to kiss her. I think it was at the Jarvis’ party, after the Stanford-Washington game.”

“It’s Linda who’s making the play.”

Julia said it like that. As if the calendar indicated today was Saturday and she was saying, tomorrow will be Sunday.

I don’t know where the legend arose that women are more curious than men, or that women like to gossip more than they. I suppose it started in the old days, back when it was unladylike for a woman to take a pen in hand for publication. And even now that women write and publish, they haven’t done anything about scotching the myth. I suppose that’s because a woman really dislikes all other women. But anyhow, I was in the bar of the College Club, over at a corner table, when the thing came up again. I was with Johnny Fraser and Frank Ellis, and I might as well admit that I started it.

“What’s this about Linda Howard?” I said.

“What do you mean?” That was Johnny Fraser, sparring. I could see that he knew something.

“Has Linda been making any passes at Lester?”

“You mean Lester Betts?” asked Johnny. “Yeah, I heard that, too.”

“What do you know about it?”

“Not very much,” Fraser said. “I just know he’s kind of gone on her, and she seems to like it.”

Frank Ellis nodded. “I guess that’s the dope, all right.”

“But look here,” I said. “Is this what you hear, or do you know anything?”

“Well, I was noticing them over at Carruthers, the other night. And I know Maurine Betts is mighty cool to Linda.”

“She didn’t have her at that bridge session,” said Ellis.

Then we had a rye highball, and talked about Roosevelt and the state taxes. We had another rye highball after that, and we rushed it because we had to catch the ferry.

Two highballs are enough for me just
before dinner, and if I rush them I get a little drunk. When I get a little drunk I grow sentimental, and on the way across I didn’t talk. I got to thinking about Linda Howard. In school her eyes had been young and clear and wide. Then they had lost all that and taken on something that was false—false to that other Linda. And now they were talking about her and Betts.

I got home and kissed Julia too hard when she opened the door, and she said, “Oh, you stopped by the club?”

“Yes,” I said. “Frank and Johny and I.”

Julia bustled into the kitchen. Whenever she bustles like that, in a hurry to get things on the table, she has something to tell me. Tonight it was that Maurine Betts was never going to have Linda Howard inside her house again, and Mary Carruthers was thinking of the same policy.

“I don’t know what to do,” Julia said. “I was going to have the gang over next Saturday after the game. I can’t very well have Linda with the Carruthers and the Betts coming.”

“That’s silly,” I told her. “We can’t help them carry on their feud. If they don’t like Linda, that’s too bad. Besides...” I thought this was pretty good, on account of that second high-ball I’d had, “besides, if you ostracize Linda they’ll all think she’s after me, too.”

“But I can’t have her,” Julia said slowly. “After all, she—she’s the only one who’s not married in the crowd. And if she can’t behave herself...”

I could see it happening then. I could see all these wives gathering shoulder to shoulder, with us husbands contentedly playing poker at a table behind them. Linda was beyond them. It was sad, but it was funny, too; and I laughed.

“That would be a man’s viewpoint!” said Julia.

I asked her what would be a man’s viewpoint, and she said, “That laugh.”

“But look, Julia. Nothing in skirts is safe from Lester Betts. He hasn’t given a damn for Maurine for at least four years, and she knows it. I can’t see why Linda should take the rap. Linda’s got to live her own life right up to the hilt from now on. She hasn’t got somebody else’s life to slip into once in a while. Linda’s getting past thirty now, and the stock market is still pretty low. She may not get a mortgage of her own and a flock of kids and a drunk on her doorstep. She—”

“If Mary decides not to have her any more,” said Julia imperturbably, “then I shan’t.”

That was all there was to it. There are just certain things a man doesn’t run in his own home, and one of them is the selection of people who will come to the parties there. The more domineering he is, the less he has to do with it, because a man with real hair on his chest feels that it’s slightly effeminate to fret about such matters. Linda didn’t come to Maurine’s next party, and she didn’t show up at the supper we had the next Saturday after the game. That meant that Mary Carruthers was off her, too. Everybody pretended not to notice that Linda wasn’t there, but I think we all felt it. The gathering was a little damp around the edges and everybody went home earlier than usual.

But of course we got used to Linda not being there. And pretty soon the jovial old ticket-taker at the ferry wharf stopped saying, “What became
of that towheaded girl with the big smile?"

As soon as we got used to Linda not being there, we forgot about her. She had never been a girl you saw "everywhere"—because she was a girl who carefully chose where and when to go. We just went on, fleeing our ghosts, and wondering whether it would be better if Roosevelt were re-elected or whether he ought to be defeated. We had long since ceased to be Republicans or Democrats. All we wanted now was a fair chance for the next ten years. We were too old for idealism now, and too young not to feel that we still had a chance to be what it looked like we might be before nineteen twenty-nine.

The football season ended, and in the early spring I made a business trip down to Portland. Who should be one of the clerks at the hotel but Jasper Galbraith. I hadn’t seen him since the day we’d graduated, and I’d often wondered what he was doing. It seemed that he had been clerking at this hotel, just as he was now.

"Say, Lester Betts is stopping here. Do you remember him?"

"Remember him?" I said. "He’s a neighbor of mine."

"Well, he’s here with his wife."

"That’s swell," I said. "I won’t have to eat alone tonight. Will you have the girl ring his room and tell him I’m here?"

But Lester Betts wasn’t in his room, and after I’d washed up and loafed around with an alien evening paper I decided to go into the dining-room and have dinner alone.

Lester didn’t see me pass their table, because his back was turned. But Linda saw me. I’ve always been glad, and a little proud of myself, that I caught what was in her eyes and didn’t stop or say anything.

The mischievousness was not in them now, yet they weren’t wide or clear, as they once had been. There was something in them that was fairly close to happiness. It wasn’t happiness, exactly, that I frightened away as I passed, but it was about as close as you can get for any length of time.

Yet that wasn’t what kept me quiet then and afterward. What did that was a swift, pleading, half-fearful glance which said, "This is what I’ve drawn, I guess; please help me to keep it as long as I can."

**BE SOMETIMES ALONE**

*Mari de L. Welch*

Insist, for all they say,
To be sometimes alone.
Though it is not the way
He gets full grown,
Loneliness is a part
Of a man’s growth with men;
A good need of his heart,
Now and again.

Know that to be alone
Is not to break the bond
That holds you to your own
Like a root to ground.
Be alone if you can,
Sometimes, to rediscover
The force that binds a man
A brother and a lover.
We waded through thick, live air beneath the cottonwoods
Which murmured contentedly, their trunks all warm
With sunlight which the leaves invited down.
Gnats, midges, and a thousand nameless things
Streaked and danced through dusty underbrush.
A tolerant lazy rattlesnake
Flowed from his coil at sound of our approach
Leaving his warm place on the cattle trail.
Bill caught his fish-line and was brought up short
And we must stop and work the puzzle out—
Odd, how deft fingers of the berry bush
Can tie things up.
Finally breaking for some likely spot
Where trout might be, we force our way
Into the open, scramble down a bank
And stand beside the river on the sandstone
Frying-hot; pulling down hats
Against the too bright sun.
"Flies haven't worked so well; let's try live bait."
So grasshoppers are stalked with cautious clumsiness,
Deftly slipped over the cruel curve of hooks.
A cast out toward the riffles—nothing yet.
The bait almost at once is at our feet
Tossed aside by swiftly moving water at midstream.
Then to cast again till finally
The line resists the current's force
And moves upstream or hangs, dead stopped,
Across the riffles. "Got a strike!"
Then there is careful struggle for a while,
A yielding and a drawing in of line
Until the rainbow sides draw near, flash bright
Just out of reach, then finally come to hand.
The victim held exultantly for show,
Then pounded fiercely on the rock till dead.
The back trail when the biting stops
And the pathway is outlined ghostly clear
By the last light deserted by the sun.
Gnats swarming at the nose and mouth
Whining forlornly in the air gone aloof,
While the gray trees, tired from revel
With the sun all day, stand sagging,
And the night-hawk drops from above
To disappear mere inches from the earth;
The sleepy sound of frogs, deep and sweet,
Creeps through the trees far from the water's edge.
TO A POET
WHO WRITES TOO EASILY OF BEAUTY
EARL DANIELS

Have done with suspiration of soft word.
When Beauty has been felt, the tightened throat
affords no passage for the facile note—
deft song of caged and all too well trained bird.

Beauty is not mist, where images are blurred;
nor velvet, cut to pattern of a coat,
muffling sound's clarity; nor such remote
sedate symphonies as your ear seems to have heard.

Beauty is hard: infrangible black stone;
Beauty is like a knife's new whetted blade;
it is the sound when, at the storm's proud peak,
thunder explodes, and all the hillsides moan.

That man whose heart against its heart is laid
feels his blood flood the wound, and does not speak.

THOSE THAT HAVE A PLACE
MADELINE GLEASON

Those that have a place
Where the wild pigeon rings
With the soft hammered note,
Let them not leave it.

Where the yellowhammer sings
And the wind is the rumble from a basso throat,
Let them drive a nail
In the wall
To hang up an old coat.

Where the rain leaks
To a rusty pail
On the floor,
And the jay creaks
On the worn boards of the roof.

Those that have a place,
Let them wash their hands
In the cold spring water
And never leave home again.
WHEN FLESH WAS DEAD
Kathrya Kendall

You gave me bread when I wanted a flower,
Wanted a valiant primrose flower,
A flower strong with the joy of Spring,
A flower to make me sing.

You gave me bread when I wanted a harp,
Wanted a deep-toned singing harp,
A harp with a tongue in every string,
A harp to make me sing.

My soul was starved—I took the bread.
How could I sing when flesh was dead?

WIND STORM
Alfred Morang

For a few moments the wind died down, and boards in the house relaxed from the tension of resisting the gale. On the couch Alonzo turned and stared at the wall. He did not want to speak. If he did, there was a fear, a fear that had been growing for two days, that he would leap and run about the room cursing and swearing at nothing.

"It's awful," Mary said, "awful. I never knew the wind to be like this in all the years I've lived at Bayside."

Then the wind came again, seeming stronger than ever. A board on the barn ripped loose and slatted against the house. Alonzo leaped to his feet. Something in his head had snapped. All at once he felt calm, strangely calm. Even when Mary said, "Listen, the stallion is kicking at his stall again," Alonzo did not care.

"You're a fool to let the wind get under your skin," he said, "it can't hurt you."

All the time he looked about the room, his eyes unblinking, and he remembered sharply how, when the storm had started a week before, some old men up at the village had said: "It will be the worst blow we've ever had in these parts." He had laughed at them then. He could laugh now, even if for hours he had lain almost too dazed to move. Maybe it had been the constant sound of the water pounding on the rocks about two hundred feet from the house, and mingling with it the constant sighing under the eaves, sighing like voices complaining of the long winter to come.

Or at that—Alonzo started—he had been sick. Damn it! Of course he had been sick—for four days, or was it only three? Kind of a fever, Mary had said—something in his head, seeming like a fire that won't ever go out, a fire fed on coal buried deep in the earth.

"Sit down!" Mary said. Her voice was sharp. She too felt the tension of the storm and the sighing under the eaves.

Alonzo did not move. Out in the barn the stallion began to kick harder.
than ever against the door of his stall.

"Come on, sit down. There's no use in wearing yourself out. You've been ailing."

Mary paused, and outside the wind ripped through lashing branches that beat against the sky. But Alonzo only smiled and raised one hand to his forehead. He was calm now, oh, so calm. And Mary thought he should lie down again. But that was like a woman, forever thinking about a man's health.

"You've been sick. You've had a fever," Mary said.

Alonzo laughed, the sound was soft under the sighing, under the beating of waves about two hundred feet from the house. "Yes, I have been sick, Mary, but I'm well now, was never better in my life."

The rasping of his own voice was pleasant. He had not spoken much for the last few days. Somehow the terror of that wind had killed all desire for words. It had been like voices, crazy voices repeating something that he could not understand.

The stallion whinnied and kicked. Mary got up from her chair beside the stove and walked to the window. Low clouds were pressing close to the distant hills. The waves from the bay reached high over rocks, and for a few seconds hung palely against the sky, only to fall back again as though sick from their running leap.

"It can't last more than another day," Mary said. "Please lie down, Alonzo—you'll tire yourself out walking about the room."

But he was not walking, just standing there listening to the wind. And besides, he was calm. All the heat in his head had gone away. Alonzo half closed his eyes. Then he knew what he wanted—he was sure. Because as he listened the pounding of the stallion's hooves came again. Damn it! The creature was making the wind blow faster, making it sing under the eaves.

"Go lie down!" Mary said. Her voice was harsher now, rising into a shrill half scream of fear.

Alonzo laughed. "'Shut up!' he said slowly, 'Shut up. I'm all right. I'm going to stop this damn storm."

Mary paled. She did not dare to move, not even when Alonzo went to the corner and picked up his rifle and walked to the door. There he paused with one hand on the iron latch. The rifle barrel shone weakly in the light that seeped through the windows. Mary tried to speak, but there was something about Alonzo's face that made her utterly afraid.

"I'm going to stop this damn wind!" Alonzo said. "I'm well again—no fever left in my head."

He pressed the latch and stepped outside. A gust of damp air filled the room, and the sound of breakers was like a frightening dream that will never stop.

Mary clenched her hands, then she took a step. The wind was pushing Alonzo. It was like hands moving him toward the barn where the stallion was kicking the door of his stall and whinnying above the sighing that filled the whole world with sound.

Under his feet the earth was like wire springs. Alonzo had never felt so light. Why, if he raised his arms he could grasp the top of the highest tree. He laughed again, and then his lips set hard together. The stallion was thrashing, kicking, and with each hoof-beat making the wind blow harder.

As he threw open the barn door Alon-
zo could see only the dimness of the shadows within, but the kicking of the hooves was louder. It cut through the lashing of waves, through the beating of some loose tin that he had nailed on the inside of the barn last July.

Suddenly Alonzo pointed the rifle at the closed door of the stallion’s stall. His finger gripped the trigger. The metal was damp; maybe it had been raining, he did not know. There was only the sound of the animal moving restlessly, and the shrill cry of its voice filled with fear.

Behind Alonzo Mary stood. She did not dare to reach for his arm. There was no telling what he might do. And then the rifle went off. The flash lit up the barn. For a second Alonzo saw the rafters with cobwebs hanging like fine lace against the gloom, saw the tin hanging from the patch and waving like a flag that has been frozen stiff.

In his stall the stallion kicked harder than ever and whinnied in a frenzy of fear. The shot had gone wild and crashed through a window at the far end of the barn. Alonzo swayed. His head seemed bursting. Mary reached out her arms and he fell, not fast but slowly as though drugged with sleep.

It took Mary fifteen minutes to get Alonzo into the house and upon the bed. His body was a dead weight, and already he was sleeping soundly as though half dead from fatigue.

After she had rested for a little while Mary lighted the lamps, and even when she had placed the chimneys over the flames they danced in the draughts that swept through the room, danced as though keeping time with the rushing music of the gale.

For a long time Mary looked down into Alonzo’s face. His flesh was chalk white against the dingy pillow, and when she was sure that he would not wake she took the rifle and opened the door and stepped out upon the rain-soaked ground.

Darkness had settled over the land, but when Mary raised her eyes she could see the waves leaping high, milk-white against the storm-clouded sky. As she reached the shore Mary paused and stood poised, then she hurled the rifle into a retreating wave, and as she watched it was gone, and she sprang back as a crest lifted out of the gray-green and came toward her.

From the house the light was a finger beckoning. In the barn the stallion had fallen asleep, tired out from stamping and kicking the door of his stall. And as Mary opened the door Alonzo raised his eyes and said, “I must have been dead to the world for a long time. I feel weak as a rag. I dreamed too—awful dreams.”

Mary smiled. “Go back to sleep. Listen, the wind is going down. It will be all over by morning,” she said. “And then you’ll be as good as new. I know you will. It’s the blowing that makes anyone dream. That, and the waves pounding against the rocks down on the shore.”

Then Alonzo turned and faced the wall, and soon the sound of his breathing came slow and regularly above the wind, that had fallen to a whisper, and Mary folded her hands and watched the lamp flame burning steadily and said to herself that when she got up in the morning the sun would be shining again as though there had never been a storm.
STRANGE MATHEMATICS DRIVE US  

Maria Burke

Strange mathematics drive us from the sun  
And hurtle us towards chaos. Soon, as time  
Is measured outside earthly Christendom,  
Our life will die in us, and all this rhyme  
Will lose its reason, end in something else—  
Perhaps an emptiness, perhaps the stir  
Of wave-lengths beating coldly on the shells  
Of planets.

Here below we mew and purr  
Contenting us with words our fathers spoke,  
Still calling names we cannot understand,  
Afraid to look beyond the frail smoke  
Of our home chimney, holding in our hand  
A book of numbers to guide us without thought  
Past and below the heavenly Argonaut.

WEST OF CASPER, WYOMING

The Mormons knew that Zion never thirsted  
And turned their faces to a warmer West.  
Jim Bridger, too, found nothing here he wanted—  
No traders, pelts, no lingering place of rest.  

Here many wheels have turned, and here they parted.  
Some took the Mormon Trail to Utah, some rolled on  
Over the Pass to water. Always men  
Have shunned bare land in search of Oregon.

Not all have shunned, however. There a shack  
Marks one man’s life with eyes that show his pain.  
And here I see an iron-shod wagon  
Rust-coated in the wear of sun and rain.

O God, I wish I knew what held these men  
Or what their lives on sterile land begot.  
I only know that even God Himself  
Would turn away, but I cannot.

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.

WEST OF CASPER, WYOMING

Alan Swallow  
(University of Wyoming)

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Or what their lives on sterile land begot.  
I only know that even God Himself  
Would turn away, but I cannot.
FIND THE ORCHESTRA

Tom Brenner
(Montana State University)

GREAT strides have been made lately, if you are to believe all you hear. And if you can’t believe all you hear, you can’t believe anything. You certainly can’t believe all you see, what with cocktails the rascals they are.

More and more things are getting more and more. There is, for instance, the cord on my aunt’s telephone. It never seems to get all twisted up like other people’s telephone cords. I accused her of having a small boy come in nights to untwist any snarls that had been accomplished during the day, but she said she hadn’t done any such thing. Said she wouldn’t have a small boy in the house, much less one to untwist telephone cords.

“Small boys are too leggy,” she replied. Then I asked her what she meant by “too leggy,” and what that had to do with it, anyway.

“They are just too leggy, that’s all,” she snapped, catching her foot in the frayed end of the rug. I couldn’t get any more out of her. Next morning, she passed on to her cousin’s house.

But even more marvelous than my aunt’s telephone cord, is a phenomenon of the stage and screen which I call the Traveling Ghost Orchestra. No movie or theatergoer has ever seen this orchestra, but it is there, all the same, playing accompaniment to Hawaiian lovers in thatched huts as they croon to their mates, and to groups of German students singing drinking songs. (The students seem much more interested in singing than in drinking. All is not as it should be, nowadays.) Its strains pop up in the Australian brush, on the Argentine pampas, in simple homes, peopled by even simpler people.

I have just returned from a picture dealing with the love of a Canadian Mounted Policeman for a Woman. He sings, of course, and what is more, he sings with an orchestra, although it can’t be seen. Think of it! An orchestra way out there in Canada among the mountains and lakes and Indians! Now, I don’t think it possible that a mounted policeman hired an orchestra to accompany him. Not on a mounted policeman’s salary. Furthermore, I don’t think the Canadian government would put up with any mounted policeman for very long who would send in an expense account like the following:

One case pork and beans—$5.00.

One bay horse for use in always getting man—$75.00.

One symphony orchestra to accompany singing—$1,000.00.

I feel sure that the Canadian government would not pay such an expense account for even the best singers in the mounted police ranks, no matter how handsome they might be. And I can see the government’s point, if it has one.

But take another angle. Suppose the government is willing to furnish orchestras to follow mounted policemen around waiting to go into action at a moment’s notice. It’s going to be darned hard to get a complete orchestra settled up on a rocky crag overlooking a lake where mounted policemen usually sing. And this is not taking into consideration the miserable time somebody is going to
have packing bass viols and kettle-drums
on government horses.

And somehow, a complete orchestra
with all the music stands and violin
bows is going to look just silly in the
north woods unless the musicians wear
buckskins and put feathers and coon-
tails in their hair.

But hazarding guesses as to how the
orchestra gets where it does is merely
confusing, and is not leading to any-
thing but the end of this article. All
I know is, that the orchestra is there
whenever somebody starts to sing, or
whenever an Indian starts to buck
around and dance. Where is it hidden?
I don’t think it either possible or prac-
tical to conceal a large orchestra in a
mounted policeman’s saddle-bags. Nei-
ther do I think that all the timber in the
background is an orchestra in disguise.
Orchestras don’t just change to trees,
even for 20th Century Fox.

I’m sorry I brought the question up.
The whole thing is a puzzle to me. But
then, so is my aunt’s telephone cord.

THE WINDOW

Robert W. Gail
(Montana State University)

HAVING tried articles, short stor-
ies, poetry and western novels
without success, I recently tried
my hand at playwriting. Boy, was I
enthused. I had in mind a very dra-
matic scene in which a dame goes nuts
and runs up a stairway to jump out of a
window. A friend starts talking to her
like a hypnotist, and gradually sneaks
up the stair while she is more or less
under his spell, and he saves her. At
first he saved her, but I got talked out
of that idea into having her jump, be-
cause it would be a stronger point. Not
so wishy-washy as having her saved
would be. Then I had to build up some
reason for the dame going nuts, so I
figured out a meany of a husband, an
unhappy home life, and a guy for him
to be jealous about. That gent I
thought should be an artist, for con-
trast to the businessman husband—and
it also gave him something to be talk-
ing about to the lady while he was
chasing her up the stairway. Having
figured out the action all the way
through, I sat down to write the dialog.
Boy, at last I had found my forte. I
just sat at the typewriter and let the
characters speak for themselves. They
talked their way through the entire
play, the husband worked himself up
into a beaut of a rage over the visiting
artist, the dame went logically nuts,
and the artist almost had her saved
when the husband busted out with a
dumb remark which caused her to jump
after all.

I called it “The Window,” and
thinking I had a one-act which would
rival “The Valiant” in popularity, I
looked about for criticism. I found
it. Ordinary people said, “That’s a
swell play.” Theatrical people said,
“It isn’t subtle enough,” and “the
dame is a detestable character.” I
couldn’t see how I could make her a
sweet and lovable creature and still
allow her to suddenly go nuts. “The
artist is too much of a stock character,
not strong enough.” I couldn’t see
how to make much of anything else out
of him. "The husband is too obviously brutal without justification." I couldn’t soften him up and still have him drive the woman nuts. "The whole thing ought to be more of a tragedy of maladjustment between ordinary people."

About that time I began to look longingly back upon my western novels, and even considered a poem or two on frustration. I finally took the thing to Bernie, who washes dishes with me down in the restaurant. He looked it over, then said, "The only thing I can see is to just have the whole outfit jump out the window right in the beginning, then you won’t have all that to worry about."

I could see he had a point, so I wrote it that way. Unfortunately it took only a page, and I could plainly see that I didn’t have a play at all. After due consideration, I came at a better solution to the whole thing: As soon as I finish writing this I’m going to jump out the window myself.

FORWARD IN RHYTHM

FIRMAN ROBERTS

(Reed College)

The Boy felt swell, with the wind whipping his dry raincoat against his legs and the pale March sun on his back. He felt swell, and the way he planted his feet was free and cocky. He felt brotherly toward the people he passed, and it was good to see the purring sleek automobiles. He sure felt swell, and his legs swung forward in rhythm.

He was getting down again into toughtown. . . . Golly, a guy sure learns a lot about a section like this carrying Oregonians. Like about the Jap barbers; the whites hated their yellow guts, but they were all good pay on their paper bill, and a sight cleaner than the lousy "Barber College." He was glad, though, that he didn’t have that job any longer—no sleep, and the pencil smearing down across the page as he dozed off in lecture. . . . "I haven’t got any. No, I told ya!" Panhandler! On a day like this! He spat.

"Boxing," it read, "12 to 6. Come in." The wave of smell, that washed through him as he swung the flimsy door. Another flimsy door; a roped-off square of canvas, a sandbag, and the filthy floor. A half-dozen men around the wall watching two kids in the ring. They smacked each other, and the men licked their lips. The boy left the doors churning the gummy air.

The "Right Hotel"; the "Green Rooms," the putty-faced, puffy man calling softly, "Young fellow, young fellow." The skinny old news-vendor who knew well the principle of the watched pot, and the hard-looking woman who stole while he was busy not watching. A half-dozen strides: "Pay for ya paper!" "It’s mine!" "D’ye wanna cop, then?" She paid, red with fury. Three cents it was; she stole three cents; she was a crook for three cents . . .

The Boy did not feel so swell. People were vile. A pretty mask of a girl. Shapeless heaps on park benches. Pinochle game in the Union hall. Black stairways, the Gospel Hall at the end
of them, empty. The quack medicine spieler downstairs, his face warted and his voice rasping, but cleaning the suckers " . . . proof, which not a man of you can deny, that Alko-nu is the greatest boon to humankind." The Boy felt the cold of the afternoon, and fled.

In the evening, walking on the hill the Boy had a dog with him, and that was a comfort. They cut down a bank, and jumped over the edge. The burn of sand and rock on his hands made him feel better. The two climbed until the city lights were far below. That was good, the Boy thought. They were clean. Then he understood what he had wanted. There were more cities, and more cities, and they were all filthy; but only their lights really counted, not their smells, not their filth. The Boy's legs were tireless, swinging free and strong down the hill.

TRIO

ETHEL MAY TAYLOR
(Northern Montana College)

I think they do not drive forth often, for ever since that first morning when my good fortune was to see them going down Grand Avenue I have watched for them daily and seen them only a few times. Those times they have seemed to have a definite goal in mind; so I take it that they go forth only on important business.

She is a sleek brown pony, with carefully cropped mane and well-groomed coat. She appears not old, but just pleasingly mature and dignified. I could not imagine her being so frivolous, even in the pasture, as to run and kick her heels or nicker at a passing horse. She might neigh in a subdued ladylike tone but nicker at a stranger—never! She is apparently as conventional as a pony drawing a phaeton should be.

I do not know that the term "phaeton" means much to this generation, but to the generation just past it bespoke elegance. It meant nothing frivolous, or gay, or merely showy; but a restrained, aristocratic taste. No flimsy canopy top or fragile rubber tires on it; rather, a substantial, well-made top that lowered and raised in proper fashion. Wide splashers over steel-rimmed wheels protected the occupants from mud. At the end of each splashers a brightly polished nickel lamp flanked a gently curved dashboard. The splashers formed between the wheels a low, broad step so that, even though there were no horse-block, one could step modestly into the low-slung, sideless carriage.

The upright, and superfluous, whip stands straight in its socket. There are deep, upholstered cushions, faded and shabby. Although the whole equipage needs paint, it could in no sense be called dilapidated, just shabbily neat. It has the appearance of having been used, or possibly not having been used, for too long a time.

He is, I was going to say an old man, but no, he is an elderly gentleman. In his gray close-clipped Shakespearean beard, his faded, black derby hat, stiff, winged collar and well-brushed suit, he sits erect, dignified, and holds the reins with expert hand.

Neither horse nor man seems aware
of the high-powered cars or diminutive Austins on the street, yet they are never in the way of either. They jog pleasantly along. I cannot say that their manner is pompous, though they go with as much aristocratic self-assurance as they doubtless did when they were the finest turn-out on the avenue.

Alas, recently I noticed a neat card on one side of the phaeton. It read, ‘‘For Sale.’’ I hope that the money it might bring is not too badly needed. I hope that the desired buyer will not soon put in an appearance and break up the harmonious trio. I hope that it may not happen, for seeing the three gives me a renewed faith in the permanence of American institutions.

OREGON NIGHT SONG

KENNETH SPAULDING
(Montana State University)

Who-o-om who-o-om who-o-om go freighters of Oregon
Bulging the night with reverberant sound
Pummeling pistons quivering midnight
Red lights green lights great cat eyes
Bellow in the deep dark
Rumble up the highways
Roar through the cities
Grind up the Siskiyous
Snarl down to Arlington
East to Pasco
West to Portland
North Wenatchee
Peaches cherries Hood River apples
Cream cans butter cheeses from Tillamook
All the stuffs from green river valleys
Dairies orchards gardens of Oregon
Rolling through the black night
Roaring through the deep night
Whamming through the thick night
Who-o-om go the freighters.

I’D LIKE TO SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS

MARIE THAYER
(University of Wyoming)

I’d like to sail the seven seas
In some canoe without an oar
And chart my course to fit the breeze.

I’d sail down past the Hebrides
Or then again to Salvador.
I’d like to sail the seven seas.
I'd find the coves with giant trees
And listen to the breakers roar
And chart my course to fit the breeze.

I'd like to see the Portuguese
And then go down to Equador.
I'd like to sail the seven seas.

I'd watch the fish that dart and tease
Along the ocean's cool green floor
And chart my course to fit the breeze.

And if the weather there should please,
I might sail on to Singapore.
I'd like to sail the seven seas
And chart my course to fit the breeze.

play to be read by Egotistical people
when in Dull company

ELEANOR MILLER

SCENE: waiting room . . . four walls . . .
    ceiling . . . no pipe-organ . . . chairs
    . . tables . . magazines . . Man
    and Lady.
TIME: Tuesday, or was it?
    M coughs . . . folds hands in lap . . .
    rearranges feet.
    L watches door to office.
    M leans elbow on side table beside
    armchair . . . [table wobbles unsteadily.]
    M coughs . . . moves elbow . . . crosses
    legs . . . sees magazine on far table . . .
    starts to rise.
    M's ankle cracks.
    M blushing . . . looks at L . . . strolls to
    table.
    L watches watch.
    M picks up magazine . . . clears throat
    . . . strolls back to chair.
    L takes out handkerchief . . . blows
    nose.

M opens magazine . . . [magazine rattles
    loudly in silence of room.]
M turns pages . . . [magazine rattles.]
L glances at M . . . looks back to door.
M blushes . . . decides to read . . .
[pagenow opened is a personal ad for
    women.]
M blushing . . . turns page . . . [page
    rattles.]
L clears throat.
M clears throat.
L crosses legs.
M leans elbow on side table . . . [table
    wibble-wobbles.]
M leaves elbow on table firmly.
L cleans fingernails.
M squirms, rattling table.
L looks at corners of room.
M looks at corners of room.
CURTAIN FALLS  [ceiling falls]
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.

BANNACK AND GALLATIN CITY IN 1862-1863:
A LETTER BY MRS. EMILY R. MEREDITH
EDITED BY CLYDE MCL EMORE

INTRODUCTION

Emily Robertson (Sorin) Meredith, born June 15, 1836, at the plantation of her maternal grandfather, Dr. Thomas Robertson, on the eastern shore of Maryland, was a frail and delicate woman, "a very religious person," and "learned her Latin, French and German so well that she could read them up to the end of her life." Her paternal grandfather, who came to America soon after the Revolution, was a descendent of the Reverend Jacques Saurin (later Anglicised to Sorin) who upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes fled to the Hague, then to England and then to Ireland.

Because of failing health her father, with his family, removed to Minnesota. In the fall of 1865, Emily, one of six children in the family, enrolled at Hamline University, then located at Red Wing, Minnesota. She and her sister, Elizabeth, in 1859, constituted the first class to graduate. While yet a student she taught several of the lower classes and in her senior year substituted for the preceptress of the school, and in that position continued one year after graduation. During an absence of President Crary in 1866 she was given charge of nearly all of his classes. That fall she was married to Frederick A. Meredith, who, in partnership with Lucius F. Hubbard, was the proprietor of the Red Wing Goodwin County Republican, to which she was a frequent contributor.

Of Welsh descent, Meredith was born near Dublin, Ireland, March 11, 1836, and was still a child when the family came to the United States. He was apprenticed to the publishing house of Harper Brothers where he learned well the art of printing, which, though he yearned always to be a farmer, was to be his vocation. He was an Abolitionist, a Free-soiler, and an ardent Republican. Before coming to Red Wing he had been connected with newspapers, either as a printer, editor or publisher, at Canton, Ohio, and at Chicago.

When President Lincoln called for volunteers, Meredith and his partner drew lots to determine which should enlist. It was for Meredith to remain in charge of the paper, but he helped to raise a regiment of which Hubbard was elected colonel.

The Merediths, in the spring of 1862, the newspaper having been sold, fitted out a covered wagon and started to California. At Council Bluffs, in lieu of their horses, they procured several yoke of oxen and joined a large emigrant train. At Denver they learned of the new Salmon River mines in eastern Washington, which was later to become Idaho, and concluded to go thither; but en route they again changed their course and brought up at the Grasshopper diggings in the Beaverhead country, arriving but a few weeks after the discovery of those mines.

"A significant fact, showing their trend of mind, is this," says their daughter, Ellis Meredith, in a letter to this writer. "When getting ready for the journey across the plains, the most essential things could be taken. They had a handsome edition of the American Encyclopedias, which could not be replaced, so it was exchanged for a paste-board bound edition in some 68 volumes—now (1937) in the library of the College at Bozeman.

Bannack, the capital of Montana, at the fall of 1863, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith spent that winter and the following spring at Hell Gate (a). Later in 1864 they settled upon a ranch on the East Gallatin at Bozeman, the town just then being started. At the first election, September 4, 1865, Meredith was elected county surveyor (b).

Following the Fetterman Massacre of December 21, 1866, near Fort Phil Kearney on the Bozeman Trail from the Platte river to Montana, settlers in Gallatin valley grew fearful lest the hostile Sioux and Cheyenes make raids into that region. At a meeting at Bozeman, March 18th, 1867, attended by 52 citizens, to consider ways and means for defense, it was decided to construct a stockade 28x24 at the Cover and McDow mill site. In the minutes of the meeting (c) it is recited that the resolution for the stockade was introduced by Meredith, and that he was the first named of a committee of five "to direct the building of the stockade." In April on the Yellowstone east of today's Livingston, John M. Bozeman was killed by Indians.

May, 28th Acting Governor Thomas F. Meagher commissioned Meredith a notary public (d).

About this time, and doubtless because of the Indian scare, it was arranged by the Merediths that Mrs. Meredith, with their two children, both born at Bozeman, should go to Fort Benton and there take passage on a Missouri river steamboat for the States. Several weeks later and after he had sold the ranch Meredith joined his family at St. Louis, where they resided a number of years, during which time he was connected with the Globe and later the Globe Democrat. In the fall of 1885 the family removed to Denver where for many years he was managing editor of the Rocky Mountain News, which during the conflict over bi-metalism was recognized as one of the leading advocates of silver money. Meredith then turned his attention to the fight for the enfranchisement of women's suffrage. Her husband died at Denver, March 4, 1911; and there too Mrs. Meredith passed away August 12, 1913.

(a) Vicinity of Missoula.
(b) Manuscript; Montana Historical Library, Helena.
(c) Manuscript; Montana Historical Library, Helena.
(d) Manuscript; Montana Historical Library, Helena.
Frontier and Midland

Ellis Meredith, believed to have been the second child born at Bozeman, is Mrs. Henry H. Clement, and has resided at Washington, D. C., the past twenty-odd years. She has done much literary work, including several published books (e). To her and to the office of the president of Hamline University, St. Paul, the writer is indebted for most of the information here presented.

The original of Mrs. Meredith's Bannack letter was recently donated to the Montana Historical Library by Ellis Meredith, through Dr. Alfred Atkinson, President of the Montana State College, Bozeman, and is here printed by permission.

(e) See Who's Who in America, Vol. 19; subject, Ellis Meredith.

Bannock City, Idaho

April 30th, 1863

Dear Father:*

I have felt so uncertain about the reception of the various letters I have written home since my arrival here, that I have thought when I had a good opportunity I would write you a kind of abbreviated history of my wanderings since I left Bridger, at which point I know you heard from us.

Such an opportunity seems to be presented for Dr. Hoyt proposed leaving here for Minnesota; he may never reach there, but as he will probably travel in a larger company he will probably travel in a larger company I consider him a safer carrier than the Express. Unfortunately Dr. Hoyt leaves much sooner than I expected, consequently I shall have less time to write, and there are so many things more interesting to say, because they concern the present, that it seems like a long ways back to last July or August and I shall be tempted to hurry over those months.

At Bridger we dissolved partnership with the Messrs. Whiting, leaving them the wagon, one yoke of cattle and their share of the load; we hired a wagon and started with a yoke of cattle and one of (the) cows for the Salmon mines. We took a northwestern direction from Bridger, consequently have never seen Salt Lake City. At Snake river we were told that the Salmon river mines were unapproachable by wagon except by way of Walla Walla, and it was almost too late in the season to get there that way, for the snows in the Walla Walla mountains fall early and deep, but there was a shadow of hope of mines at Deer Lodge.

Not long after we left the Snake we commenced to meet returning packers who dispelled even that hope, and told us we could not possibly get farther than Hell Gate or Bitter Root Valley and the best a man could do there was to work for Frenchmen and half-breeds for his board.

The day we left the Jefferson Fork (I shall not forget that day for we imprudently left there at noon, not knowing what was before us, and were obliged to travel later at night before we could reach water, weary and thirsty ourselves, and afraid that our cattle would give out) some of our party went hunting and came across a little guide board telling them of mines that had been struck about thirty miles to the left of the road. The next day we met packers who told us more about the same mines; they, however, had been robbed by Indians while crossing the mountains and lost most of their luggage and were by no means inclined to

*The portion of Idaho Territory lying east of the Bitter Root Range, which included Bannack, was to become Montana Territory May 26, 1864. Prior to March 23, 1863, Bannack was in Dakota Territory.

2A Mr. Sorin, a Methodist preacher, born in Philadelphia in 1801, for several years preceding and at the date of this letter a resident of Minnesota.

3Fort Bridger on the Oregon Trail, 150 miles northeast of Salt Lake City, established as a trading post in 1843 by James Bridger and Louis Vasquez.

4Dr. F. F. Hoyt, with his brother, Judge B. F. Hoyt, had come to Bannack in the autumn of 1862, via the Northern Overland route in the train organized and led by Tom Holmes, which set out from Minnesota one month ahead of the Fisk train. W. Cuthbert, MS diary, 1862; Montana Historical Library, Helena.


6Vicinity of the present Blackfoot, Idaho.

7The implication here is that the packers had come from Elk City, Idaho, to Fort Owen, and thence southward over the divide into Big Hole basin and again over the divide at Bannock pass, a route between Fort Owen and Fort Hall on Snake river used by white men since the early 1860's. The Meredith emigrant party did not take this route northward from Snake river.

8Beaverhead river.

9At the junction of Rattlesnake creek and Beaverhead river, the legend thereon being: "Tu grass Hop Per digins 39 ymile Kepe the Trale nex the bluffs," Nathaniel Pitt Langford, Virgilante Day and Ways; New York, 1883, Vol. 1, p. 228.

10Southwest from the guide board.
think the mines were worth stopping for.

Considering the uninviting prospect ahead our party concluded to stop and send men ahead to find out what the new discovery amounted to. They reported favorably and we turned our heads in this direction and two days afterwards we slid down a very steep hill into the little valley in which Bannock City now lies. The diggings did not then appear very rich, but they paid very good wages, and that was a great mercy to the scores and hundreds of people who arrived here about bankrupt.

I think it was on the sixth\(^3\) day of September we arrived here, and for more than a month after that no one felt certain enough that they could remain here to build. Many anticipated a severe winter because we were so near the top of the range; others thought the Indians would not allow us to stay, or that if white people enough came in to obviate that difficulty there would be actual starvation. Some thought the mines themselves would be exhausted in two or three months, or at best it would be impossible to work longer than that, until quite late in the spring.

Fortunately none of these forebodings was prophetic. We have had a very mild winter; the Indians have done nothing more than steal stock and kill stragglers; there has been plenty of provision at prices which, although exorbitant, everyone has been able to pay; the mines have been worked all winter and not until the last three months has their real richness been suspected. I know of one claim bought last fall for a set of house logs cut in the woods fifteen miles from here, and sold this spring for $3,000 cash. Claims which could have been had for the taking when we came in, and which could have been purchased last winter for $100 or $200, now rate from $1,500 to $2,000. I know one bar claim that sold for $7,000, but the risk of buying at such prices is so great that I would much sooner be the seller than the buyer. Nevertheless, it is not strange that claims should rate so high when they occasionally prove so extraordinarily rich. In one claim $2,500 was rocked out in about three hours; and I saw the gold washed out of one wheel-barrow full of dirt, taken from another claim, weighed, and it weighed exactly two ounces ($36). These sound like regular Salmon River stories, but they are true, but in neither case would this be the average yield.

It is difficult to know how to write home about this country. A list of the prices of things here would make most persons in the state suppose there must necessarily be suffering; if we say that people pay $25 per 100 pounds for flour as easily as $1.50 at home the general opinion would be that money must be quite plenty and people getting rich fast. Neither opinion would be quite correct. Every one seems to be getting along, very few are discouraged, but comparatively few have, to use a Westernism, “made their pile.”

There were two Scotchmen who came in our train with very little, and worked late last fall before they made anything, who left about a month ago with $7,000. I felt more interested in their success than that of any others who have yet been successful because they were friends of ours, and because their desire was to make money “to go home with,” a longing in which I can heartily sympathize. But they were not very exorbitant in their figures. Most persons would not leave here now with that amount, because anyone who is shrewd and has money can make money here now; how it will be with those who come in, I know not; unless there are other mines struck they will have but a poor chance, but in all probability there will be other mines struck.\(^2\)

\(^{2}\)Elsewhere Mrs. Meredith has said that their train, comprised of forty wagons, at the ferry or shortly after crossing Snake river, “fell in with a train of forty Murphy wagons loaded with flour and beans. They were from Utah . . . on their way to dispose of their lading at Deer Lodge . . . Our train,” she adds, “concluded to follow their lead.” From the guide board at the junction of Rattlesnake creek and Beaverhead river, it having been decided to go to the Grasshopper diggings, “the immigrant train piloted by their committee took ‘the trail nex the bluff,’ followed by the Mormon train . . .” Emily R. Meredith, MS., Montana Historical Library, Helena.

The Mormon freight outfit was doubtless the train of Woodmansee Brothers from Salt Lake City, which arrived at Bannack September 8th. M. A. Leeson, History of Montana; Chicago, 1885, page 467; statement by John C. Innes in Noyes’ edition of Dimsdale’s Vigilantes of Montana, page 232.

\(^{3}\)On May 26th, less than five weeks after the date of this letter, Bill Fairweather and Henry Edgar were to discover the richer and more extensive placers in Alder Gulch, seventy miles east of Bannack. Henry Edgar, Journal, 1862; Mont. Hist. Collections, Vol. 3, page 124.
There are but few things a man can do here now. Freighting, teaming and ranching are profitable but risky on account of the Indians; gardening will pay extremely well, if anything can be raised, but no one knows yet whether there is any night in the year free from frost—there were heavy frosts in August when the mines were found—and the name by which this stream is known, Grasshopper Creek, seems to indicate the presence of another foe. Mining does very well for those who have claims, but if I had one or two thousand dollars in spare cash I should not like to put it in the ground for fear it might prove, as you say, a "permanent investment."

I never would advise anyone to come to a new mining country because there is a great deal of risk and a great deal to endure, nevertheless many persons will undoubtedly come here this summer and make more than they could do in years at home. And they ought to; a person ought to make money pretty fast here to pay them for living in such a place. I should like to see a pagoda or a mosque or anything to indicate that there is a religious principle in man. If "Labor is worship" this is a most worshipful community, but of any other kind of worship there is no public manifestation whatever. I verily believe that two-thirds of the people here are infidel and "secesh."

I don't know how many deaths have occurred this winter, but that there have not been twice as many is entirely owing to the fact that drunken men do not shoot well. There are times when it is really unsafe to go through the main street on the other side of the creek, the bullets whizz around so, and no one thinks of punishing a man for shooting another. What do you think of a place where men will openly walk the streets with shotguns, waiting to shoot someone against whom they have a grudge, and no one attempt to prevent it.

Last winter there were a few Indian lodges here; one night in a drunken spree some men fired into them, killing five Indians and two white men. The Indians left the place immediately and, of course, with no friendly feelings. The men who made the disturbance were arrested and some persons were in favor of hanging them. The men were released and those prominently concerned in the arrest received letters notifying them that they were "spotted" and their lives would be taken when there was good opportunity.

A short time ago I was told one evening about dark that there was a party organizing to go and attack the Indian camp. (About 200 Indians were then camped about a mile above town.) If it had succeeded it would have been a wanton massacre. They intended to make the attack about day-break, and I was told in order to prevent Mr. Meredith from being on the road at the time, as he frequently goes out to the ranch at night and returns with the stock very early in the morning, his road lying through their camp. As it happened, he had already gone but with the intention of returning that night. He got back about nine o'clock and when I told him he said he believed the Indians had heard of the intended attack, for on the way in his horse shied at something on the road and...
darted aside into the bush almost running over two Indians who lay concealed there. They jumped up to avoid the horse and he saw them but they were certainly concealed there with some object and that probably was to watch the road from town. The party proved a failure; partly because it was not large enough and partly because they ascertained the Indians were warned. If they had gone they would probably have been destroyed for the Indians were thoroughly prepared.

But the most serious and lamentable occurrence of that kind took place the day I commenced this letter. (It is now Saturday night, May 2nd.) The Indians attributed the other affair to liquor and took the precaution to move their camp about ten miles off, but a good many of them were in town, as usual, and rumor was circulated that a body of men who left here some time since to hunt some stolen stock was destroyed, probably by another tribe of Indians entirely. Without further provocation the old Snake Chief* was shot down and a general firing at the Indians commenced; three others were killed and a number of ponies belonging to them were taken. The town was in perfect confusion, there was a general disapproval of the act, there are numerous little prospecting parties in various directions imperilled by it, and news just then arrived that eight wagons almost wholly unarmed were within twenty-five miles of town in the same direction of the Indian camp. A party was raised that night of thirty-seven men who went to escort the train in. They left about midnight. I saw them start, for I was waiting for Mr. Meredith to come in with the herd. I suppose it was three o'clock by the time I got supper for him and the men who helped him in and was ready to rest, and with the excitement and fatigue together for the last two days I have felt nearly used up.

The train arrived safely today. The people here are in a sad quandary. If their stock is kept near town it will starve, if it is far from town it will be stolen. Mr. Meredith has a ranch about six miles from town; he drove his stock in the night of the disturbance because the people required it, but last night he remained at the ranch and he is there tonight. He has a strong corral there and will keep out a regular watch until they think the danger is past.

An express was sent to Colonel Conover* on the 30th, asking for troops but whether he will be able to send any or not is questionable. The main body of Indians has decamped, but I do not think they can be very far away. Last night the guard at the ranch waked the others and they distinctly heard the sounds of driving stock only a short distance off. Their own stock was corralled and they did not dare to leave it for fear they might meet a foe too heavy for them. They kept a horse saddled and hid in the brush with a man by him so that in case of attack they could send for assistance. This morning all the horses taken from the Indians, excepting two, were missing, and they were taken from a corral here in town! That does not look like cowardice.

We cannot tell yet what will be the conclusion of the matter; it will cause many anxious hearts and I fear many innocent lives. Tonight I heard that a party of Flatheads is camped not far off. If this crazy populace treat them well, they will be as good as a company of soldiers for their friendship for the whites is reliable, and they are mortal enemies of the Snakes and Bannocks.

But it is about time I talk about matters more directly personal. So far we have not been particularly fortunate. We arrived here with but little provision and no money, consequently we worked at a great disadvantage. Mr. Meredith went to making hay which sold from $12 to $20 a ton. He knew very well that if it could be kept it would bring at least $100 per ton during the winter, but we needed money immediately. We did get enough ahead to send two yoke of oxen and a wagon and $100 to Salt Lake, but it was an unfortunate move.

At the time we sent everyone thought the train could return this winter and provisions were then so high we thought unless we could send we should consume all we made. In two weeks afterwards if we had had the cash we could have bought our winter flour at

*Old Snag, a harmless sub-chief of the Bannocks.
*Col. Patrick Edw. Connor, at Camp Douglas adjacent to Salt Lake City. Covering the 400 miles in less than eight days the messenger from Bannack reached Salt Lake May 7th. Before the dispatch of any troops came later intelligence that the threatened Indian war scare had subsided. Salt Lake City Deseret News, May 13, 27, 1862.
$15 per 100. The train returned a few weeks, ago, but our cattle took sick and the man we sent sold the cattle and wagon and freighted in the load at 12c a pound. If he had been thoughtful enough to invest the money in goods that were valuable and light we might have cleared ourselves, but beside the flour we sent for, he put the whole price of the wagon and cattle in flour and by the time the freight bill was settled, we had not near the worth of our cattle and wagon left. Flour is now only $10 a sack.

That was our first mistake. The second was building a house better than our neighbors. The house was built of sawed logs and contained only two rooms, but it cost us $400. Timber has to be drawn so far and labor is so high that building costs a great deal. Then (mistake the third) we sold our house for about what it cost and left here on the 15th of January for Three Forks.

There is a town laid out at the three forks of the Missouri called Gallatin. We thought when we went there the settlement would be large enough for safety, and it is undoubtedly the best farming country in this neighborhood. Cattle that were sent there very thin last winter grew fat without any care. The snow never falls more than a few inches and seldom lays more than a few days. Game is abundant; we had plenty of deer and (mountain) sheep all the time we were there and were promised all we could use until June if we would stay. We did stay about five weeks, but on the way down sixteen head of cattle were stolen from our company; just before we reached there we heard of the Indian trouble I have alluded to, and after we had been there awhile we became convinced that farming in that vicinity would not be very safe, so we sold our seeds and made preparations to return.

The benefits of the expedition are comprised under two heads: firstly, the honor of being the first (white) woman who ever saw the head of the Missouri; secondly, a few new experiences.

Traveling in an ox wagon in January and sleeping in the same without undressing for thirteen nights at a time; camping out in the snow, and occasionally waking to find one's pillow covered with snow-flakes; living for two months without seeing a woman's face, and knowing there was not another white woman within 100 miles; getting out of flour and living for four days on beans and venison; all these are new sensations.

On the whole the memory of the trip is much pleasanter than the summer's journey because, excepting a large boil on my face which came just as I started and lasted until I reached Gallatin, I felt very well, and last summer my health was poor. Before the Indians robbed us I felt afraid, but after that I felt more serene, just as people who have once had smallpox are not so much in dread of infection.

One curious little circumstance I could hardly help noticing; our house at Gallatin stood a little apart from the rest; after we moved in there Prince would hardly leave me at all. No matter how often I changed my seat he would move so as to lay his nose on my dress, and when I was working around he would keep as near me as possible. He never acted so before or since, but he is a very knowing dog. When we were traveling he followed me when I walked, but he strongly disapproved of my going far from the wagon, and did his best to prevent it by biting my dress and feet and lying down in the path. He never tried to prevent Mr. Meredith from going ahead, but if he was out of sight of the wagon too long, he would start back at a full run to see whether I was coming along safe. I know that is what he does it for, for I have seen him I don't know how many times come back as if he was running for a wager, and he never went farther back than the wagon I was in, and seldom stopped longer than to look and wag his tail before he trotted back to his master. He has never shown any attachment to anyone else and will not follow anyone though he is willing to help anybody to do anything that comes in his line. Prince has to stay at the ranch now. I have another little Newfoundland about five or six weeks old. I did not want it at all at first, but it is such a knowing little thing that I should hate to part with it now.

We returned here about the middle of

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28Opposite the mouth of the Gallatin river. The site was selected in November and laid out before January 5th. By February 8th, said J. B. Caven, it had sixty cabins. Denver Rocky Mountain News, April 9, 1863.

29Elsewhere Mrs. Meredith says, of Gallatin City and their trip thither: "Exploring parties that had followed the forks of the Missouri to their confluence reported a milder
March. It was impossible to build then and we rented a very good room (minus a floor) for $15 a month, where we are still living. Mr. Meredith thought as soon as the snow went off he would go to teaming again, and until that time he would either mine or ditch. There was plenty of employment at either at $4 a day, but the first week he tried it, he hurt his side someway and it became very sore. He caught cold about the same time and for several weeks was almost laid up with a severe cough. Fortunately, there was nothing to do then, except the above mentioned employments and as they were out of the question on account of his side, he rested and got well. He had a good opportunity of buying a ranch about six miles from town and bought it mainly because he could get it so cheap that it could not fail to be a good speculation, but after holding it awhile he concluded the most profitable business he could follow this summer would be ranching. A ranch is properly a grazing farm and the term “ranching” sometimes means farming but is generally applied in this country to taking care of stock. It is not at all safe to allow cattle to run on account of the Indians.

There are four ranches here where they take care of stock at $1.50 per head for cattle, $2 for horses. Mr. Meredith’s is the only ranch that insures stock; (at those rates he insures cattle for $40 and horses for $50, and if for more their owners pay accordingly.) The consequence is he has got two-thirds of the stock that has come in since he commenced ranching. A month has not yet passed and he has nearly 200 head of stock. The expense will be pretty heavy but if we are fortunate enough not to lose any stock we can hardly fail to clear several thousand dollars this summer and fall.

A short time ago a train arrived from Bridger containing one of the men who crossed the plains to Denver with us. He was quite a friend of ours then and Mr. Meredith thinks him a very careful, honest man. He sold him a third interest in the ranch, and a third interest to another man here, so that there are now three equal partners, but it requires that many to carry on the business right. One has to be at the ranch all the time to take care of the stock, one in town all the time to look out for stock as it comes in, and one to take stock out and bring it in when wanted.

This month they have built a house and corral at the ranch and will soon build a house and corral in town and another strong corral on the ranch will probably be needed. When these improvements are made the profits will commence. Since the Indian excitement Mr. Meredith has stayed at the ranch every night and they have kept guard. Indeed he has been there almost every night since they commenced ranching, because he has only lately entered into partnership with Mr. Miller and Mr. Collins, but when things are settled he will be in town most of the time.

May 4. We think too of supplying a man with cattle, plow and seeds to plant a garden.
for half what he raises. At least a friend of ours made that offer and if we can get the use of a plow we will accept it. I hope on the whole we shall do well this summer and shall be able to aid you also.

I saw some of those little five and ten cent notes the other day; they look like hard times. . . . There is no currency here but gold-dust. . . . If money had been as thick as blackberries there has been no way of sending it yet. One express has been destroyed by Indians near Salt Lake. They sent in word to Col. Conover that they had the letters and defied him. Those were the Indians he destroyed and I have sometimes thought he might possibly have regained the mail. If so you will have heard of our residence here. I have heard that Wells-Fargo will run an express from this place this summer; if so they are a perfectly responsible company.

I wrote to Lizzie a short time ago and sent the letter by express. The only letters I have received were dated in August and October. I received them this spring. I know you must have written but they have probably been lost. One Walla Walla express was lost this winter and the one that brought the letters in came near it for the man was out of food three days. I have often felt as if I would go without food a week for the sake of a letter from home, and sometimes as if I would be willing to die for the sake of having my spirit revisit you again.

But I do not generally give way to homesickness although the life one leads here is enough to cause it. I have been alone so much of the time. It is not quite so unpleasant now because there is another family living in the same house, besides I have found some pleasant acquaintances and am more comfortably fixed. I do not wonder that I felt homesick last Fall. I wonder that I got along as well as I did, and just so with my journey out here. I should know another time how to get along with many things much better than I did, but I only wonder, feeling as I did, that I got through at all. I certainly did not wish to repeat it. A woman ought to have good health and no cooking to do to enjoy such a journey.

Before we reached Denver I became convinced that Mother never could stand the trip across the plains and would just as soon have gone on to the Pacific, in the hope that some day our family might be re-united there. We shall go there, but for the present can do better here. The future of this country is very uncertain. If an extensive gold field should be opened here it may be a good place to stay for several years. I should never think of making it a permanent home. If she could stay here long and should become rich I think I should make a visit home before going to the Pacific. The best way to come here now is I think the Missouri river. If there should be a line of boats above the Falls running to Gallatin one would have only 125 miles to travel overland to this place.

I think possibly we may go to Gallatin this Fall if Mr. Meredith continues in this business, it is so much better for stock there. There are fifty or sixty log houses in Gallatin but most of them are at present unoccupied; they were built for the sake of retaining a foothold there, for many persons suppose that will be the San Francisco of a Northern Eldorado.

Dr. Hoyt leaves in the morning so I cannot write much more. I thought I should have written others individually but when I write to one it seems as if I am writing to all, as objects seen from a distance seem to blend. I have been anxious to know how you are getting along, but at the time Lizzie wrote everything seemed to be going smoothly and I trust that is still the case. . . .

Concerning the war we know scarcely anything. The last news we had was a little more favorable and there have been some rumors lately of peace, but nothing reliable. I fear times are going to be very hard in the States, but I do not know yet whether this country will be much of a refuge for broken fortunes.

\[\text{Fractional currency, often called shin plasters.}\]
\[\text{Two riders, in charge of the second express from Bannack to Salt Lake City, were killed.} \quad \text{J. B. Caven, Letter: Denver Rocky Mountain News, Apr. 9, 1863.}\]
\[\text{Col. Patrick Edw. Connor; see note 19.}\]
\[\text{Battle of Bear River, Jan. 29, 1863, near present Franklin, Idaho, in which nearly 300 natives were killed. Report by Connor; War of Rebellion, Series I, Vol. 50, Part 1 (Serial 105), page 185.}\]
\[\text{See notes 19 and 21.}\]
\[\text{The Civil War.}\]
I wonder if Mary is with you yet. I should like her to see this letter for I can hardly write another account so full, or have quite so good an opportunity to send it. Mother will miss the baby very much when Mary goes away. I suppose the girls will be home too by the time this reaches you. O! If only I could be there! I wish Tommy would send me his likeness. I have all your miniatures but his and I want it very much. I want you and Mother and Tommy and all to write me. I had waited for a letter so long that I expected when I got one I should cry myself sick, but Lizzie wrote so cheerfully I felt a good deal better after I got her letters and have felt better ever since.

We have good health and a prospect of getting along and I feel cheerful most of the time. I keep busy too, and that is a good thing to keep up one's spirits. I do my own work very easily although I have very few conveniences for doing it. If I only had a house with a floor in it and a stove I should consider myself quite fixed. The first I expect to have this summer and I can get along without a stove.** I have learned to cook by a fireplace very well. I sometimes wonder what Mother would think if she could see my house—rather rough living, I guess, but most persons here would say I was quite comfortably settled. . . .

I presume the best way to send letters will still be to Salt Lake City Care of Bannock City Express.** Nothing more has been heard of the Indians.

To close a letter seems like another parting. Our best love to Mother and the girls and Tommy and yourself. Remember us to our friends especially Prof. Edwards and his wife and Dr. Crary, and I want you all to remember us and how much good a letter will do us, in our exile from friends and religious privileges, and I might almost say from civilization.

How strongly old associations are sometimes revived. When we lived on the hill in Galena a family of the name of Collins lived near us having two children, a boy that I do not remember and a girl named Thradste (?). I found out last evening that that boy is now Mr. Meredith's partner. He remembers Johnny very well, though he does not remember the rest of the family. But I must close, so once again with our best love to you all. Your affectionate daughter.

EMMA MEREDITH.

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**See note 22.

*Established by A. J. Oliver, Edward House and A. H. Conover. In a notice in the Salt Lake City Deseret News, Jan. 14, 1863, it was stated that the express would run monthly during the winter and weekly during the summer.
Pay Dirt. By Glenn Chesney Quiett. Appleton-Century. $4.50.

Pay Dirt, the narrative of the search for gold on this continent from '49 to the present day, is the second of two notable works treating of the development of the West. Glenn Quiett's first book, They Built the West, recounted the exploits of the railroad builders and incidentally the adventures of the city builders of the West. The second book relates the colorful stories of a different set of wealth producers—the gold miners. Both books are written in the smooth, rapid, graceful style that the author could command so well, but the second book of the two is on the whole better written than the first.

The subject matter of the second book, Pay Dirt, may influence my judgment here—the reader soon contracts "gold-fever"—but I don't think so. The author has succeeded in bringing alive one of the great epic adventures of the West by laborious research, by careful selection of his findings, but above all by an able and fluent expression of these findings.

Pay Dirt opens with an exposition of the process of mining gold. Process? One should say processes, for though the principle remains the same the methods used in extracting a tiny amount of "pay dirt" from a mass of gravel, rock, or sand are many. Pans, troughs, screens, sluice boxes, stamping mills, and chemicals are or have been employed in the art of sifting the root of all evil from its innocent matrix.

Equipped with a knowledge of how gold is mined, the reader follows the golden fleece to California in '49, to Colorado in '59, to Idaho and Montana in '61, and at various later times to the Black Hills, to the Klondike, to the Southwest, and finally—in our own day—to northern Canada. The reader sees and hears much besides the story of gold in his mind's journey. He learns of the rough, hilarious, dangerous life of the mining towns. He meets Calamity Jane and Soapy Smith, Death Valley Scotty and Tex Rickard, and a host of others in the golden pageant. Misery, delight, good luck and bad, meanness, generosity—there are stories to portray each of these in dramatic fashion. When one has followed the narrative to its end, he has accumulated a rich treasure of experience.

The significance of the book lies in its sure grasp of an epic situation. Here were men of all sorts and all conditions bent on a purely selfish mission, that of making themselves wealthy. The tragedy when they failed was their own; the triumph when they succeeded was also their own. And the hands of the victors were for the most part clean. They made their wealth without oppressing the defenseless and without tricking the unwary. And those among them who robbed their fellows of their earnings or cheated them by jumping claims did so with the full knowledge that Justice in the person of the Vigilante had ready to hand a swift and terrible weapon—and used it.

Glenn Chesney Quiett, author of Pay Dirt, died at Colorado Springs in October, 1936, shortly before his book was released to the booksellers. His death closed a long struggle against tuberculosis. It was during the last two years of his life that he found the material for and wrote Pay Dirt—assuredly an achievement against odds, odds that only he could specify. A considerable measure of the task must have been exacting and laborious. For one with depleted physical resources it must at times have been painful. But to Glenn Quiett, who felt a profound attachment to the West, the experience of visiting Western goldfields, of talking with prospectors, sourdoughs, and mining engineers, of examining the files of old newspapers, the journals of miners, and the other documents that pertained to his subject was an absorbing one. His travels in behalf of the book were arduous but that experience he must have enjoyed too, for Pay Dirt reflects a joyous sojourn to the sources. And the product of that sojourn, the book itself, reflects the buoyant, non-standardized, primitive and on the whole happy life of the goldfields. It was the sort of life that Glenn Quiett took a lusty delight in contemplating.

Black Range Tales. By James A. McKenna. Wilson-Erickson. $3.50.


Mountain Cattle. By Mary Kidder Rak. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75.

The Open Range. By Oscar Rush. The Caxton Printers. $3.


Saddle and Bridle. By Fjerald Hess. Macmillan. $1.75.

The literature of the west is made up of widely diversified types of writing. The present group of recent volumes runs the entire gamut, from authentic historical fact to the wildest of imaginative legend. While modern western fiction is based primarily upon legend for plot and action, there is legend of pure descent, and legend of questionable parentage.

For instance, Stephen Payne, in the story, Black Aces, makes use of ultra-modern gangster methods for his thrills. Notwithstanding history to the contrary, a woman of irreproachable character is kidnapped right in the middle of a full-fledged extortion plot. Consequently, in spite of the fact that the book has what it takes to make a rental thriller, it isn’t a truly western book. And if the author has been an honest-to-gosh cowhand, he should know better.

Cunningham and Raine do the job a little differently, but the difference is enlightening. Both men know the west and its history; neither spares the spurs or the gun-smoke; perhaps whistling lead is a little too prevalent, but their books are in the true tradition. Womankind is inviolate; the crimes are pioneer crimes that were committed a thousand times in the cow country; and the villains are everything western writers have led us to expect.

Tuttle and Knibbs belong to the same breed; consequently, their books, also, are as western as they are. The Tonto Kid is a collection of loosely connected short stories relating the imaginary but too frequently true story of how a “bad man” comes to be bad. The Kid found that because he had been compelled to shoot his way out of a couple of situations which he had no hand in bringing about, he had earned himself an unsavory reputation. But his expertise in keeping “on the dodge” makes subject matter for a fine western. And Hashknife Hartley, Tuttle’s famous character, is as clever and irresponsible as ever; and Hashknife always gets the job done.

Paul Wellman, after the well-deserved success of his two historical volumes on Indian history, now turns to something a little lighter, and with equal success. In General Miles’ Personal Recollections, there is mention of an Apache warrior who escaped from Geronimo’s prison train while it was en route to Florida. The escape was made east of St. Louis, but the Indian succeeded in making his way back to his own country without once being seen. Although little more than this is known of the affair, Wellman has called upon his knowledge of the Indians, and upon his imagination, to fill in the obvious gaps. The result is something special in western fiction.

Gotch is the story of a cowhorse. The writing is rather on the amateurish side, and the plot construction is feeble. The thing that lifts it up and gives it life is Sweetman’s love of horseflesh. While this love is never openly expressed, it shines through every portion of the book, and makes ample amends for its literary faults. Caxton has done the book with that dauntless firm’s usual care and good taste. The last fiction number in the list is Saddle and Bridle. Fjerald Hess has gotten together an excellent book with a western background which ought to have a wide appeal among younger girls.

Of the non-fiction listed above, three books of reminiscences take their readers into three different sections of the west. Barnard lived in the Indian Territory and in the panhandle; Rush is concerned mainly with the open ranges of the northern cattle country; and McKenna spent his life prospecting the Black Range of New Mexico and Arizona. Barnard is sketchy, Rush is well-organized, and McKenna is delightfully gossipy. In more detail, Barnard lacks entirely the storyteller’s art. There are multitudes of his incidents that contain all the elements of high comedy, or of stark drama. But invariably he passes over them with a bald sentence or two, and the reader is left with an ever-deepening sense of frustration. There is an excellent map of the early cattle trails, and a number of interesting photographs.

Oscar Rush’s book is patterned more or less after Will James’ All in the Day’s Riding. He tells about what the men did, how they lived, and what they lived with. However, he often slips away from descriptions and explanations to spin a yarn or two of the old days—and the book is full of deep nostalgia for those days of the open range, but this only serves to enhance the book’s essential charm. This is another of Caxton’s neatly made up volumes. R. H. Hall has done the illustrations.

McKenna’s is a more pretentious book. He loves to tell a story, and for once, at least, he has not curbed his impulse. The trouble is that McKenna spends so much time telling stories that were told to him, that the book fails of being autobiographical. There are great stretches of McKenna’s life that are only mentioned by the way. But he has amply characterized himself while busy describing the country he learned to know so well, and the men who wandered with him, who shared his claims, and who swapped their yarns for his. He has written a richly enjoyable book.

While Mountain Cattle can hardly expect to attain the success of Mrs. Rak’s first

Growing up amidst the lonely isolation of an Idaho mountain ranch, finding life uncouth and drab and its prospect unappealing, June Weeg (alias April), dumby and un gainly in her first maturity, suffered poignant under the fate of her personal unloveliness and the undesirability of the few youths she was able to attract. Confronted by these handicaps she created an imaginary reality in which she dreamed herself beautiful and desired by a lover handsome and distinguished—not grotesque Sol Incham, much older than she and her patient wooer for eleven years. But neither her lover's lack of good looks nor her own obvious physical demerits were ever to be minimized by the conceits of imagination. And it is this conflict between the real and the desired that affords Vardis Fisher his fictional theme in this, his seventh novel.

Less tour de force than ironic concentrate, less novel than social study of rusticity fictionally yet typically characterized, this, the shortest to date of Mr. Fisher's imaginative works is, in at least two regards, his best. Pused of the opposites, irony and pity, it achieves that estimable literary virtue, detachment. This latter quality was manifest in the author's first novel Toilers of the Hills, was partially evident in the brooding intensity of Dark Bridwell, but was gradually dissipated in the growth of the over-themned Hunter tetralogy. Now once again it reassuringly appears. The story's second convincing virtue—not honesty of reporting, which is this author's shibboleth—is in the achieved contrasts, of beauty against ugliness, of the fanciful against the real, of honesty against hypocrisy, here organically treated, and of romanticism against natural instinct, the note upon which the conflict is finally resolved.

Here also is good writing, beautifully in control. Humor, wit, conclusion, lightness of touch, all of the literary attributes of the well-proportioned talent, in earlier novels but negligibly evident, are happily and encouragingly manifest. A short novel, without plot, uncomplex yet searingly and disarmingly full so far as its treatment of June Weeg's emotional conflict is concerned, the story of "April" lacks only in scope to command intense interest or deep enjoyment. Narrowed in objectivity to June's single viewpoint, revealed through a clipped succession of simple events, the whole forfeits somewhat in those implications that artlessly evoke universality and set the mind to brooding. But aside from these limitations which are the limitations of the material rather more than of the talent, this novel offers genuine pleasure for the reader.

Mortgage Your Heart. By Sophus Keith Winther. Macmillan. $2.50.

In the second novel of his trilogy in progress Mr. Winther has carried forward the fortunes of the Grimsen family through the second phase of the immigrant's saga. The Grimsens came to America as penniless refugees and got a desperate toe-hold on the new land as tenant farmers. But Nebraska lands were rich and even tenant farmers prospered, so that in the midst of this present volume fortune favors them for a brief moment, until the unearned increment tempts the landlord to turn on the heat. The Grimsens can either buy the land at an exorbitant price or get out. They buy.

The trilogy is presumably to conclude with the history of the mortgage. It is rumored that Mr. Winther, whose first volume was entitled Take All to Nebraska, plans to name the last one Nebraska Takes All.

The second volume succeeds in the same respects as did the first, with perhaps some slight dropping off toward the end on a didactic note. Mr. Winther keeps very meticulously and very wisely within the limitations of his material, within the psychology of his characters. What at first might seem a naive style becomes as the reader progresses as persuasive translation of the mind of his characters—the two elder Grimsens scarcely speak English and the younger are undergoing the stresses of assimilation—and the absence from the novel of some of the graces of technique aids rather than detracts from its verisimilitude. It was Wordsworth, I think, who said that the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants, and one of the sources of Mr. Winther's effectiveness is the rightness with which he deals with such items as the broken fencepost which Peter could spot at half a mile, the stretched barbed wire that symbolizes the tension in the Grimsen household, the dinner pail which objectifies Hans' rawness and self-consciousness during his first days in college, the "Sunday" shoes which Hans has to learn do not exist in the consciousness of the well-to-do. The writer frequently stops one's breath for an instant with these little
things; as he also sustains through the larger part of the novel the steady stress of the dramatic conflict between these creatures of the land and the ruthless inhumanity of an economic system that pays no debts of honor.

It is people whom we have to pardon if we can; the land, in spite of drouths and pests, is finally kind. Sometime we may make a visit to Denmark, but only to return to Nebraska:

"There will be a good frost tonight. It won't be long now until we can begin corn shucking," Peter said.

"Meta replied immediately, as if affirming his remark; 'Yes, Nebraska is my home. There can never be another on this earth'."

Joseph B. Harrison


These two books are the first of some fifty volumes of the American Guide Series to appear. If the excellence of these guides is a fair sample of what the rest of the series is to be, too high praise cannot be given to this white collar undertaking of the Works Progress Administration. The United States has long suffered from a dearth of real guide books amid a rain of booster pamphlets that tell nothing but what can be set forth in vainglorious boasting. It is a delight to find in these two forerunners of a series that undertakes to interpret the whole American scene at least in a consciousness of the seams in the fabric. Washington, City and Capitol is a book in which every American can take pride: it is definitely the high water mark for guide books in this country or any other.

Its 1160 pages, 101 photographs, 14 city and floor plans, 12 tour maps, and 3 large District of Columbia color maps give such comprehensive conception of the national capital, its background, its buildings and institutions, its multitudinous Federal bureaus and their activities as would seem impossible to crowd into one volume without the evidence of accomplishment. Best of all it is written in a lively, breezy manner with a running commentary of intelligent opinion that is most satisfying. It is not easy to find any fault with this beautifully written, indexed and printed guide, except that the Writers' Project has imposed on millions of innocent tourists five and a half pounds of extra luggage. Hardly anyone will wish to "do" Washington without it, so the tourist must resign himself to the certainty of a wilted collar as he packs the equivalent of a Sunday roast under his arm.

Idaho, a Guide in Word and Picture is, in size, a more portable volume of 451 pages, fully illustrated with photographs and with many maps. Vardis Fisher, who is the director of the Idaho Writers' Project, has put the book together, from a tremendous mass of fact, fiction and fable collected by his writers, with admirable economy. Guide books are not usually to be recommended as "escape reading," but this one carries the reader through half its pages from one delightful, informative essay to another. By the time the reader has reached the tours section, into which the more specific descriptions of the Idaho scene have been packed, he has become so thoroughly interested in the State that he is willing to explore highways and byways, even vicariously.

Needless to say Mr. Fisher writes well, and where his individual stamp is on the book, as it is in most places, there is no dull reading. Some of his subjects matter he treats with seeming impatience, as the chapter on history, which is the least informative of the lot although in some ways the most amusing. This chapter is a debunking dissertation on Idaho's history without actually setting forth much about it. The reader will look in vain, for instance, for any mention of that Idaho statesman to whom, we find in the Washington Guide, there is a statue in National Statuary Hall of the Capitol. It would seem that the man who is, presumably, Idaho's most distinguished deceased citizen should be accorded at least a sentence or two. There are some additional historical items about Idaho on which we sought enlightenment and were disappointed not to find mentioned. However, a very great deal on other topics is mentioned and expounded in brilliant manner. Mr. Fisher is at his best in producing a visual impression of the outdoor scene, in the tours section, which is, of course, where emphasis properly belongs in a tourist guide. Also the candor of his description is nearly as breath-taking as the scenery. "A few cabins and refreshments are available here in a most unprepossessing inn," certainly was never dictated by a chamber of commerce. We hail a new spirit of truth-telling in guide books and hope that the Federal Writers in other States and large cities are as capable to their task as are Mr. Fisher and the unknown compilers in Washington.

Horace Chadbourne


This narrative of the West in American history is a bulky volume of nearly seven hundred pages that gives a first impression of containing something more than the history of the West. However there is no padding, and the reader is brought to a realization of how important the story of the West is in American history. The book is divided into three main divisions: the first opens with a brief survey of the geographic
features that conditioned the westward movement, then follow chapters giving a brief sketch of the Indians as the white men found them, the activities of the Spanish and French explorers, and finally the struggle between the French and English for the mastery of the territory that has become the United States. The French and Spanish influences recede into the background as the narrative continues. Neither of these nations left any marked impression on the institutions and ideas of the United States as a whole, though there are names and traces of Spanish influence in the Southwest and California. The second part covers the activities in the region from the Appalachian mountains to the western border of the Mississippi valley and chronicles the rapid settlement of nearly a score of states with their problems of transportation, defense against the Indians, land laws, and economic development. Transportation beginning with the rivers as the first highways on which flat-boats carried the settlers and their belongings was supplemented by trails into the interior, the trail became a "trace," the trace a road, and the road gave way to the more modern highway, the railroad. Some charming pictures of transportation down the rivers in flat-boats which are gathered from the narratives of travelers add to the vividness of the story. The other main topics are in similar fashion expanded into a fascinating account. Two chapters on state making on the frontier provide interesting reading on the development of self government, and two on frontier society and cultural beginnings bring this section to a close. Dr. Clark has read widely in the narratives of explorers and settlers and has quoted them extensively and wisely. The last part continues the narrative into the Far West, emphasizing the great trails, the stage coach and the railroads as agents in the development of the region. "Manifest destiny," governmental organization, the conflicts between cattle king and land grabber bring the story to the end of the frontier.

Dr. Clark accepts the views expressed in Professor Frederick Jackson Turner's *The Significance of the Frontier in American History*. He notes that "a few individuals have read implications into the thesis [of that book] which the author never intended to convey" and that others have romanticized the story and "thus helped to obscure its reality and meaning." He does not argue the question however, but gives references to the controversial material so that the interested reader can form his own conclusions.

If a good literary style is one that conveys a clear impression of the subject and does not attract (or distract) the attention of the reader to itself, then Dr. Clark has a good literary style. His writing has an easy and pleasing flow that carries the reader along without conscious effort. He comes natural-ly to his love for the West. He was born in Iowa and has lived his life in the West. For the general reader interested in the West there is no better introduction to its history, and for the student who wishes to read more widely the bibliographic notes at the end of the volume will furnish abundant additional reading for each chapter. An adequate index closes the volume. Edward McMahon

Santa Anna: The Story of an Enigma Who Once Was Mexico. By Wilfrid Hardy Callcott. The University of Oklahoma Press. $3.

Indians and Pioneers. By Grant Foreman. The University of Oklahoma Press. $2.50.

Perhaps no man of the nineteenth century has been more cordially hated or received more bitter denunciations than has General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. Regarded by the people of Texas as an inhuman monster because of the tragedy of the Alamo and at Goliad, he is usually pictured in the school histories of the United States as a vain and boastful incompetent who never won a battle in the course of our war with Mexico. This volume reveals him for what he probably was, a product of his time and environment. All of his life primarily a soldier, he was from his youth schooled in the harsh atmosphere of camp and field, and early became accustomed to the sight of bloodshed, suffering, and death. It is, therefore, perhaps natural that the brutal and cruel side of his nature should be strongly developed, and yet he seems to have had a considerable capacity for making friends and a talent for arousing enthusiasm toward himself. He was, undoubtedly was, but perhaps not more so than were many others who lived through this murderous age of revolution and intrigue which constitutes so large a part of the history of Mexico during his generation. Incompetent, this volume clearly shows that he certainly was not: one who could for half a century play so large a part in the history of a nation was clearly no ordinary man. Even when he was in exile, his name was one to arouse fear among his enemies or to stir enthusiasm among his friends, for the people of Mexico were either the one or the other. Apparently there was no middle ground in the feeling toward him.

With real artistry the author divides his book into five sections, each dealing with a period in the day of Santa Anna's life. The first, "Daybreak," describes the rise of the obscure young soldier to a position of some power and influence. Going on through "Morning," "Afternoon," and "Dusk," he closes with a final section "Dark" in which he pictures in vivid language the last days of the crippled and nearly blind old man liv-
The author is no apologist for Santa Anna and does not attempt to gloss over his weaknesses and faults. Santa Anna is shown as an opportunist of the first order, always playing to succeed, licentious, with great vanity and boundless ambition, and no particular political principles except a real love for Mexico and a desire for its advancement. At the same time he is shown to have had great physical courage, coupled with boundless energy and very considerable ability.

The book is well written. The style is clear and vigorous, and the story one of intense interest. It is well documented and shows every evidence of careful and pains-taking research. Some fifteen illustrations, a number made from recent photographs, add much to the volume, which is beautifully printed and bound and has an excellent bibliography and index. Students of the history of Mexico as well as the casual reader will both be grateful to the author for having produced a scholarly and readable biography of a man whose life story constitutes very largely the history of Mexico for half a century.

No region in the United States has had a more colorful and dramatic history than has the old Indian Territory now the state of Oklahoma. Here lived the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians after their removal from their old homes in the Gulf Plains area which occurred largely in the decade between 1830 and 1840. Here they formed five little Indian republics, four of which had written constitutions and written laws. Here under a communal land system were established homes, schools, churches, and a civilization very unlike any other in America.

This volume deals with the earliest history of the region, especially with the life of the pioneers, Indian and white, who occupied it in the period between the purchase of Louisiana and the migration of the larger part of the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes, which did not occur until after 1830. It thus lays the foundation for a study of these little Indian republics.

Of the twenty-one chapters the first called "French and Spanish explorations before the Louisiana Purchase" treats of the activities of the explorers of these two nations in this region largely during the eighteenth century, while the final chapter "Efforts to Remove the Chocaw and Chickasaw to the West, 1827-1830" deals with early westward migrations of these tribes. Other chapters relate to the Osage and their wars with the Cherokee, the advance of the military frontier and the establishment of army posts, the activities of the white traders, the work of the missionaries, and the difficulties of the emigrant Indians from east of the Mississippi.

The Osage formerly claimed a large part of what is now Oklahoma and when the western Cherokees began to establish settlements in Arkansas warfare broke out between the two tribes and was more or less constant for over twenty years. This strife was complicated by occasional raids of the wild tribes farther west and by the presence of remnants of such other Eastern tribes as the Shawnee and Delaware, who added their bit to the general confusion. A scattering population of rough and lawless whites including a fair number of renegades and fugitives from justice made the situation infinitely worse. Military posts were established to restore order, and devout missionaries established such stations as Dwight and Union Mission, but as might be expected neither the army nor the church was able at first to achieve any very substantial success.

Out of this tangled maze of wars, raids, and intrigue the author has constructed a well organized and straightforward story of absorbing interest. Undoubtedly Mr. Foreman knows more about the history of this region and of the Indians who occupied it than does any other person in the world. The book has been written largely from manuscript sources never before used and shows every evidence of most careful research. Archives and manuscript collections not only throughout the United States, but also in Europe have been searched for material. The writing is excellent, as are also the bibliography and index. Eight illustrations and a map of the "American Southwest before 1830" add much to the value of the volume which, like all that have been issued by this press, is attractively printed and bound. This book is an important contribution to the historical literature of the American West.

Edward Everett Dale


Dr. Drury's life of Spalding is an outstanding contribution to the history of missions in old Oregon. It is also a scholarly and appreciative study of the life of a great man. Dr. Drury has handled his subject without prejudice, a rare quality in the study of a character so subject to controversy as Spalding. He has described Spalding as a man to be known and understood.

Dr. Drury successfully disputes the old story of Spalding's early love for Narcissa Whitman and his jealousy of her husband. He also attacks the story that Spalding was unbalanced mentally, and shows him a man of sound judgment. He describes Spalding's work at the Lapwai Mission as of superior ability. He taught the Nez Perce Indians farming and handicraft and started them on the road to a higher culture. He not
Frontier and Midland

only acquainted them with material culture but introduced them to a finer way of living. He fought drunkenness, gambling, and polygamy and effected real betterment in the moral life of the Indians.

Spalding's most serious difficulties arose from his quick and flaming temper. He was tactless in dealing with his fellow missionaries and bitter in his denunciations of those who opposed his views. He used the lash mercilessly in punishing Indians for violations of his rules and this doubtless produced a spirit of unrest among them.

Three historical incidents in the book deserve especial mention. These are the Indian delegation to St. Louis asking for missionaries, the Marcus Whitman ride to the East, and the Whitman Massacre. Dr. Drury's treatment of the first of these is hardly adequate as an historical account. He apparently regards it as important only in its relation to Spalding. So he discusses only the first of the four efforts, and describes it as essentially a Nez Perce mission.

His explanation of the Whitman ride is better done. He again demolishes the Whitman legend and gives a scholarly explanation for the Whitman trip. Dr. Drury has also presented a sound and careful explanation of the Whitman Massacre.

The literary style of the book is smooth and pleasant to read. The illustrations are well selected. The book is a fine example of printing and binding.  

Paul C. Phillips

The Old Bunch. By Meyer Levin. Viking. $3.

The Stone Field. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

Still Is the Summer Night. By August Derleth. Scribner's. $2.50.

The first of these books is another of the long line of novels with neither beginning nor end, the kind that can be taken up almost anywhere and put down with equal indifference; but the lack of climax does not result in this case in incoherent or incomplete characterization. Rather, the "old bunch," which consists of young Chicago Jews, introduced at the point of their graduating from high school, is full of carefully developed characters. Every life is pursued to some kind of conclusion, even though such consumption seems to be unnecessary finally, because the book comes to no conclusion, and points to none.

One of the many protagonists, Sam, thinks of Jacob, for whom he wishes to name his son, "as a kind of archetype of the Jew, embracing all the good and bad qualities of the race, and lovable because he was so humanly and cruelly the father of all the stanch and slippery, lying, idealistic, smart, bragging, cowardly, bootlicking, and swaggering little gleamy-eyed Jews who now inhabited the earth... and that was what Jews were like." And this is a peculiar shining virtue of the book, even though it is negatively achieved: that it contains none of the customary snivelling about the oppression of a noble race, and none of the bragadocio, that has come to be almost inevitable in any novel that proposes to take the Jews seriously.

Certainly there is more merit here, however, than in the fact that the background is new. Its presentation is made with a fine eye and hand for dramatic incident, in a comfortable style, resulting in nine-hundred easy-going, never-a-dull-moment pages.

That The Stone Field is a saga of the land is constantly brought to mind by means of frequent and somewhat self-conscious and adjectival descriptions of it; but in the end, in spite of thisiteration, the land seems to have little individuality.

Its pioneer was Ashbrooke Hilyard, who appreciated the beauty of these middle-west forests and lakes as well as their material value, and recognized the danger of allowing commercial interests to deplete them. Although the representative of the second generation, Len, maintained his father's standards in fair relations with the tenants and the land, he was forced by the demands of his family to sell little by little; and Len's younger son, Ashbrooke, finally sold out to the lumber concerns.

The life of Jobina Porte, daughter of a former tenant, centered around a secret love for Ashbrooke's older brother Royce. The things she couldn't bear, for the depths they stirred in her, included watching the wild ducks, the silence at Old Ashbrooke's funeral, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poetry.

How Jobina and Royce were saved for one another—but couldn't save the land—makes a melodramatic and not very profound tale. What possibly saves the book is the incidental characterization of the local figures.

There is a suggestion, in the last of these novels of a noble but neglected Wisconsin farm wife who turned to her husband's brother for solace, of the Anna Karenina motif; but neither that nor any other motif is made altogether clear.

The inner change in Julie Halder as she gradually comes to accept the illicit relationship with her brother-in-law, and even bears his child as the child of her husband, is never more than stated. It never becomes part of Julie's character. Sometimes it looks as if the thesis is to be the wages of the sin of Ratjio, Julie's philandering husband, but here again no change is evident in him until his sudden act of revenge. These are static characters where the situations and their eventualities demand character development to provide adequate motivation.

Finally, no distinct impression is left with the reader, not even an impression that an indistinct impression has been aimed at, but

For years social scientists have been expecting this volume by our distinguished, and by recent residence, Oregonian, confrere, Professor Goldenweiser. His long admired volume, *Early Civilization*, printed in 1922, has been for some time due for overhauling and expansion, not at all because of failure to continue to serve stimulatingly, but because so much has happened and has been written during fifteen years to expand the knowledge of native ways of life. Anthropology has developed so rapidly as to demand fresh survey every few years. This new text is much larger, broader in outlook, and better in style than the excellent *Early Civilization*. It has the all content of the earlier survey and a vast range of new things. To me the style seems lighter and more fluid, and the Goldenweiserian flavorings and humor more frequent, important graces in a work of high seriousness and a variety of scholarly interests.

Anthropology now comprises so many well ploughed fields of scholarship, the acquisition of which is now quite indispensable in the fashioning of a liberal education, that the problem of phrasing such things for lay readers has become almost a pressing social need. Non-anthropological social scientists and others need to be brought up to date in their understanding of scholarly views of the world of human beings and human customs. Anthropologists have been slow to perform this service. Goldenweiser's *Early Civilization*, like other anthropological texts covered only a minor segment of the total field. Anthropology's more significant intellectual services have long been concealed largely in shelves of not very intelligible special monographs; the few general surveys or school texts served to break only partially through the pedantic array of specialist productions. In recent years we have had some magnificent general writings by Professor Franz Boas and some very excellent general studies, each only partial, by Professors Robert Lowie, Ralph Linton, Paul Radin, and Ruth Benedict; and there have been the delightfully stimulating field report volumes by Malinowski, Margaret Mead and some others. The whole field however, has needed a going over in one volume. By far the closest and clearest approach to this goal is Professor Goldenweiser's new book. It is still not quite the whole story of anthropology; there is not nearly enough in it about native languages, physical anthropology and prehistory. But it permits us to advise the intellectually curious: "You need this book first of all. It will carry you excitedly through about as extensive and varied a survey of modern anthropology as is available within a single cover. Supplement it, here and there, of course, with some other things written by Linton, Boas, Mead, Hooton and Sapir and others. On almost every page you will find the concretely descriptive illuminating the theoretic, in a fashion so successful pedagogically as to place this book indispensably first on the list for your reading in general anthropology.

It is, to be sure, much more than that. The social theorist must regard anything by Goldenweiser as an indispensable source by an outstanding social science theoretician. It is a virtue of Dr. Goldenweiser's writing that within the same paragraph he clarifies fresh theoretic issues for the purposes of both specialist and beginner. Another and not the least valuable characteristic of Goldenweiser's phrasings of social theory is their constant recourse to basic axioms of critical scientific methodology; in Goldenweiser the beginner learns, as in the master, Boas, to know what the concrete social evidences indicate, and methodically why it is possible to draw such inferences from the evidences. This awareness of methods of thinking and checks on thinking is often little displayed by other anthropological writers, who most often limit their portrayals to anthropological "facts" and to their private inferences therefrom. Goldenweiser's new book, then, reveals him again as not only an outstanding anthropological pedagogue and theoretician; he is also the rare scientist who has talent for imparting the canons of scientific thinking.

*Melville Jacobs*

The North Wind Do Blow. By B. M. Bower. Little, Brown. $2.

A realistic picture of a northern Montana ranch held in the grip of a blizzard until nerves grow frazzled and pent emotions explode constitutes the charm of this novel. Snowbound on the Bonneville ranch are motherly Aunt Abbie; Uncle Si (laid up with an inflamed knee); Maudie, whose twelve-year-old gadfly propensities are exacerbated by a touch of cabin-fever and a sore throat; a boarding schoolma'am; a stragy boss fatuously in love with the schoolma'am; and Kit Bonneville, an enforced witness of her late lover's recreancy.

Although the blase reader may see in at least one of Aunt Abbie's opportune arrivals a tendency in this author to hover like a good angel too protectingly about her characters yet in the main this tendency is sternly resisted. Personally, we do not object to occasional Bower benevolences.

*Marjorie Mautz*
What we wish to emphasize is a psychology that swings always to the normal, a pictorial sense far above the ordinary that yet focuses on the ordinary (never the bizarre) in the range land. We should like to see books treat of matters like these: Aunt Abbie in her big kitchen lifting the lid of a pot and stabbing blindly with a three-pronged fork at a chicken as the steam gushes in her face; Uncle Si shooting one of the wagon team which has broken a leg in a badger hole ten miles from the ranch at dusk just before the blizzard swoops; the schoolma'am and the wagon-boss taking Kit's pet hen off the roost with intent to eat it while the other hens watch with slitted, parchment lids and the storm beats round the cold house.

All in all this is a faithful record. The stress is on hardihood rather than adventure. Yet in every emergency the characters carry through. And always the blizzard whoops; the north wind does blow. 

Paul Eldridge

An Editor on the Comstock Lode. By Wells Drury. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

Fremont Older. By Evelyn Wells. Appleton Century. $3.

Although these two books cover much of the same geographical ground, and refer to the same period of history in the West, they have practically nothing else in common. But they are both highly readable pieces of work, not to be overlooked by anyone who is interested in the development of newspapers, or of the West.

Mr. Drury's book is one of reminiscence of the gaudy days when millions were made and lost with the same smile that the road agent flashed at his victims as they came tumbling off the Wells-Fargo Express. Virginia City, Gold Hill, Carson City and all the Deadman Gulches, Eldorados, and the rest of the booming mining towns come to life vividly in the memory of an old man who lived through the great days with gusto and humor (which is probably why he lived to be an old man). He knew all of the characters for which Nevada was famous and infamous, and there is a certain indication that he felt that Mark Twain was possibly not at his best in that country where the practical joke had to be taken in the same large spirit with which it was perpetrated.

The Fremont Older biography is packed with interesting material, even though there might be some questions raised as to factual detail here and there; but it is written with such obvious adoration as to amount almost to hysteria. Miss Wells was one of those daring people who worked for Older when he was the most hated man in California—one of the little fraternity that would lay down practically everything, including salaries, to be with the great editor, and her writing reflects their attitude. This does not actually detract from the fascination of the book, but it does produce a slight reaction of lassitude. She had a wealth of material and has made use of it.

Anne Mellett


Dr. Pritchard's carefully written monograph surveys the half century period between 1750 and 1800 during which the official Chinese attitude toward foreign trade crystallized and hardened. The system established at Canton prior to 1761, by which the barbarians and their commercial activity were regulated and restricted, was doubtless more satisfactory, financially and otherwise, to the Manchu government and its local representatives than it was to the Chinese merchants who had a share in it. One wonders, however, whether the policy of exclusiveness, to which Ch'ien Lung's government was committed, is not to be explained in considerable part by contemporary events in India concerning which, as the author indicates without actual emphasis, the Imperial Court was not wholly ignorant. At first glance, Ch'ien Lung's power appeared to be more than sufficient to keep the barbarians at a distance. His "literary inquisition," however, which reached its height just about the time restrictions upon the English at Canton were assuming a form which was to last until 1839, suggested not confidence and strength but apprehension and even a degree of fear. And if Ch'ien Lung's ministers were fully informed concerning the technique of British expansion in India, they may well have feared a connection between the English and the semi-nationalist elements in China who continued to remember that the Manchus were foreigners. A full study of the possible interaction between British activities in India and the Manchu attitude toward the English at Canton might be very revealing.

What is important in the present study is the fact that as the restrictions on trade at Canton tightened, conditions in England were paving the way for industrial and commercial expansion. In two chapters bristling with statistics, Dr. Pritchard analyzes the character of England's trade with China, emphasizing particularly its material growth after the Commutation Act of 1784, by which English duties on Chinese tea were sharply reduced. About the same time, the industrial revolution then taking place in northern England was attaining political im-
portance. As a consequence, the British government, with the hesitant cooperation of the East India Company, began to interest itself in the situation at Canton. England needed an expansion of its China trade just when the Chinese were most firmly committed to a continuance of the policy of restriction. That policy, so men like Dundas and Pitt believed, stemmed rather from the arbitrariness and avarice of the mandarins at Canton than from the will of the Emperor. Both the ill-fated Cathcart and the Macartney missions, therefore, represented an effort to appeal from Canton to Peking in an effort to overrule the local mandarins, and at the same time to secure the opening for competitive purposes of ports other than Canton. The two chapters dealing with the background and objectives of the Cathcart mission contain an admirable account of that ill-starred venture. The three chapters which follow deal in detail with the Macartney embassy from the time of its inception to the date of its return to England. Here the author has used not merely documentary material which was not available to previous investigations of his problem, but a great deal of Chinese diplomatic material as well.

The present study will stand as a permanently valuable and necessary supplement to Morse’s *Chronicle of the East India Company Trading to China, 1685-1834*. In appending at the end an exhaustive bibliography, containing descriptive and critical comments, and listing an immense mass of documentary material available in London, at Cornell, and elsewhere, the author has performed a meritorious service for which scholars working in this field will bless him.

Robert T. Pollard

Seasonal Employment and Unemployment Compensation in Oregon. By Blair Stewart. Reed College, Portland, Oregon. 50 cents.

This interesting report is three things in one. For the educator it is important as the end-product of a unique experiment in which a group of ten undergraduate students in social science at Reed College worked together in carrying out a statistical and field investigation under the direction of Dr. Stewart. It provides for the residents of Oregon a revealing picture of “what makes the wheels go round,” in the economy of this “outdoor State.” Finally, both the administrator and the statistician should be impressed with this report as a demonstration of the application of statistics to the planning of an important administrative responsibility.

Conducted during the summer of 1936, the investigation was designed primarily to describe and measure the seasonal character of
Oregon's industries and to determine the effects of seasonality in the administration of the state unemployment compensation law. The report is not limited to the study of seasonality in more than fifty of the State's industries however. Particularly valuable is the analysis of individual work experiences of more than 8,000 persons during the year 1935, the study of seasonal occupational dovetailing, and the interpretation of all this information in terms of the contribution and benefit provisions of the unemployment compensation law.

J. Frederic Deucharst


Although this book is called a lexicon, which it is, it affords entertaining reading. The facts and stories related show that Mr. Adams, as he states in the foreword, has spent many years gathering the material. Since he decided that it would be selfish not "to pass it on to others who might be interested" he presents here this "unrecorded phase of the cowboy's individuality."

Although there are now many books on the subject of the cowboy, this one, devoted especially to his speech, is so full of new material that it will be of interest and of much use. Mr. Adams writes in the first chapter: "With a keen sense of humor that took unexpected slants, and an avoidance of unnecessary words, the cowboy seemed to express himself more freely with a slang which strengthened rather than weakened his speech. His utterances were filled with it, as the reader will see in subsequent chapters. Slang, since the foundation of the United States, has been the natural expression of its youth, and the cowboy, whatever his years, was at heart always a youth. Many of his terms, however, though slangy in origin, were not intended to be slangy in usage, and they functioned seriously as an integral part of the West's legitimate English. The more limited and impoverished a person's vocabulary, the greater, as a rule, is his dependence on slang as a medium of expression. This was the case with the cowboy."

The twenty chapters which the book contains include descriptions not only of the "lingo" of the cowboy, but of many subjects in which he was concerned—his costume, furnishing, riding equipment; the ranch; ropes and roping; the round-up; brands and ear-marks; the trail; the commissary; nicknames; and the dance. The chapters on figures of speech are full of descriptive passages such as this: "If the cowboy attempted to describe a group of people who were in a joyous frame of mind, he probably would say that they were 'happy as a bunch of free niggers,' 'happier than a lost soul with hell in flood,' or 'enjoyin' life as much as a kid does pullin' a pup's ears.' On the other hand, he may speak of an unhappy person as being 'sad as a bloodhound's eye,' 'happy as ducks in Arizona,' or speak of that individual as 'his luck was runnin' kinda muddy,' or that someone or something has 'swiped the silver linin' off his cloud.' "We heard a weather-beaten puncher, in telling of an incident that touched his heart, say, 'I didn't shed no tears, but I damned near choked to death.'"

Mr. Adams certainly writes with authority. Comparison of his words and phrases with those in other dictionaries proves that he is well informed as to spelling and usage, and the history and origin of each word of foreign source is carefully traced. A full and detailed index adds to the usefulness of the book. Illustrations, at the beginning of each chapter, are attractive and suitable, but the name of the artist is not distinguishable. The book will be of use to those interested in Americana, in western life, in philology, and in the ever interesting cowboy, who, after all, is a fading character in the life of the West.

M. Winnifred Feighner


This book of some 225 pages is based upon some recently discovered letters of the first Mrs. Jason Lee. As it tells her life, it also throws new light upon Jason Lee and upon conditions in Oregon when they lived there.

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About one hundred pages deals with the life story of Mrs. Lee. This is well documented. The latter part of the book gives in full several of Mrs. Lee's letters and a number of her poems. The earliest letter is dated November 19, 1813, and was written when Anna Maria Pittman was in a boarding-school. The book also contains some of the letters of Jason Lee. Surely the time has come for more attention to be given to the pioneer women of Oregon. This book will be welcomed by many who are eager to learn more of Jason Lee and the Methodist mission. Space on all shelves devoted to Northwest books should be reserved for this volume.

Clifford M. Drury

LITERARY NOTES

Continued from page vii

Sept. 1 is the closing date for college playwright scripts in the national contest sponsored by the Federal Theatre Project; Sept. 15, closing date for Harper's Magazine contest, prize $1,000, on "The American Way." Harper's will pay $250 for all manuscripts accepted for publication.

Prizes of $500, $300 and $100, and other smaller awards in a contest opening April 1, closing next September, will be given for essays on the contributions of women to the progress of the country since 1825. The fund for these awards was furnished by Isaac Liberman, president of Arnold Constable, NYC, in answer to Mrs. Katherine Bleecker Meigs' challenge of men's skepticism of woman's capacity. The contest is sponsored by the League of Business and Professional Women, and among the judges are Alfred E. Smith and Fannie Hurst.

The suggestion for Phil Stong's Buckskin Breeches (Farrar & Rinehart) came from his grandfather Duffield's memoirs. George Crawford Duffield was born in 1824, settled in Iowa in 1837. His father 'is supposed to have made the first wagon track west of the Des Moines river in Iowa.'

Des Moines, la., has declared no taxes on trailers, and the public library is prepared to issue books to trailer tourists.

Librarians and movie theatres of the dustbowl report immediate increase of patronage when a duster comes rolling in.

Writing and Selling the Film Story, to be published by Covici, Friede this fall, is by a woman who has made $1,500,000 at the job—Frances Marion.

Alfred A. Knopf has issued the first of four volumes on the history of Chicago, by Bessie L. Pierce, Associate Professor of History at the University of Chicago.

In connection with the 100th anniversary of the incorporation of Chicago, geologists of Field Museum showed, among other exhibits, a mural of the way the site of the city looked 400,000,000 years ago.

Louis Ginsberg's poem, "At the Grave of My Father," is included in Moult's Best Poems of 1937. It appeared originally in Frontier and Midland.
Writing in the New York Times, Harris Elwood Starr traces the phrase "The Forgotten Man" to William Graham Sumner. "What Social Classes Owe Each Other" appeared serially in Harper's Weekly in 1883, and emphasized the phrase in the following statement: "The characteristic of all social doctors is that they fix their minds on some man or group of men whose case appeals to the sympathies or imagination, and plan remedies addressed to the particular trouble. They ignore entirely the source from which they must draw all the energy employed in their remedies, and they ignore all the effects on other members of society than the ones they have in view. . . . They leave out of sight the first fact to be remembered in all social discussion—that the State can not get a cent for any man without taking it from some other man, and this latter must be the man who has produced and saved it. This latter is "The Forgotten Man."

The University of Minnesota Press has recently issued a needed reprint of Seth K. Humphrey's *Following the Prairie Schooner*; with the price reduced from $2.50 to $1.00, with a collection of *Norwegian Emigrant Songs and Ballads*, music and words, translated and edited by T. C. Blegen and M. B. Rund, a genuine bit of social history.

With 200 manuscripts in the mail at one time, Helen Maring of Seattle reaches a height of ambition—and energy—few writers attain.

Thos. W. Duncan, remembered for his first book, *O Chautauqua*, lives in Iowa and finds it good—or at least amusing, and Des Molnes the most amusing spot in the State. (Des Molnes is a mid-west city that is making theatre history, through Mrs. George F. Clark's determination that it shall.) Mr. Duncan's latest novel, *We Pluck This Flower*, was published by Coward-McCann Mar. 12.

Struthers Burt is a member of the advisory board of a new magazine, *Free America*, issued by the New York Distributionist group. It is opposed to the centralized or collectivized state.

With a collection of 4,500 to draw on, Prof. Albert Johannsen of the University of Chicago is going to compile a bibliography of the dime novel. For years Mr. Johannsen, 65, has been collecting these thrillers, which were at the height of their favor when he was a boy. "There was no sex immorality in them," he says, "the wicked were always punished and the good came out on top."

Mayor S. Davis Wilson, of Philadelphia, not having seen Langston Hughes' *Mulatto* declared the play an affront to decency and denied its opening in Philadelphia, where advance sales had been large. He agreed to leave decision to a board of censors, who tied 3 to 3, and passed the buck back to the Mayor. He agreed to see the play.

For librarians and general readers the H. W. Wilson company, 950 University Ave., NYC, issued educational leaflets that are clear, concise guides to the use of reference books, card catalogs and periodical index.

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EDITOR'S NOTES

College prose writers who look with interest on our YOUNG WRITERS section should note the exact timing of the fall of gags in the waggish piece “Hidden Orchestra,” the gentle, reserved observation of “Trio,” the suggestion of disgust through the cataloguing of sights and sounds in “Forward in Rhythm,” the amusement of the writer in “The Window.” College writers, on the whole, express too fragmentary experiences. They should try to sustain expression of states of feeling, of prolonged and meshed thought, and of the interlocked play of character and action. Short spurts of writing, save occasionally and in humor, do not test and challenge ability. Besides, readers tire quickly of snapshots. College instructors, laden with papers for criticism, welcome short writings, yet they do promising writers injury if they do not encourage the thinking through and the feeling through of sustained experience.

The young poets represented in this section have written well. Miss Thayer charmingly in an intricate form, Mr. Spaulding with vigor that makes words action, and Mr. Swallow with condensed expression that whirls the reader’s imagination off into realization of his idea.

The Editor hopes that several Northwest colleges and universities will be represented in our Autumn issue. Manuscripts must be submitted through an instructor of English, and only one poem and one sketch or story each month can be submitted from any institution. Contributions for that issue must reach the magazine not later than August tenth. Return postage must accompany contributions. If the writer is unwilling to have his writing edited he should state the fact on his manuscript.

The Editor believes that our young writers, once they “get going,” will surprise readers by the quality of their verse and prose. Competition for place in the YOUNG WRITERS section will be severe.

• • •

One of those embarrassing editorial mistakes which beset editors occurred in the Spring issue. The Editor can only acknowledge the error with chagrin and apology. “The Hobe in Comic Tradition” was written by Mary Ethel Barnard and not by Helen Cornelius, the author of a volume of poems recently published posthumously.

• • •

“The complete dedication of popular magazines to sunshine and simpers is disheartening,” writes a serious and able California author. It is, of course. Many little magazines however, have as fully devoted themselves to gloom and morbidity, and some few to sex abnormality. FRONTIER AND MIDLAND is dedicated to excellent writing.

• • •

These distressful days are good days for humor. Where are the humorists among the oncoming writers? Where, especially, are the satirists, gentle and savage?
COVERED WAGON

THE STORY WRITERS—Wallace Stegner, Iowa born, teaching at the University of Utah, won the Little, Brown and Co. contest for this year with his novelette Remembering Laughter. This story, Dam Boulder, he wrote as one of a group as a Master’s thesis. This winter he will spend in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. N. V. M. Gonzalez sends his story from the Philippine Islands. Its style has a biblical quality. Robert H. Fetterly, formerly a student at Montana State University, is teaching English in Montana.

Ronald L. Ives after mapping parts of the Sonoran Desert went to the University of Colorado where he took his bachelor’s and master’s degrees in geology. He is also a photographer and “occasionally gets a picture hung in a salon.” He has been writing for six years. H. E. Bates, an English writer of note, has had several stories in this magazine. So have Nard Jones, Seattle novelist, and Alfred Morang, who writes from Maine.

THE POETS—Marie de L. Welch (San Francisco), Mary Jane Morrow (Oak Park, Ill), Mabel K. Richardson (Vermillion, S. D.), Earl Daniels (Hamilton, N. Y.), Madelene Gleason (San Francisco), Ralph A. Micken (Great Falls, Mont.), and Maria Burke (Brooklyn) are all new writers to FRONTIER AND MIDLAND. Miss Morrow is spending the summer in a stock company playing in Cedar Rapids; Miss Richardson is a librarian; Mr. Daniels teaches in Colgate University; Miss Burke earns her living by writing advertising copy; Mr. Micken took his master's degree at Montana State University in 1936 with a volume of poems.

Dennis Murphy, author of Boy With a Silver Plow, teaches English at Montana State University and reads much of the verse offered to FRONTIER AND MIDLAND. Pat V. Morrissette, now living on a ranch in Washington, was formerly editor of the book review section of this magazine. He has written several Riley poems. Fania Kruger (Wichita Falls, Texas) and Ted Olson, poet and newspaperman at Laramie, Wyo., have contributed frequently.

THE YOUNG WRITERS—Mr. Swallow is now doing graduate work at Louisiana State University, and Mr. Spaulding at Montana State University. Tom Brenner lives on a ranch in northern Idaho. Mr. Roberts is a college sophomore, as are Miss Taylor and Miss Miller. Other verse by Miss Thayer will appear in a later issue.
The Southern Review

A Critical Quarterly

Announces for the Summer and Autumn issues:

Lindsay Rogers: Crisis Government in France
Frederick L. Schuman: Leon Trotsky—Martyr or Renegade?
John T. Flynn: The Executive and the Judiciary
Frank L. Owsley: A Key to Southern Liberalism
Herbert Agar: G. K. Chesterton—A Great Democrat
W. G. S. Adams: Constitutional Change in England
Ernest K. Lindley: Cross-currents in American Politics
C. E. Ayres: New Middletown
William Yandell Elliott: Constitution and Commonwealth
R. P. Blackmur: The Poetry of Emily Dickinson
John Peale Bishop: The Strange Case of Vardis Fisher
Samuel H. Monk: Some Recent Historical Scholarship
Allen Tate: A Review of Recent Poetry
Mark Van Doren: A Review of Recent Fiction

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The Virginia Quarterly Review

will include in the Summer Number

Recipe for Conservatives, by D. W. Brogan
Art and Mr. Santayana, by John Crowe Ransom
The Lesson of the Popular Front, by Edgar A. Mowrer
The Novelist as Fortune Hunter, by Lionel Stevenson
A Russian Idyll, by Frederic Prokosch
Myths of the Twentieth Century, by Robert C. Binkley
Democracy and Human Purpose, by William G. Peck
British Africa and the South, by Jackson Davis
Other Articles, Poems, and Reviews

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