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Available are approximately 130 courses carrying resident credit for the various Oregon institutions of higher learning. Instructors are from the University, the College or the normal schools, from the Portland Center, and from out-of-state institutions throughout the country.

Classes in special education with demonstration clinics will be featured in the Education department.

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A combination of camp and school life, held at the Marine Biology Camp on Coos Bay. Both the undergraduate and graduate courses will emphasize specialized work in marine zoology and botany. Students may camp out, or take advantage of the excellent living accommodations provided. Nine term hours of credit may be earned.

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LITERARY NEWS

Naomi Lane Babson, author of Yankee Bodley, is one of the most active and successful of present Montana writers. She has had four stories accepted by the Statevopost, three by Colliers, six by Pictorial Review, and one by Liberty in the last twelve months. “She is selling things as fast as she can write them,” says her fellow-writer, Hughie Call, “and Brandt and Brandt show her things to only these four periodicals. They clamor for more.” Much of her work to date has dealt with the Chinese, so her subject-matter is timely and she has had the breaks. She spent eight years in China, where her husband Paul Grieder was instructor in English in a University near Canton. She wrote Yankee Bodley, awarded the Prix Femin Americana in 1936, while there. Mr. Grieder has been instructor in English at Montana State College, Bozeman, for the past three years. Mrs. Grieder writes under her maiden name. She was born in Rockport, Mass., educated at Radcliffe, and taught for several years before her marriage.

Robert Tod Struckman of Great Falls is another Montana writer whose work editors cry for. Esquire recently sent him a billfold with a watch in the flap—reminder that time flies—and the suggestion that they would be glad to keep the billfold filled for him this year.

Young Thomas Brennan of Dillon, Montana, had a much commended article in Coronet recently.

Gladys Mayo of Butte, Montana University graduate and training consultant for the WPA division of Recreation and Education, has had a first short story accepted for publication by Harpers.

Elizabeth Lochrie of Butte was in Burley, Idaho, recently to place her mural painted for the new postoffice there. Mrs. Lochrie is at work on a mural for the Dillon postoffice. To Walter Taylor, a director in the WPA division of Recreation and Education, we are indebted for information of the proposed Federal Art Project in Butte. Robert Edmond is to head the instructors. One purpose of the center is to keep a steady flow of exhibits by nationally known artists through Montana’s industrialized metropolis.

Ethel Romig Fuller’s poetry is appearing quite regularly in the Statevopost. On a recent visit to NYC she called on Isabel Paterson, lively columnist for the N. Y. Herald Tribune, and mentioned that her poetry column in the Portland Oregonian drew contributions from all over the world.

Joseph T. Shipley is an associate editor of a new monthly magazine published by Better English Speech Institute at 152 W. 42nd St.

Continued on page 212
PARTISAN REVIEW
Announces
A Short Story Contest
A PRIZE OF $100
... will be awarded to the author of the best short story submitted to Partisan Review before June 1st, 1938.

Conditions:
1. Partisan Review reserves the right to publish, at our usual rates, any of the stories submitted for this contest.
2. Only unpublished stories will be considered.
3. Contestants may submit as many stories as they like.
4. All manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.
5. The contest ends at midnight, June 1, 1938.
6. The winning story will be announced in the July (1938) issue.

PARTISAN REVIEW
22 East 17th Street
New York, N. Y.

Frontier and Midland
went into debt about $900 during the Depression. It is now paying its own way again. The editor, however, has had to find a way of meeting the indebtedness at once. He appealed last November to a dozen friends of the magazine, who promptly and generously sent a total of $500. The remaining $400 must be paid off soon. Will you help?

The two most immediate ways of helping are
1. Subscriptions for your friends, which until May 1 we offer at a dollar each in a group of five or more, and
2. Direct contributions of any amount.

The magazine is a non-profit-making undertaking. Only its business managers, who are students, get paid, on a commission basis.

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THANK YOU

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by JACK
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ALFRED · A · KNOPF · N · Y
FIRST WHITE MEN IN THE MISSOULA REGION

Priests Came First, in 1840; Settlers Soon Followed; Now There Are 20,000 People in Missoula Alone, and the Population Is Rapidly Increasing in Number.

The story of the first permanent white settlement in Montana is one of the most interesting in the history of the northwest.

One night, late in the fall of 1820, In-su-la, a chief of the Selish Indians, met his men at a small lodge in Missoula valley to rest and eat after a day's hunting. To this little group came five travel-worn and tattered strangers. They made known to the Selish that they were a wandering band of Iroquois. The spokesman of the Iroquois was Big Chief Ignace.

While Ignace was telling of their travels, the Selish noticed that he wore a peculiar object at his neck. After the story was told, Big Ignace explained the significance of the decoration. It was a crucifix.

The beauty of the valley and the gentleness of its people impressed Big Ignace and his companions so favorably that they made this place their journey's end. They married and were adopted into the tribe. For ten years the Iroquois were questioned about their country and its religion. They told the Selish of the missionaries and of the God of the white people. By 1830 the curiosity of the Selish was at its height. They had heard of the Black Robes that lived in the great city beside the big river. They wanted a teacher, a Black Robe, to tell them more about this wonderful new "spirit."

Early in 1831 four Selish volunteered for the mission and started to St. Louis, the great city. These brave men arrived at their destination. Records of the Jesuit fathers in St. Louis show that two of them were baptized; but no one could understand their language to find just what they wanted. They never reached home.

The tribe waited four years for the men and the missionaries to come to them. In 1835 Big Ignace and his two young sons undertook the long trip. They also reached St. Louis and were
assured that priests would be sent to the people. They returned to the Selish and waited for another two years.

No missionaries had come to Montana by 1837, so again Big Ignace started for St. Louis. He took with him three Flatheads and one Nez Perce. The group met a party of whites and traveled with them into the Sioux country, where they were attacked. Old Ignace was dressed like a white man, and he had been ordered to stand apart with the whites. But he spurned the command, and preferred to share the lot of his adopted brethren. Thus perished the one who may justly be called the apostle of the Flatheads.

News of the death of the party finally reached the Selish. They were determined, in spite of failure of their previous messengers, to gain their object—missionaries. Young Ignace, son of Big Ignace, and Peter Gaucher, Left-Handed Peter, two young Iroquois, volunteered to go on the fourth trip to St. Louis. They started in the summer of 1839, and after traveling for three months arrived in St. Louis.

The story of the Selish quest for the Blackrobe religion interested and impressed the Jesuits. Teachers would be sent the next spring, the braves were promised. Young Ignace remained to guide the priests, and Left-Handed Peter returned home to tell of the success of the mission.

The Jesuits had very little money and few priests to send. It was finally decided that only one priest, Peter John de Smet, would return with Young Ignace. Early in the spring of 1840 Father DeSmet and his Indian guide started west on the Overland trail. At Green River, Wyoming, on July 5, they were met by Peter and ten Flathead warriors. The party turned north from there, and at Pierre Hole valley, between Idaho and Wyoming, they found the main body of the Flathead tribe waiting for them.

Father DeSmet erected a crude altar there and held mass for the 1,600 persons that had come to greet him. The Indians were happy. The Black Robes had come. The great chief of the Selish nation, Big Face, gave the priest his welcome:

This day the Great Spirit has accomplished our wishes and our hearts are filled with joy. Our desire to be instructed was so great that three times we had deputed our people to the great Blackrobe in St. Louis to obtain priests. Now, Father, speak and we will comply with all that you tell us. Show us the way we have to go to the home of the Great Spirit.
Father DeSmet was so impressed by his reception that he retired by himself and wrote a song of thanksgiving to God.

*Ye Rockies hail! Majestic Mounts!*
*Of future bliss the favored shrine,*
*For your God's Heart Divine*
*Opens this day its precious founts.*

The camp was moved north to what is now known as Henry's Lake, and later to the Beaverhead River, at the mouth of the Big Hole Basin. The first formal religious services in Montana were held there. Father DeSmet wrote in his diary,

In this great and beautiful country are buffalo in numberless herds . . . black-tailed deer, elk, gazelle, bighorn or mountain sheep, grizzly and black bear, badger, rabbit and panther . . . grouse, prairie hens, swans, geese, cranes, and ducks. Fish abound besides in the rivers, particularly salmon trout. But cow-meat is the favorite dish.

The priest had brought no equipment on his first trip, therefore he decided to go back to St. Louis at once and return to Montana the following spring. Refusing all offers of guides, he went into the wilderness alone. His only weapon was the crucifix. During his travels he met an old trapper, Jean Batiste de Velder, who went most of the way with him. Father DeSmet reached St. Louis in December, 1840.

On May 10, 1841, Father DeSmet started back to the mountains. With him went two young priests, three lay brothers, all members of the Jesuit order, and the necessary equipment to found a mission. Their trail followed the southern route, through the Beaverhead to Silver Bow Canyon, down the Hellgate River, across the Missoula Basin, and up the Bitter Root River. On the right bank of the Bitter Root River, about twenty-eight miles from its mouth, near the location of Stevensville, in Ravalli County, Father DeSmet built his missionary station for the Selish.

On the first Sunday in October, 1841, St. Mary's mission was formally inaugurated. A large cross of logs had been prepared by the fathers and the lay brothers and this was raised in the center of the beautiful valley.

In the name of God the first white man came over the "trail that didn't turn back" and made Montana his home.
The Land of Shining Mountains

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THE RIVER SWING

QUEENE B. LISTER

An Early American Folk Tale.

Because the author believes that a primitive Indian "English" lends itself suitably to the atmosphere and simplicity of this story, because she has heard this and other stories related in a similar manner by Indians of various tribes, she has employed a patois characteristically impressionistic of many uneducated American Indians.

This is a story that my grandfather tell me a long time ago. That night I lie on the lodge-floor. My grandfather, he sit on a buffalo-skull by the lodge-fire.

When I think this story, always I think of a secret that my grandfather first tell before he begin. "Every man," he say, "must know five things before he become full-grown." My grandfather, he hold up one open hand until I see how many fingers that mean. Five. "A man must know: earth, water, sun, other men. Also," my grandfather say, "a man must know women . . . ugh!" he say, "a very bad woman, she sometime teach what is a very good woman."

That night I watch my grandfather's shadow on the lodge-wall. And I watch what else he tell beside the story. I listen and I know that this other—it is the story-shadow or spirit that live after words they die.

Later, when I go for a little while to Indian School, I hear part of this story which white man call a legend. But I know that white-man legend, it is only a lodge-door with door-robe lifted quick—then no more.

This story and its shadow is what my grandfather, he tell me that night.

Once in the long ago there is a wicked woman. Her name, it is Fire-Eyes. Nobody in all the tribe ever want to see her, she is so sly.

Her laugh, it is the noise of the rattlesnake that comes creeping before it spring. Her words, they are a rock that stay in the fire all day, and that turns white to hide its burn. Her frown, it is the shadow of a hawk that makes circles before it comes quick to the earth.

Now this Fire-Eyes, she have a son and a daughter-in-law. Daughter-in-law, she is very beautiful. She have a pretty body; also a nice love-smile for her husband.

Even when she is tired from much work, she have that look. This young wife and her husband, they let old Fire-Eyes live in their kind lodge. With them and with their little baby, and with a small orphan boy what they care for.

But old woman, she is not grateful. She only stay here and is more wicked all the time. Always her jealousy, it is the sharpest flint-knife in the lodge. She whet this knife with her bad tongue. Every day its edge grow more thin.

The daughter-in-law, she try to make her husband's mother happy. For
many moons she give that Fire-Eyes
the best of everything.

Daughter-in-law, she give that old
woman the finest robe, warmest win-
ter moccasins, brightest beads. Tender
meat, and buffalo marrow. Sweetest
piece of dry squash. The bluest grains
of summer corn. First drink of water
from the skin that she carry from the
spring. Young wife give old woman,
also, the softest sleeping-couch and
finest oil for her tangled hair. And
she give that wicked one all the young
rabbit livers and wild turkey livers.

But for that kindness, old woman
only snarl through her broken teeth;
or she chant mean wishes; or she beat
orphan boy. And when nobody see,
she make a witch-face at the little
baby.

Young husband and his young wife,
love each other. But old woman,
she make them very sad. Young wife
and husband say, "Nobody will give
her a home in their lodge. What can
we do?" But they cannot do nothing.

Now that husband, he is a hunter.
He kill meat when no other braves
find any. Always when he come home,
he give the tenderest piece to old wom-
an. But he bring a love gift also to
his young wife. If he kill bear, he
bring his wife the bear's heart. If he
kill moose, he bring her the moose lip.
Young wife, she roast this very nice
and brown and hard. The husband,
he like to see how happy this make his
wife. He like to see how her pretty
white teeth crack these bites when she
eat them very loud.

But old woman, she is jealous of
this. Her broken teeth, they cannot
bite these gifts. Every time she snatch
a piece, she break another tooth. And
she get more mad. When this happen
she always go behind the sleeping-curtain
of the lodge. She take her mind
into herself and say, "How can I make
my son not bring these fine gifts no
more? Ugh, I not want my son's wife
to be so happy."

Sometimes she think up poison arrow
words to say. Sometimes she only
scare orphan boy and little baby. She
scare these children by hiding and
making low growls in her throat like
a she-wolf. Every day she hunt for
more wickedness inside herself. And
one day a witch thought whisper
something that make her very please.
That morning old woman, she pretend
she is very sleepy, but she watch young
wife very much. Young wife, she is
bending over lodge-fire. Young wife,
she work and she sing while she bake
little meal-cakes in the hot ash. Her
long black braids, they move very
pretty as she do this. While old wom-
an watch, she hear those witch-
thoughts inside her say; "Your son,
he is proud of his wife's kind cooking.
Ugh. Maybe you can make him say
something bad about that food."

This idea make old woman laugh in
her throat until she almost choke. Then
she hurry away very quiet. Soon she
leave the lodge-trail and she walk until
she find a big gourd-vine. Here she
pick a green gourd. She hurry back
and she hide some green gourd-heart
very sly in a meal-cake. When she
hear young husband coming up the
lodge-trail, she hide the rest of the
gourd in her sleeve.

When young husband comes in to
eat, old woman lay that cake before
him. "Um-mm," the son cry, happy
because he see and smell that meal-
cake. Young wife, she make a kind
look and she bring him a buffalo-horn
of honey. Her face, it is pretty and red from the hot ashes.

Husband, he make a proud look at her, and at the meal-cake and honey. But when he take enough to fill one cheek, he frown and spit. "Ow!" he call, "I never eat so bad a meal-cake!"

"Where is the wrongness?" young wife ask. "That cake is like I always make."

Husband, he spit-out, "This have more bitterness than any food I ever eat!"

His wife, she come close and shake her head. "Maybe you very sick." She touch his face to know if he have a fever. He keep spitting out bad taste and bad words. Wife, she get very frighten.

"Shall I get medicine-man?" she think, "Oh, what shall I do?"

But old woman, she is so happy now that she forget to make herself into a silence. She laugh so loud she cannot stop.

Her son, he turn and ask between spits, "Why you laugh? Taste this cake if you think it so funny!"

Old woman, she does not want to do this. She shake with fear. But he say, "Maybe this stop your laugh." He keep spitting, but he make her take a big bite, and she cannot swallow. The bitter food and vomit run through her teeth. When she put her hand to her mouth, the rest of the gourd in her sleeve, it fall to the lodge-floor!

The son, he jump at her with a heavy buckskin thong. He begin to beat her. Old woman, she tremble very pretending. She shake like a little tree in a big wind. Until young wife, she say, "Stop, she have no friend nowhere but us. Maybe this scare will make her more kind."

Then old woman she hide her face in her robe, and act very grateful. She is afraid the medicine-man may hear this, then maybe he cut out her tongue, so her thoughts will not have no more bitter words. And old woman, she spit on her hands. She rub this spit in her eyes, and pretend to cry. "I very sorry," she wail.

The spit, it run over her face like real tears until the husband and his wife think this is very true. Only the son, he say, "If I eat such a bitterness again, I get full of bitter thought like you. Then I drive you from this lodge."

Old woman, she turn this over in her black mind. She turn it like it is a firefly. The light of it make her see that she have no place to live.

"Ugh," she think, "I must plan how to keep my couch and food in this lodge, and also how to make them unhappy."

Old woman, she chew at her tangled hair. Her brown-bone fingers, they walk up and down her dried breast. Up and down, and they tap her rough throat. They tap like bird-beaks picking at tree-bark. Her heart, it is a witch inside here. It keep saying, "I help you with more clever-idea than the gourd-cake next time, trust me."

As old woman’s brown-bone fingers tangle themselves in the front of her robe, they rattle her long beads. And beads, they speak to old woman’s fingers. "Listen," they say, "I very fine beads, but I make a good make-believe sacrifice if you give me up!"

Old woman, she does not want anyone to have those beads, but she know this is a clever idea. With pretend kindness she take beads off and creep over to the baby’s cradle-board. Then she hang them up for little baby.
Very quick she can see what a difference walks into the lodge. Her son and his wife, they make kind looks at her. Little baby, he laugh at the beads. Orphan boy, he does not run when he pass her. Old woman, she think, "This is a clever cloud I hang in front of the sun!" Old woman, she does not frown or growl at orphan boy or baby again, until the husband and his wife step out of lodge.

Now before next moon-up that son, he go hunting again. When he come home, he bring old woman the tender meat. And he bring his wife a moose-lip, like always. Pretty wife, she is very happy. She cook this moose-lip brown. She chew it loud in her white teeth. Old woman who have broke teeth, watch this. Old woman, she is as full of jealousy as young wife is as full of happiness.

That family, they sit there in the lodge. Little baby, he rattle the beads against his cradle-board. Wicked old woman she makes loud snack-sounds while she eat the tenderest meat and marrow. She do this so those other people wish they have some of her food. And so she can leave them none, she throw part in the fire when they do not see her.

And the more she chew on her broken teeth, the more she chew on another plan. Every day she do not stay in the lodge no more. She go alone very far near a river-cliff. "I go for wood," she tell young wife, "I hunt eggs that cliff-ducks lay."

But it is not Egg Moon. And she does not bring duck eggs, or bring much wood home. "I drop wood when I climb the trail," she say. Yet every day she go away again. And she come back with pretending smiles.

One day she bring her daughter-in-law a pretty squash flower. Another time, old woman she bring her daughter-in-law two fine eagle feathers which almost make that daughter-in-law fall in the fire with surprise.

Every day old woman go and come back with sly smiles. And the daughter-in-law, she begin to wonder what is so nice. "Tell me," she ask one day very timid, "What make you so happy always when you come from the river-cliff?"

Old woman, she speak with mystery, "Oh, I have a surprise that is so good, it make me happy."

"Tell me," the daughter-in-law ask.

Old woman, she say, "It is a beautiful swing, a fine high swing. It make me feel so good."

Young wife, she say, "Oh, I get so tired every day..." She remember how much work she do in the lodge from First Dawn till dark. Sometimes she work also for other people in her village. "Some days I don't feel good," she say, "And I want to see your swing!"

Old woman, she take some of her hair out of her mouth. She chew that hair sometime when she plan badness. "Maybe sometime I take you," she say. "I go now. I cannot wait no longer." She walk faster than young wife ever see her.

All day young wife she work and she wonder about that nice swing. Next day she ask old woman to take her to that swing again. Old woman, she say, "No, maybe tomorrow." Old woman say that for many days.

Then one morning old woman say very slow, "Maybe I take you today."
But the trail, it is steep. You cannot carry little baby with you. I take you if you leave your baby with orphan boy.”

So young wife, she feed her baby and she strap him to his cradle-board. “Watch little baby careful,” she tell orphan boy. “Watch till I come home.”

“When you stay long, little baby always cry for you,” orphan boy say, “Do not stay long.”

Soon old woman and daughter-in-law they hurry up river-trail. They go till their breath come like fast bird-wings. Then old woman call very sudden, “Look!” Old woman she point to a sapling that hang far over the river-cliff.

Old woman, she take her robe off now, and she tie a buckskin thong around her dryup body. And old woman she jump and she go! Far from the cliff! The more she swing, the more she laugh.

“Oh!” she call, “You do not know how this rest me!”

“I want to swing there,” daughter-in-law call.

“Wait,” old woman say, “I must tie the thong very careful. Take off your robe and lay it here.”

The daughter-in-law she do this. The mother-in-law she tie the thong. “There!” she cry when she push the girl far over the water. The swing it go out and it come back.

Then old woman she begin to laugh in a different way. She take a sharp flint-knife from her robe. She cut the thong. And beautiful young wife she fall into the deep river!

Old woman she snarl now through her broken teeth. She dress herself very sly in her daughter-in-law’s clothes. Then she hurry back to the lodge where she pick up the little crying baby.

Old woman she try to feed him from her dryup old breast. Little baby he will not eat. He only cry more. Orphan boy, he stand near and watch little baby with much fright. He ask why the baby’s mother do not come home.

“Make your mouth into a silence,” old woman say. “This baby’s mother, she is very foolish. She stay to swing by the river-cliff.”

Later, the young husband, he come home from hunting-trip. He see old woman in young wife’s clothes, with her face hiding over the baby. Husband think she is young wife. He give her the nice love-gifts from the animal he kill. But when old woman cook these she cannot eat them. So she pretend that the baby-cries keep her away from her food.

“Why does our child cry all the time?” the husband ask.

Old woman she keep her face bent over the baby. She try to talk like young wife. “He will not eat,” she say, “maybe that make him cry.”

And she pinch orphan boy when he starts to speak. Orphan boy, he is quiet with fear. But he sees the blackness of old woman’s words. Orphan boy, he cannot sleep after awhile. He remember the baby’s pretty mother. He remember how kind she is to him when he have no home.

Pretty soon orphan boy creep out of the lodge door. And he hurry up the trail to the river. When he come to the cliff he find swing. He see now that thong is not broke, but it is cut very wicked. Then he hurry back home.
Before First Dawn orphan boy he reach lodge. He creep over to baby's father and he whisper the secret.

"Be quiet," say the hunter. "Stay with baby. I make plan very quiet."

Little baby, he cry more and more. But old Fire-Eyes she does not hear now. For she always sleep late. Now she snore like a big wind.

Orphan boy he hold little baby very close. He sing the mother-song to little baby. He sing very gentle, like little evening breeze in birch tree, and like moon, and then like dew on the morning squash-flower.

Little baby, he lick orphan boy's neck very pitiful. Then he bite orphan boy's thumb until he go to sleep.

Now the father he soon get up very quiet. He whisper for orphan boy to bring baby outside lodge. Here he say, "Today I fast. And I pray to the great Manitou to bring back my wife. But I fear she is drowned."

Orphan boy he look at young husband who is so brave. Orphan boy does not want to cry, so he frown very great.

Young husband he speak again. "Soon I paint my face black. And I go away and I stand my spear upside down. Tonight when the great Sun Manitou sink in the sky, you must bring the baby in cradle-board to the River-cliff. Go now into the lodge. Say nothing to old woman."

Soon the Sun Manitou he come up in the sky. Then the day it get very hot. Orphan boy he try to sing to little baby. Old woman, she try to sing also, but she only make bad wolf growl in her throat.

Little baby he will not eat nothing. Orphan boy he give him only a little water from a buffalo-horn. All day orphan boy watch little baby, and he watch the Sun Manitou in the sky.

When Sun get low, orphan boy, he take little baby in cradle-board as he promise. The river trail it is very steep. Two times orphan boy stop and he pick grape leaves, and he carry cool water for baby in these.

At last he come to the swing, just as the Sun Manitou closes his eye. Here orphan boy sets cradle-board and baby under a tree. He think, "Now I stay here and sing till sky is very dark."

Little fire spirits they dance in the air. Orphan boy he sing the Wawataissa song. And he catch light spirits for little baby. But baby he only get more hungry. He bite orphan boy's thumb till it is very hurt.

Soon the baby scream more than before. When he do that, the body of his pretty young mother hear him. And she rise from the water. She do this in the form of a white gull. She come flying to her baby's voice. And as she reach the shore she become a woman.

The baby he stretch out his hands and laugh. When she take little baby to her breast he is content. "Whenever my child cry for me," say the mother, "bring him here. I come here, but I cannot go back to the lodge."

Orphan boy he hold her hand. "Why you not come back to the lodge?" he ask. "The lodge, it is cold without your voice. It is dark without your beauty."

Young mother she say, "I belong now to a great Water Manitou. That Manitou he have silver scales and a silver tail which is a silver rope. Even now that rope is bound around my waist."
"Water Manitou he only let me come here because I weep to comfort my baby. I cannot follow you," young wife say, "but tomorrow I will answer my baby if you bring him here again."

Then she turn to a gull and she go down into the river. Orphan boy he stand there and he look at the water. Then he hurry to tell young husband.

Husband say, "Tonight I fast, tomorrow I fast. And I make more prayer to Great Manitou. Already I have plan."

When next day come that husband he go with orphan boy and little baby. Husband he hide near the river-cliff in some bush where he watch very care-ful.

Soon little baby he begin to cry and scream. A white gull with a silver rope it fly to the bank. This gull it now change to a woman which is the baby’s mother.

The mother she take her baby and she feed him. Baby he laugh. And orphan boy he hold young mother’s hand, and he smooth her beautiful long braids.

After this happen young husband he step quick from where he hide. Two times he strike with a sharp spear at that silver rope until it fall apart. Then the mother she is bound no more to Water Manitou!

This makes them all very glad. Young husband he draw his wife under his robe, and soon they start back to their lodge.

Now that wicked Fire-Eyes she sit all day by the lodge-fire, and she think of nothing but young wife’s ghost. But soon she hear a noise that frighten her more than the ghost. She hear young wife’s voice as it speak to young husband on the lodge-trail!

When young wife’s voice come close, old woman look up. She see young wife through open lodge-door! Old woman she wail and try to run. But she shake with fear. Her foot it slip. Old woman she fall into the fire!

The fire flames they jump high through the whole lodge. People by the door they cannot come in. Then flames they turn slow to poison smoke. Young wife and husband they see a big black bird. That bird it fly up from the smoke hole. Up. And they know their lodge is now happy without wicked old woman.

This is the story my grandfather tell me that night a long time ago. And this story-shadow, it will live always. It show all people what is a very good woman and a very sly one.

LINES

LEAH S. BRICKETT

Oh, Indian chief
You have speared salmon in the river
Hunted the woodland caribou on stealthy feet
Did you not hear the alarm
Of ox-cart wheels?
TRAILS TO THE GREY EMP Emperors
Iris Lora Thorpe

He is one in whom the gypsy gods delight,
Journeying with the wind for compass, at night
Kindling his fire by some stream
Where waters rustling darkly over stone
And willows chanting in silver monotone
Set music to his dream.

At dawn again upon his far nomadic way;
Up blue flights of hills sky-mounting where the grey
Emperors brood above eternal snows,
And down through canyons widening to green,
Far-sweeping waters where the wind cuts keen
And spray-light glints and glows.

But there will come a day in some thronged place,
When he will glimpse a shy miraculous face . . .
The sombre cloak of loneliness will fall
Upon him and his trail-worn steps will turn
Down some old street where quiet tapers burn
Beyond an ivied wall.

GAMBLE GONE
By Carol Ely Harper

Joy lies—for the very young—
In gambling upon what mysteries loom ahead . . .
What plumes (and calls!) . . . what light (and loves!)

When the young are old enough to know
Almost exactly
How all days will come—
Why not look forward to the novelty of death?
Where else lies in wait for age, the sharpened tooth?
the vaulted arch? a vermilion flower?
LOOKING out of the wide-open windows of the courtroom one saw the Three Teton Peaks lifting against the deep Idaho sky. The middle peak was shaped like a loaf of bread standing on end, Dan Stevens thought, as he watched it with intent gaze. He wished he were standing by Jenney's Lake, where he had been the previous Sunday, watching the reflection the peaks made in the clear water. He drew a long breath and came back to the reality of a courtroom crowded with farmers and their wives.

The harsh voice of the district attorney said abruptly, "Call Dan Stevens."

There was a sudden stir as Dan rose and went forward to the witness stand. Men and women looked at him with grave and apprehensive eyes, as if they feared his testimony might convict their friend and neighbor, John Brandt.

"Raise your right hand," the clerk droned, "Dan Stevens, do you solemnly swear the evidence you are about to give in this case will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"I do." Dan seated himself carefully in the chair, crossed his long legs and waited, brown fingers clasped tensely about his worn felt hat.

The district attorney took a step forward and stood directly before him, small, close-set gray eyes hard and cold as he looked at the bronzed young chap facing him.

"What is your occupation?"

"I am ditch rider for the New Eden Irrigation System."

"Tell this court, as briefly as possible, your duties in this position."

"Well," Dan's voice was at once soothing and decisive, as of one accustomed to ending a controversy by his undisputed authority, "it's my job to set the headgate for each farmer who owns a water right in the canal. I measure in the stream to which he is entitled, then lock the gate. I watch the banks of the canal, stop small leaks, in general keep an eye out for trouble of any kind."

"Explain exactly what you mean when you use the word 'headgate'."

"It's a wooden gate, usually set in concrete, standing at the entrance of a private ditch opening out of the main canal, or one of its tributaries. Each owner of land in our district is entitled to one miner's inch of water for each acre. This gate is set for the purpose of measuring his stream into his individual ditch."

"I understand the New Eden District is an extensive one. How many miles do you cover in the performance of a day's duties?"

"Around fifteen to eighteen."

"How do you get around to so many different headgates?"

"I ride my horse."

"How long have you served on this job?"

"Seven years."

"Then I take it you are well acquainted with the farmers whose gates you shut and lock?"

"I am; they are my friends and neighbors."

"How long have you known the defendant, John Brandt?"
Dan paused thoughtfully, his gaze resting on the prisoner, John Brandt was a man of middle age; brown hair touched with gray made a fringe for the white bald spot on the top of his head. Round his eyes was a network of fine wrinkles. His big hands, resting on one of the wide arms of his chair, told of years of hard labor. He was short, stockily built, with wide and powerful shoulders. He was neatly dressed in a blue serge suit. His wife, who sat beside him, was a woman of large frame. Irongray hair was combed smoothly back from her wide forehead and wound in a figure eight at the back of her head. Her strong hands trembled as they rested on the lap of her handsome gray satin dress. Against the strange pallor of her skin hazel eyes shone with fright and anguish. She saw only Dan Stevens.

The long silence was disturbing. The audience listened tensely for Dan’s answer.

"I have known John Brandt for seventeen years; ever since I was a small boy," he replied at last, each word clear and decisive.

"What is your present age?"

"I was twenty-eight on the third day of last January."

The district attorney leaned forward and shook a menacing finger in Dan’s face, his eyes blazing with sudden fire. "Tell this jury what you found on the morning of July 27th, when you went to John Brandt’s headgate."

For an instant Dan did not reply, then he said quietly, "I found John sitting beside the body of Alvin Whorton."

"What did Brandt say to you when questioned? His exact words, remember."

"He said," Dan hesitated, his curving lips setting themselves into a straight line, "he said, ‘I killed Alvin last night, Dan. It was an accident, I didn’t mean to. He was stealing my water. I didn’t know it was Alvin. In the dark all I saw was a man bending over my gate, shutting off every drop of water. I never intended to kill him when I struck with my shovel. I was only aiming to frighten the thief, whoever he was.”

"That will do, you are dismissed.”

The district attorney looked triumphantly at the jury, then resumed his seat at the long table.

The counsel for the defence, a tall, stooped man with a thin and kindly face came forward with uplifted hand. "A moment before you leave the stand, Stevens, I wish to ask a few questions. You stated that in your work you locked each gate, after setting the water. Tell this jury why it is necessary to lock a farmer’s headgate."

"In a year like this, a season of short water, it is necessary because an unscrupulous man might take water belonging to another. The loss of the water might easily ruin a crop."

"In what condition did you find the headgate on the Brandt farm on the morning of July the 27th?"

"I found the lock had been smashed, the gate shut down, not a drop of water running in his ditch."

"Where was the stream flowing that rightfully belonged to Brandt?"

"It was running down Alvin Whorton’s ditch onto a field of his potatoes."

"Tell this jury to whom the water belonged, and why."

Dan drew a long breath and his tense fingers relaxed the grasp on his hat.
"The stream belonged to John Brandt. I will explain fully. This is a year of short water, due to light snowfall in the mountains last winter and scant rain during spring and summer. By the last of June we had to run the water in shifts; each farmer had his full stream for three days, then ten days of dry ditches. When the new reservoir is completed it will store the winter flow of the river, and spring runoff, so there will be ample supply all season. This won't happen again." He paused thoughtfully, looking out of the window into the blazing light of the September sun, as if to recall clearly each detail of the event that had occurred two months before. A puff of dust drifted into the courtroom and settled on the shining surface of the long table where the district attorney sat writing on a sheet of paper, frowning.

Dan looked at him as he continued his evidence. "For the three days before his death Alvin Whorton was entitled to the stream of water. He had it and used it on his farm. I told him to turn the water over to John Brandt the evening of July 26th. They own adjoining farms. Whorton was given the first run since his land is nearer the main canal. About five o'clock that afternoon I went to Brandt's head-gate where he and Whorton were waiting for me, measured in the water, locked the gate. The stream was then rightfully his, to be used for three days. But he did not have the stream on the morning of July 27th. At sunup that day I found the water flowing on Whorton's land, John Brandt's gate shut down, his lock smashed." Dan's voice shook slightly as he said the last three words. It was not easy to tell these things about his two friends.

"Then it is undeniably true," the tall man said slowly, "that some one was stealing Brandt's water to use on Whorton's land, is it not?"

"Yes; sorry as I am to have to say it, it is true."

"You may leave the stand, Stevens, but remain in the room. I may want you again."

To the clerk he said, "Call Mary Whorton as a witness."

In response to her name she came forward timidly, a frail and tiny woman with an oval face and terrified brown eyes. Her hands were slender and white. Shining waves of brown hair shaded her brow. She did not look like a farmer's wife, she was too pretty and fragile a creature for a farm's duties. The slim fingers trembled as she lifted her hand to take the oath.

"Please tell this court, Mrs. Whorton, of your relations with the Brandt couple during the past few years. Were you friends, or not?"

"I thought we were the best of friends," tears ran down her cheeks but she did not heed them, "they were so good to us from the day we bought the farm next to theirs, five years ago. They loved our children and brought them gifts when they came from town. My two little boys were always teasing to go over there and play. They were so fond of Mr. Brandt. He'd joke with them, and tell long stories about the days when he was a little boy. He'd let them help him, too, when he was putting up hay and irrigating. He got them each a small shovel and a pair of rubber boots with red tops. He'd let them go with him and help put in the dams, and pretend to irrigate. Sometimes he would have Wilbur, the older boy, drive the team to the hay-
wagon. It made him so happy. I was afraid sometimes Alvin might feel hurt, they were so crazy about Mr. Brandt."

She drew a filmy handkerchief, faintly perfumed, from her bag, and wiped her eyes free from tears.

"Yes," the tall man said kindly, "Go on, please."

"My girls are older than the boys; they stayed at home to help me all they could, but they liked to run over to see Mrs. Brandt in the evening. She said they almost seemed like they might be her own daughters that she’d always wanted and never had. She gave them new recipes to try, and let them run the electric sewing-machine. Then she was always sending something dainty for me to eat, I had such a poor appetite."

She paused, looking anxiously at the attorney as if she did not know whether to continue or be silent.

"Have you ever had reason," he asked gently, "to believe that Mr. Brandt was a harsh and greedy man?"

"No, he was always kind and generous."

"Tell us what business dealings, if any, your husband had with him."

"Alvin borrowed money from him several times. He didn’t ask for it; he was too proud. But Mr. Brandt guessed what a fix he was in and pressed the money on him. Alvin said he’d laugh and say, ‘What’s a little loan between friends! I know what it’s like to be short of cash. I’ve been there myself, you know.’ I can’t understand how Mr. Brandt could kill Alvin even if,’ her voice faltered, ‘it’s all so terrible! Please let me go now. I can’t stand any more questions. I’ll come back later if you want me."

"You are dismissed, but please remain in the room." The attorney looked at her compassionately as she took her seat. Tears ran through the slender fingers pressed against her face, and sparkled as they dropped on her worn black dress.

One by one the neighbors of John Brandt were called to the stand. They gave evidence to the good name he bore. For thirty years he had lived and worked in the Snake River Valley. During this time he had been a friend in need to many of them.

"Maybe he might be called a trifle close," one freckled-faced farmer said with a grin, ‘‘not throwin’ his money about high, wide and handsome; but square and decent, not tryin’ to get the best of a deal, stickin’ to his word when he give it. Ready with a loan, too, if he thought a feller deserved help. He didn’t have no time for a lazy whelp, though."

There was a brief recess. When court reconvened the district attorney stood before the jury to give his final address.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence presented in this case. I am going to review it for you and while I do so I ask that you watch carefully the face of the defendant. He cannot help but be deeply moved by this recital of his crime.

"John Brandt is fifty years of age. He came to Idaho as a pioneer many years ago. He has worked untiringly— I grant this—until he is the owner of two hundred acres of rich farm land. During years of prosperity he built big barns and an attractive home. There is not a finer farm in the entire Snake River Valley. Financially his affairs are in excellent shape. He owes no man and has money in the bank, aside from various loans about the countryside.
This summer of short water that is costing many farmers untold anguish will scarcely touch him. It may depreciate his capital to some extent, but it will not hurt his financial standing.

"Not one among us who are gathered here today in the cause of justice would have believed it possible that John Brandt had an insatiable greed for more money to add to his hoard that could cause him to commit murder. Yet this is true, as the evidence I have submitted to you will prove.

"Contrast him with Alvin Whorton who now lies cold in his grave, slain by the hand of one who he thought was a friend! Whorton had not reached the enviable goal gained by Brandt. He had a heavy mortgage on his farm, debts to pay for sickness in his family, for farm machinery to carry on his work, for interest on his debts, for taxes on his land. A man many years younger than Brandt, not so skilled in the business of farming.

"Alvin Whorton had four children. He wished to leave the world better than he found it. His sons and daughters would carry on after he was gone. He struggled to give an education to these children. He adored his frail wife, whose hospital and doctor bills he met promptly. He toiled unceasingly, wracked with anxiety, in his effort to care for his beloved family in the best possible manner."

Mary Whorton was sobbing loudly. He paused dramatically that the jury might hear her distress. Many of the women wiped their eyes and the men cleared their throats with a rasping sound. John Brandt sat still as a man carved from stone, his unwavering gaze fixed on his accuser.

The prosecutor continued, "You can not picture, gentlemen of the jury, a blacker crime than to kill such a husband and father, even if he was taking water that did not belong to him. Where was this water going? On a field of potatoes dying for lack of moisture. This field of potatoes was his cash crop. From those fertile acres he hoped to take the money necessary to meet his debts and care for his family.

"Harassed by the fear of not being able to provide for those dearer to him than life, we will grant, for the sake of argument, that he took the stream rightfully belonging to John Brandt. Does that excuse this awful crime of murder, this deliberate striking of a friend and neighbor down to his death? No, a thousand times, no!

"You have heard the evidence given that proves conclusively the prisoner is guilty of murder in the first degree. You cannot do otherwise than find him guilty as charged, if you are true to the trust placed upon you by the people of this community. I am confident that you will see your duty clearly, and perform it honestly."

The prosecutor wiped his face with a thin silk handkerchief and resumed his seat at the long table.

The attorney for the defense came forward from the rear of the courtroom with slow steps. "If it please your Honor," he said gravely, "I ask that the accused be allowed to tell his story to the jury just as he told it to me. He must be permitted to finish without interruption. As a man on trial for his life he is entitled to this consideration."

"The prisoner may proceed as requested," the judge answered wearily.

"Take the stand, John Brandt. Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth,
the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"I do." The two words came full and clear on the silence of the room.

"Start at the beginning of this trouble, and tell the jury the whole story."

"I didn't mean to kill Alvin." He lifted his hand as if again taking the oath, "God is my witness to that. I'll tell you everythin' that happened, straight's I can, from the day I met Alvin. I liked him right away, even though he didn't look much like a farmer. He was a slim sort o' chap and worried like the deuce. He worked like a beaver, but he couldn't seem to get ahead. He had lots o' sickness in his family but he never kicked about it. He was awful fond o' the wife and kids; they come first in everythin'. I wanted to help him make good for their sake, as much as his own. There want a lazy bone in his body, but he hurried too much and that fretted him.

"This summer, for the first time since I'd knowed Alvin, he seemed bit-ter because I was out o' debt and well fixed. He got to where he wouldn't say a decent 'hello,' when we met. I knew he was about crazy with worry and offered him a loan. He refused mighty short, said he'd already accept-ed too many favors from me. He didn't even like it when I brought the kids things I knew they wanted. I loved the little tads like they was my own. My wife and I always wanted children. These boys and girls got used to runnin' in and out of the house all day long, and it sure made me and the miss-us feel good.

"When this run o' water came the last of July Alvin had it first, for three days. He made good time while he had the stream, but you can't go over an eighty in three days and wet it good. Alvin was one o' them fellers that can't do anything 'less it's done right. He did his best to soak the land. Him and his hired hand took their blankets to the field and slept beside the water, just goin' to the house for meals. That's the way most of us did; the water was so precious every minute count-ed.

"Alvin and his man got along fine; they wet the ground in good shape, all except a field o' spuds, twenty acres, that Alvin was countin' on more than any other part of the crop."

He paused for a long moment, staring out of the window as if held by intense thought. Not a sound broke the silence; those who listened seemed almost to hold their breath lest they miss a word.

"It's been worryin' me ever since how Alvin come to leave them spuds till the last. I can't figure it out. It should o' been the first place irrigated. The only way I can explain it is that Alvin was so worried he couldn't think straight. It was quicker to go over the farm the way he started. I suppose he thought he'd get to the spuds in plenty of time, but the ground be-in' so much dryer than he'd expected —him not bein' used to short water—it took too long. His three days was up and his spuds left high and dry.

"Just before five that day, the time I was to git the water from Alvin, I went to my headgate to wait. While I was standin' there I seen Alvin's hired hand go by with his satchel. When Alvin come up I says to him, 'I see you let your man go. Git some sleep tonight, man, or you'll go clean crazy. You look all in.' Dan, the ditch rider, come then, measured in my stream, and
locked the gate. The three of us talked about the crops, then Dan got on his horse and rode off. I says to Alvin, ‘I’m going to sleep some tonight myself. When I git the water set on that east forty that’s in wheat I’ll let it run there till sunup. I ought to have it spread out in good shape by ten o’clock. I can’t hurry it by watchin’. I’ll go to the house and git a few hours o’ sleep. When I come out at sunup I’ll set the water on my spuds and let everythin’ go; they’re what count.’

‘Alvin looked at me; he didn’t say nothin’. His eyes was bloodshot and his face gray. He nodded and went off across the field with his shovel over his shoulder, walkin’ like a man so tired he’s ready to drop in his tracks. I didn’t think o’ him again. I was busy throwin’ dams here and there. After I got the water spread out I stuck my shovel in the ground and went to the house; musta been just about ten, for I had to light the lantern ‘fore I quit. I was doin’ all the irrigatin’ myself, so the hired men could get the second crop of alfalfa in the stack. I was goin’ to throw the water there for the last o’ the run, if I got through my spuds in time.

‘I thought I’d only shut my eyes when I waked up to find I was sittin’ on the edge of the bed, listenin’ like I’d heard a noise in my sleep that startled me. I heard the clock strike two, all of a sudden I knew somebody was stealin’ my water. I was just as sure as if I’d seen the lock broken and the gate shut down.

‘I was into my duds and out o’ the house in a hurry. I didn’t stop to light the lantern, for the moon was comin’ up. I hit out for the field where I’d set the water and when I got there, he paused and looked at the faces in the jury box intently, then said with intense gravity, “when I got there not a drop o’ water was runnin.’ Some thief had took the whole stream. It must have been right after I left, for the wet dirt ended where I’d thrown the last dam.

“For a minute everythin’ around me turned a burnin’ red. I couldn’t see nor think. Then my senses come back and I grabbed my shovel, still stickin’ in the ground where I’d left it, and started for my headgate. I snuck along in the shadow of the ditch bank and willows. The moon was full up and the fields light. When I got close to my gate I could make out the figure of a man bendin’ over it.

“It come to me he thought there might be a little trickle runnin’ still, though he musta had the whole stream from the time I left. He was pushin’ down hard. The gate was in the shadow of a big cottonwood tree; the light wasn’t bright enough to see who the man was. I sure didn’t mean to kill him when I brought my shovel down hard just as he started up like he’s heard noise that frightened him. I only intended to give the thief a good scare. But the way he started up so unexpected the shovel hit him square on the temple instead of on his back as I meant it should.

“The man crumpled up and slipped, face downward, into the water of the big canal on the far side o’ my gate. I rubbed his hands, his bruised temple that showed plain when I pulled him into the moonlight. I did everythin’ I could think of to bring him to. But it want no use. I put my ear down to his heart and I
couldn’t hear a sound. At last I knew Alvin was dead and nothin’ I could do would bring him back.’”

Again the sound of Mrs. Whorton’s sobbing fell on the silence of the courtroom with terrible distinctness. John Brandt looked at her and was silent for so long a time that one of the men in the jury-box moved impatiently.

He finished hurriedly: “I sat down beside Alvin. It seemed to get dark like the moon had set. I didn’t try to think. The next thing I remember was long about sunup. I saw Dan comin’ up the road. His shovel that was strapped to his saddle caught the sun and sparkled like it was made o’ silver. I couldn’t keep my eyes off it. When Dan come near he looked over where we sat. He stopped his horse and stared; then he throwed the reins over his horse’s head and come runnin’ up to us. ‘What’s happened to Alvin?’ he asked, his voice shakin’. And I answered him, near as I can remember, just as he said I did. We stood lookin’ at Alvin, then Dan said, ‘You come with me, John. I’ve got to take you to jail before anyone knows this.’ He tied his horse to the fence and went and got my car. I waited for him outside the farm, by my gate. When he come I got in and he drove like a man scared somethin’ would git us. That’s all. I’ve told it straight.’”

In the silence of the room he resumed his seat beside his wife. She reached out and took one of his hands and held it against her.

Twenty-four hours later Mrs. Brandt was sitting in a shadowed corner of the courtroom when a shudder of expectancy ran through the crowd. Twelve men, worn with discussion, filed into the room and filled the jury box.

The judge asked, “Gentlemen of the Jury, have you reached a decision?”

“We have, your Honor.”

“Bring in the prisoner, John Brandt.”

A long moment passed, then the man accused of murder entered the room and looked into the faces of the men who held his fate in their hands.

“Gentlemen of the Jury, what is your verdict?”

“Not guilty!” the foreman answered in a loud voice, handing a folded paper to the clerk.

The tense silence was shattered by a burst of confusion that swept Mrs. Brandt to her husband. She clung to him, shaken with sobs of overwhelming relief. Friends and neighbors crowded about him, shaking his hard hands, throwing their arms about his massive shoulders.

“We knew all the time you didn’t mean to kill Alvin; it was just an accident; it was what any one of us might have done.” Over and over they repeated the words to him.

At length, how they scarcely knew, Brandt and his wife were out in the blessed light of the sun. Freedom—freedom! Then they were in the car going home together through the long rays of sunshine slanting low in the west. They did not speak. Her hand rested on his knee and her gaze clung to his face.

They turned in at the red gate and put the car in the garage. They started for the house. On the bridge that spanned the wide irrigating ditch John paused and started into its depths with tragic eyes.

“Water,” he sighed, “the life blood of this valley; it’s terrible what it can do to a man when he sees his crops dy-
in’ for lack of it.’” His gaze swept the fields and his eyes relaxed. “The old farm looks mighty good, considerin’ I’ve had to be away so long. You’ve kept things goin’ for me, Sarah.” He put his arm about her shoulders as she stood beside him. “We’ll have an average yield of spuds after all.”

Two little boys were running up the road from the brown house where Alvin Whorton had lived. They paused at the gate, then came forward timidly, yet eagerly, their eyes fixed on the man who had always been their friend. Wilbur, six years old, and his brother David, two years younger, stopped short suddenly. John dropped on one knee and held out his arms to them. They ran to him with a swift rush and hid their faces against his broad breast. Presently Wilbur drew back and looked at him. “We’ve been watching for you two whole hours. Dan, the ditch rider, you know, he stopped and told mother you’d be home soon. We asked could we come up soon as we saw your car turn in at the gate. At first she said ‘No,’ then when we cried like the dickens for a long time she said ‘You may go, but don’t stay long.’”

John stood up, holding a boy with each hand. “Sarah,” he said to his wife, “I wish you’d make hot biscuits for supper, fry some ham and eggs, and bring strawberry preserves from the cellar. Get a big pitcher of milk, too. These boys are comin’ back to eat supper with us, I hope. I’m goin’ to see their mother now, and tell her I’ll take care o’ her and the kids same as Alvin would if—;” he checked himself abruptly.

The three of them went toward the small brown house. Ragged weeds surrounded it, desolation lay like a pall upon the deserted fields. He knocked at the door and it opened. He stood face to face with Mary Whorton. She drew back, staring at him with frightened eyes.

“May I come in, Mary? I’ve got to talk with you. You must believe me when I say if I’d knowed the man was Alvin I’d have cut off my right arm before I would have struck him with my shovel. You must believe that! You do, don’t you, Mary?”

She was silent for so long that he was about to turn away when she said gravely, “Come in, Mr. Brandt.”

WILD GEESE RETURNING

Norman Renard

listen!
wild geese cry suddenly
dark wedge arrows north
swift shadow skims plowed fields
setting sun spills color
amber stains joyous-beating wings
stand speechless!
beauty glistens
is gone
Again, in the darkness,
Whole cavalcades of wind, rushing through Wyoming's midnight sky;
Battalions, legions, that pushed preoccupied, intent,
Across the high, thin acreage of the sky, above the shouldering ridges,
On continental errands, Saskatchewan to Mexico;
To some austere accounting,
To some fierce council-spot of all the winds of earth,
Ice-starkness of Alaskan heights, and upper Andean peaks,
Wyoming but the thoroughfare.

The solitary man, the sheepherder,
His mind, as happened now, bent on his single thought,
A trifle shy on certitudes, because of many solitary days and nights,
Measured off his dusty patch of ground beneath his wagon's arch,
Set leeward of a bare outcrop of rock,
With thirty miles of sage-brush land, east and west, between the brooding peaks;
And laid him down, pondering long upon the wind;
As if the roar had not already flooded all his brain with empty sound,
As if it had not swept and polished the very corners of his mind.

He knew the old jack-rabbit, crouched behind his shaggy sage-brush stem,
His ears laid flat, his belly tense, his back fur ruffled into tips
By the tags of wind that sniffed along the ground;
He knew the gopher, sitting with apprehensive snout at his dark door,
His eyes like brittle beads;
He knew the windblown stars, and saw their streamers
Churned across the dishevelled night.

But more surely, more inwardly, he knew—
Hearkening, thinking long upon the wind,
Gripped by the one sure thing Wyoming nights of wind had taught him—
Knew firmly that they three, The old jack-rabbit, cowered beneath the wan-green sage-brush leaves,
The gopher, taut, unblinking at his labyrinth's black door,
The herdsman, aging sinews curled about the sage-brush roots—
That they three could in no way be Concern of winds like these.
I was at lunch when I heard. Ellen Andrews and I were sitting at a table in the drug store. I had begun my sandwich but hers was untouched before her when she leaned nearer to say, "The Wards are getting a divorce. She's left him. She wants to marry Don Stevens."

I just sat and looked at Ellen. Tom divorced? My Tom free? My Tom not married to Alice any longer?

"Surely you knew about her being in love with Don Stevens?" Ellen asked.

I shook my head. No one told me anything about Alice. They didn't mention her name to me; it was as if she had been dead a long time. Five years ago Alice and Tom had married. Before that, for more than nine years, I had been engaged to him. In a small town people are kind, or maybe it's just that they don't forget things. Anyway, no one ever spoke of the Wards to me from the time of their elopement. When their son was born, four years ago, I read about it in the paper one Tuesday when I came home from the office. I don't know that hearing it from a friend, apologetically, would have hurt less. I only knew that coming upon it in the social column wasn't easy.

Ellen ate her sandwich slowly, looking at me while I thought of Tom divorced. Tom, and Alice gone. Was he lost, as I had been lost when he married her. When he didn't meet me at my office every afternoon at five? When he didn't come to my apartment every evening? When you've seen a person, a person you love, constantly for nine years and suddenly you don't see him any more, it's like being divorced. Lots of people who've never been married know what it's like to be divorced. After a while, though, you lose the end-of-everything feeling, there is still a remaining emptiness. And, though days and months and years pile up to lessen the first realization, there are recurrences of the first sorrow. Things bring it back.

"I saw Tom on the bus this morning," Ellen said suddenly. "That's why I wanted to lunch with you."

"How did he look?" I asked. To hear that he was grieving for her. To hear that he wasn't, that he was only bitter. That at last his faith in people had been wrested from him. Why do we ask questions? Why do we want to know?

"He reminded me of the way he looked before your mother's illness, Nancy. Kind of unworried. So I know he doesn't mind!"

As he looked, before my mother's ill-
ness. He was twenty-three then and I a year younger. His father had just died; there were debts; Tom was alone in the world, but he had a good position and wasn’t afraid. “We can manage,” he kept saying, “let’s get married.” But I wanted to wait a year, to begin without debt.

That was the time we should have married. When you wait it gets harder to believe things will be better; it becomes easier to wait and wait. So it was with us. His bills and mine. My mother’s illness of seven years, doctors and more doctors. Tom’s salary cut. This and that. After a while we didn’t talk of it any more. We would marry some day, but the day was remote, beyond us. In the late twenties you’re cautious; you go on waiting.

“You should have married him. It should have been you and Tom,” Ellen said. “She wasn’t suited to him.”

I didn’t say anything.

About the time my mother died Alice Carr went to work for Tom’s insurance company. She was just out of high school and in the same office with him. From the beginning she liked Tom. As she expressed it, she had a weakness for him. He and I used to laugh about it. But it wasn’t strange, for he was everyone’s weakness. The woman who ran the boarding-house where he lived made him prune pies. The waitress always managed to put flowers on his table. To everyone he was someone special, because he was interested in each of them, in their troubles, in their joys. It was as if while he waited to begin his own dreams he took on theirs.

He was always giving away things—nickels to newsboys and presents to people’s babies. He was constantly using his savings for something somebody needed. That worried me and made me doubly thrifty.

When I was thirty he began again to urge me to marry him. “I’m getting old, and you’ve worked too hard, Nancy,” he’d say, “Let’s fool the fates and get married.” But I had it all planned: in four months I’d be out of debt. I didn’t even tell him; I didn’t dare. I should have married him then. I should have cast aside my calculations for happiness. But when you’ve gone on for years pinching pennies something happens to your judgment. Then Alice lost her job. She had bought a new suit and couldn’t pay for it. Tom took over the account for her. He would have done it for anybody. But at the time I was so hurt and exasperated I gave him back his ring. I didn’t really expect to end things between us. But two weeks later he married her.

“Now it will be all right, Nancy. It will end like a story!” Ellen said when we got up from the table.

All afternoon while I took dictation I went right on thinking of Tom. Home at five-thirty I went straight to the telephone.

Do you know what it means to call the man you’ve loved for fourteen years? The man who was married, was lost to you, free now? I gave the number and waited while it rang and rang. “I’m sorry,” impersonally from the operator, “they do not answer.” But I couldn’t leave. I sat waiting and trying every five minutes to get him. Finally Tom’s voice, disembodied, over the black instrument, “Hello—hello, yes?” he said.

“Tom,” I got it out somehow, “this is Nancy.”

“Nancy, how are you?”
"Fine. Will you come over this evening?"

He seemed to hesitate. "Will eight be all right?"

I forgot about supper. I couldn't have eaten anyway. I bathed and put on my favorite dress, a blue crepe. Then I tried to fix my face, but I hadn't a lipstick. As soon as I ordered one from the drug store I knew I should have gone for it. For when I was ready, and the apartment too, both waiting tensely, it was only seven-fifteen.

Exactly at eight he arrived. I opened the door quickly.

"I brought somebody," he said, nodding his head to the sleeping child in his arms.

I don't know why I hadn't remembered his son, but I hadn't. It was strange to see the boy, even with Alice's gold hair so like Tom, there in his arms. I stood staring until a battered teddy-bear fell to the floor.

We took the child back to the bedroom and covered him warmly. Before we left Tom placed the bear beside the boy. "It might seem strange if he wakes, but he'll be all right if he finds Bingo," he explained.

In the living-room I sat on the sofa. Tom stood looking down at me, exactly as he had five years before. How easy it is, I thought, to pick up the thread, when you've loved someone and understood him.

"You haven't changed, Nancy," he said, "you haven't changed a bit."

Then he sat down beside me. And the five years were a nightmare from which I'd just awakened.

"Isn't Tommy a lad?" he asked.

"He's darling," I said, "so like you I know he'll give away the earth when he grows up, and love doing it."

He laughed. "Tommy's worse than I was. Did I tell you about his giving away his presents the very day after his birthday?"

"No, you're not repeating," I said, thinking he was being facetious.

"Mandy, the colored nurse, shakes her head over him, predicting dire things. She says he'll turn into one of those 'socialisms'!" Tom threw back his head. "Seriously, Nancy," he continued, "I mean to train and direct him. Even generosity should be ordered and directed to do the most good."

I almost interrupted with, "Since when, Tom? When did you find that out?" but I didn't. I only sat and wondered about it.

He was finishing a story of Tommy at kindergarten when suddenly he stopped. "I'm sorry," he said. "Why didn't you stop me? People always do."

When he said that, it changed things; sitting side by side, it separated us.

I was conscious of my hands, the clock's ticking, of reaching for something to say. This had never happened to us before.

"How's the job?" he asked.

I told him of it, of the company's expansion, of my three raises—all there was to tell in my life. But as he listened with that earnestness he brought to people's stories the facts became somehow more important to me.

"I was surprised about your divorce, Tom," I said after a while, trying to bridge our separate stories, our separate lives.
"Surprised?" he repeated. "Alice wanted it for some time."

"But you didn't?" I asked suddenly cold with fear.

"I knew we weren't suited, but I thought on account of Tommy we might stick together."

"As parents should," I finished with relief.

"Exactly," he agreed, and he took my hand.

Here we were sitting on the old sofa, Tom and I. He was holding my hand as before, as before. Any minute he would take me in his arms. Any minute he would begin to plan our future.

"Funny how we've turned out," he said slowly.

"Poor Tom. I certainly ruined things," I told him. "Bad enough my own life, but now knowing about yours—"

"Nonsense," he interrupted, "I'm the luckiest man alive!"

Yes, I thought, we're both lucky. Another chance, mercifully another chance.

"Nancy, I've been so lucky!" he said again.

I watched his face and saw what Ellen had seen, the strange youngness which even his grey hair couldn't destroy.

"Don't worry about me any more, Nancy," he said, patting my hand. I sat very still, waiting for him to plan things.

"I've changed," he continued. "I've gone practical. You'd approve of me now!"

"I'd approve of you no matter what, Tom," I told him.

He smiled, a little absently for Tom. "I'm saving money. For Tommy's education, of course. The first year Alice nearly went crazy with my impracticality. But when Tommy came along, especially when he could talk and was more of a person, it was fun to plan for him. Besides, I knew it was just deferring my charity—Tommy could do it all for me when he grew up."

When the clock struck eleven Tom said, "I must get him home."

"No, Tom, no. You just came—and it's been so long," I said.

But he got up. "He had trouble with his ears last winter. I'd better go on."

In a minute he would be gone. Nothing had been said that should have been said between us. But I didn't intend to wait another day, I couldn't be foolish any longer. I wanted it definitely in words: our future becoming our present, the minute he had his decree.

I followed him back. He was lifting the child in his arms ever so gently. "May I borrow the blanket?" he asked.

"Certainly," I told him, wrapping it around Tommy. Then I stood smoothing the boy's bright hair, trying to find a way to tell Tom I needed him.

"You've forgiven me for everything, Tom?" I asked, fearing he would go.

He was watching my hands on his son's hair. "Soft as silk, isn't it?" he said. I knew he hadn't heard my question.

"Now that you're free, Tom, everything will be all right," I said.

"Everything," he agreed. "You see, Nancy, it's all worked out for us. You have your work and I have Tommy. Being his father is like a career. Now I understand how some women feel."

"But few women find a career satisfying," I began, wondering what was
happening to us, feeling everything slip from me.

"I guess for each of us," Tom was saying thoughtfully, "there's one relationship that's perfect. As sweetheart and husband I blundered along, but I was lucky. This father business makes up for everything else. I seem to fit there."

He stood quietly, looking at me and beyond me. It came to me then: Our past is gone for him.

Suddenly I saw it: how men forget. For men it is over. Only women dream the same dream over and over.

Tommy stirred. "I must get him home," Tom said. "Tonight was nice, but I won't be able to do it again. It isn't fair to Tommy, breaking his rest."

DISSEMBLANCE

MARGARET DEWEY

Beneath a darkling sky cinetured by pale stars,
With long straight rows of clouds like floating bars
Of music over this broad moving world,
The sleeping mountains stretch like drowsy friars.
They have a coat of velvet smoothness furled
About them. Tonight no wind has hurled
Its strength against their still, contented sides.
I marvel, for I know the passions that have whirled
The tops of their tall trees; I know the rushing rides
Of mountain streams, and the zigzag, roaring slides
Of rock that gouged those jagged furrows deep.
But now there is calm, a shadowy veil that hides
 Those awful powers, and the Titan mountains sleep.
From my window, with the flickering stars I keep
A vigil. There is peace, and a soft breeze
That fans my cheek and makes a playful leap
Fitfully. The clouds move gently, with tranquil ease;
Against the rising moon are slim and pointed trees.
It seemed strange to be waiting there on the corner for the bus to Adamson at that hour of the very early morning, but except for the icy band that encircled her heart and was too tight for comfort, Esther couldn’t feel that she minded. She wanted to—she felt that she should, terribly—and she searched through every feeling that she had, examining them all, but they were just the same. And that seemed odd.

She glanced up into her husband’s grave young face and wished he would say something. But Paul didn’t. It was he who had talked to Aunt Mary over the telephone and who had turned then to Esther and told her about the accident and about her father’s hurt body. He had told her gently, slowly, his eyes adding much more, but after that he had said nothing at all. He seemed to feel that Esther preferred not to talk, that it would be difficult for her to make speech. How wrong he was! She would have liked talking of the lovely night, of the way everything was working overtime during this first week of May at the business of getting ready for summer. The moon rocked along, superintending and letting down showers of light; and Esther wished that the street lights could be turned off, for then it would be even lighter, with the same silvery sheen smooth and even over everything and no pools of lamplight to contrive black shadows by contrast.

Then the bus came. Paul and Esther climbed aboard and settled themselves in the low seats, and he put his arm through hers and held it close to him. That brought the tears to her eyes for just a second, but they seeped away again so quickly that she couldn’t be absolutely sure they had been there at all.

The bus skimmed down the white strip of road, sure of itself and humming. They left the city and flew along beside a lake. Far over to the north, across the lake and across the miles on the other side of the lake, was the red glare in the sky from the mills at Adamson. It was like an old friend to Esther, and seeing it and thinking of the mills brought back the thought of Father again. How strangely her mind behaved. She was going to Father in the middle of the night, to be with him because he was dying, and the thought of him wouldn’t stay with her but left again and again and returned only in company with thoughts of something else.

She thought of death, then, and of how it was. Death was an absolute stranger, but she had always supposed it would be different from this. She thought of nightmares she had had when she had been a little girl. She used to dream that Mother was dead and that she would never see her again, and her sense of overwhelming sorrow was so powerful that she would scream with grief and Mother would waken her, but even then she’d remember it and sob for long minutes. She thought of death and Paul, her husband, sitting at her side. She wouldn’t be able to go to Paul at all, she felt; she wouldn’t be able or else she would pray wildly for wings to get her there soon enough.

But death was something you couldn’t fasten your thoughts to. They kept
sliding off and all around it, and you came to silly conclusions that you’d heard repeated for years. Death, people said, was everywhere—in the bus here riding to Adamson, lingering back there on the shores of the lake, even sliding down the rays of the moon’s light. Death was hovering over the Mercy hospital. And there was nothing new in that. Didn’t death make of a hospital a sort of hangout? And wasn’t a hospital as good a place as any other to meet death?

Yes, but what about Father and death? She tried saying to herself, deliberately and slowly, “Father is dying. Father is dying in the Mercy Hospital, and we are hurrying to get to him.” She said it twice, but it didn’t do anything to her, didn’t mean anything. She might as well have said, “The man on the corner—the one who sells the morning papers—is dying right this minute.” She was conscious of a faint shadowy sorrow, and something within her seemed to add, like a sympathetic but reluctant old lady, “Oh, the poor fellow. What a pity!” And that was all.

They were gliding through the little town next to Adamson now, and Esther watched the waves of light from street lamps as they sped over the faces of other travelers. Vaguely she wondered why these other people were traveling in the middle of the night. Had they, too, received telephone messages and were they going to someone who was dying, someone who wanted them right up to the last minute?

Would Father really want her? Would he know her and be glad for her presence? She couldn’t decide; she had never known him very well. That, she supposed, was because she had lived with Mother until she had married Paul. She used to think that Father somehow resented her. Perhaps not that exactly, but something very close to it. He would rather have had Mother coming to visit him on Sundays, as she had done when she was a little girl. Mother had always insisted on sending her to see Father, sending her Sunday after Sunday as if living up to a sense of duty, but Mother had never wanted to see him herself. She wouldn’t even talk about him, and Esther somehow had known that there must have been a good reason for it. But it had seemed strange to her and she felt it had seemed strange to Father, to make that Sunday call, riding the street car to the other side of town, meeting Father, and sitting in someone else’s living-room and talking to him. Father would say, “How are you getting along in school?” And she would say, always, “Oh fine, Father.” Then he would ask some more questions, and sooner or later would come the one important question of the day, like the last step to a formula, and Father would ask, “And how’s your mother?”

That’s the way it had been all through school and until she had graduated. Esther thought of graduation night, of the long, hot hall and all the people in it, how she had scanned their faces, going row by row, looking for Father. But he hadn’t come. Mother was there and an aunt and an uncle and some friends, and Father had sent her flowers, two dozen damask-like roses. Of course by that time he had long since ceased to ask, “And how’s your mother?”

Then she and Paul had married. For some reason it had seemed important, once they had decided, to have it done and over with and to have as few peo-
people knowing about it as possible. She and Paul had gone to see Father the very next day, but he had not been able to understand how they felt. It stuck in his mind that he should have been told, should have been there, perhaps. Of course, he had forgotten about it later, but Esther remembered what he had said that day and how he had looked: he said, "Well, I hope you'll be very, very happy," softly and without smiling.

Now the bus arrived in Adamson and Paul was watching the streets turn by, waiting for the street with the hospital on it. It was just block after next; he pushed the button that signaled the driver, and pulled their bag down from over their heads. In another minute they were standing in the quiet street, and the bus was a red light up the block, getting fainter and fainter, and then disappearing. She watched it until Paul said gently, "Come on, dear."

They turned and walked down the street, and Esther listened to her feet making a solitary, clopping sound, until she decided to walk on tiptoe. She did that for a minute, but it didn't seem to help—the night was just as disturbed as before, and she walked along again, heel and toe, heel and toe. People lived in the houses along this street and were sleeping up there behind the windows that were open.

From the windows of one house long flapping curtains rubbed against the side of the building, and Esther was glad she had thought to shut the windows of her apartment before she left. Then she felt guilty; how could she have packed her things, forgetting nothing, and remembered the note for the milkman, and shut and locked all the windows in that steady, methodical fashion.

From the yard of the house after next a big black thing suddenly propelled itself out onto the sidewalk and ran towards them, uttering sharp, fierce barks. Esther grabbed Paul's arm and stopped in her tracks, but the dog was a friendly fellow, soon quieted and not very curious, and she was able to laugh a little at her fright. She felt all hollow inside now, but at least that hard band around her heart had loosened somewhat.

The dog trotted ahead of them down the walk and disappeared round someone's hedge. As they came abreast of it, she sniffed at a delightful fragrance. She remembered this house as it looked in the daytime and she recalled to herself the garden and the flower borders that lay along the walk. She could see them now, through the opening in the hedge, and they lay in straight rows, varnished with moonlight.

The hospital was only a few feet farther now. She could see that its bulk was dark, too, except for one or two lights on its first floor. Was Father in one of those rooms where there was light? She took Paul's arm again and they walked steadily onward, getting closer and closer. She listened to the scraping noises the breeze made with the leaves of the trees and felt its touch upon her face.

It had never occurred to her before—why should it—but evidently you might walk into a hospital any time of the day or night. All you did was to press down the latch and push open the door. Of course, it was a little different at night. For instance, there were no people sitting in the dim lobby, and
there were no internes or nurses whisking in and out and stopping to murmur to the people who waited. At night, tonight, there was only one human being to be seen, a solitary, black-garbed figure, seated behind the counter in the exact center of a pool of light, like a single island in an ocean of dusk. On the wall behind the nun, Esther was conscious of a figure of the Christ hanging on His cross. So indistinct was it and so dim its outline that she had to strain her eyes to be sure it was there; and then when she stared the hardest it seemed to dissolve in the twilight and leave only the bare wall. She watched it and heard Paul say, as if from a distance, "We are Mrs. Brooks. Mrs. Brooks is Mr. Dickson’s daughter."

The sister murmured, "Oh, yes," and waited there for the barest second.

Paul continued. "Is he—are we in time?"

The sister nodded her head, not speaking again, and coming out from behind her counter, led the way through a door and down a long hall. The hall was even darker than the lobby, and from some of the doors came queer little sounds. There was a sense of mystery in it all, and Esther's breath quickened through her dry mouth. At the very end of the hall a crack of light slid out from under a door, and she tried to remember if this could be one of the rooms she had noticed from the street. The sister opened the door and stood aside for Paul and Esther to enter.

It was a big room, big enough for four beds. In three of the beds were long, indeterminate lumps with blurred faces at one end, but round the fourth bed there was a screen and it was from behind here that the light shone. A nurse from behind the screen, looked at them for a minute, understood, and beckoned them to her side. "He's conscious now. You may talk to him, but be very quiet." She left the little world made by the screen round the bed, and Esther and Paul crowded in, one on each side. The man there noticed nothing, and they waited and watched. His head was swathed in bandages; he looked like a knight, Esther thought, because of the shape of his bandages. His eyes were closed, and his thin cheeks looked more hollow than ever and his nose bigger and very white. The long length of him stretched to the very foot of the bed. He’d be uncomfortable if he had to stay in it long, she thought to herself. She’d have him moved as soon as he was a little better.

Then the eyelids were fluttering and finally, heavily, sleepily, they opened. He closed his eyes again, but she knew he was trying to keep tight hold of her hands. Her hands were conscious of that, and her body felt the cold, hard sides of the bed; but everything seemed remote, as if at the wrong end of a telescope. She could picture the entire scene: There was Paul on the other side of the bed, and the bed with the long figure in it, and a girl, herself, on this side of the bed, with her new spring hat on and her hair, in need of curling, straggling around the brim of it; next the bed and at her side was a small table, and although she hadn’t looked, she knew about the water glass...
with the sipper in it and one or two bottles; on the wall above the bed there was a picture of a green hill with white, lumpy sheep straggling over it. Desperately she concentrated her thoughts upon the man on the bed. The stillness hummed in her ears.

Once when she had been sick in a bed like this—it was the time she had her tonsils out—he had come into her room, tall, dignified, but hesitant and shy. In his hand, held awkwardly by its beruffled neck, he carried a brown paper sack, which proved to contain oranges. He hadn't much to say and then he was gone. He hadn't come to see her again.

Of a sudden the eyes opened once more and sought her face. She leaned over to hear what he said. "You've been a good girl, Esther, a good girl," came the whisper, and she sensed a sort of mental nod at himself for saying this.

The minutes crept by and it seemed to Esther that she had been at this bedside forever, motionless, immobile. She heard someone in one of the other beds turn over restlessly, and once the door of the room opened and shut. A curious little breeze wandered in from outside and poked round the screen. At last she was conscious of the nurse standing there, waiting, too.

She didn't know when it happened; he seemed quite the same one minute and the next he was not there. There was nothing there, only a long figure under the bedclothes and a slack hand lying in her own. Gently and firmly her husband came round to her side and drew her to her feet. The nurse summoned one other, and they busied themselves round the bed as Paul and Esther left the room quietly and crept down the hall.

In the lobby once more Paul stopped to speak to the nun in her place behind the counter, and Esther could see through the opened door the orange-rose color of the new day and the grey strip of the street outside. Across the way a man walked, swinging a lunch-box by its handle, and right then the great blare of the mills' whistles announced the town's new day. All Father's days had begun like that, all of his days until this one.

For some reason there entered her mind a single thought. It sounded against her ears like a tiny wind: "You've been a good girl, Esther, a good girl." It was like a prized possession, that little lost whisper, and she knew she would have it with her always—that, and the feel of Father's hands, reaching and holding. But now Paul was at her side again. He put his arm around her, and as they walked out through the door it seemed that she could hear someone crying, very softly.
MOON OVER SPAIN

GEORGE WITTER SHERMAN

Moon I have often seen above the green-spired fir-trees,
Now like a scythe on the shoulders of our hills,
Again low lying on the still horizon of the Sound,
I hear in your hushed rocking, mournful and prolonged,
The malaguena of a Spanish girl lamenting for her absent Lover. From a white-washed patio her voice now rises,
Now diminishes in a plaintive dirge: O moonlight, wasted:
On the fragmentary pillars in the cloistered garden; on
The shell-uprooted grove and splintered olive-branches;
On the hard, green olives lying unpicked on the ground;
O town, deserted—in white ruins; O dead Spaniards . . .

Nurse,

In white coif, moving above the mounds of billets, smiling
At the losers, with unspoken thoughts, in long columns of
Moonlight counting up the lives: the once proud, laughing
Couples punctual at bull-fights, watching mantle-angered bulls,
Applauding bowing matadors; on carefree summer evenings
Promenading, lingering to watch the fountain in the plaza and
The swans or to drink perfumed wine in pleasure-bright cafes.
They were your students garnering the mind’s fruits in
Libraries and museums yesterday, lovers of books and paintings;
And your revelers swarming Gran Via for the annual fiesta, with
Accordion, guitars and castanets—in pushing crowds of gay
Sombreros and mantillas rivaling Gran Via’s bright festoons and
Banners, their light-hearted voices singing to hand-clapping
Recklessly La Cucaracha . . . They were your olive-pickers,
Singing in the olive-groves and in the vineyards singing, songs
Of Spanish women, songs belonging to the Spanish earth . . .

Moon

Looking down with grieving rays on all the interrupted dreams,
The many-coloured lives destroyed . . . in flight from your
Invaded country . . . In your silence and averted gaze is told
The sorrow you have seen: the stragglers on the worn macadam
Highway fleeing the bombarded town; the women riding burros,
The children listless and bewildered following, the ambulances
Clanging in the darkness over empty sewer-bursted streets,
The young child suffering from a new kind of insomnia,
The sandbag-flanked facades, the sandbag roofs of shelters,
Improvised of paving-blocks, against the moment’s air-raid
The bits of frescoed plaster, broken glass, the death-mask
Models: the virgin-youth . . . dead in the afternoon . . .

Tonight,
Low lying on the still horizon of the Sound, you are
A symbol of the bleeding olive-branch and the friendless refugee.
I hear you sorrowing at Lincoln’s tomb in Springfield and
At Lenin’s tomb in Red Square tonight . . . Reflect the love
Of these dead heroes for the people; bring a sunrise
That is not a signal for attack . . . O moon, slight as
The hope for peace, when shall hand-clasping lovers, strolling
In the evening, watch you with unfrightened eyes again?

BIG BLOND SWEDES

GEORGE SCOTT GLEASON

Rough shod they came
all the way from Medicine Hat,
riding golden on the mustangs of morning.

Among them were the big blond Swedes:
Lar and Nor and Thorkel.
Men fearless of the storm, the blast,
the cold shivered cry of the coyote,
disease and famine, everything.
They brought with them Swede women
with gold-wire braided hair;
those schooled in the sagas of fiords
and dragon ships
and poppies of the midnight sky.

They passed
like crows in the humdrum of passage,
hub-deep in mire,
with kettles hanging
and old blankets flapping a song.
At trail’s end they picked a skerry spot
and began whetting axes,
topping the timbers,
working like the first concrete builders,
the beavers.
They lived on
toiling and singing,
tucked away in hungry shacks of desolation
where sometime little cities clung
to rail and water routes.

Today by Minnesota’s waters
they tell how their forebears came;
those of the midnight sky,
the big blond Swedes:
Lar and Nor and Thorkel.
WHY FRONTIER JOURNALISM RE-SEARCHES

Robert Housman

The journalist realizes that when he demonstrates how completely the newspaper mirrors its own times, the value of his researches into economic, historical and sociological currents, as reflected in the newspapers of a certain period, will be recognized. For the journalist contends that the news mirror of an epoch, if a little distorted, is still the true reflection of the thought and action of that epoch. Distortion means only that the picture was taken while events were still in motion. It is an action picture, and therefore may contain some diffusion.

Research into the news mirror is nothing more than the study of institutions made prior to their crystallization. A study made after this crystallization is usually called history. History, too, the journalist contends, is a mirror.

The mirror of news and the mirror of history differ in that one reflects a mercuric, evanescent present, the other a static, perhaps already recapitulated, a measured past. In other words, it may be said that history is a later measure of a water's calm and depth which reflects a quiet, exact image; but, a turbulent present has been enacted in the same place, a present that was news.

Both the news narrative and the historical narrative record the unusual, events which for some reason or other compel the attention of men; but only the historian has, perhaps, the right to say of these events he has recorded that they are worthy of being kept in remembrance. Journalists, whether they hold that an event is worthy of being remembered or not, must record not only what they deem uncommon, but what their type and social group regards as such; this recording, this almost photographic transcription of physical events and, in the long run, of the psychology behind them, is, essentially, the commonplace.

A study of this type, the attempt to show what the journalism of Montana's pioneer days, in its history as well as in its content, contributed in crystallizing and reflecting the political, social, and economic life of the frontier, is historical, to the extent that it is a narrative statement of happenings in the past. But it is of course primarily journalistic in that it concerns itself not only with happenings which effect the welfare of communities, but also with the vicissitudes of men's private fortunes, with the routine existence of peoples.

In short, any study in journalism concerns itself with the commonplace, with the mass as well as the individual, with the individual as a part of the mass.

History, perhaps because of what Professor F. J. Teggert terms the characteristics of historical narrative, has not concerned itself with the commonplace, until within the past one hundred and fifty years. If history reflected man and his world it did so through highlighting the lives of certain men or events in which such historical figures were found. It is only recently that the commonplace as a factor in the story of the world of men and events has begun to receive vital attention; that it has been realized how often the
Frontier and Midland

so-called masses, neglected in favor of the individual genius, in their turn conquer and eclipse the heroes.

Journalism is social autobiography. Society writing its diary makes a splotchy, puerile, hurried, and therefore faulty record. But it has the one ascendant advantage over other records: it is a sustained day by day—in modern journalism, even an hour by hour—account. It thus offers a great advantage. Many a historian has wished that more of a record had been left to him on which to construct his narrative. In a sense he has rightfully felt that all the record is not necessary to a reconstruction of the past, but he has always yearned for a chronological account which, if possible, could act as a thread upon which events, like so many beads of diverse size and value, could be available to him. It is then, the thread of time, which carries the day's events, or the week's events, which makes the journalistic record valuable.

Thus, a study of that mirror of the commonplace, the pioneer press, which reflected the small section of the American frontier called the Territory of Montana, may be offered by the journalist to his own field, as well as to students in related fields, as substantiation of the importance to research of the day-to-day newspaper record.

Without a knowledge of the every-day, commonplace chatter of the camps, the hopes and fears and suspicion and high desire reflected in the development of the frontier press and its content, there cannot be a complete understanding of the institutions and men that later made historically noteworthy figures and events. Without a knowledge of history and method of the frontiers in his own field, too, the journalist deprives himself of a complete understanding of the function of his own profession.

It is not claimed that journalism research may help produce better history. It may be asserted, however, that it may make part of the story of the territory of Montana a little more nearly whole by adding the commonplace to the significant.

Our northwestern frontier represented an historically significant event. But its pioneers were intrinsically men out of the world we call commonplace; they were of the men we call commonplace, but men, as Croce would have it, without reference to whom great men and significant events would lose all meaning. And therein, to the student, lies the value of "journal-historic" study.

After the Civil War the great veterans of journalism were about to pass from the stage. It was about that time that Montana Territory saw its first newspaper issued regularly. Montana territorial journalism was influenced by these great figures; at least they bequethed it their mannerisms—those forms of newspaper articulation which gave name to that thing called "personal journalism."

So this journalistic heritage of the time influenced early Montana newspapers and newspapermen only as a distant memory will influence the action of any individual or group removed from older established social conditions to frontier country. But it served its purpose. It became a garment; the cloak of urbanity which covered (and yet emphasized the roughness of the thing it covered) frontier traits. As Frederick J. Turner states
in The Significance of the Frontier in America, "that coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and acquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things; lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; and that dominant individualism, working for good and for evil, and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which comes with freedom."

That journalism reflected itself and the world about it. No paradox is implied when one says that from the newspapers of the time one gets a mirror of that time and still insists that the writing in these newspapers, like the literary writings of that period, was polite; that each journalist did report in the main as a good and respectable man should report; that he only reported what he sought to experience and believe and that he thus gave us a certain necessary knowledge of himself as an individual.

That knowledge is one of the instruments which, in the course of this type of investigation, one uses to strip that integument of politeness from the truth. Besides, the frontier journalist was himself good at tearing away the cloak of politeness particularly when a newspaper contemporary was on the other side of the political fence! He was a sur-realist on those occasions. At such times he was still very much in the era of personal journalism—and exulted in it.

In other words, the early territorial journalist was after all a frontiersman and reacted as such. The personal and the public were confused in his effort to model his journalism after that which he left behind. And so his newspaper reflected him and the world about him more freely than he knew.

Journalists—and other frontiersmen—they felt the same things. Only the journalist was the professional articulator of his time and the people about him. For instance, they all felt an instinctive desire to keep old values, old mores. They articulated the desire logically. But the life confronting them, sometimes dangerous and cruel, had to be lived. The dangers, the cruelty, and the crudeness became merged within the cultural habits they had brought with them. The result was that the life which had actually to be lived was terribly at variance with the moral theories not insincerely expressed.

Of course, the realization of all this is dependent on analysis. And the frontiersman had not time—really could waste no energy—for anything other than surging toward that physical progress and security which the moment pressingly demanded.

He strove, hoped for, and surged toward a respectable, even a graceful life; but as his forbears kept their niggers battened down in the hold and read their Bibles in the cabin, so he too was sincerely happy when he erected the first church in the Territory, while he saw to it that the Indian moved from the reservation which encompassed the valuable land . . . He was busy asking Uncle Sam to build him forts for protection against this same Indian from whom he took the soil, and the wealth of the subsoil strata.

His newspapers tell this story with engaging honesty. The frontier journalist saw no paradoxes in his life. He
felt perfectly at home in the picture which E. V. Smalley gives us of him: "There is an amusing amount of self assertion in the manners of the frontier people. When you are introduced to a man, after giving you a cordial hand-grip he pushes his hat back on his head, thrusts his hands into his pockets and throws his body back from his hips in a swaggering way. He is far from meaning anything offensive. It’s the custom of the country for every man to behave as if he were a tremendous fellow and were determined that the world should estimate him up to his full value.” The contradictions just were; and because they just were, were as they should be, in the rationalization of all frontiers.

In retrospect the “old-timer,” too, deplores the divisibility of men in his time. But facts must be faced: the pioneer of his day was not concerned with retrospects; it was “prospects” he was after! He points out sometimes that for his fierce sinning against the Indian he did try to keep his mores by bearing down on temperance, by advertising in his paper only those theatrical performances that were chaste, and by backing Vigilante activity to bring law and order to his camp.

This division between the real and the ideal—because, while the pioneers practiced one, they strove for the other—exists not only in frontier character but also in frontier institutions. The newspaper was the truest reflection of this divisibility, and in turn reflected it. Early territorial legislatures gave official consent to toll roads never to be built, but they also provided for a State Historical Society. These contradictions and others the newspapers chronicled.

Of course the contradictions were made unconsciously, just as the fine divisibility would not be apparent in a frontiersman’s fighting shoulder to shoulder against the Indian or road agent and then jumping the claim of his comrade in arms, who, perhaps, had forgotten to register his claim, or, perhaps, had not!

It is this type of unconscious mirroring that gives the field of early Montana journalism its greatest value and fascination.

SHIP CABIN IN THE HILLS

G. FRANK GOODPASTURE

An old boat-builder grew tired
Of building dories for crabbers,
Weary and tactless from giving
Vain years to whims of the boatmen.
“I will go to the hills,” he said,
“Forget the sea and its tumult,
Build me a cabin of fir logs
By the still bank of a trout stream!”
Today I unshouldered my creel
By the low door of a cabin.
The roof had sagged and the window
Was choked by salal and nettles;
And I saw that the logs were squared
By skilful strokes of a ship-axe,
The beams of the ceiling fastened
By cedar knees, oiled and varnished;
And I marveled at shelves railed-in
Against the roll of a vessel.

HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK
BELLE F. FLIGELMAN

WHEN Ernie and Jake first set
eyes on her she was coming
around the bend in Rogan's
Alley, and she looked as though she
was out to conquer. Her bronze head
was well up, and her narrow hips swag-
gered a little as she came on down the
road between the double row of pros-
pectors' shacks, carrying her shabby
suitcase. It was barely sunup. Ernie
and Jake looked out through their
dusty window and watched her down to
where Charbonny's Garage crowded
her red and orange feather out of sight.
Ernie, sitting on his rickety box across
from Jake, began stirring his bluish
coffee again.

"Pretty brown gal." He dragged
his eyes from the window and watched
the circles of wet light swish round
and round in his tin cup. "Looked
like she was goin' somewhere."

"Yeah." Jake cut his leathery fried
egg in half and chewed it slowly. A
lock of dingy blond hair hung across
one eye, but he didn't seem to mind.

The sun broke over the hill suddenly
and flooded the Alley with light. A
wide, dusty shaft of it spread through
the doorway into the dark back room,
across the rusty stove.

"Nice place," Ernie said. It was
warm, filled with sunlight that way.
You hardly noticed the dried spiders
on the dusty, rain-spotted walls, or the
trash in the corners left there by the
last occupant. The roll of old quilts
they had brought with them looked soft
and comfortable on the floor. The
tar-paper was coming off one side of
the house, but they'd be moving on in
day or two, before the cold weather
set in. Have to, if they were going to
join up with that bloke in Denver. That
was a fast racket he had. He must
have thought Ernie and Jake were
pretty dumb not to catch on right
away. Funny, he hadn't mentioned it
until they dropped off the freights
just before Billings; and then he said,
"You kids looking for work?" Sure,
what else would they come all the way
from Illinois for? "Going down to
Denver?" No, he and Jake were go-
ing on west. "Well, if you want a
good paying job, here—" He gave
Ernie a slip of paper with an address
on it. Had a bunch of fellows working
for him down there. It was easy. You only had to—

Gosh, Ernie hadn't ever been in anything like that before! But people were doing it and getting away with it. The odd jobs in this burg weren't enough to keep a patch on your pants. Maybe they'd pull out tomorrow and take up with that racket. If they got into trouble—say, you had to take a risk if you were ever going to get anywhere. The worst they could get would be a few years. But he'd hate to let his folks down like that. And now they had found this place with all this warm sunshine in it. Looked good to him with a roof that hardly leaked at all and a floor that didn't grumble and shake. A good joint.

"Bachelor apartment." He grinned and tilted his box back from the warped window-board where the sooty coffee-pot stood.

"Huh?" Jake left off chewing his egg in order to hear better.

"We got a bachelor apartment, I said."

"Oh, uh-huh." Jake began chewing again.

"Jesus!" Ernie got up and stretched. "Wisht we could think of something besides fried eggs." He set the coffee-pot, rich with the week's grounds, on a dusty shelf. Then he put the bottle of skimmed milk in a pail of cold water and set it on the floor under the shelf. Jake put the two cups upside-down beside the coffee pot and followed Ernie out onto the stoop.

Down by Charbonny's Garage the brown girl with the red and orange feather was coming back up the Alley. She looked different than when she had passed a while ago. Her head drooped forward a little, and her suitcase bumped against her legs. She kept looking down at the sidewalk and moving her lips as though she was practicing to say something.

Ernie pulled a toothpick from his coat pocket, stuck it in his mouth and leaned against the door jamb. The girl was coming straight along, but she didn't seem to notice him—just sniffed a little and kept looking down at the road. Now she was past. Ernie turned.

"Sumpin' wrong, kid?"

She stopped and looked back. "Just no job," she said, and turned to go on.

"Hold on," Ernie called. "Maybe someone could help."

"Maybe they couldn't," she said over her shoulder. Now her head was well up again.

"Don't want no help," Ernie explained to Jake.

"Mh-mh," Jake agreed.

"Uh-huh."

Suddenly the girl turned and came back. She slowed up as she drew near the shack and looked up at Ernie.

Ernie looked down at her and smiled and said nothing.

"That was nice of you to ask to help me." Her voice was like a tune Ernie remembered, or couldn't quite remember.

"Sure," he said. "What's up?"

The girl looked down toward the Garage. "I just aint got nowhere to go," she said, finally. She waited for Ernie to say something, and then finished up, "And that's all."

"Know anybody?" Ernie asked.

"I just come in a week ago." She hesitated. "I been lookin' for work. Cain't find nothin'. I can cook, but
nobody wants me.'" She talked in a lovely sad tune that said as plain as words, *Because I'm brown.* "Lady told me to come this morning, but when I got there just now she decided she didn't need no one."

"Tough." Ernie was glad he was white. Hadn't thought of it before.

"Got chased outa a shack up the road there yesterday." Fire leapt into her eyes. "Officer says it's no place for a girl. I ast him where I could find the Waldorf-Astoria, and he says," 'Better move along now, move along!' So I'm moving along—to nowheres."

"Tough," Ernie said again. He thought a minute, chewing on his toothpick. "Got no place to stay, huh?"

"Just the world, that's all."

"Any money?"

The girl looked down the road again. Ernie looked at Jake.

"We could take her in to cook for us," he said in a low tone.

"Uh-huh, sure." Jake looked about. "We'd have to get her something to cook."

Ernie turned back to the girl waiting there in the road.

"How'd you like to cook for us?"

"I could," she said, as though the chance would break in her hands if she took it too eagerly.

"Come on in. We'll put you up, and you can cook for us."

The girl followed Ernie into the house and looked around.

"Needs a mite o' cleanin'," she said half under her breath. "I could begin right away."

"You can have the back room for yours," Ernie said. "Jake and me has this one."

"And a broom," the girl said. "We'll need a broom." She was unbuttoning her shabby coat and looking for a place to hang it.

"Here," Jake pointed to a nail behind the door. "We got to go to work."

"You got a job?" She looked at Jake and Ernie with respect.

"Oh, we work some," Ernie said.

"We work some," Jake said.

"You got soap and water and matches?" The girl set her suitcase down and hung her coat on the nail behind the door. She put her tam-o'-shanter with the red and orange feather carefully on top of it.

"Water, sure," Ernie said. "In the bucket there. We'll see you at dinner time." He started for the door and turned back. Jake looked trusting but a little bewildered. He put his cap on his sooty blond hair.

"She can take what she needs for the house," Ernie said.

"Sure." Jake wondered what she needed.

Ernie took the tomato can from its hiding-place under the window and set it on the table.

"Aint much in it," he said. "But use what you need. We eat simple." He looked around. "Come on, Jake, we got to make a living."

Jake followed Ernie to the door. Ernie looked back once more.

"My name's Ernie," he said. "His is Jake. What's yours?"

"Marimbo." The girl smiled. "Marimbo Abelard. I picked it out myself."

"Marimbo, huh?" Ernie tasted the pleasant syllables in his mouth. "Marimbo Abelard."

"Marimbo Abelard," Jake murmured. They left the house.

Down by Charbonny's Garage Ernie
spoke to Jake. "Better try and get ourselves steady jobs."

"Sure," Jake said. "Better get work steady now."

"Try down at the gas works," Ernie said. "I'll try here." He went into the garage.

Dick Charbonny came up while Ernie was hanging up his cap on a hook by the door, and gazed at him a little uncertainly.

"I'm workin' here," Ernie said. "I'll do anything you say."

"Workin' here? Since when?"

"Just begun this minute." Ernie grinned.

"Who hired you?"

"No one. I'm just workin' here."

He walked over to the other side of the garage and picked up a pail of water and a sponge that were standing near a muddy car. "After I clean off this windshield," he said, "I'll lay out a new wiper so the fellow can see how bad he needs one. Might as well buy it from us as get it down the street."

Dick Charbonny opened his mouth but said nothing.

When Ernie left the garage at six o'clock, Jake was outside.

"Waited for you," Jake said.

They turned up the Alley.

"Sure," Ernie said. It came over him suddenly that the kerosene lamp would be lighted in the dusty little house when they got home. He and Jake walking home side by side, and a lighted lamp waiting for them when they got there. Someone keeping house for them. Marimbo, Marimbo Abelard, Marimbo Abelard . . .

"Tried at the gas works," Jake said.

"But nothin' doin'. Picked up twenty cents for sweepin' a sidewalk. Nobody got any work to do."

Ernie pulled a nickel and a dime out of his pocket and looked at them. "Tip this afternoon," he said. "But I think I got a steady. Prob'ly get paid sumpin' end of the week."

"We got to work steady, with the house an' all." Jake fingered the two dimes in his pocket. "I'll try again tomorrow for a steady."

The lighted lamp was shining through the window when they reached the shack. The light was soft and diffused. It made you feel rich and comfortable to look at it. It must have been the curtain at the window that did it. Marimbo had put up a curtain. And even in the dark anyone could see that the dust had been washed off the window-pane. The glass shone bluishly at the side where the light didn't strike it.

Ernie and Jake stopped in the road for a long minute looking up at their house. Then they stepped up the two wooden steps and were suddenly flooded in light. Marimbo Abelard had thrown open the door, and she stood there now, looking down at them. Ernie and Jake stared at her.

"For land sakes," she said, and her voice trailed up and down as though she was singing. "Come in before dinner gets cold. There's a hat hook for Mr. Ernie and a hat hook for Mr. Jake. Rest your hats. And here's a pan of warm water and a towel on this box."

She stepped back into the room.

"There's soap on the box, too."

Ernie and Jake came into the room and hung their caps on the two new hooks that were screwed into the back of the door. It was bright and warm all over. Marimbo was saying something. She was looking with pride at
the clean, flimsy towel hanging on a hook near the washpan.

She had got a broom somewhere, an old broom. There it stood by the stove. The floor was cleared and the trash was gone from the corners. She must have brushed down the walls, too, because the cobwebs with their dried spiders were gone, and there were pictures around, from calendars or something, genial and homelike. The broken-down wicker chair was laced together with string, and a narrow strip of colored cloth stretched bright flowers across the back. A box was covered with clean wrapping paper for a table, and on it was standing a large bowl of something with steam floating out of it and curling up under the ceiling with a rich, warm smell. Two places were set with cracked plates and worn forks and knives and spoons that shone from recent suds. On the window sill, gleaming against the white cheesecloth curtain, was a pink carnation in a glass. The stem had been broken, but it was tied together with a string around a burnt-match splint. The lamp was polished and wore a tin shade with flowers painted on it.

"Looks swell!" Ernie rubbed his hands together through the folds of the new towel. He remembered suddenly the lamplight shining on his mother’s hand as she held him on her lap and guided his chapped fist with the pencil to make the word ERNIE on the coarse tablet with the straight blue lines across it. That was his name, she had said, ERNIE. He could smell the kerosene. E,R,N,I,E. The lamp had shone on his hand, too, and made it warm. And his fingers had hurt where his mother had squeezed them too tightly, to make the pencil write. She smelled of lard, lard and fresh bread. He must learn to make E,R,N,I,E on the paper to show his father who came in and put his lunch bucket on the table and said it was swell, now the kid could write their checks. His father and mother had laughed at that. "Looks swell!" Ernie said again.

Jake looked as though he would cry.

Marimbo’s eyes shone with pleasure.

"Sit down and eat before it gets cold," she said. "There’s stew with dumplings. If you want anything, I’ll be in there." She went into the back room where a candle was burning, and closed the door after her.

Ernie looked at the steaming bowl and sat down at one of the places set. He remembered the first show he had ever seen. Sitting there in the big, dark gallery, with a cold draught coming across his shoulder. Everything dark and big, and rough talking and joking around him. And then suddenly, without warning, the curtain went up. And there in a square of warm yellow light people were talking to each other, friendly, and laughing so that he felt warm too, and promptly forgot all about himself.

"Sit down, Jake," he said quietly.

Jake sat down at the other place. They both looked at the steaming bowl for a moment, and then their eyes met.

"Sure," Jake said.

"Marimbo!" Ernie called.

Marimbo appeared at the door.

"Ain’t you goin’ to eat with us?"

"Oh," she smiled pleasantly, "You needn’t mind about me."

Ernie looked at Jake.

"Sure, come and eat with us," Jake said.

"I only bought two plates," Marimbo said.
Ernie removed the saucer from under his cup and pushed it over to the side of the table. "You can use this," he said. "I'll try drinking out of a cup for a change."

"That's sure nice of you, Mr. Ernie." She sat down timidly.

"An' you don't have to 'Mister' us. Jake and me are used to bein' called just Jake and Ernie, aint we, Jake?"

"Sure," Jake said. "He's Ernie, and I'm Jake."

"It's grand to be here." Marimbo sighed with pleasure while Ernie lifted the lid of the steaming bowl and dished out the stew.

They ate in silence. Ernie wanted to say something, but there seemed no place to begin. There was that night his father had kissed his mother just as they were about to sit down to eat in the clean little kitchen, and his mother had burst into tears. And the day those three men with dark faces came and his father went away with them to the picket-line, and his mother made the children finish their lunch, although she wouldn't eat anything herself. And Sundays, when his mother dressed in a soft dress that looked like the sky over the river just before a storm, and her hat with flowers sticking up in it. She sang in the church. Things you couldn't talk about. But it gave something to your life to have things to look back on. Twice it seemed as though Jake would say something, but he took up his fork again and went on eating. Marimbo ate daintily, her little finger crooked, her smooth, pale jaw moving in slow rhythm while the light from the lamp played across her slender bronze neck.

When dinner was over, Marimbo rose. It was nice the way she swung the empty bowl from the table and carried it to the back room, like a young willow tree swaying.

"We'll wipe," Ernie said, stacking the rest of the dishes and following her.

Marimbo burst into song as she poured the water into the dishpan on the clean stove.

"Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so . . ."

It was like passing a church. Ernie and Jake watched the slender brown hands swishing the white soap-suds round and round in the dishpan, dipping the cracked dishes up and down in the water to the rhythm of her song. She laid them dripping and shiny on a box covered with a clean paper by the stove.

"I ain't sung that song," she said. "Since I was a little kid in Sunday School away back. Funny how it just popped into my head now while I was washin' dishes."

"Nice song," Ernie said.

"Yeah," Jake said. "I like it."

"I got a washtub at the second-hand place," Marimbo said. "You might fetch a few buckets of water and heat 'em on the stove tonight, and you can each have a bath. I washed you out some things to change into." She indicated a small heap of clean clothes in the corner.

Jake looked a little frightened at Ernie. Ernie put on a poker face, and gazed at his torn shoes.

"Sure," he said.

"You can bathe in this room and I'll have your quilts ready for you to sleep on in there when you're through. And then I'll make my bed in the back room."

"Sure," Ernie said. It was neat the
way she had thought of everything. "C'mon, Jake, we'll fetch the water." He picked up the bucket by the stove and went out the back door with Jake. God, this was better 'n goin' on to Denver in them damn freights, and maybe the cops trailing you for the rest of your life.

"'We got to be earnin' a little more money," he said. "'We ought to get her a—a lookin' glass, or somethin'." "Sure," Jake said.

That was on Thursday. On Friday Dick Charbonny told Ernie he'd pay him twelve dollars a week to start on, and tips, and a commission on any old cars he sold. And Jake announced he would be working steadily at the fertilizer plant with ten dollars a week for wages and prospects of a raise if he made good. It was unpleasant work, but the boss said it was educational; he would learn more about sheepsheds in one day than most people learn all their lives. And work was good when you knew you were going home to a comfortable place and a hot dinner at the end of the day. And Marimbo singing and making the whole house sing.

On Saturday morning Marimbo was sweeping the house and singing like a lark. You could hear her clear round the bend in the Alley. Jake and Ernie had gone to work after a breakfast of porridge and coffee. Strong men needed porridge to work on, Marimbo had persuaded them, and they had eaten it and liked it. She had stood at the window and watched them down the road, their paper-wrapped lunches poking out of their pockets.

As soon as the house was swept up, she would start the week's washing. Maybe she could borrow an iron from old Santa Claus next door until they could afford one of their own. Her men folks would look better if their shirts were ironed. She was going to wash Jake's hair tonight. He hadn't got the soot out of it when he washed it Thursday. It ought to be gold and shiny if it was washed right. Ernie's was different. It was dark; and it shone with bluish lights in it. You could tell it was clean. But then; Ernie looked like the kind of man for whom you ought to garnish with parsley when you served his plate at dinner. Someday they would have parsley and all the things that go with it. Pink paper frills on lamb chops, and mashed potatoes squirted in fancy ruffles round a platter, and sparkling green water-cress, and yams dripping with butter and brown sugar. The crumbs she was sweeping slipped down between the cracks in the floor as she swept. They would have to stuff the cracks with paper before the winter set in. The cold was already coming up between the boards at night.

There was a rap on the door! It cut the singing like the blade of a knife. Marimbo looked carefully through the window. A man was standing on the doorstep. He was looking over the front of the house critically. He rapped again. Marimbo opened the door.

"We don't want no subscriptions to no magazines," she said, and started to close the door.

"Hold on a minute, Sister," the man said. "Ain't you the Abelard woman?"

"My name's Marimbo Abelard," she said, and though her head was well up, her eyes clouded with fear.

"They said you was livin' here with a couple of fellows." The man looked
her over. "I’m the probation officer." He turned the lapel of his coat to show his badge.

"The men who live here ain’t home now," Marimbo said. "You better come back when they’re home."

"They said you ain’t eighteen yet. You got no right livin’ here with these fellows."

"Mr. Ernie and Mr. Jake have jobs," Marimbo said. "I’m keepin’ house for them. Ain’t nothin’ wrong in that, is there?"

"It’s the law," the man said. "The law says you can’t do it."

"What law?"

"The law that protects minors. Better come along."

"Where’s the law? Show me the law!" Suddenly Marimbo couldn’t think. She couldn’t see clearly. Waves of sound kept pounding at her ears. "I like to see that law."

"Come on with me. The judge’ll show you the law."

"I can’t come nowhere. I work here. The law says I got to work or I get floated outa town. I run up against that law before. No, Sir. I can’t leave my work to talk to no judge."

"No use makin’ a fuss, Sister. You can’t stay here."

"You got a better place for me to stay?"

"No. The man hesitated. "But you can’t live here. It ain’t right."

"If they got a better place for me to live, let ’em show me."

Marimbo closed the door quietly and slipped the little metal catch in the square, rusty lock-box.

"I’ll be back tomorrow to see if you’re still here," he warned her through the closed door.

Marimbo could hear his slow steps descending to the road. What should she do! Godamighty, what should she do! The water was hot on the stove. She would wash their clothes quickly; then she would go before she made trouble for them. They were good boys. They had been grand to her. Nobody she had ever known had been so good to her. And now she must leave before she made trouble for them. But where to go? She would wash their things, and then she would go.

She picked up the clothes from the floor and watched them sink into the tubful of warm suds. They puffed up like balloons on top of the water. She would wash their clothes quickly; then she would go before she made trouble for them. They were good boys. They had been grand to her. Nobody she had ever known had been so good to her. And now she must leave before she made trouble for them. But where to go? She would wash their things, and then she would go.

She would give them a good dinner this last night. Chops, maybe—she knew how to make chops out of cut-up meat scraps with a stick in them and pink paper frills that she could make out of the pink sport page. And mashed potatoes, and maybe a little cake. There weren’t enough nickels and dimes in the tomato can. But tonight her men-
Folks would get paid. In the meantime—she took the thin gold ring off her finger. It wasn’t much, but maybe it would fetch a quarter, or even fifty cents. She had found it in Arkansas and had kept it, thinking maybe it would bring her luck. She was glad now she hadn’t sold it that time in Kansas when the policeman said she couldn’t stay in the park all night, and she hadn’t eaten for the last four meal-times. That was when she came nearest to selling it. She fetched the iron from the old man in the next shanty and smoothed the boys’ shirts. They looked slick enough to argue and wave their arms when she laid them on the table in the front room.

When Ernie and Jake came home dinner was sizzling. Marimbo heard their footsteps outside the door. She would wait until dinner was over before she told them. She opened the door and let the light shine out. They looked beautiful there in the patch of lamp light. Good boys they were. She wished she could just keep standing there and looking at them for a long, long time.

“I don’t hear you singing.” Ernie hung his cap up behind the door. “Don’t seem like home when you ain’t singing. Hey, Jake?”

“Sure, we like singing.” Jake stood at the doorway uncertain. The day at the fertilizer plant had dulled his own sense of smell, and the mile walk home must have aired his clothes out some; but the sight of Marimbo and the warm lamp light and the fluttering white curtain at the window made him doubtful.

“Maybe you’d like to take your clothes off out in back,” Marimbo said. “Here’s some clean things to put on, and a pan of warm water. But hustle along, ’cause dinner’s ready.” How would that boy ever get along when she was gone!

Her heart was not in it when she bore the pink-frilled chops to the table.

“My eye, chops in evening clothes!” Ernie’s eyes shone. “And godamighty, look at them spuds doin’ a hootchie-kootchie around the plate!”

“Looks swell!” Jake said. “Ain’t had chops since Minneapolis.” When they rose to clear off the table, Ernie started singing,

“Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible—”

“Guess he don’t love me no more,” Marimbo said, stacking the three odd cups one upon the other. “I guess he’s just washed his hands o’ me, and he’s through.”

“Where’d you get that?” Ernie looked at her.

“Well,” Marimbo kept her eyes on the center of the top cup, “I’m leavin’ in the morning. I got to go on.”

Jake’s mouth dropped open. Ernie’s eyes narrowed.

“What do you mean, you got to go on?” Ernie asked. “Ain’t we gettin’ on all right? Ain’t everything all right?”

“It’s the law,” Marimbo said. “He said I can’t stay no more.”

“Who says so?”

“The man. The officer says so. He come this morning and says I got to go.”

“Got to go where?”

“He didn’t say. He just says I got to go.” She carried the dishes into the back room and set them down on the box by the stove. “It ain’t no use getting mixed up with them officers.
I seen 'em before. Once you get mixed up with them, it's good-bye.' She tested the dish water with a long brown finger. "I figure to take the freight in the morning."

"Listen, kid." Ernie followed her into the back room and handed the broom to Jake. "You ain't goin' to leave on no freight tomorrow."

"But the officer says—"

"Officer, hell! He won't be an officer tomorrow." Ernie flourished the dish towel.

"How you goin' to fix it?" Marimbo asked.

"Fix it?" Ernie made a vague gesture with the towel. "Oh, we'll fix it." He remembered the time one of the neighbors got arrested and his mother went out and got a lawyer. "We'll get a lawyer," he said.

There was a man who knew how to do things! Marimbo's eyes watered with pride.

"When?" Jake asked.

"Tomorrow mornin' he's comin' back," Marimbo said. "I don't want to get you boys into no trouble. I rather go."

"I bet I can see a lawyer tonight." Ernie was thinking fast. The lawyer would want money. They could pay him a little each week out of their wages. If he wanted something down, well, they had something.

"I could sell my other pants," Jake said aloud.

"You're too good, you boys," Marimbo said. "I never knew none so good. I sure hope God gives you luck. I wouldn't stay to bring down no trouble on you."

"Trouble!" Ernie looked around at the clean little shanty. "Trouble! Say, girl, it's practically all fixed right now."

There was a knock at the door. The room seemed suddenly suffocating. Ernie moved toward the front room.

"Stay here," he said. "I'll handle this."

The front door trembled under a second knock. Ernie crossed the room in three steps, and threw open the door. A man with an officer's badge was standing outside on the step in the moonlight.

From the back room came the sound of a softly closing door.

Ernie was back in the kitchen like a streak. Jake was staring at the back door. Marimbo's hat and coat were gone. The shabby suitcase was gone. Ernie swung back the door and looked out into the night. In the clean white moonlight Marimbo was running, her suitcase banging against her legs.

"Marimbo!" Ernie called after her.

"Marimbo!"

But she rounded the bend down the road and was gone.

Ernie came back to the front room, his fist clenched. But the officer was already walking slowly away.

"All right, Jake," Ernie said quietly. "Let's pick up the roll. We can make the eight-forty to Denver if we hurry."
TWO POEMS

I
The new bridge lopes across the river
Like a snow white stud horse
From the blue, creeping mares of the East
To the flaming mares of the West . . .
There'll be many a sunset
And they'll noodle many a fish
Ere they get that bridge paid for.

II
I shall take Life straight
And Death straight.
My belly to the bar, I am saying:
Gimme three fingers of Life
Or three fingers of Death
And no chaser . . .
Now, I got to go down to the drug-store
And get me a cherry coke.

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.

BREAKING CAMP

Evelyn Heald
Montana State University

I wake to the incessant flap-flap of the morning wind in the tepee canvas. I lie on the hard ground, waiting for the first signs of life in camp. Not far away a horse-bell tinkles softly, contentedly. Another joins it for a moment, then both are still. Soon there is a clank of the bell and a rattle of hobble chains, then the tinkle again.

Outside the tepee someone is whistling The Last Roundup, accompanied by the dull thud of wood against wood and the brittle sound of shavings whittled. The smell of wood smoke drifts in to me.

I dress awkwardly in the cramped space of the tepee. My clothes are slightly damp from the early air, and my boots are cold. I shiver.

I leave the tepee. Day is coming into the valley. Venus is still showing above the cliffs, very pale. She has lost her sparkle.

I take my towel and tooth-brush to the stream beneath the hill. I lie on my stomach on a stone and dip my face in the refreshing water. It is so cold that I catch my breath.

By the time I get back to camp there is a glow in the east. I fill the sooty coffee-pot and nestle it among the hot coals. Then I cut thin, curling slices of bacon and stir oatmeal into boiling water. A few indistinct words followed by a full-throated laugh break from one tepee, and a head appears in an opening, calling a cheery good-morning which is caught and flung against the cliff by a sudden gust of wind.

In a few moments every one is up, responding to the smell of sizzling bacon and the fragrant odor of coffee.
They grab tin plates and forks and beat them together impatiently until breakfast is ready. Someone over-turns a half-packed pannier and stoops to right it, hurriedly, while every one laughs.

We are seated on stones and boxes, our plates and cups balanced on our knees. We watch the sun rise above the valley, touching first the distant peaks, then the tips of the cliffs and sending its light slowly downward, turning the cold earth and rocks into warmth as it goes. The wind dies down in the canyon, until there is no more than a flutter of tall grass on the slopes.

We stand idly a few moments, warming ourselves in the sun. Then slowly the camp springs to life again. One goes for water to wash the dishes; another starts arranging and packing the panniers; two go to fold the beds for packing, dragging them out from the tepee to the open air with a swish-swish sound. A fourth with bridles and halters starts off across the creek for the horses. I hear a pounding of earth and a clanking of bells and hobble chains as the startled horses make their brief run for freedom.

Where the tepee stood there is now but a square of matted grass and a pile of folded canvas. The panniers are filled and waiting to be packed. We pour the last bit of water from the bucket on the red coals; they sputter, fade.

While the men with swift, sure movements pack the beds and panniers and secure them with a diamond hitch, the waiting horses stand at ease, patiently reconciled. Meanwhile we saddle our own horses. Pilot sways slightly as I tighten the cinch. I slip the strap in place and drop the stirrup. Softly I pat his white nose and brush his dark forelock behind his ears. He lays them back in irritation, although he regards me with sleepy eyes.

We are ready for the trail. Bessie, with her pack of salt, jogs along in the lead, her bell steadily tinkling. Bum follows, the rope on the pack harshly grating against the canvas. Rastus brings up the rear, stopping now and then to snatch a mouthful of sweet grass. We mount and start off at an easy trot until we cross the creek and begin the slow climb. Far ahead Bessie’s bell jingles and echoes faintly against the cliff. Pilot’s shod hoof strikes the stones with a sharp thud. I lean sideways in my saddle and watch the movement of his feet as he picks his way over stones and tall, swaying grass, damp green moss, and clusters of yellow buttercups, over which butterflies flutter lightly. I watch the string of horses climbing on the steep trail above me. Tipping my head backwards, I let my gaze follow the trail to the skyline, where grey cliff meets blue sky in silence. Beyond that line lies another valley, and beyond that another, and there are rugged miles and perilous trails between here and that far one; but the creeks are clear and cool and the mountain-sides are yellow with blooms, and it may be that we shall startle a mountain sheep among the rocks.

The girl ahead of me turns in her saddle and calls.

"A beautiful day." Her voice is alive with it.

"A beautiful day!" I repeat.

The wind carries our words down the valley, where they mingle with the echoes of the bells and fade away.
I had been in Alaskan outposts before and I knew what to do. I looked around to see if I could find a white man who wasn’t too dirty and who didn’t have a medical or clerical gleam in his eye. In about two minutes I spotted one. He was a great big fellow of about six feet four and must have weighed around two hundred and fifty pounds. He was standing in the middle of a group of natives and running his fingers, with an air of great pride, through a long, black, silky mustache. I went up to him and asked him if I could walk up town with him.

He gazed at me a few minutes looking me up and down from the soles of my mucklucks to the hood of my parka and then after stroking his mustache a couple of times, he laughed loudly and said, “Sure Mike, and why not? My name’s Bunin, I run the inn. Dinners a dollar, bunks a dollar, drinks a dollar. Come on.”

I followed him up the beach and onto the street of the frame shacks of the whites and the underground sod huts of the natives. After we had gone a little way down the street he stopped and said, “Come on; this is my place.”

It was the largest of the buildings, and it resembled a stable. As soon as he had opened the door I thought I was in one. The air was a foul mixture of fish, tobacco, beer, and dirty clothes. The whole building was one big room. Along one wall was a combination bar and food counter and on the other three walls were bunks four tiers high. Tables and chairs were scattered hazardly around, but the main portion of the floor was cleared as if to allow standing room near the large oil-drum stove that stood in the exact center.

“What would you like to drink?” my host asked me. “We got wine from the Catholic mission. We did have beer but it’s all gone.”

I said that I would have some wine. Bunin clapped his hands together and in a minute a little half-breed girl of about fifteen years came running in.

“Bring us some wine,” he shouted. “She’s my daughter. Her mother, she was married to me. She’s a good girl and next year she’s going to a convent in California.”

When the girl returned with the wine, which had been poured into water tumblers, I looked at her closely. She was goodlooking for a half-breed. She had a long nose like her father’s and her hair was rather a sandy color. She handed both of the glasses of wine to her father and he gave one to me.

“Since she’s going to a convent I don’t want to have her serving wine to the customers,” he explained.

We sat down at one of the tables and began drinking. It was sweet wine and tasted as if it must have been imported. By the time we had finished six or seven glasses it was time for dinner. Customers were drifting in. Bunin and I went up and sat at the counter and pretty soon the little girl brought in plates of reindeer stew and boiled potatoes. An old fellow with a wooden leg came and sat down on the stool next to me and said, “I want a T-bone
Frontier and Midland

steak," and then laughed like hell when they brought him reindeer stew.

After dinner we sat down again at one of the tables and ordered more wine. In a little while the old fellow with the wooden leg, whose name was Joe, and the young one with the pimply face, called Dan, joined us. Bunin dragged out a deck of cards and we started playing pinochle, Bunin and I against Dan and Joe.

Bunin and I took the first bid for 330 and made it; then we went down on our second; then they made three high bids in a row and went out, and we set them up for drinks. We played about four or five games and they won most of them. Finally we got so drunk that we couldn’t play any more, so we stopped and talked.

"I heard that a kid of yours, the last one you had by old whale-oil Susy, was given a suspended sentence for stealing the spittoon out of old Pott’s store," Dan said.

"Yeh, that’s the boy Jimmy," Bunin replied. "Of all the kids I’ve ever had he’s the worst. I think old Susie pulled a fast one on me there just to get the ten dollars I always give to help the kids get a start in life."

I asked him how many children he had; he started laughing and finally said thirty-five.

"He’s like Jesus, he loves ‘em all," old Joe whooped out. Everyone in the place started laughing.

Bunin got up and left the room. I asked Joe if he had been offended and he said, "No, it’s just that he’s a good Catholic and don’t like to hear us taking the name of the Lord in vain."

"He’s got more kids than anyone in the North," Dan said. "He’s been here a long time and has covered a lot of ground. The girl who works here is the only one of them that’s legal and he takes good care of her."

I wanted to ask more about Bunin, but our talk was interrupted by a bunch of squaws who came in dragging after them some of the sailors off the boat.

The night from then on was a wild riot. There was a fat squaw called Jennie the Hob, who seemed to be the ringleader. She would stand in the center of the floor and hold a glass of wine above her head and start wriggling and shouting.

"She’s got religion," one of the sailors whispered to me. "They say she’s been like that ever since the Methodists got hold of her."

In a little while Bunin came back. He was carrying a portable phonograph under his arm and a bundle of records. He set the thing down and started it to playing the *St. Louis Blues.*

A young native girl got up and danced with one of the sailors. I don’t think she had ever danced white men’s dances before, but it didn’t take her long to catch on. She wasn’t very good at forward or backward steps and so she and the sailor just bobbed up and down close to one another. In a little while they stopped and left the room and another couple began dancing. Some Eskimo men came in and one of the sailors set them up for wine. When they had finished their wine they started dancing too. They wouldn’t dance with the women or with one another; they went over to one corner where there was a cleared space and did some native figure dances to the negro music. They were good dancers. In a few minutes everyone had stopped dancing and was crowding round to watch. The
phonograph came to the end of the record, but no one bothered to turn it on again. The squaws clapped their hands together and the men kept on dancing. Their movements were precise. Every part of the body from the feet to the fingers was postured in the prescribed manner. First one was the hunter and another was the walrus, and then they turned and one was the bear and one was the fox. The longer they danced the faster the clapping went and the more excited their movements became. Jennie the Hob let out a wild shriek and jumped into the middle of the floor with them, and in a minute an old white man who had lived in the country a long time followed her. A shout was heard in the doorway. Bunin’s daughter, the one who was going into the convent, leaped into the circle and one of the Eskimo men grabbed her. I went over and took off my clothes and climbed into one of the bunks and went to sleep. I had had a hard day.

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.

MENGARINI’S NARRATIVE OF THE ROCKIES

Memoirs of Old Oregon, 1841-1850, and St. Mary’s Mission

EDITED BY ALBERT J. PARTOLL

INTRODUCTION

“Mengarini’s Narrative of the Rockies” is both a historical document and the personal memoir of Gregory Mengarini, S. J., who came to the wilds of Oregon ninety-seven years ago, and from 1841 to 1850 was a resident of the Bitter Root valley in the Montana of today. While chiefly concerned with the Flathead or Selish Indians and the mission among them, the Mengarini narrative is not limited to the mission alone, but offers much of interest to historians and others, on numerous incidents and sidelights of the early history of the Pacific Northwest.

With Fathers Pierre Jean DeSmet and Nicholas Point, Father Mengarini shares honors as one of the founders of St. Mary’s Mission among the Flatheads, whose request for missionaries after several expeditions to St. Louis, was fulfilled in 1841.

Father Mengarini was born in Rome, July 21, 1811 and at the age of twenty-nine entered the priesthood. In 1840 he came to America as one of the missionaries who answered Father DeSmet’s call for volunteers in the proposed Rocky Mountain missions. From 1841 until 1850 he was in the Rockies, as he relates in his narrative, and from 1851 until his death in 1886 he was in California, associated for the main part with Santa Clara College as vice-president and treasurer.

Shortly before his death he dictated his narrative to friends, and with the assistance of his personal notes reconstructed the events and incidents. He had previously written on Indian linguistics and Indian life, records of which will be mentioned in the notes supplementing his narrative. Two years after his death at Santa Clara, California, September 23, 1886, a few copies of his narrative were printed as a memoir for private circulation among his priestly associates. The narrative as presented here is apparently the same.
Now when I am old, and life’s shortening steps hurry me towards the tomb, I am asked to stop a while and tell the story of the birth, infancy and premature death of the earliest of the Rocky Mountain missions. This labor, for such it is to me, is a labor of love; and my heart is overjoyed that its last feeble throbblings may thus be consecrated to the same sacred cause to which it consecrated the strength of its prime. But memory no longer is for me the placid stream preserving ever a calm and even flow; it is rather a mountain torrent, now full to overflowing and now completely dry, and, even in its fullness, broken by many a rock and rapid. I shall therefore tell things plainly and simply as they now come back to me, and should anyone think that I narrate events too minute and unimportant, let him remember that they are to be valued, not by their real worth, but by the interest which they have for the heart of an old man.

[JOURNEY TO OREGON]

At Westport, [Missouri], our journey by land began. Forty-five years ago! It seems a long time now to look back through the dim vista of nearly half a century, and glance again at our little caravan when it first started across the plains. Fr. [Peter Jean] DeSmet had engaged the services of a captain for the party, a man named [Thomas] Fitzpatrick, as well as those of an Iroquois hunter named John Grey, besides the services of six Canadian mule-drivers. An Englishman named Roman accompanied us. Seeing that we were well provided with guides, several German and American families started at the same time and followed our tracks.

We had already been several days on our journey and had reached the Kansas, River, when, casting our eyes towards it, we saw a waterspout twirling swiftly along its surface. Presently the trees on the river-bank swayed violently from side to side, numbers of them were torn from their roots, and a great mist, spreading rapidly over the river, discharged itself in a fall of hail. We dismounted until the shower was over, and then started forward again on our weary march. We had not gone far when Fr. [Nicholas] Point saw, partially embedded in the soil, something that seemed to be a beautiful piece of quartz, oval in shape and about the size of a goose-egg. He hastened to pick it up, and found to his and our astonishment that it was a hail-stone.

So the sun rose and the sun set, and the end of our journey was still over a thousand miles away. Sometimes John Grey would say to me in the morning, “Father, do you see that speck in the distance. Today we must reach there.” “Then our day’s travel will be short,” I would answer. “We shall see,” he would say laughingly. And the hours of the morning would pass, and we would be already journeying long under a

1 A few editorial changes and revisions have been made in this narrative by the editor. The part creating the trip across the Atlantic has been omitted, and shifts have been made in paragraphs to group related subjects. Father Pierre Jean DeSmet, who visited the Flatheads in the vicinity of Fort Hall in 1846 and wrote a number of books, has written a narrative of the Flatheads and Selish of western Montana were recognized friends of the whites, and did not deform their heads. The Flatheads called the Flatheads or Selish of western Montana, at that time a part of Oregon.

2 The missionary party included the three Jesuit priests, Peter or Pierre Jean DeSmet, Nicholas Point, Gregory Mengarini, and brothers William Claessens, Joseph Specht, and Charles Huet. They had four two-wheeled wagons or carts and one four-wheeled wagon, all drawn by mules, harnessed mainly in tandem pairs. The three missionaries rode in the saddle of horses. The brothers looked after the wagons and were assisted by Thomas Fitzpatrick, noted guide, John Gray or Grey, a man experienced as a hunter and trapper. Jim Baker a frontiersman of note, a young Englishman named Romaine, and five teamsters. Seeing that the missionary party was well provided with guides, the Bidwell-Bartleson party of 65 persons including several women and children, bound chiefly for California and also for Oregon, joined the missionaries. The entire expedition proceeded across the plains to Soda Springs, then into Idaho, when the Bidwell-Bartleson party turned southward for California, and some twenty of that party continued with the missionaries to Fort Hall, where they continued westward for Oregon.


4 John Grey was the hunter and guide who had spent a number of years in the west. He is mentioned in the fur trade in 1825 by Peter Skene Ogden in his “The Snake Country Expedition, 1824-25”, by Frederick Merk, in Oregon Historical Quarterly, (June, 1934, Vol. 25, No. 2), p. 116.
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scorching afternoon's sun before that speck would assume appreciable magnitude and distinctness of form; and the last rays of the setting sun would often show us, still some miles distant, the welcome grove where we were to find water and rest.

At night we kept guard by turns, Fr. Point* and myself among the number; the only exceptions made being in favor of Capt. Fitzpatrick and Fr. DeSmet. One morning, about an hour after sunrise, the discharge of a gun startled us. The report was followed by the prolonged moaning of one in pain. All hastened to the spot whence the cries proceeded, and, weltering in his blood, we found an American named Shotwell. The poor fellow had incautiously taken his gun by the muzzle to draw it from his wagon, the piece was accidentally discharged, the bullet pierced his liver, and in two hours he was dead. We could offer him no consolation, for we found him insensible, and he remained in that condition until death put an end to his agony. We buried him there on the prairies and mournfully continued our journey westward.

Sometimes we fell in with bands of Sioux and Cheyennes but though importunate in asking us for various articles, they did us no harm. To lose the road and be in want of water had become such an ordinary matter as to be daily expected. But why speak of road when no such thing existed. Plains on all sides! Plains at morning; plains at noon; plains at night! And this, day after day. The want of water was sometimes so great that we were forced to boil putrid yellow water, which we found collected in some hollow, and strive to quell the pangs of thirst at the price of others equally great. But while water was scarce, game was often abundant. Prairie-cocks, prairie-hens, prairie-chickens, antelopes, supplied us with food. At times we saw the distant hills covered with what seemed to be clumps of stunted trees, but if even a gentle wind happened to blow towards that quarter, the trees would move up the sides of the hills and disappear; they were immense herds of buffaloes.

[FORT HALL REACHED]

Thus time wore on until upon reaching Rock Independence, it became necessary for us to cross the Platte River. It was about a mile wide, full of islands, and had a strong current. John Grey went in search of a ford and came back saying that he had found one. He immediately started ahead, and the wagoners started to follow. But, as people generally do, some thought that they could find a better way for themselves and so scattered after entering the river, thus leaving it uncertain, for those that came last, what way the guide had taken. A wagon had just entered the stream when I reached the bank, and I determined to follow it. All went well for some time, and we were nearing the other bank when suddenly I beheld the wagon upset, and at the same moment I felt the earth slipping from beneath my horse's feet. I clung to the neck of the animal, if not gracefully, at least firmly; for, as I could not swim, I held on to life the more vigorously. The current was strong, but my horse was a good swimmer and in a few minutes both of us were landed on the bank. I turned to look at the wagon and saw it abandoned and floating down the stream. No lives were lost, but a man whom we called "The Major" had been in imminent danger. I retired quite a distance from the others, hung up my clothes to dry and, comfortable once more, I betook myself to camp.

Slowly we toiled on while May, June and July scorched our pathway. At length, separation* from the emigrants became necessary; they took the road towards Oregon and California, we kept more to the northward and pushed on towards Fort Hall.7

We reached our destination on the feast of the Assumption [August 15] and found

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*Father Point was an artist of real talent whose pictures were used in some of DeSmet's printed works. See the edition of DeSmet's Oregon Missions and Travels. (New York, 1847) as edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. (Cleveland, 1905, reprint of the 1847 edition).

*Soda Springs, Idaho.

*Fort Hall was built in 1834 by Nathaniel J. Wyeth and acquired by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1837, and served as a stopping place for travelers to and from Oregon. It was abandoned in 1856 because of Indian difficulties.

The Rev. Williams, a Methodist clergyman, says in his book (op. cit. p. 45) that: "The next day we continued on up, and fell over on Snake River, at Fort Hall. Here the Flat Heads met the Catholic priest, who, with his little company, left us, and turned to the right to go to the Flat Head tribe, where he has a mission. I felt sorry when we parted with him."

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some twenty Flatheads awaiting our arrival. Our provisions had already been exhausted and we had expected to replenish our stores at the fort. In this we were disappointed; for the commander, [Francis Ematinger] though very kind and obliging, could spare only two bags of toro at one dollar a bag. Toro, a luxury not sold in civilized markets, is a mixture of buffalo meat, grease and berries; and though this was our first experience of it, it was far from unpleasant. But two bags could not last long especially as the Indians were our guests and we were supposed to observe the rules of hospitality. However, when the end came and we had no more, we politely informed them of the fact, and not withstanding that we had already faced hunger so often, we found its visage as ugly as ever. Francois Saxa, however, with Indian ingenuity, soon rid us of our unwelcome visitor. Fort Hall is on a branch of the Snake River. Taking a line and unbailed hook, he went to a hole in the river, threw in his line and began to switch it from side to side. The hole must have been swarming with fish; for, in a short time, he had landed such a number, some caught by the fins, some by the tail, some by the belly, that all danger of starvation was quickly dispelled.

In company with the Flatheads, we began, on Sept. 9th, the last stage of our long journey. Several days passed without any event of importance, when, all at once, we saw our Indians hastening down the mountains and making signs that enemies were at hand. Soon we saw warriors galloping towards us, until fifty Bannacks, armed with poisoned [pointed] arrows, were drawn up at a short distance. At the first intimation of danger, our captain [Fitzpatrick] had ordered the wagons to be drawn up in a circle, and had seen that each man was at his post.

[ARRIVE AT HELL GATE]
None of the Indians of our party advanced to meet the Bannacks, for they had been engaged in a fight with them the previous year; neither did any of their party come over to us. Our captain advanced a little and told them by signs that we were Blackrobes, that we spoke to the Great Spirit, and that we were peacable. They sat there with countenances perfectly impassive and answered neither by word nor by sign. I had put on my cassock and had persuaded Fr. DeSmet to do the same; and when the Canadians asked me where my gun was, I pointed to my reliquary.

As evening approached, our visitors drew off and camped at a short distance. When we arose in the morning, they were already up; and when we started they followed. This they did on that and the next day also, never attempting to harm us, yet always close behind us. When the morning of the fourth day dawned, we arose expecting a repetition of the programme of the preceding days, but the Bannacks were nowhere to be seen. They had decamped in the night and we never saw them again.

Thus journeying we arrived at Hell Gate. If the road to the infernal regions were as uninviting as that to its earthly namesake, few I think would care to travel it. The trail for it was nothing more, ran along the sides of steep mountains; so steep, in fact, that oftentimes it was only by attaching ropes to different parts of the wagons, and asking our Indians to help us, that we could keep the wagons upright; at other times we had to climb the mountains, and, unhitching the mules, to drag the wagons by ropes. At
last, all difficulties happily overcome, we decided after two days' search, to settle on the St. Mary's River, about twenty-five miles from Hell Gate.

Our five months' journey was ended that the toll of a missionary life might begin. We pitched our tents and waited for our future flock to gather around us. Messengers were sent to call them; and meanwhile provisions grew scanty. Only a little pecheleuse remained in the bottom of the bag, and the brother came asking what he was to do. "Cook what you have," said I. "God will provide." The brother obeyed and his obedience was rewarded. That very afternoon the Indians began to arrive, each with his load of buffalo meat, and abundance was now our portion. "Did I not tell you," said I, "that God would provide?"

We were no sooner settled than Fr. DeSmet, together with some Indians who knew a little French, began translating our prayers into Flathead.

We soon set to work to erect a log-cabin and a church, and built around them a sort of fort protected by bastions. The earth was already frozen and the trench for the foundations had to be cut with axes. Trees had to be felled and trimmed in the neighboring forest, and hauled to the place destined for the buildings. The Indians were not inclined to lend a helping hand, and we needed their assistance. "Example is better than precept," thought I, and seizing an axe, I began to work. Some half-breeds would have deterred me by telling me that thus I would lose authority with the Indians. I let my advisers talk and worked away. Soon a chief, throwing down his buffalo-robe, stepped forward, asked for an axe and joined me in my labor. The young men hastened to follow him, and our house progressed beyond expectation.

Let not my readers, accustomed to grander buildings, sneer at the first church and missionary residence among the Rocky Mountains. The walls were of logs interlacing one another, the cracks being filled with clay. The partitions between the rooms were of deer-skin. The roof was of saplings covered with straw and earth. The windows were 2x1, and deer-skin with the hair scraped off supplied the place of glass. Small as these windows were, the cold of winter crept in through them so persistently that we found them abundantly large.

I scarcely dare attempt to describe the cold; for even now when I think of it, a chill comes over me, so vivid is the impression upon me. At night we rolled ourselves in several blankets, and then in a buffalo-robe; yet in the morning we awoke to find robe and blankets frozen into one piece. We crept out of our frozen shell and set it before the fire to thaw; and this we did daily throughout the long months of winter. Mr. [Neil] McArthur, clerk of the Hudson Bay Company, asked me for two or three pairs of blankets more. The request astonished me, for I had already given him quite a supply. He explained to me that it was colder in-doors than out. "For," said he, "outside, a dew falls by night, and when the dew freezes it forms a coat impervious to the cold; but nothing of the kind happens inside." Though not lacking confidence in his out-door theory I never cared to test it. Shortly after the house was finished, a little incident occurred which will give some idea of the intensity of the cold inside our dwelling. I had filled a pan with water and placed it on the floor under my bed. It was not yet sunset when suddenly I heard a crackling noise, proceeding from the direction of the pan; I went to examine matters and found the water converted into one solid cake of ice, which rising into a kind of hemisphere, was splintering into four parts.

While we were engaged in the building of the house and church, the study of the Indian language, and the instruction of our neophytes, the severity of winter softened into the mildness of spring.

1St. Mary's river was so named by the missionaries. Bitter Root river is the name in universal use today.
2DeSmet's best interpreter was Gabriel Prudhomme a halfbreed who could speak French. He was a friend of the missionaries, Major John Owen, and to members of the Stevens Pacific railway surveys of 1853-54, and served the latter as a guide. He had previously been a trapper and knew the mountains well. January 16, 1856 he died at Fort Owen.
3Neil McLean McArthur was a clerk for the Hudson's Bay Company from 1844 until 1854. He came to the Flathead post known as Fort Connah in March 1846 and remained until 1847. Apparently Fr. Mengarini is referring to a general review of the cold, and not limiting his experience to the winter of 1841-42, since McArthur did not come into the region until 1846.
Our house was already finished, but several of the old men who had seen its commencement, were not destined here upon earth, to see its completion. Peter, Paul, and Simeon, and two others whose names I have forgotten, were already at rest in our little churchyard. Years before, the Divine Sower had cast the seeds of natural virtues in their souls; the seeds had flourished, and had produced fruit a hundred fold, and we had been brought merely to witness and help in the harvesting.

The cold, which had played such heartless pranks with us, had indeed gone, but only to be succeeded by other and equally unwelcome visitors, mosquitoes and Blackfeet. The latter were the more dangerous, but the former every bit as hostile. St. Mary’s River flowed peacefully behind our mission buildings, and its banks had been the mosquitoes’ paradise from time immemorial. Here they were to be found of all sizes and varieties, and at all times, but especially when not wanted. Some great-great-grandfather mosquito must, I think, have established a monastic order among them, for no Carthusian or Cistercian could be more assiduous in choir duty than they were; or he must have given them at least a great love for religious orders, so persistently were they bent on dwelling with us. More than usually troubled one day by their assiduous attentions, I determined to rid myself of them. I therefore darkened my room so that the light was admitted at only one corner of the window. I then filled my room with the smoke of buffalo chips, and awaited the result. Soon, in single file, my tormentors made a rapid retreat towards the light, and left the room. I went outside to see the success of my experiment, and found quite a number of Indians drawn up in two lines and enjoying the rapid exit of the mosquitoes. Though annoyed by these little pests, I was never as unfortunate as Br. Joseph [Specht]. Once, while he was watering the garden, numbers of them set upon him, and stung him so, that for three days he was sick with a fever.

[BLACKFEET VISITORS]

To get rid of the Blackfeet was harder than to get rid of mosquitoes, for the Blackfeet were the hereditary foes of the Flatheads. Hence the history of our mission would, if written fully, be an account of Blackfeet inroads and Flathead reprisals. I have already related how, when we were but a few days from the mission, the long-robed Blackfeet came and drove off the horses of some of our Indians who were about twenty miles distant. I have now to record that they came by night to our mission itself and drove off our horses and mules. The frequency of the visits of the Blackfeet will cause no wonder when it is known that, had not a pestilence decimated the tribe a year before our arrival, our mission at St. Mary’s would have been impossible. Moreover, the chief virtues of a long-robed Blackfoot were two, namely: to kill men, and steal horses. Of a long-robed, I say, because there were short-robed Blackfeet, men small in stature, but sinewy, and capable of great endurance, though inclined to peace. The long-robed were bent upon war and pillage. I shall give briefly an account of various visits paid us by these Indians; and group them together here, because, though I remember the facts, I have forgotten the precise dates.

We had not been long at the mission when, one night, we were startled by the report of a gun. In the morning, tracks of blood were found leading to the forset. A band of warriors started on the trail, and
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soon returned bringing in triumph a Blackfoot warrior. He had been shot in the leg, and though he dragged himself to the friendly shelter of the woods, he was wounded too badly to allow his escape. I was asked what was to be done with him; so going to the church, I delivered a sermon on forgiveness of injuries and love of one’s enemies. “Let him that has never slain anybody,” said I, “cast the first stone at the prisoner.” The chiefs were moved to mercy, and granted him pardon; but some of the other Indians took this action so ill that they cried in rage. We dressed his wounds, lent him a horse, and allowed him to depart in peace. He was a Goliath in proportions. He recovered from his wound, lived some years afterward, and was finally killed in battle.

Death, however, was not always the punishment for captured Blackfeet. Once a short-robed Blackfoot was caught stealing a horse. He was thrashed and then set free. Off he started; but imagine our surprise, when shortly afterwards we saw him returning to the village. We asked what had brought him back. He answered that, having no horse, he would never be able to reach his own people on foot. He therefore made himself perfectly at home with us until a horse was lent him, and in company with our Flatheads who were going that way, he reached the borders of his country. There he was let go unmolested, but was warned never to trespass again, lest a worse fate befall him. On another occasion, when I was at work quietly in my room, a gun was discharged a short distance away; then my door was violently thrust open, and a Blackfoot rushed in and seated himself on my bed. As he entered the apartment, I saw him hastily reload his piece, Indian fashion, by putting a charge of powder into the barrel, then blowing down it to settle the powder, and lastly allowing a ball to fall into it from his mouth. Upon discovery, he had discharged his gun as if he were peacable, and had then fled to the missionary’s house for shelter. He was, however, prepared for the worst, as he showed by reloading his gun. Had the Flatheads known this when they entered, they would have considered it an act of treachery and made short work of him. As it was, they shook hands with him, and, after a little while, passed around the pipe of peace. To light it, I used a match which had by chance fallen to the floor. The Blackfoot did not seem to notice my action; but when, on returning to his tribe, he heard others relating wonders about the Blackgowns, “All that you have seen” said he, “is nothing to what I have seen; when there was no fire for the pipe of peace, I saw the Blackrobe take a splinter from the floor, and rub it on the table and there was fire.”

Sometimes, as the fame of the mission spread, a Blackfoot chief would send word that he was coming on a peaceful visit. Such was the case when a chief came with twenty of his warriors to enjoy our hospitality. All the resources of our cookery were called into requisition to do them honor, and all the resources of their appetites to leave nothing uneaten on the table. For the Indian rule of politeness is just the reverse of our own; to leave any of the food set before one is to show a disrelish for it, and is an insult to the host. I, in my ignorance, had prepared an abundance, just as I would have done for white men; in so much that the chief, on returning home, laughingly complained that the Blackrobe had nearly killed him.

To illustrate how sacred this rule of eating all that is offered is considered among the Indians, I may be allowed to relate what happened among the Okinagans. One Indian had grievously offended another. The one aggrieved dissembled his resentment and invited his enemy to a feast. Such an invitation allows of no refusal. The one invited came, and a large vessel of bear’s-grease was put before him. He took three long and appreciative drinks, according to approved custom, and then would have desisted; but his host repeated the one word “Drink.” Again he drank, until nature could stand it no longer, and again he would have laid the vessel aside. But the other repeated the command “Drink.” The visitor immediately perceived that his life was sought; so, one by one, he took off his ornaments and garments and laid them aside at the feet of his host. Almost naked, and with nothing more to give, he received permission to go, and left the wigwam. A refusal to drink would have immediately caused his death.
Thus the Blackfeet, now peacable, now warlike, were the most constant callers at our mission. But even when they came peacably, the Flatheads generally kept aloof and would have nothing to do with them. Hence, on occasion of the feast which I gave, none of my Indians came to offer anything towards it; hence also, on another occasion, when some twenty or thirty Blackfeet came on foot, the Calispels, upon their departure, fired guns in the air to show that, though the missionary might treat them kindly, the people of St. Mary's were not their friends. The Blackfeet, however, kept on their way, neither hastening their steps nor even turning to see who had fired the guns.

The order of time followed at the mission was: Rising at day-break; prayers, mass; breakfast; an instruction for about an hour; work until mid-day. In the afternoon: Catechism from two to half past three; work until sunset; prayers; instruction; canticles; and rest. Three of the canticles I gave in Flathead, together with a Latin translation; the music of two of them I played myself composed for the Indians; the third I took from the French.

After Catechism, on Sundays and holy days, came sports. The people collected together, and the Indian boys brought their bows and arrows. Standing in their midst I would throw in the air, sometimes a ball of cotton, sometimes a thin stick: and the boys would shoot at it. To win a prize, the ball or stick had to be placed in its ascent; but no matter how swiftly I threw, the arrows, guided by unerring hands, flew swifter, and the ball would be seen in mid-air, pierced, as if by magic, by a dozen arrows.

[INDIAN MUSICIANS]

As time went on, I organized a band among the Indians. It was a conglomerate affair, but at the same time the wonder and admiration of the non-musicians. We had a clarinet flute, two accord inns, a tambourine, piccolo, cymbals, and a bass-drum. We played according to notes; for Indians have excellent eyes and ears; and our band, if weak in numbers, was certainly strong in lungs; such as had wind instruments spared neither contortions of the face, nor exertions of their organs of respiration to give volume to the music. In the church we had an organ that we brought from St. Louis. The pipes were not upright but were laid flat upon a kind of table. An oil-cloth served to cover them. On a grand feast day, some Nez Perces came to pay us a visit, and in order that they might have a better view of our Catholic ceremonies, we placed them in the choir gallery. In their anxiety to see what was going on, the foremost among them rested their arms on what seemed to be a table, those behind rested their arms on the shoulders of those in front, and the organ pipes were crushed. I knew nothing of the affair, for I was celebrant at Mass, until, going to play something upon the organ at vespers, I found the damage which had been done unintentionally.

As my knowledge of Flathead increased, I was naturally curious to learn from our Indians the history, traditions and mythology of their tribe. I therefore gathered some of the most respected among them and questioned them upon these matters. One answered my questions, and others nodded their approval to his answers.

While engaged in writing down their story, I asked one of the chiefs what they thought when they saw sun and moon at the same time. A new idea seemed to strike him, for, clapping his hand to his mouth, he could only answer: "We never thought of that." They admitted three creations. The first destroyed by water; the second by Are; the third, though also wicked, was saved only by the entreaties of Skomeltem, the mother of Amotkan, who promised that the people would do better. They knew of no Redeemer, all of their traditions referring to events similar to those recorded in the...

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Footnotes:
20 Calispels or Kalispells were names given the Upper Pend d'Oreilles, and is derived from "Kalispelm" meaning people of the flat lands.
Old Testament. Their version of a race of giants that once inhabited the globe is that they were wicked and were destroyed by the prairie-wolf sent by Amotkan. These giants were called Natliskelikutin (people-killers), and were changed into stones; so that in passing large overhanging rocks, pagan parents were accustomed to bid their children hide their faces lest the Natliskelikutin should see them.

The custom of flogging had existed among these Indians long before the coming of the missionaries. It was a part of their criminal code, as had been the case among Christian and civilized nations; it was decreed for the chiefs and administered by their authority.

Let no one suppose that medicine among the Indians was, as among ourselves, a lawful product of human skill and science, or that it was a mere deception, and 'medicine men' mere deceivers. Medicine was of two kinds: medicine against disease, and medicine against the accidents and misfortunes of life. These were to be remedied or averted by the intervention of their tutelary genius. The methods of obtaining medicine was the following: When an Indian had arrived at the age of manhood, he departed alone to the mountains, and there tasted neither food nor drink for six or eight days. Dancing was necessary for obtaining medicine. When all was over, his genius appeared to him under the form of some bird or beast, and taught him how to procure the medicine. Each Indian kept the nature of his medicine a profound secret, used it only for himself and family in sickness, and carried it about his person in battle, to charm away the arrows of his enemies. Medicine against sickness was oftentimes a real natural remedy, and such as a wise physician would have prescribed had he been there. But this apparent good served only as an excuse for the superstitious use of it against the evils and dangers of life.

[BITTER ROOT MEDICINE]

Thus our days passed; Fr. DeSmet sometimes with us but oftener away from us visiting some distant tribe or transacting our business at the forts. He brought from Fort Colville, during the first year of our sojourn among the Indians, seeds of various kinds from which we hoped to reap a plentiful harvest. Our hopes, however, were not realized. Chickens, hogs and cows were also brought, but only the last proved to be a profitable investment. In the autumn of 1842, the mission of the Sacred Heart was founded among the Coeur d'Alenes, eight days' journey south (west) of St. Mary's; and Fr. Point was appointed to take charge of it, I remained alone. The winter came, and the Indians departed on their winter hunt. I remained at the mission. The time of hunting is a time almost of famine for those that remain behind, and so it was for me. I had scarcely anything to eat, and my stomach grew weaker and weaker, day by day, until my head began to swim. I was so emaciated that an Iroquois who had been absent for about six months asked me on his return where the young father was who had been at the mission. I was so changed that he did not recognize me. I was almost at death's door when an old Indian woman came to me bringing with her some boiled roots: "Eat," said she. But I felt no inclination to eat, and would have refused; my stomach revolted at the idea of taking such food. The woman, however, was not prepared to take a refusal, "Eat," she repeated; and I had to obey. The roots were bitter, but I had to eat them. My vomiting, dizziness and lightness of head ceased, and soon I was well again.

I will submit to you a story which I -Fort Colville was established in 1825 by John Work of the Hudson's Bay Company and named in honor of Andrew Colville (also spelled with one 'l' as Colville) governor of the company in London. It was a chief post and a depot in the navigation of the Columbia.
- The mission among the Coeur d'Alenes was established in 1842 by Father Nicholas Point and Brother Charles Huet, and was known as St. Joseph's Mission until 1846 when it was moved a short distance and renamed Sacred Heart Mission. In 1878 the mission was again moved to another site in the same region, but retained the same name.
- These were from the "Lewisia rediviva" commonly called the Bitter Root, and "Spetlem" or "Spetlmen" by the Indians. The name of the valley and river is taken from this plant. Tribal custom called for annually gathering these roots in spring to provide medicine or to replenish the food supply. When dried the roots would keep for several years. The state flower of Montana is the Bitter Root.
- The passage here inserted is from a detailed account written by Fr. Mengarini for George Gibbs, M.D., (1815-1873) ethnologist, in response to a request. The entire account "Indians of Oregon" by Fr. Mengarini was published in the Journal of the Anthropological Institute.
heard in 1842, about this name of Oregon. The story runs thus: a band of Mexicans, perhaps fisherman, were thrown by a hurricane on the northern shores of the Pacific, where they saw a new people and a new land. On their return they met an English ship, on board of which they were taken, and there they related, as best they could in their broken English, their adventures about the Oregon, meaning thereby the hurricane they had met with and they repeated the word so often that the captain, unable to understand them, took it for granted that the name of the newly discovered land was Oregon. I do not know whether we may rely at all upon this story, which otherwise would be confirmed by the fact that out of fifty Spaniards of the common caste, who try to speak English, not one of them will pronounce the word hurricane otherwise than oregon or oregone. I have tried it myself many a time in engaging Spanish sailors to relate in English the sea-storms they had passed, and I found invariably that their hurricanes were all oregons. If the aforesaid story has any grounds for truth, it certainly could be had by consulting the report of the first white visitors or discoverers of this country, and consequently from England.

The notions of the Flatheads about killing the horses on the grave of a dead chief correspond exactly with what you have heard from the Spokanes, namely, that the ceremony was only intended to do honor to the dead chief, and not that they believed the horses could be of any use to the deceased.

Now, after a pause, during which the acrimony of such debates has faded away, a willingness to accept the truth is apparent. Dr. Drury has made a new attempt to get at the real truth. His modest and temperate account of his findings will be welcomed. The chief object of old time controversy was the “Whitman Saved Oregon” story. Did Whitman go to Washington, in the winter of 1842-43, and did he influence President Tyler, and other government officials not to sacrifice Oregon in International negotiations then pending? And was the great immigration to Oregon, in 1843, the result of Whitman’s effort to stimulate settlement and to induce settlers to hasten across the plains and mountains, thereby to prevent the loss of Oregon?

To clarify one obscure fact, Dr. Drury deduces from circumstances, and also from statements made in reliable writings, that Whitman did go to Washington; and he thinks it is likely that Whitman talked with government officials, and discussed the importance of holding Oregon; but there is no record of any such conversation, and there was no treaty then under consideration affecting the Pacific Northwest. The detailed story, describing what was said at the supposed interviews, is traceable in final analysis to Spalding and Gray, and neither of them can now be accepted as reliable witnesses. Whitman did help immigrants head-
ed for Oregon in the ox-team caravan of 1843, and he did help the travelers when they reached the mission station, on Walla Walla river.

The character of Whitman grows in detail as the portrait-drawing develops. We see a rough, but capable pioneer, an idealist, but usually sane and practical, able to take a hand at any task, teaching farming, teaching religion, teaching day school, putting up buildings, plowing and cultivating the soil, riding long distances to administer the healing art. It would be hard to find a character in modern literature surpassing him in courage, dignity, and self-control, as shown in his relations with the Indians at the mission, who were beginning to sense the growing danger of the white men to take their land. They believed that the Doctor, as a medicine man, was spreading disease and causing the death of natives, thereby, according to tribal custom, rendering himself liable to death. Some, whom he had especially befriended, actually assaulted him and treated him with indignity and insult. They struck him on the cheek, he turned the other, and was struck again. They seized his hat and threw it in the mud, but he put it on, soiled as it was, and walked away without showing resentment. He was endeavoring to show an example of Christian non-resistance.

That Whitman, warned as he was by Jason Lee, John McLaughlin, and others, and cognisant of the muttered threats, complaints and criticisms of the natives, would continue to keep the mission open, and moreover would allow his refined and gentle wife to remain there when he was absent for days at a time upon his journeys as physician, or when he was fulfilling his duties as missionary in a vast domain, is hard to understand. He knew that the Indian population of the northwest was in a state of unrest, but he could not believe that his wards, to whom he was devoting the best years of his life, would be so base as to injure one of his household.

The book under review follows Doctor Whitman's career, step by step. It shows his boyhood ambition to become a physician, his temporary withdrawal from that plan when he offered himself as a missionary, and later his completion of the required course, and his receiving a certificate as member of the medical profession. He went with Rev. Samuel Parker across the plains and to the fur traders' rendezvous, for the purpose of examining and reporting upon the project of opening suitable missions beyond the continental divide. He left his companion to finish alone the journey to the Pacific coast, and he returned to the east to report, and to recommend the establishing of one or more missions west of the range. Incidentally, he was convinced that it was practicable for women to make the overland journey, and when he succeeded in convincing the Mission Board of this fact, the way was open for the appointment of Narcissa Prentiss. The story of Whitman's career from this time is interwoven with that of Narcissa, who became his wife and joined him in making the journey in the next season, and in locating and establishing the mission with which they were thereafter identified until they were murdered by the natives.

It now appears that Mrs. Whitman's letters, some 107 in number, mostly sent to members of her own family in New York, a part of which were not used by earlier writers, furnish an elaborate and well written record of the month by month story of the missionary enterprise. There are not less than 115 letters of Doctor Whitman to supplement these, so that it may be safely affirmed that few biographies, if any, are better grounded on written and reliable contemporaneous records.

The book just published undertakes, with courage and intelligent appraisal, to sift the truth and to present judgments upon the various controverted or doubtful questions. This has required the examination of letters, records, and documents held in various historical collections and ranging over the years from the early youth of Dr. Whitman and Mrs. Whitman to the end of their lives.

Dr. Drury has gone to original sources, and has compiled a complete bibliography of all sources, original and secondary; he has studied and classified the materials examined, as no other editor or historian has been able, or willing, to do; and he has made a complete index of documents found at Portland, Philadelphia, Walla Walla, Pullman, and Salt Lake City. Among his other labors, he has listed and compared the accounts of eye witnesses of the massacre and captivity. His book is to be viewed as a critical appraisal, with life portraits, of Doctor and Mrs. Whitman.

Lost Empire: The Life and Adventures of Nikolai Petrovich Resanov. By Hector Chevigny. Macmillan. $2.50.

In this novelized history of the Russian colonization of Alaska, Hector Chevigny recounts less the loss of an empire than the frustrated dream of empire of one man.

Viewed from a perspective of more than one hundred years, Resanov's dream from the start seems futile, in spite of the ruthless force of his personal ambition. Behind him in St. Petersburg, notwithstanding Paul I's momentary hallucination of himself and Napoleon dividing the world between them, was an indifferent government and a feudal society which took scant interest in trading and exploring. Before him in America were ragged and starving settle-
ments clinging to barren, inhospitable islands, manned by desperate and sullen convicts from Siberia, harrassed by hostile natives, scourged by disease, dependent, with no sustaining hinterland, for food and other necessities upon ships that too often never came, and relying for even such miserable existence as they had upon the fur trade alone, at a time when Russia, leagues away across the treacherous Pacific, was practically their only market.

Resanov's grandiose ambition of uniting the Russian and Spanish interests on the Pacific Coast had its inception in the sheer desperate necessity of keeping the Russian settlers alive by exchanging their furs for the abundant food supplies of California. Thwarted by the rigid Spanish laws against trading, he planned, through marriage with the beautiful Concepcion Arguello, a romantic and diplomatic coup that would solve his difficulties. True, the consent of two governments and the Vatican had first to be gained, but circumstances were favorable. As Lord High Chamberlain with plenipotentiary powers in America, Resanov was sure of his tsar's consent. Russia and Spain were at the time being drawn together through their common opposition to Napoleon, so the Spanish king could reasonably be expected not to alienate a possible ally; while the pope's consent would perhaps be easiest of all, as it was the priests in California who fretted most against the trade restrictions. Through this alliance Resanov saw the Spanish laws relaxed in favor of the Russians, saw a flourishing and expanding empire, saw glory and power to match the abundant food supplies of California. And ultimate missionary work among his own peasants. Resanov's great ambition of uniting the Russian and Spanish interests on the Pacific Coast had its inception in the sheer desperate necessity of keeping the Russian settlers alive by exchanging their furs for the abundant food supplies of California.

Mr. La Farge has undertaken in one book to record some history of our times, to philosophize concerning one of the most complex problems extant, and to write a novel about the Navaho Indians. In all these purposes he is more than moderately successful. The Yankees, saw the Spanish laws relaxed in favor of the Russians, saw a flourishing and expanding empire, saw glory and power to match the abundant food supplies of California. And ultimate missionary work among his own peasants. Resanov's great ambition of uniting the Russian and Spanish interests on the Pacific Coast had its inception in the sheer desperate necessity of keeping the Russian settlers alive by exchanging their furs for the abundant food supplies of California.

In its outline the story follows the development, for a sixteen year period, of a Navaho Indian child, "thin and big-eyed, the kind of child that gets T. B. and dies on you," from the time he is deposited at a government boarding school. But by the inclusion of the era of changing conceptions within the Indian Service, during the time-span covered, we are permitted to follow the fate of this individual against the background of administration policies, political intrigue, and social and economic upheaval.

Big Salt's son, the figure with whom the novel is principally concerned, is brought to the Tsalli Boarding School. A tired and unimpressed clerk, to whom the Navaho policeman is attempting to explain the child's identity, names the boy Begay, a poor English approximation of "his son" in the Navaho language. A colorless first grade teacher adds her inspiration of the moment, and the lad is thereafter known as Myron Begay. The naming process is symbolic of the white influences which he comes to know—bungling, humiliating, dictatorial.

Mr. La Farge chooses for his central character a child whom the whites are in a rare position to influence. His father is dead. His mother has remarried and her second husband cares little for his stepson. Myron goes to the government boarding school from a round of chores, blows, and neglect. Its bleak, impersonal shelter is a veritable haven for him. When he is rescued from a first scrape by the one kindly missionary of the volume, Mr. Butler, he avidly accepts his benefactor's brand of doctrine. He becomes the most promising "Jesus boy" of the school. His resentment at the manner in which he had been treated in the Navaho setting is translated into a contempt for what is "uncivilized" and "heathen," and when his mother, who has been reproached by her kinsmen for her treatment of her son, comes to take him home for the summer, he refuses to accompany her. A goal of higher education and ultimate missionary work among his own people is set for him.

A few years later he is transferred to another school and is expected to carry on his religious training under the tutelage of a second missionary. But the tolerance which attracted him to Mr. Butler is missing; this man is the typical missionary of the book, essentially cold, prurient, and suspicious where Indians are concerned. Myron begins to suspect that his enthusiasm for Christianity was more a function of his trust in Mr. Butler than attachment to the dogma as such. The first signs of approaching maturity, bringing with them interest in physical activity and in girls, interfere with his religious and contemplative role and intensify the conflict.

A change in educational policy takes the Navaho children back to their own districts and communities. Myron begins to make acquaintance of his people. Slowly the easy superiority of the missionary circle in which he has moved begins to evaporate. The "Alien Gods" are challenged by those of the Navaho. Over a term of years, even while he is being prepared for college and the ministry, the doubts grow. Nausea blazes into rebellion when he is forced by the missionary group to misrepresent the ritual of his people for the benefit of an anti-administration
gathering. He snaps under the strain when, later in the day, two drunken Mexicans taunt him about his Navaho blood. He murders one of his tormentors and flees into the interior, to seek that knowledge of his own people which he now deems essential if he is to be of service to them.

Along with this troubled Navaho boy walk others: Jack Tease, his pagan friend, who scatters pollen before entering the white man’s church; Ethel, the Navaho school girl, for whose favors the two boys contest; Shooting Singer, Navaho ritualist; and Juniper, the most authentic and well drawn of the Indian characters of the volume, whom Myron finally marries. There are other familiar figures whose identities are thinly disguised, the new commissioner, the new director of education, the greedy white rancher, the senator who controlled the Mexican vote of a state, the reservation superintendent, the Indian Welfare Association representative. Mr. La Farge met them all, and he is a rather accurate reporter.

Mr. La Farge’s thesis seems to be that the American Indian can accept white technology, sanitation, and business methods without surrendering the essentials of his conceptual and religious life. That is a thesis which must be tested in a crucible wider than a novel.

Morris Edward Opler

The Sod-House Frontier 1854-1890, By Everett Dick. Appleton-Century. $5.

This book is the “Middletown” of the Middle Border, a social and economic history of the plains frontier reaching from the Canadian border to Indian Territory. Most of its generalisations are applicable to the story of eastern Montana. The presentation is by topical synthesis: “Pioneer Finance,” “Home-stead Days and Ways,” “The Coming of the Iron Horse,” “The Church and the Frontier,” etc. Much research is represented; often the crackle of a boxful of 3x5 cards can be heard above the click of the author’s typewriter. The reader’s overconsciousness of the auctorial routine would have been diminished by the inclusion of a final chapter gathering the threads of interpretation into a compact essay. Mr. Dick is only very occasionally seduced by the charm of a particular quotation into mistaking the quaint for the typical. The book is adequately written, offers a wealth of interesting detail, and for the writer of regional fiction as well as for the historian merits the overworked compliment of being called invaluable.

The pioneering technique of the Mississippi basin was (as the point is elaborated in Walter Prescott Webb’s The Great Plains) inadequate for the conquest of the trans-Missouri region. In this more stubborn country nature often frowned on mankind. “In the spring, floods menaced the cabin or dugout built too close to the stream; in summer, drought and hot winds withered the promising crop, and insects everywhere took a terrible toll of the scanty cultivated areas”; in autumn, prairie fires, and in winter blizzards. The pioneers in a new and strange country were unprepared to meet the many difficulties, either by expectation, experience, or financial resources. In all physical tussles it is well to remove one’s coat; for a really hard fight one’s shirt is removed, either voluntarily or pleemeal. This recession to the primitive is here symbolized by the sod house or the dugout, the emigrant’s temporary shelter. How the obstacles incident to the making of better homes, of firmly rooted towns, of some comforts for the women-folk and opportunities for the children, were overcome in gradually increasing measure, the reader will learn with deepened appreciation of “the price paid by our forefathers for the settling of the prairie.”

E. Douglas Branch

This Is Our World. By Paul B. Sears. University of Oklahoma Press. $2.50.

Our world is in something of a mess, and it is time we did something about it. This is scarcely a novel theme, but Dr. Sears in his new book approaches it from a new direction. He describes, without technicality, the world which science has so amply revealed, the natural world of forces and substances, soil and weather, plants and animals. His interest is in the relations of plants and animals to the inanimate environment and to each other and in the relations of human life and culture to the whole of nature. This vast range of knowledge is surveyed with assurances and with commendable accuracy. The biology here presented is strikingly free from the sentimental teleology which mars even the textbooks in this subject. The style is a pleasant relief from the stilted and journalistic sentences with which the modern scientist often sees fit to promulgate his thought. It is chatty and readable, often enlivened by vivid phrases and happy similes. Passing from the lush prairies of Texas, for instance, to the short-grass country to the north, is “like moving one’s hand from the silky coat of a Cocke Spaniel to the back of an Airedale.” The text is adorned with whimsical little sketches reminiscent of Van Loon’s popular books.

It is, however, difficult to concur in the hypertrophied applause of the jacket. It is doubtful whether the book presents a new and brilliant application of science and philosophy to the problems of human living. The
thought, like the style, is diffuse. We stroll down pleasant glades, we are beguiled up charming bypaths, with an ever increasing inconsequence. We pass from topic to topic with something of the bewilderment of a freshman in biology as the forms of life pass before him. When we leave the tangible realities of science for the more controversial matter of philosophy, suspicion dawns that the confusion is not limited to the reader. A certain blithe jumbling of categories is evident, for instance, in the injunction to "let it be recorded that the laborious calculations of the mathematical physicist, which today are the world's byword for profundity, are simplicity itself compared to the material with which the student of organic life must deal." Apparently we must assume in reading the last chapter that civilization is democracy; a thesis with which many may agree but which perhaps lacks biological demonstration. The general conclusion to all this philosophical philandering seems to be that we must learn to plan our relation to nature instead of drifting on our own invention, and that the artists (suddenly introduced on the way next to the last page) are to show the way.

H. W. Rickett


Mr. Bertram's colorful account of the kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek in December, 1936, is based chiefly upon personal interviews with the youthful leaders of the rebel movement at Sian, chief among them Col. Sun Ming-chiu who actually made the Generalissimo captive. Knowing that there was serious disaffection among the "Bandit-Suppression" troops of the northwest, General Chiang had come to Sian to supervise in person a final campaign of extermination against the Red armies. The troops who were to have a part in this campaign had, however, little stomach for it. Chang Hsueh-liang's men were chiefly Manchurians, homesick for the land of their birth, and anxious to try conclusions with the Japanese rather than the communists. Among them emissaries of the Reds had popularized the patriotic slogan that, in the face of national danger, "Chinese don't fight against Chinese." In consequence, something like a truce had been effected between the common soldiers and young officers of Chang Hsueh-liang's armies and the Red troops against which they were supposed to be campaigning. Sympathetic toward this idea of terminating civil war and offering united resistance to the Japanese invaders were the troops of General Yang Hu-cheng, ex-bandit and then Pacification Commissioner of Shensi. Under pressure from students, intellectuals, and the younger military officers, both Chang Hsueh-liang and General Yang had been won over to support of this program of a United Front with the communists against the Japanese.

After his arrival in Sian, Chiang Kai-shek tried without success to win over the disaffected officers to his policy of exterminating the communists before resisting the Japanese. These officers sought at the same time to convert the Generalissimo to their plan of uniting with the communists against the Japanese. Neither side hedged an inch from its position and, regardless of opposition, General Chiang planned on December 12 to issue the command for a renewal of the campaign against the Reds. To forestall this development, a group of Chang Hsueh-liang's younger officers, with the approval of their commander, carried out the coup which temporarily deprived the Generalissimo of his liberty. Persuasion having failed, the young officers resorted to "advice by military force."

In the uncertain days that followed, General Chiang had both time and occasion for reflection. At Nanking were two major factions. The European-American party, which for years had urged resistance to further Japanese encroachments, was then in some measure of disfavor. It was this faction which, by negotiation with the rebels at Sian, sought to save General Chiang's life. The opposing action, then dominant, had favored continued yielding to Japanese pressure when necessary. After news of the kidnaping reached Nanking, the military leaders of this clique prepared for stern action against the rebels, ignoring entirely the probability that in the ensuing warfare the Generalissimo would be murdered. Meanwhile to Sian came Chou En-lai, representing the Red Army. In interviews with the imprisoned General Chiang, he pleaded for the United Front reiterating promises which the Chinese Soviet Government had been making for over a year, that the communists would drop, and had in fact already dropped, their program of social revolution in order to make possible formal cooperation between themselves and Nanking. In other circles at Sian, Chou En-lai used his influence to protect General Chiang's life and shelve the plan to subject him to a public trial. Thus the pro-Japanese clique upon which Chiang had hitherto relied appeared to care little whether he lived or died. On the other hand the European-American faction with whose ideas he was out of sympathy, and still more the communists whom for ten years he had sought to exterminate, manifested significant concern for his personal safety.

General Chiang's release appears to have been effected without formal pledges of any kind, except probably the oral promise that civil war would cease. He was practically smuggled out of Sian by his ostensible captor, Chang Hsueh-liang, to forestall drastic ac-
tion by the young officers to compel formal acceptance of their eight-point program. Consequently, from the author’s point of view, the coup was a failure. Military pressure from Nanking subsequently compelled the retirement from Sian of the troops belonging to both Chang Hseuh-liang and Yang Hucheng, a reactionary administration was organized, and the leaders of the December mutiny fled for their lives. The narrative, however, stops short of events later in 1937, which involved active military resistance to the Japanese in the north and at Shanghai, a military truce with the Red armies, and Nanking’s eventual acceptance whole-heartedly of the policy of cooperation with the communists of the northwest. One might add that the Japanese have only themselves to thank for this successful conclusion to the movement inaugurated by young Manchurian officers at Sian.

Robert T. Pollard

They Seek a Country. By Francis Brett Young. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.75.

Mr. Young’s new novel is an interesting, indeed an impressive book, but it is better as history than it is as fiction. The story is incidental to the history, rather than the history to the story. Doubtless the difficulty is one that has to be faced by all writers of historical fiction. The task of authenticating an historical period must be well-nigh overwhelming, and the writer who has “got up his stuff” conscientiously is likely to be faithful to it rather than to the inner lives of his characters. In this novel it is only the more elemental figures—like Jacoba, the fecond mother of a clan, or Jan Bothma, brother of the ox—that compete effectively with the wagon train or the landscape. In general, one approaches the characters as one approaches the hills of Africa—their outlines and then their general lineaments are presented to the eye, but rarely their subter- ranean secrets to the emotions. Moving before us a part of a pageant they do enliven the scene, but they make only conventional gestures toward that detachment from time and place in which subjective living unfolds.

John Oakley, in 1836, walked to London from Grafton Lovett to protest in Parliament an enclosure bill ruinous to himself and his neighbors. He was no more successful than he was later in escaping the tyranny of the law that committed him, on a false charge for a petty crime, to hard labor for life in Van Diemen’s Land. He escaped from the convict-ship on the coast of South Africa, and joined the Great Trek of the Boers northward from the vicinity of Cape-town into Natal and beyond. The Boers, like John Oakley, were in flight from British jurisdiction. Andrew Blair, their pre-dikant, gave them their text from the Elev-enth Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews: “These all died in the faith, not having re- ceived the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country.” There would be no peace in South Africa “so long as a gov- ernment of foreigners that took its orders from an office more than six thousand miles away and changed its head every few years, imposed an alien manner of life and behav- iour on a long-settled majority who had already, through six generations, evolved and established their own.” The goal to be sought, the fusion of Dutch and British in the ultimate Union of South Africa, is pre- figured in the mating of the English Oakley with Lisbet, a daughter of the Boers.

Americans will be struck with the parallels between the Great Trek and their own pioneer march into the West: the flight from economic and political pressure; the lure of the Promised Land; the struggle with river and mountain and the savages of the wilderness; the internece strife and lawlessness of the frontier; the heroism and politroney, the ferocity and magnanimity of a great people setting up a new nation against uncon- ceivable odds in a vast new world. The Dutchman, the Britisher, the Afrikander take on a common quality on this common ground, and the more chauvinistic apostles of “Americanism” can learn some valuable lessons from Mr. Young’s book.

There are unforgettable scenes in They Seek a Country: of John Oakley, a pitiful, slingless David in the Houses of Parliamen- t; of the convict ship Minerva; of the voorhuis at Welgelegen, with its great brass-bound Bible at the center of its life; of the last vigil of Jacoba, primal mother of the Prinsloos, over the graves of her dear ones on the eve of departure; of the out-trailing of the ox-wagons across the African veldt; of the battle with the Zulus around the out- spanned wagon-train. Most readers will close the book with the feeling that they have sought and found a country, and not hold the writer too strictly to account for his more conventional dramatization of the personal romance.

Joseph B. Harrison


Mr. Winters attempts, in the five essays of this book, a comprehensive criticism of contemporary American verse in the light of his traditionalist views, which he elucidates by means of a precise and workable system of rhetorical terms. By the efficiency of his terminology he manages to be explicit in what he has to say and to escape the roman-
tic turgidity characteristic of much modern neo-classicism. He finds that the directions modern experiment in verse have taken are in the main "regrettable," and that the more interesting experimentalists are "misguided," while those writers who have stood by traditional forms are minor or negligible.

Despite the lack of close-knit development entailed by the composition of his book out of separate essays, Mr. Winters achieves a sustained point of view and some highly effective criticism, illuminated by telling illustration and concrete comment. But his point of view loses worth as a philosophy of poetry in proportion as it is unified under the usual neo-humanist syllogisms. In the first essay, "The Morality of Poetry," he sets forth his version of these syllogisms: morality is implicitly defined as integration and control; poetry exhibits synthesis, integration, and control; lack of these on the side of experience (moral) will betray itself in sloppiness, imprecision, and blur in the poem (where these qualities are evident and definable by the terms Mr. Winters discovers); conversely, aesthetic imprecision indicates moral disintegration. That reasoning like this, given the premises, results in a series of non-sequiturs need not vitiate its worth as dogma or conviction; but it renders it critically sterile.

Such critical sterility, resting in the ambiguity of the term "moral" in this sort of application, does not extend to the critical terminology, the rhetoric of poetry, which is developed and applied in the second essay. There Mr. Winters lists seven main types of structural method which are available for literature. Modern experimental verse, he argues, is vitiated by its addiction to three of these methods especially, an addiction which has seduced it, to its cost, into an almost complete abandonment of the solid resources to be found in such traditional structural methods as "logical progression from one detail to another" and narrative sequence. In addition he finds that some poets, as Whitman and Jeffers, are guilty of wrong-headed application of a sound principle of structure, that of "repetition." This method may be highly effective in short pieces, but it becomes monstrous when it is extended into longer forms. He illustrates this by a lengthy analysis of the work of Jeffers, of whom he says: "Mr. Jeffers . . . has abandoned narrative logic with the theory of ethics, and he has never, in addition, achieved a distinguished style; his writing, line by line, is pretentious trash. There are a few good phrases, . . . none is first rate."

The three methods to which modern experimentalists are unfortunately, in Mr. Winters' eyes, addicted are: "pseudo-reference," "qualitative progression" and the "double mood." The first consists in implying or referring to values or coherences which do not exist, using connotations which, when elucidated, are empty, and so securing a semblance of poetic excitement without the expense of precise collation of feelings with their referents. "Qualitative progression" (the term is borrowed from Kenneth Burke's Counterstatement) in a poem means passage from detail to detail by means solely of connotation or suggestion, with no recourse whatever to logical or narrative sequence. The "double mood" method consists in juxtaposing two contrasting feelings or attitudes and depending for effect upon the cancellation of one by the other.

Mr. Winters lists six common devices of pseudo-reference, each of which is characteristic of various experimentalists. T. S. Eliot, for example, frequently seeks effect by reference to a non-existent plot. Hart Crane often employs the device of maintaining or emphasizing grammatical coherence where there is no rational coherence; this gives an effect like that of the "mad songs" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Mr. Winters says, with the important difference that the latter are under control. The modern experimentalists who employ pseudo-reference are writing "with a philosophical background insusceptible of definition . . . as their own dupes, not to dupe others. They have revised Baudelaire's dictum that the poet should be hypnotist and somnambulist combined; he should now be the cozened and cozened." Their writing is not a "new kind of poetry . . . it is the old kind with half the meaning removed."

Ezra Pound's ideographic poetry, Eliot's Waste Land, James Joyce's Work in Progress are characteristic examples of the use of qualitative progression. This method, because it repudiates all selective principle, results in indiscriminateness, imprecision, and confusion, however finely drawn the particular details may prove to be. Of Pound's poetry Mr. Winters says: "The loveliness of such poetry appears to be indubitable, but it is merely a blur of revery." The method in general, however, has a legitimate employment, Mr. Winters observes, when it is peripheral, as the porter scene in Macbeth. In the Waste Land it is central. The "double mood" method of cancelling out an unsatisfactory stated feeling by ironically mocking it accomplishes results except to underline the unsatisfactoriness of the feeling, and to evade the issues this raises by the easy device of a mere gibe.

The underlying fault of all these methods is that they depend intrinsically upon vagueness of feeling-reference. They evade the obvious and standard kinds of explicitness found in traditional poetry and pay the penalty their sin entails of looseness and confusion in their feelings themselves. In a footnote Mr. Winters says: "Civilization rests on the recognition that language possesses both connotative and denotative powers; that the abandonment of one in a poem
impo\text{}verishes the poem to that extent; and that the abandonment of the denotative . . . results in one's losing the only means available for checking up on the qualitative . . . sequences to see if they really are coherent.”

Another underlying fault, according to Mr. Winters, is the supposed moral confusion entailed in such vagueness; and this tends to the point which views a sort of awful, though illegitimate, emphasis. It is plausible to say that poetry is a certain relationship between language, feeling, and reference, and to argue that poetry which shows confusion about this relationship or ignores aspects of it cannot be sound. But Mr. Winters fails to see that morality is not concerned with language; and its concern with feelings may or may not be the same as that involved in poetry. If it is the same, then the word “moral” is superfluous and conveys a wrong emphasis by means of a pseudo-reference. If moral feeling is simply poetry at some sort of pre-linguistic level, the case is covered by the word “taste,” which lacks the connotative sonorosity of “moral” and would fail as a slogan. Analysis of it might be more valuable for criticism than the effects gained by dwelling in the warm connotations of “moral.”

In the title essay Mr. Winters groups poets into four classifications. Second-rate poets are those whose gift for language is inadequate to their task; Byron, D. H. Lawrence, and Poe are cited as instances. Major poets possess all requisite gifts, both of form and language. Primitives have a limited range but vigorous gifts. (W. C. Williams is called a modern primitive). Decadents have a fine sensitivity to language and often a wide range, but their work is incomplete formally, as in pseudo-referent poets or those addicted to qualitative progression, or it is weakened by vices of feeling. The effectiveness of Mr. Winters’ analysis here is once more somewhat marred by the feeling that he is talking about morality, and by the confusion in the main classifications between descriptive and evaluative terminology. The essay “Convention and Poetry” argues that the morality of poetry is involved in its form, and must therefore be exhibited in its formal conventions, the best and the most “moral” of which are the traditional. In fact, the “moral” value of these appears to mean nothing more than their tried value in stylizing the inchoateness of emotions.

The last essay in the book is an able and detailed analysis of the metrical structure in verse in relation to the metrical structure in traditional verse. Here again Mr. Winters is a traditionalist, but one with an unusually fine ear.

Laurence Hartmus


This book is a monument to the speculative enterprise of the founders of the American republic. It is not flattering. It leads us through a maze of intrigue for profit in land and trade that would be depressing, if the author had not succeeded in communicating the excitement of the detective in-discovering and piecing together damning bits of evidence. These must occasionally be circumstantial, but inference rarely seems pushed too far. The analysis is done with care, resting on an extensive body of manuscript and printed materials. Though the complex web of land speculation threatens at times to enmesh the reader, the author handles the many threads with skill. The wealth of individual flowers and of other detail gives body to the tapestry, while the continued reappearance of master intrigues and corporate groups provides a pattern.

The dominant theme is the struggle between Virginia’s westward claims and the designs of Pennsylvania merchants from 1763 to the close of the Revolution. Virginia’s reputation comes off relatively well. Land-grabbing and the private use of official position were not absent, and even Patrick Henry’s course is portrayed as shifting and mysterious. The more persistent and consequenceless speculators are, however, found to the north—Indian traders such as the veteran George Croghan and the younger, equally unlucky George Morgan, and Philadelphia merchants, the Tory Samuel Wharton, prime mover in the successive Indiana, Vandalia and Illinois-Wabash companies, and the profiteering patriot, Robert Morris. The operations of the last two involved official agents in France, the slippery Silas Deane and the shrewd and indulgent Benjamin Franklin, and linked Congressional politics, diplomacy, arms-trade, privateering, and western lands. Land speculation is perhaps given too important a part in these complicated intrigues, especially in the Mississippi boundary question; but private interest and double-dealing are scarcely exaggerated. Equally impressive is the almost unbroken record of failure in the corporate land schemes of this period.

The narrative is completed by an account of the movements before 1789 for separate statehood and for secession, including the beginning of James Wilkinson’s long career of Spanish conspiracy. These manoeuvres emphasize the leadership of land speculators on the frontier itself. Marxist opponents of the frontier hypothesis in American history may find cold comfort in the demonstration of the pervasiveness of the speculative spirit, present in an Arthur Campbell, resisting the Loyal Land Company, and in many a humbler pioneer. Frontier democracy is not denied but is given more realistic content by
Forays and Rebuttals. By Bernard DeVoto. Little, Brown. $3.

Mr. DeVoto enjoys the unenviable distinction of being the most arrogant critic in the United States today. He himself, of course, would decline the title of critic, but then that would be merely one of his snooty ways of rationalizing his arrogance. Arrogance even under circumstances that seem most likely to excuse it is a nearly indefensible human quality. When it is grounded on nothing better than a cocksure assumption it is wholly indefensible. Mr. DeVoto's is grounded on the double assumption that he knows more than he really does and that the victims of his swashbuckling proclivities know less. A minor instance of his arrogant exhibitionism, and of the reckless unconcern with which he sticks his neck out too, is furnished in a last autumn's issue of The Saturday Review of Literature, of which he is the editor. The contributor of the leading article had written that her father in an annual outburst of scorn for Hostetter's "Bitters," a nostrum much in favor throughout the mid-West in the eighties, was given to enumerating the simples from which he concocted his own panacea, but that, being a professed teetotaler, he invariably omitted from the list the rye whiskey which was its base. Mr. DeVoto commenting editorially on the article starts off, with a top-loftiness made the more pointed by a show of mock humility, by remarking that the base of Hostetter's "Bitters" was not rye but bourbon, and by so doing gives away the fact that he has not bothered to read as carefully as he needed to the article he is so palpably, and offensively, eager to correct. In short he would rather here, as often, strut his stuff about our mid-western mores, of which he admittedly has plenty, than be sure that what he scents as an occasion for struttings it warrants his doing so. His work, too frequently, reflects that attitude.

Forays and Rebuttals is a case in point. Its contents, essays and reviews collected over a four-year period, range in this matter of setting other people right from "Fossil Remnants of the Frontier," mildly corrective of certain fairly common misconceptions about life in Utah during its author's boyhood there, through "Thinking About America," which gives our professional historians a copious earful of advice, mostly sound, on how to do their job, to the notorious review of Malcolm Cowley's Exile's Return, with its gratuitously scurrilous insult of Mr. Cowley and his literary fellows of the Lost Generation. On the whole Mr. DeVoto's commentary, read continuously, strikes one as far less effective than when read at the times and in the places of its appearance piece by piece. The conviction that it has mixed into it an undue proportion of welt-raising remarks induces in solely for the sake of hurting someone's feelings or reputation an inescapable. And it creates a steadily mounting feeling of pity that one so endowed with the gift of writing, and so impressively well-informed as Mr. DeVoto, should be so completely lacking in desire to curb his silly tendency to show off at other people's expense. One happy result of this re-publication of his periodical contributions, however, is the certainty that his essay "The Co-eds: God Bless Them" will hereafter be more conspicuous by its omission from volumes of "college readings" than has been the likelihood since it first came out some years ago in Harper's. I have always suspected that essay of being a phoney. And Mr. DeVoto in a review of the volume in which he reprints it practically admits it to be nothing else. (That Mr. DeVoto would review his own book is thoroughly characteristic of him, though it is not, in my opinion, one of the things to be held against him). The essay in question purports to record inter alia the divergent reactions of the boys and the girls in a college class with which Mr. DeVoto says he read James Joyce's Ulysses. But he fails to explain how he managed to smuggle Ulysses into his lecture-room at a time when its import that book into the country was forbidden by law. What is more relevant to my suspicions as to the worth of "The Co-eds" is that the conclusions forced upon me in discussing Ulysses with a considerable number of interested classes (in the enlightened years since that book has ceased to be a trabad, I hasten to add) have been precisely the reverse of those reached by Mr. DeVoto. And so what? Mr. DeVoto would say that my experience just doesn't count.

Mr. DeVoto is like that. And because of it some day he is going to get his ears clipped. The public should be warned, though, that the amount of fur sure to fly during the operation will make its carrying on anything but seemly. For the person for whose benefit, chiefly, it will be performed, like his early western prototypes, can whip his weight in wildcats, and would relish doing it too. But as was the case with frontier varmints, which, sooner or later, were done in by the dogs they had harried to the limits of endurance, often led by a wise old hound who had previously held himself aloof from the fray, so Mr. DeVoto will eventually be driven to cover by those whom he delights to mau about at his pleasure, and it is not
at all unthinkable that they will be led by one of those academic venerables whom he affects to regard with utter contempt. Obviously the influence of his knock-down-and-drag-out type of criticism upon American letters cannot much longer be dismissed by comparing it to that of H. L. Mencken, as has been frequently done of late, with the apparent thought that it counts for no more than the boorishness of another intellectual rough-neck. That comparison does far less than justice to Mr. De Voto's extraordinary endowments, and fails completely to reckon with the disastrous consequences bound to attend their continued misuse. At worst the sages of Baltimore, when he cracked his bull-whip, raised nothing more serious than a loud laugh, but every time Mr. De Voto swings his bludgeon he draws blood.

What the situation demands seems to be pretty clear. Mr. De Voto must either be suppressed or reformed. All in all, I am inclined to favor trying the former, perhaps because that may prove the quickest way of effecting the latter. Well, I've thrown the first bomb—even at the risk of its being rated a mere spun-yarn-devil. Come on, boys (as Mr. De Voto, thinking it funny, would say), who'll heave the second?

V. L. O. Chittick


In John Phoenix, Esq., Mr. Stewart continues to display the combination of scholarship, analytical ability, and imagination evident in his earlier books on Bret Harte and the Donner party. Frankly acknowledging that Phoenix's humor is dated and his name well-nigh forgotten, he has attempted to bring a character to life rather than revive the reputation of a writer. He has succeeded in producing an interesting book, significant in explaining the great popularity of the West's earliest humorist.

Mr. Stewart conveniently organizes his material on the assumption of a duality in his subject's nature; there was, on the one hand, George H. Derby, army officer and gentleman, son, husband, and father; and, on the other, John Phoenix (out of Squibob), irrepressible wit, practical joker, and amateur humorist. Capt. Derby came of upper-class New England stock, graduated seventh in his class from West Point, served with distinction in the Mexican War, surveyed much of the state of California during the early fifties, and died of softening of the brain in his thirty-ninth year. The most interesting portions of his career of duty, as developed by Mr. Stewart, were the training at West Point, which included a demotion for falling asleep at his post, the special service rendered at Cerro Gordo, the court-martial in California which followed Derby's attempt to shield a thief who had stolen his horse, and the topographical engineer's activities in diverting the San Diego river. The background of life in San Francisco and the hinterlands is detailed and satisfying.

Entertaining and infectious is the account of John Phoenix, based upon a large store of anecdotes and the autobiographical sections of Phoenixiana. From the day that he caricatured his teacher while sketching a pump for a class assignment to the memorable occasion when he reversed the politics of the San Diego Herald while his editor was out of town, John Phoenix was a true eccentric. Puns were his ammunition, ingenuity was his spur to action, burlesque was his habitual attitude. His journalism was simply a by-product of his behavior.

In considering Phoenix's writings, Mr. Stewart points out that he was an intellectual wit, well-read and subtle in his methods. The real or affected illiteracy of the cracker-box philosopher, common in frontier humor, is not found in his work. As a pure humorist, an amateur without social purpose in satire, without narrative ability to give body to his work, Phoenix was limited in range and gained but anephemeral public. To understand his appeal means to understand the era that produced him.

Like James Thurber, to whom Mr. Stewart likens the early western humorist, Derby delighted in illustrating his writings with humorous drawings. Many of these drawings are here adequately printed for the first time. In documenting his work, Mr. Stewart has drawn extensively on his own knowledge of the frontier, on anecdotes in the files of many a forgotten journal, and on such manuscript sources as the family records, the diary of Mrs. Hitchcock, and the scrap-book of Charles Poole. The book contains an exhaustive bibliography of Derby's reports, articles, and books.

Franklin Walker


American Stuff is the title of a significant compilation of stories, articles, poetry, and miscellaneous Americana, by a group of more than fifty writers from twenty states employed by the Federal Writers' Project. To organize a group of writers over the entire nation and place them under a government subsidy is something new under the western sun. It is reminiscent of the patronage of the arts of an earlier society, but this experiment is upon a different scale, and the artists work not for themselves but for the State.

Out of this experiment is coming a remark-
able series of national guide books that were sorely needed by a public that has been drifting up and down the highways and through the cities of America in the aimless fashion of travelers with no adequately charted destinations. Naturally the authors engaged in turning out this series have a creative urge that demands individual expression. It has not been liberated by an undertaking in socialized writing. American Stuff was designed to give these guide book writers an outlet for the results of their off-time work because there was very little creative activity possible, except incidentally, in the daily routine of collecting material and putting it in shape for the guide books.

Well-known names, and names relatively obscure, are signed to the contributions, which have been sincerely felt and sincerely written. Johnny Kemp, John A. Lomax, Vardis Fisher, Merle Colby, Frank Byrd, Travis Hoke, Edwin Bjorkman, and Sterling A. Brown, to mention only a few, are among the contributors. Worthy of special note among many interesting inclusions are "Martha's Vacation," by Vardis Fisher; "Avdocia," though not American stuff, by Nahum Sabsay: "Gertrude Stein and the Solid World," by Dorothy Van Ghent; and "Old Barham on Democracy," a poem by Edwin Bjorkman.

The contemporary contributions, both prose and poetry, are modern in tone. They reflect, and possibly emphasize the social unrest and insecurity and unhappiness of modern life. This attitude is to be expected of modern writers who are concerned with social problems more than they are with literature. Challenging as they are, it is possible that the stories and sketches, that might be found in any literary magazine, are not the most important contributions to this volume. Because of their implications, the fourteen specimens of colorful Americana, folk-lore, folk-songs, spirituals, and historical vignettes may be more significant. They indicate that American backgrounds are being explored.

If the Project does nothing else it should make the writers of the nation conscious of their historical, social, economic, and literary backgrounds, and it should give them a broadened perspective. Presently they may emerge from their disillusionment and resentment at a social order to engage in the real business of literature, which has little to do with propaganda and much to do with the presentation of life. If these specially privileged writers appropriate not only the materials they have unearthed, but the spirit of a more youthful, more robust, more vital America, their work will grow in power.

It is an indictment of a social order that a group of highly intellectual people should see life as a drab and unhappy experience. Eventually, they may be induced to build a more positive literary life out of the world they have explored through the doors of the Project. Something other than guide books may come out of this experiment. American Stuff may be a symbol of a changing literary order.

Ada Hastings Hedges

LITERARY NEWS
Continued from page iv

The December issue contains contributions by Shipley, Dale Carnegie, Frank Vizeltelly, Clement Wood, and others.

Poetry magazine's, Oscar Blumenthal, prize of $100 went to Thomas Hornsby Ferrill of Denver for his poem, "Words for Leadville."

Jack O'Connor, by turns laborer, miner and newspaper man, is now an author on Knopf's list with his novel Boom Town, which tells the tale of the life and death of an Arizona mining camp.

The closing date for Dodd, Mead & Co.'s $1000 annual detective-story competition is Dec. 1.

Partisan Review offers a prize of $100 for the best short story submitted before June 1. (22 E. 17 St. NYC).

"Cabin in the Cottonwoods—A miniature ranch in Montana" is the title of an article in the February issue of The American Home, NYC, in which Marion Hayes Blake- man tells how she and her artist husband, with 65 acres of land in Sweetgrass county, Mont., and little money, created an ideal ranch and a charming home. The story carries photogravures of their log house and artist's sketches of the ground plan of their buildings, and surrounding cottonwoods and trout stream. Such a story might meet the approval of Frank Lloyd Wright, an architect who, older readers may remember, was debarred from competitive designing for buildings of the great Chicago World's Fair of 1893. Wright has now come into his own, and took over the entire edition of the January Architectural Forum. Of Wright's work, Ernest Born of San Francisco says: "His architecture proceeds from an idea—through an intellectual performance of the highest order—but from an idea that has been mellowed with a tremendous emotional appeal. The emotional and intellectual seem to be in happy marriage in his architecture, and give rise to that truly strange livingness that pervades his work. . . . His buildings repose serenely like some great living creature subdued by the gods for man's enjoyment and delight to live in."

The death of Martha Waite of Lewistown, Mont., widow of the late John D. Waite, early-day sheriff at Lewistown, recalls the
help she gave the young Charles M. Russell, "a gangling young cowboy with a yen to paint," who came to work for her husband. Something of an artist herself, Mrs. Waite NYC, Better English in Speech and Writing, encouraged Russell to continue to paint, and told him what she knew of the art. Years afterward Russell spoke with deep appreciation of her encouragement.

_Fiction Parade_ reprints "Gods of Darkness" by Charles Hilton from _Frontier and Midland_ with the statement that it is "one story you will remember after most of the literature of the day has disappeared." Harry Hanson, New York _World-Telegram_ critic, selected "Gods of Darkness" for reprint in the 1937 O. Henry Memorial series. Nine poems from _Frontier and Midland_ were used by _Fiction Parade_ in its December issue.

A revealing and hitherto unknown picture-written autobiography of Sitting Bull has been presented to the Smithsonian institution by Robert A. Smith of Bellingham, Wash. The series of 30 drawings was prepared by Sitting Bull, Sioux leader in the battle of the Little Big Horn, at the request of Lieut. Wallace Tear as a gift for Gen. John C. Smith when Sitting Bull was held prisoner at Fort Randall, Dakota territory.

The pioneer Sandoz came from Switzerland, settled in the Nebraska sandhills, developed his farm, was known as an upright gentleman, a great hunter, a fine shot. Mari Sandoz' novel _Slogan House_, forthright story of Nebraska frontier life, is now being barred by public libraries of several Nebraska cities.

A point of unusual tourist interest will be the museum housing material and information from the great fossil bed south of Fort Peck, Mont. The state highway department will build the museum on No. 10 highway between Livingston and Bozeman. Fort Peck fossil hunters have been called on to supply exhibits.

Three publishing groups have recently taken to the air for advertising. Modern Age Books, Inc., publishers of paper-bound editions, has a quarter-hour period Saturday evening over a NYC hookup, dramatizing scenes from their books. The Co-op Book club has a major broadcast as a feature of the New York University Literary Forum. The Book-of-the-Month Club has a daily program with talks by book critics.

The Modern Woman Chapbooks, 284 Montauk Ave., Brooklyn, announce a series of studies by Joseph Mersand dealing with the achievements of modern women.

Greensboro College, third oldest chartered college for women in the U. S., celebrates the centennial of its chartering in May, 1938. The College solicits autographed volumes for its library. Such gifts will be specially shelved and exhibited during the period of celebration.

Blanche Lofton is the new president of "Verseweavers," Oregon's Society of poets. Verne Bright is vice president.

Charles Leon Tomasel solicits poems (3, original, unpublished, 24-line limit, no pay, no obligation) for _Moments with Modern Poets and Poetic Melodies_, address 868 Church street annex, Church and Vesey Sts., NYC.

_Scribner's Magazine_ is now published by Harlan Logan Associates, Inc., with Charles Scribner's Sons retaining an interest in the new corporation. Editor-publisher of _Scribner's_ since Aug., 1936, Harlan Logan is President of the new firm. The editorial and business personnel remains unchanged. New quarters are in the General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Ave.

_Montanas The Geological Story_, by Daniel E. Willard is now in its second printing. It has more information about Montana's soils and rock formations, its rivers and mountains, than any other book yet published.

The Montana Guide Book of the Federal Writers Project, has been accepted for publication late in the spring by the Viking Press, NYC.

John D. Giles, western historian and life member and Utah secretary of the Oregon Trail Memorial Ass'n., has been appointed historical secretary of Western Air Express. Giles has been research director for the building of various monuments—the John C. Fremont pass, the Father Escalante trail, the Pony Express route. He gained his information at first hand flying from Great Falls to San Diego. He says the airline follows in part the trails made by Father Escalante and Jedediah Strong Smith, first white man to make a train from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast.

On April 15 Bennet Cerf and Donald Klopfer plan to release five volumes by Franklin D. Roosevelt covering his public career to the end of 1936. They are to be what irreverent publishers' slang calls eyeswipers, i.e., "so handsome that the sight of them gives you a yen to own them."

An order for _The Political History of the New German Empire_ by Johannes Zeikursch, the historian of Leipzig university, brought reply from a German publisher that the third volume, covering the years 1881-1918, could not be sent, since all copies had been com-
ple completely destroyed. In the same way the five volumes of the complete edition of Goethe’s Conversations, first issued fifty years ago by Baron Woldemar von Biedermann, have been destroyed.

Sales of Government publications aggregated $813,246, the largest on record, during 1937. More than 10,000,000 documents were sold to the public.

The American Association for Adult Education is urging the appropriation of $50,000 to establish a national library service for CCC camps. At present the CCC camps have no libraries, merely random collections of books, often uncatalogued.

Owen D. Smither of Butte and Frank Ward, photographers, drew the assignment of getting cowboy pictures for Life. Livingston cowboys turned out full force. Most of the pictures were taken at the Park hotel, Livingston, and Guy Randall’s Triangle Seven ranch east of town. A. W. Chadbourne, 93, oldest cowboy of this region, made the trip and was photographed on horseback.

The Julia Ellsworth Ford Foundation 1938 Annual Children’s Book Contest is open, with a prize of $5000. Ford Foundation, 257 Fourth Ave., NYC.

Editor of this magazine, H. G. Merriam, was in NYC during the holidays.

The Yale University Press announces May 1 as the closing date for the annual competition in The Yale Series of Younger Poets. Manuscripts of 48 to 64 pages should be addressed the “Editor, Yale Series of Younger Poets, Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.” Poets under thirty years of age who have not published a volume of poems may compete.

Stanford University offers a $300 prize for an original play in verse. There are no restrictions as to length, theme, or verse form. The contest closes June 1. Address Dr. Margery Bailey, Contest Proctor.

“Symprovision” is a new way of writing music that eliminates sharps and flats, accidentals and key signatures. It prints in red all notes that are to be played on the black keys of the piano. David L. O’Sullivan (52 Duane St., NYC) is the inventor of the method.

Two interesting books from the Macmillan Company this spring are Dana’s Lost Springtime and Stewart Holbrook’s Holy Old Mackinac. Mr. Holbrook, whose home is in Portland, has contributed stories to this magazine, and frequent stories and articles to

Frontier and Midland

The American Mercury for several years. He usually writes of Northwest subjects, especially woodsmen.

The Wings Press has just issued two volumes of poems by writers known to readers especially of “little magazines,” Stanton Coblentz, Songs of the Wayside, and Ignace Ingiani, Song of Earth. Logbook of Minnesota Bird Life, by Dr. Thomas S. Roberts, comes from the University of Minnesota Press. In it there are twenty-one drawings, not all of birds, and a frontispiece drypoint. Only 400 copies will be for sale, so that bird lovers who are interested should order their copy at once ($2.50).

COVERED WAGON

THE STORY TELLERS—QUEEN B. LISTER (RYAN), Portland, Ore., has contributed to this magazine since it became a regional periodical in 1927. She “wangled” this tale out of an unschooled Indian half Ute and half Navajo. IRENE WELCH GRISOM knows the importance of water from long residence on an Idaho ranch. Her volume of poems Under Desert Skies has sold out the first edition; a new one with additions will be ready in the autumn (Caxton Printers). BELLE FIGELMAN, writer of stories and plays and a woman active in social and political welfare, lives in Helena, Mont. MARGARET EDWARDS sent her story from Norfolk, Va. She is “in the Navy,” her husband being Lieut. R. D. Edwards. Her volume of poems Casuals appeared three years ago. This first story from (Mrs.) DORSEY KIDDIE comes from Chicago, where she is a stenographer in a bank.

THE POETS—The poets in this issue with two exceptions, NORMAN RENARD of Los Angeles and LEALE BRICKETT of Washington, D. C., are all western writers. IRIS LORE THORPE, Portland, has contributed often, as have G. FRANK GOODPASTURE and GEORGE SHERMAN, both of whom live in Washington state. WILSON O. CLOUGH is a professor of English at The University of Wyoming. MARGARET DEWEY is employed at Montana State College, Bozeman. Bob Wire is a writer of Tulsa, Okla. GEORGE SCOTT GLEASON, formerly of Connecticut, now lives in Las Cruces, N. M. CAROL ELY HARPER is a newcomer from Walla Walla, Wash. ROBERT L. HOUSMAN is executive Director of the School of Journalism at Montana State University. ALBERT J. PAKTOLL is an historical researcher living in Missoula, Mont.

YOUNG WRITERS—EVELYN HEALD is a freshman. WILLIAM WINN’s home is in Alaska. These are first publications for both students.
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