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THE MANUSCRIPT BUREAU opens July 5.

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Write for full details to The Director,
Writers' Conference, Boulder, Colorado.

The University of Colorado
LITERARY NEWS

With a profound sense of personal loss we record the death of Frank Bird Linderman, who died at Santa Barbara, Calif., May 12. Author of many books of Indian lore, whose importance will increase with years, Linderman made a unique field his own; but regret for a craftsman silenced is lost in grief for a friend who will talk to us no more.

For the amusement of other researchers we quote—without his permission—a letter from James B. Rankin of New York City, so engrossed in research on the life of Charles M. Russell that he talks of little else: "Recently at the Main library I took out two year’s run of FRONTIER and spent an evening with accounts of the old timers. That library beats the one at Washington, since the general reply one gets there is that books desired are at the binders or that some senator perhaps has the volumes and that means that they will probably never be returned. However I have learned that two playwrights wrote a drama about CMR, that was never published. . . . A discovery of mine is the man who rode with CMR from Helena to Canada in ’88. The trip was nominally a honeymoon but the young bride was hustled home and the two men had a bangup hunting trip."

To Mr. Rankin we are also indebted for the information that Theodore Bolton, librarian of the Century Association, a club of authors and artists, New York City, has recently published his pioneer American Book Illustrators—A Checklist; and that Holland has pirated Gone With the Wind.

The Great Falls (Mont.) public library has added to its Russell collection Hope Hathaway by Francis Parker, a first edition illustrated by Russell. There is a romantic story associated with Francis Parker, fit for any novelist’s hand. This book, says Louise M. Fernald, librarian, was first owned by Mrs. Bradford J. Clark of Fort Shaw; donated to the Neighborhood club of Fort Shaw; then presented to the Fort Shaw public school.

Another interesting Russell item came to light in the discovery of the original water color, "Better than Bacon," found by Judge Eugene McCarthy of Kalispell after it had lain hidden 27 years in an Indian dwelling. The picture was painted for the late Michel Pablo, wealthy Indian cattlemale, after Russell had watched Pablo’s cowhands round up a shipment of cattle for the Canadian government in 1895. On Pablo’s death the picture was included in effects distributed to relatives according to Indian custom.

There is much Western history back of the Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune, awarded the $500 Pulitzer gold medal for the most distinguished and meritorious work by an American newspaper during 1937. The award was based on the Tribune’s five-year fight for the rehabilitation of the Northwest “dust bowl.” This is the paper’s first substantial award since its founding by Col. C. A. Lounsbury in 1873. Lounsbury first reported the Custer massacre. Later the paper was edited by James W. Foley, poet-laureate of North Dakota. The present publisher is Mrs. G. D. Mann, widow of the late George Mann, under whom the paper attained prominence.

The West and Midwest are coming more popularly into their own with the flood of novels having our midwest beginnings for their theme: Free Land by Rose Wilder Lane, written, she says, because she was angry—angry, we suppose, at the lack of understanding of those who belittle the pioneer purpose; Sophus Winther’s novels of Danish emigrant life in Nebraska, “American stuff. Touch them and you touch the selling of the West . . . foreclosures and thirty cent wheat,” says Alfred Kazin in The New York Herald Tribune Books; This Passion Never Dies is the third book in which Winther has traced the fortunes of the Peter Grimsson family in their struggle with rented land. Wind Over Wisconsin, by August Derleth, a story of the untamed country of the 1830’s, when two races could not live together in peace and equality; Railroadman, Henry Clay French’s “man’s book, with the masculine virtues of terseness, accuracy, and matter-of-fact honest—and a superior one at that,” as John Riordan characterizes it; J. Hyatt Downing’s A Prayer for Tomorrow, dealing with the arid region of South Dakota; On Sarpy Creek, Ira Stephens Nelson’s happier story of Montana; and—of different calibre—Donald Culross Peattie’s prize-winning, A Prairie Grove from the Atlantic Press.

Jackson Barber, 1353 Geary St., San Francisco, solicits material for the life of George Sterling, which he is now preparing. Those familiar with the magazine articles of the late Mary Austin will remember her stern elucidation of Sterling’s tragedy, published in the American Mercury some years ago.

Alfred H. Holt, 139 Main St., Williamstown, Mass., is working on a book of U. S. place names for the Crowell publishing company. If it is as light-hearted and readable as his Wild Names I Have Met, it should have ready sale. Send your wild place names to Mr. Holt—he will tame them.

Bernard DeVoto, never the gentlest of critics, but one informative and amusing, writes of “New England via W. P. A.” in the Sat- revilj, May 14. It would be unfair to quote only the incident he cites, of one State headquarters—not in New England—where a toilet overflowed, and four journeyman plumbers on the editorial staff volunteered to repair it; but the story emphasizes his point that the weakness of the Federal Writers’ Project lay in this, that 70 per cent of those Continued on page vi
BREAD LOAF
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employed were writers only by aspiration or appointment. Deploring the introductory essays, the illustrations, the dubious inclusion of folklore, DeVoto comes out wholeheartedly for the "unquestionable triumph" of the tours, by which any guide book stands or fails. By inference he gives to Chambers of Commerce ("most active Down East, where they are abetted by the local crop of poets with bright lavender hair on their chests") their share of the blame that "we are still leagues behind Baedeker and Michelin, and the stranger coming into town has no way of finding out how much a good bed will cost him, where he can eat with reasonable security from ptomaine..." but for the "rich, various and rewarding spectacle that the tours compose" DeVoto's appreciation is heartening, and his discussion of the strength and weakness of the six New England Guides (Houghton Mifflin Company, $2.50 each) should be of service to editors whose work is still in progress.

Book dealers report continuous call for the colorful and glorified road atlases, from tourists no longer satisfied with skeleton road maps.

Four Grand Rapids clients of Miss Estelle Holbrook won prizes on MSS done under her direction, and one won a trip to Hawaii with an advertising story. Miss Holbrook hopes to conduct two 15-day Institutes for Writers before June 15. Address, Hotel Plaza, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Inky Fingers," young journalists of the Northern Montana College, presented Marlon LeMoyne Leeper as their guest speaker in February. Miss Leeper was born in Yakima, Wash., lived in Lewiston, Idaho; completed a master's degree at Mills College, Calif., where she held a teaching fellowship. She spent a summer at the Breadloaf School of Creative Writing, Middlebury, Vermont, and has worked with writers and critics, Glenn Hughes, William Rose Benet, Robert Hillyer, Bernard DeVoto. Her work appears in University of Washington Poems, edited by Glen Hughes; Northwest Verse, edited by H. G. Merriam; Harpers Magazine, Frontier and Midland, and elsewhere.

Mrs. John Gasparotti, writing under the name Elizabeth Selfert, won the Dodd, Mead & Co., $10,000 first novel prize. She is a native of Missouri, and lives at the little town of Moberly. Her book, Young Doctor Gahad, deals with the experiences of a physician in a small town like Moberly. In college Mrs. Gasparotti planned to study medicine, and perhaps her novel is her way of getting this urge out of her system. She is the mother of four children.

Continued on page 279

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THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

An adventure in ideas

SUMMER 1938

The Lost Art of Economics A. A. Berle, Jr.
The Discipline of Poetry John Peale Bishop
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One West Range
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Cattle ranches, placer mines, primitive forests, swift streams are all within 15 miles of the business section of Missoula.

Yearly figures show that Missoulians have seen an increasing number of "foreign" licenses, their car windshields plastered with National park stickers, telling a tale of glorious days spent in the majestic panoramas of Glacier and Yellowstone. Each park is reached via excellent highways, passing over the same routes the Indians followed only 50 years ago.

To Yellowstone one uses the old Vigilante trail through Virginia City, now a ghost town, with its characters of 50 years ago, (Club Foot Dan and his band of outlaws at their head) stalking eerily through the echoing boarded-up streets. Leaving the placer ruins of that fabulous gold country, one drives by the cattle
ranches of the Madison Valley, where the range is yet unfenced, to Gardiner and West Yellowstone.

If the tourist prefers the snowfields and mountain air to geysers, he rides north to America's Switzerland—Glacier Park and the tribal grounds of the Blackfoot Indians. Missoula is the logical headquarters for these two trips.

No vacationist leaves his fishing tackle behind; steel casting rods for bass and light weight flyrods for trout. He is always surprised at the fact that with this great army of "dudes" heading for the mountains each morning with a creel and rod in hand and thoughts of fish browning in the pan, he can lose himself so easily and find a stretch of river where he does not have to compete with anglers lining either bank—yet he may be only 15 miles from Missoula.

Unbelievable! Yes—but not when you stop to think that there are 700 miles of trout streams within easy access of Main street! No wonder he has no daily worry of finding his favorite pool overcrowded. He catches fish too! A score of fish hatcheries plant millions of fingerling trout in this National forest area yearly.

Tales of battles won by the singing fly rod are told and re-told of fishing in Montana's streams, in an eastern Clubroom, at business men's luncheons in Chicago, on verandahs in the tobacco country. Missoula can only challenge the unbelievers by a counter challenge—see for yourself!

A mecca for fishermen, Western Montana is also the home of the Rockies. Purple and deep blue at twilight, commanding and breathtaking by day, the city is cradled in the mountains. The Bitter Root Range to the south and west, the Garnet mountains to the southeast and the main range of the Rockies, the Swan and the Missions to the northeast.

Missoulans are inveterate picnickers and campers. During spare hours it is the custom to jump in one's car, buy a few steaks, and a half hour later those steaks are sizzling on a grate over a fragrant fire of pine wood. A lively stream rushing pell mell at one's elbow is nature's accompaniment for the twilight songs around the campfire.

Longer trips, sometimes for several weeks, with a tent and bedroll are the delight of a long winter's wait. To the Selway river for the annual salmon run which begins at the Pacific coast or to the untamed Clearwater river country for its famous trout and rugged grandeur or to the Skalkaho game preserve to the south where deer and elk can be seen in their primitive habitats.
Relaxation and recreation invite the tourist at the Dude Ranches east of Missoula in the Blackfoot valley. A few are the E Bar L, Circle W and the Double Arrow. Charles Russell’s scenes of Montana cow punching and range riding could have been modeled from the life on these ranches. The ranch country is a large high valley where the west has never died.

Proceeding from the cattle country northward one is delighted at each new lake that is surprisingly hidden until the road almost falls into it. In a chain one passes Salmon, Placid, Fish, Seeley, Inez, Rainey and Summit Lakes. Farther to the north the road winds through a narrow valley made by the Mission and the Swan ranges and cut in two by the rushing waters of the Swan river. Only a few hardy homesteaders eke out their livelihood in this unclaimed area.

From Holland lake in the upper Swan valley, pack trains leave frequently for trips to the South Fork Primitive Area. 1500 miles of virgin timber and streams. Natives call this country the “Land Chock Full o’ Hush.”

The University of Montana summer school sponsors five trips to the most scenic points of vantage each summer. One such trip follows a winding trail, vistas constantly changing, to the summit of Mollman Pass in the Missions. Not arduous, this trip teaches one the origin of the expression “The Land of the Shining Mountains.”

Other trips include: a day’s ride through the national preserve at Superior (40 miles west of Missoula) past the Flat Creek mines and the Oldtown and Martina Placer mines to the Blue Creek Lookout Station in the heart of the National Forest area a four day tour of Glacier Park, and an easy going trip up the Rattlesnake valley to see the varied mountain flora at its best.

That Western Montana’s beauty and western life win more lovers each year is proven by the increasing popularity of the University’s summer session. This year every department offers a more extensive curriculum than ever before. Eleven visiting professors, prominent in their fields throughout the United States, will teach hundreds of out-of-state students, many who return for the second and third times.

Missoula’s hand clasp is a little stronger, her congeniality a little more Western—your stay remembered a little longer.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

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TO BE A GREAT MAN

Howard McKinley Corning

The Brooks family lived in a scant clearing beyond the old mines on the trail to Eckley and the upper Sixes. It consisted of three persons: a morose, broken little man with washed-out eyes; his wife, feeding on the canker of loneliness and disappointment; and a dreamy, irresponsible boy with a growing desire to see the world. The boy, Lester, brown-haired and as quiet as his parents, on the day he was fourteen determined to run away. It took him three years to make good his decision. He had a reason then: he was going up-state to be a great man.

Once, late in his sixteenth year, a circuit rider with a political slant to his fiery apostrophies, sojourned briefly in the valley of the Sixes, implanting within the minds of his hearers a vague sense of social as well as religious zeal. Mingled with the glowing names of the apostles of faith, all dead, were those of progress, some of them living. In the latter group was Jesse Applegate, homesteader and state-builder. There was a man! He had come to Oregon as a settler and he had grown in stature and public favor until every living soul in the commonwealth owed him admiration. Not to grant it to him amounted to a sin. “You’ve got to recognize him, every one of you. When he had a chance he did a lot for us all,” the high-wailing and importuning voice declared. Lester Brooks was one who speechlessly paid him tribute. And with his admiration, wild and undirected, a determination was born: to be great like Jesse Applegate. “I gotta do it,” he mumbled solemnly, seated on the hard plank in Shumway’s great barn, where the services were held.

In previous months, in his lonely wanderings about the forest, he had stumbled upon Amos Summers, who several years earlier had come to live with his brother, Bart Summers, in a cabin a few miles down the Sixes. This elderly red-bearded man, with a holy fire in his wide eyes, strode about the forest with the two Summers boys, about Lester’s age, repeating, when he thought he was not being heard, “I’m the center of things. I tell you, things gotta be run from the center.” But apparently he had no intention of running them so. Sometimes Lester would join the Summers trio in their aimless excursions.

Finally, in 1889, having reached seventeen, his slumbering spirit kindled to life by the stormy fire of the evangelist, Lester Brooks backed the muttering Amos up against a giant cedar and told the short man with the wagging red beard what he had to do.

“I’m goin’ t’ run away. Git that? I’m goin’ t’ run away t’morrow. An’ you gotta help me. I’m sick a this snaky stretch a valley an’ I wan’a chance. You with yer all-time talk . . . you help me. Git that? Against I git away I’ll git me a piece a work. I ain’t
stayin’ here no longer. I’m goin’ t’ be a great man.”

The wagging beard trembled into assurance. Amos pledged his assistance. “I guess if you’ve got to—” Lester was going through the mountains to Myrtle Point, some forty miles, and over no marked trail. “It’s mostly your risk, but I’ll help you outa reach an’ sorta cover up on your trail.”

“I gotta be like Jesse Applegate,” the youth said.

The next morning Amos went with the boy a day’s journey into the deep untracked timber of fir and cedar, and over the first humps north. The two spent the night together, and the cougar cries and wolf calls made the elderly man wish he were back in more hospitable regions. He was not a hunter. Once they roused, and it was the youth who killed the daring bobcat that troubled their cautious slumber.

Lester Brooks should have been frightened enough to return home, but he was going on. He was used to timber cries and familiar with his gun and its power. With the coming of morning he said good-bye to the moody talker about the center of things, leaving him behind in the twisted Sixes valley. Lester merged into the deep-morning forest, a gray figure. When Amos last saw him he was beginning to run, fearful, perhaps, lest he look back and lose his courage.

Left alone, Amos Summers, with fear stronger than the youth’s, made his way quickly down into the settled valley. In his haste he broke twigs and fought branches sufficient to draw the more daring game to follow his steps, and to frighten the more timid into distance. His commotion gave him courage. The day passed into afternoon.

“Reckon I best slip down and tell the Brookses,” he said as he strode, “Sorta let ’em know.” This would be a sharing of his responsibility.

The remaining journey through the timber to the Brooks’ clearing required yet a full hour’s tramping. When Amos broke through into the sharp light of the arable space he found the boy’s mother hoeing slowly among the sickly rows of the garden.

“Homer’s down to the stream catchin’ fish,” she said, by way of greeting. “That there path—” She halted her labor and pointed with one finger. Her face was a shadow under her bonnet.

At once, as all along, Amos felt that the boy’s mother should know first. “I jus’ come to say—” he began.

“He’s down there,” she insisted.

Puzzled, he swung about and ambled down the path into the moss-festooned gloom that grew about the Sixes, here at this high point in the valley less a river than a snaky creek. He heard the thin waters; a partridge chirred on the far side.

When he came upon Homer Brooks he found an attitude and an answer he had not anticipated: “It’s his Ma, Amos. His Ma ain’t ever wanted to stay. She put it in him; it ain’t him.”

“It’s Jesse Applegate,” Amos said.

Homer Brooks dawdled his pole up and down where he sat, quizzically studying the waters with his pale eyes; an expression that seemed to have crystallized into the permanency of time, pathetic and obdurate. Submission drew at his drooping shoulders. His wizened face had that narrowness one surprises only in deep shadow.

Meanwhile Amos, perturbed, remained standing. He shifted from foot
to foot. "Thought I'd best come an' tell you," he concluded. Somehow the burden of responsibility still clung to him. "I seen him go."

"He won't nuver come back," the seated figure said. "Not nuver. He's al- ways had them laggin'-away notions."

"He was powerful set, aw'right. But I guess he could come back, come he had a mind to."

II

Lester Brooks, racing through the deep forested hills which gradually grew more mountainous, encountered a difficulty he had not expected. There were wild streams to be forded and down-timber to be climbed over. For a long time yet his way must be an up-climb. Already he grew strained and sore. But the sinew of his young body was resilient, the weariness would pass. He might make it over the divide by mid-afternoon, and if so he could reach Myrtle Point by nightfall; that is, if he could keep his pace. Myrtle Point—that was a name! He must reach there. He didn't much want to remain here in the wild timber alone, not even for one night. But if he had to—Whatever came to beset him, he was going through!

"Jesse Applegate! There's a man!"

With his self-chosen commission upon him, he strode ahead, buffeting his way through the impeding timber and brush, Jaybirds called in the high cedars, puffed-out camp-robbers hooted at him. Gray squirrels, red squirrels, chip-munks swung about and peered at him; they scolded and raced from bough to bough. These were familiar companions. Even the doe he spied in a thicket seemed not eager to run from him. He felt befrinded and encouraged.

Once more he fell to thinking of his prospect in the outer world. "I'll git me a piece a work. Against I make me a place t' stay I'll send fer Ma. Back here ain't no place fer nobody to stay at." Once his mother found out, he concluded, she would surely know why he had gone. And that too encouraged him.

Just past noon he twisted his ankle, not badly, but enough to hinder his speed. He was clambering down a washed draw when he stepped on a loose stone. He rolled thirty feet down. His ankle ached. For an hour, in fearful misgivings, he sat with his foot in a cooling stream to take the swelling and pain away. Eased somewhat, he continued his journey. But he was forced to go more slowly. He realized he could not make it through before nightfall, with the divide not yet reached. And how much farther beyond lay Myrtle Point? He must camp somewhere in this high country.

Mounting just at twilight into a lofty, less tree-grown notch—he was almost on the divide now—he looked a long distance eastward where the forested high country opened out into a sweeping green mountain valley. It swung under his gaze like a vast hammock to gather the weight of his wonder. Already the spread green was gathering darkness, washed with a mull-like dusk, so that the spired severity of the thick pines was softened as with plush.

With this unexpected view before him breath caught in his throat, and suddenly he was less wearied, growing enraptured. His hands dropped to his sides, but he sought after no support. A thumping came in his chest, a swimming emotion dampened his eyes, and his palms grew moist. Here before him
was the long-familiar, the simple and natural become tremendous and fabulous.

"Gee, ain't it wonderful!" he murmured, through quicker-drawn breath, a strange and sweet delight quivering along his nerves. "I never thought there was such places."

Perhaps this magnificence was sufficient to lessen any fear of oncoming night that before had been mounting to overcome him. Where he might have been set upon by terror now he stood fearless. His lips, that at first had parted in surprise, settled together and grew firm. Moisture lessened in his eyes and a new hardihood grew upon his face and tensed his body.

But with the coming of this new wonder and renewed strength, he began almost unconsciously to question his purpose in running away; in abandoning all this grandeur, before now scarcely known, for the unknown and the uncertain possibility of becoming a great man.

He shook these thoughts aside. He was a man now, he must create his own self-sufficiency. To want to remain always with what one loved, was that enough to demand of oneself?

He bit his lip. Whatever came he was going to face it; he was going to act the man. He wasn't going to be overcome like this. Suddenly he thought of his mother back in the twisted Sixes Valley.

Now as he continued to gaze, still standing, a moon that hung in mid-heaven commenced to deepen from barley-husk paleness to orange intensity. Beneath it the ranks of cedars took on a mist of green that was moonlight, sifting, unearthly. His whole body throbbed in silent applause, his blood hammering to an exultant pitch... The high mountain night was closing down over the tall spear-pointed forest.

Presently he blurted, turning half aside: "'Aw, shucks, I guess that ain't so much t' get flustered 'bout. I guess there's other things." But of this he could not be convinced.

He made his camp for the night where the view would be before his eyes. Now he found he was limb-sore; undoubtedly he would sleep much of this grandness away. Come morning, he would be gone; only the wild beasts would stay on. "I gotta be a great man."

He threw up a hasty shelter against the chill of the high altitude, kindled a fire, and ate the remainder of his small parcel of food. Reclining, divided between the familiar past and the dubious future, a little distressed of spirit and feeling very much alone and yet in a curious manner befriended, he gazed out on the lofty mountain night, moonlit beyond his small blaze, and fell asleep.

If beauty had eased Lester Brooks to sleep it was terror that wakened him, struck to life within him by the wailing cries of cougars. There was no mistaking them, the cries of one mounting from the green dipping valley to eastward, the other directly behind the rousing youth and from somewhere deep in the black timber.

Apprehensively he clutched for his gun. He threw a chunk of wood on the dying blaze, which revived with a sickly tendril of flame, not at all reassuring to his trembling nerves. The moon, he observed, was far down; the night was near to waning. Perhaps if he shot off his gun the beasts, certainly with his scent in their nostrils, would be startled and halt. Seldom did cats
hunt other than singly, he knew; perhaps if they came together first they would fight one another for the kill.

His skin prickled and he shuddered. He sprang to his feet, wincing on the hurt ankle, and hastily raked together the available needles and cones and fallen bough-litter and shoved these onto the coals. They caught with a resinous sputter; the flame mounted. He felt more secure; the oncoming gleaming eyes would certainly be held at bay by such a blaze.

As he peered toward the low-hung valley he saw that the beauty of the early evening had faded; the land swung away sooty-dark and remote and had taken on some of the hostility of the cougar cries spilled abroad into the night. The moon, slanting westward, pierced by a cedar spire, spread no coloration of light and wonder over the hammocking expanse. Only terror was abroad.

"'It warn't so much, I guess,'" he mumbled, his eyes sharpened on the encircling darkness. "'It's plenty wild, that's 'bout all.'"

In response he heard a stir in a downfall thicket to the right. He gripped his gun. Something sprang out, slim and vague and was fleetly away, speed ing toward the east. Lester's eyes glimpsed—it was deer, a doe. Immediately from a cedar bough the tawny form of a cougar sprang lithely into the air. But the animal's spring was short; the cougar missed the startled quarry and, hitting the earth, bounded forward to overtake the doe.

Then the second cougar sprung from an opposite bough. He alighted, with a wail of rage, upon the deer's slender back. In an instant the creature was down, her jugular severed and, with a deft down-clawing, disemboweled.

But in that instant the less-fortunate cougar had overtaken both victim and slayer. Before feasting there must be battle.

Their fiendish, strangely-human cries tore with vicious fury from their throats. Their forms lashed together, writhing in the vague light sifted among the cedar trunks from the mounting fire beside which Lester Brooks stood watching, a sickening paralysis upon his senses and mind. Courage within him summoned him to lift his arm... to lift his arm... and shoot.

The report tore into the black hideous night.

When he steadied his vision he could see only the inert form of the doe. The two mauling beasts had fled; he had not killed either. In the east the first pale hues of dawn were tinting the sky.

Weakened, yet full of pride, he sat down beside his wasting fire. Whether the beasts had come seeking him, and the doe had been there, he did not know. Certainly he could have defended himself. And yet, an appalling tremor of terror played over his whole being. Again he thought of his mother in the cabin by the Sixes.

Now with the full break of day, a clear soaring radiance, sunlight came, transparently first, then furiously. It tented its increasing light on the receding darkness. Where sometime in the night all silver had drained away, now a resplendent green bloomed on cedar and fir. The sun grew hot and golden. Mauve shadows melted away and the valley below the divide lay plushed with forest growth. In each clearing chill dew ran down the clean
stem. Thrushes converted shadow into song.

Surpassing wonder as this new evidence of beauty was, Lester Brooks observed it with cold restraint. Now that he had experienced terror and seen death in the midst of this magnificence it seemed a less desirable place. Almost he had given way too weakly to the charm that beset him.

"'Reckon I better git goin'," he said, lifting his chin, holding his eyes averted from the splendor to eastward.

He tried his injured ankle. It was stronger; he hadn't hurt it much. All at once he was reminded that, had he not injured it he would not have halted here on the divide or known the beauty or the terror he had experienced. He'd be somewhere far below, probably already at Myrtle Point.

With this summarizing a twinge came to his thought, so that, with longing not free from gratitude or from melancholy, he dared a final glance at the valley. Breath tightened in his throat. Self-reproach fled.

Turning to his course he struck out sharply, lest his feet lag in departure. All the rest of the way would be going down, through timber less lovely. He could scarcely hope for a view such as he was leaving. Once he stopped and leaned against a fallen cedar. Its tapering girth sprawled, like an indexing finger, down the mountain slope toward Myrtle Point.

III

Lester Brooks, an excited moodiness in his gray eyes and a slight limp to one foot, reached the drab streets of Myrtle Point just before noon. Moss grew thick on the shake roofs of the few buildings. Cows and dogs wandered the grassy streets. The hamlet's residents, but few of them abroad, moved about with apparent indifference to life. There seemed no eagerness for news or excitement nor any awareness that a strange youth had entered their midst.

After a time, in questioning and hunger, Lester thrust his hesitant steps through the swinging doors of a smelly tavern and asked for a meal, eating it at a greasy table and paying for it out of the parcel of gold dust he carried in his belt. Liquor fumes sharpened the inner air.

"Drink?"

He shook his head.

After the heavy meal he felt stronger; the black coffee fired him. This was the beginning of the outer world he had visioned; either he must find reason to remain here or make efforts to go on. As he had left the beauty of the divide above he must also move forward from the ease of being well-fed. He rose and brushed through the swinging doors to the mid-day sun and the grassy street.

"'Reckon I better ask what t' do 'bout gettin' on," he conjectured.

"Ain't so much of a place, this ain't. An' Jesse Applegate, he don't live here."

Nevertheless, excitement stirred him as he approached a man leaning against a store front. The person was long and angular and his black locks curled into his soiled collar. One leg was half-drawn back against the store wall. He stood whistling plug into a brown pipe, his hat pulled over his eyes; he sucked his lean, unshaven cheeks back and forth. A large dirty white hound lay at his booted feet.

As Lester sidled up the dog, without rising, bristled and sniffed.
Frontier and Midland

"I jus' come over the hump," Lester began, confidently.

The man glanced up from his pipe filling but soon withdrew his sight.

"Kinda thought you looked like a newcomer," he drawled, "Come over the hump, eh?"

"I come from Sixes, Eckley way."

"What fer?"

"I'm bound t' see Jesse Applegate. He's a great man; he's got work fer me t' do."

"Send fer yuh, did he?"

The youth shook his head, now a little abashed at his own boldness.

"Would he have t' send fer me t' go?" he asked.

"I reckon not, sprout. But I'd be afraid a bein' in the way if I wasn't wanted," the speaker drawled, a dour note of humor apparent in his words.

Lester drew back. That was it, he hadn't been asked to come and he didn't rightly have a reason, except his own need. Recovering from his perplexity, quickly he stuttered, "But I—I got a reason to see him."

"An' what's your reason, if it's so powerful?"

But now that he confronted a stranger, Lester Brooks was speechless to utter in words for other ears the driving intent of his being. "I reckon you ain't Jesse Applegate," he said, then realized that the reply was blunter than was called for; but he knew too that he was powerless to be more timid than his great need demanded. Your own counsel was something you had to keep, it appeared, in the big world of people. Moreover, you had to rely on yourself.

Lester was about to swing on his heel and be on with his journey, when the man replied:

"No, I ain't Jesse Applegate. He's been dead mor'n a year an' I reckon he won't be sendin' fer yuh." The speaker looked up squarely now and his deep eyes were visible from under the shadow of his limp hat. A guttural laughter escaped after the words. Knocking his pipe out, and scuffing his boots on the hard planks of the porch, he strode into the store behind him.

Lester Brooks, defeat in his eyes and his mouth drawn open by disappointment, stepped backward to the sidewalk. Jesse Applegate was dead! He was only the name of a man who had lived, not a person you could go to and have him give you a piece of work to do? Suddenly the purpose for which he had left home was gone; there was no one else he knew to see. He stood with his hands thrust into his jeans' pockets and stared down the dusty sun-filled street.

Then it came to him: All along he had known very little about this great man that the circuit riding evangelist had pictured as a prophet of the people, like those in the Bible; he had said was misunderstood and needed only the right people to do the things that ought to be done to make Oregon a great state. Somehow he hadn't understood the preacher man to say that Applegate was dead. He hadn't said where he lived, either. Perhaps if he walked for awhile... 

He started to saunter down the hot open street, past the board buildings, grouped and alone, in which people seemed only vaguely alive, lost in inner shadow. A bay filly stood tied at a hitching-rail and a broken wheel sprawled in the tufted grass between two buildings, both gable-roofed, one with a false front. There seemed more saloons than stores. Piles of raw lum-
ber stood over by a river where the rasping chuck-chuck-chuck of a saw could be heard. Over the length and width of the town, imperfectly cut through with streets, houses were unevenly scattered, most of them low-built and a few colored red, but many only weathered. Stock grazed in grassy plots among them. There were gardens and a few vivid flowers, mostly foxgloves and red wild currant. It wasn’t such a bad place, after all, he concluded.

Some distance ahead he saw a girl, nearly grown, idling in a railed-about lawn before a rough-hewn house. Perhaps if he kept to the center of the street she wouldn’t much notice him.

As he drew near she twisted her hands into her red apron. Then, aware of her action, she quickly withdrew them and the garment fell open. She was smiling as she moved up to the fence where the sun burst into radiance through her light yellow hair. Lester glanced at her nervously, uncertain if he should speak. To his discomfort, a smiting energy began in his side and his steps felt stiff and unsure.

Then she was speaking, before he had drawn fully abreast.

"I seen you talkin’ t’ Pap," she announced. Her words came with soft pleasantness and quick firmness. But if her candid friendliness inclined to take away his defence her unfamiliar beauty was too great for his wondering senses. His brow and his palms grew moist, his cheeks flushed hot and his throat tightened—much as he had felt on the divide, only different now.

"Why—I was tellin’ ’im—I jus’ come over," he managed; then added, "I come over lookin’ fer someone." There his words stuck. Finally he told the girl, without her having asked, that he had come from Sixes.

At this her brows lifted and she puzzled in admiration.

"Gee, that’s a ways! That’s a piece, aw’right." Thrusting her blue sleeves farther up her plump pink arms she crossed them akimbo. The house behind her looked squat and drab.

Lester stood in his tracks. Some composure was coming to him, and he said, "I was goin’ on a piece but I won’t be findin’ the man I was aimin’ t’ see."

"Why not?"

"’Cause he’s dead."

"You didn’t know—before?"

He shook his head.

"Would that be a reason fer not goin’ on?"

Lester’s eyes opened and his serious set expression took on just a shade of hope. But confidence was lacking.

"I was aimin’ t’ see Jesse Applegate an’ I reckon there ain’t nobody else. I guess you didn’t nuver know the man."

"I did; I seen him once. He looked like a bushel a whiskers an’ he was all run down at the heels. He lived over Yoncalla way, up beyond Roseburg a stretch, until he got burned out. He jus’ puttered ’round after that, livin’ with one a his sons. He scribbled a lot then. I guess he was kinda crazy."

At first he listened eagerly, then with darkening brows, and resentment flared in his eyes. "You can’t say that," he blurted, stiffening, "He wasn’t."

"You oughta seed him."

"He was a great man!"

A ripple of laughter escaped. "I reckon there’s others," she said. She came forward and leaned on the upper
rider of the three-rail fence. Her broad face was rosy. He eyes twinkled.

After staring at her, presently the tension of his throat lessened and he stepped toward the streetside where he poked with his shoe at a grass tuft.

"I reckon 'at's so, aw'right," he said, renewed confidence touching to stouter seriousness the lines of his face. Then uncertainty erept in: "But I wouldn't know who."

In quandary he gazed full at the girl before him. Suddenly her whole disarming beauty rushed over him anew, with startling and melting force. That feeling of wonder, before awakened only by nature's wild beauty, was here re-experienced in human form, such as he had never seen in the country of the Sixes. And the beauty was beyond his sensibilities to reject.

Her eyes were teasing him now. She tugged at the rail, all her smiling coyness assertive. With one up-tossed hand she brushed back her thick sungilded hair, the movement lessening into languor. Nor could his eyes resist following the smooth lines of her raised arm where the short, full quarter-sleeve gaped back against her white body.

"Are you stayin' or goin' on?" she queried.

He was obliged to draw his sight away to think clearly or to formulate an answer, then, "I reckon I'm goin' on," he said, again looking at her.

Instantly the girl before him leaned forward on the fence, her softness yielding against it. But her words were serious now, not coy and coaxing.

"I was hopin' you'd say that. Yuh see, Pap an' me's leavin' t' live at Roseburg. There oughta be a great 'nough man fer you over there. Or maybe— jus' yoreself."

Suddenly before Lester Brooks swept the whole brief panorama of his life and the few people who had shaped it—seven, at most, and most of them unknowingly: his parents, the circuit rider, Amos Summers, this girl and her father. And Jesse Applegate. But all he really had was himself. For every effort outward that he had made he had been thrust back upon his own being; that is, until he had met this lovely girl standing before him, who strangely drew him out of his aloneness, and yet gave him confidence, and courage to believe in his purposes. The kind of courage he had had to come this far, through danger, and now confidence to go on when all he had was himself. That was all he had ever had, or perhaps ever would have. Jesse Applegate was dead.

Equally, and suddenly also, he realized that going back, under any circumstances whatever, would be defeat; that whatever sickness of spirit he might suffer in going on, whatever homesickness he would know for lost landscapes, it could not equal the pain he would suffer for lost hopes in going back. In that instant he knew the meaning of the sadness of his mother's spirit and his father's morose melancholy.

"But I've got something," he inwardly hastened to remind himself, "Something that won't ever leave me. It's back there in all that big country, but I reckon I've got it with me, too." And he recalled with a flood of emotion the wild grandeur of the mountain night through which he had just passed, the wonder and the terror.

But as these thoughts swept through his mind, giving him courage, he was gazing at the girl before him, and beyond into the future.
IN THE DUSK OF THE WEEPING HEMLOCKS

George Scott Gleason

From their hidden coverts, the hounds leap baying
Through the dim shades of the forest path
Where the ancient oaks are keeping secretive
The crimson trail of an aftermath.

Hark the sound! it's the beagles of Orion,
The hapless band that swiftly uncoil
With hungered cries, leaping on the wild wind,
Filled with the fang-sharp of blood and spoil.

See them leap the trail fleeter than the shadow
Where the buck and the doe have secret fled
With their antlered heads now lifted tremulous
Above the tall reeds forebodingly red.

Strangely imbued with a pale indifference,
The stars look down from a hecate norm,
Heedless of the velvet eyes that ne'er shall see
The wildest of rage, the loudest storm.

When the wind is dead in the deep-shadowed vale,
The hurrying hounds will yet surge on,
But in the dusk of the weeping hemlocks,
The buck and the doe will, alas, be gone.

AGAINST DESPAIR

Ted Robins

Let neither care,
Curt quick, nor stirring dead,
Fierce foe, nor faithless friend distress.
But gloss the mind with smooth obsidian,
Off which all fret need slip. Declare stern war, instead,
Against the sweet—the gentle yearnings, simple kindliness.
Force laughter, blithe or bitter. It may shake into oblivion Despair.
WHEN Paul brought home the bird to Carl and Carl looked at it and said, “It’s going to die,” Paul asked Maurey, “How should a little boy know about dying?”

He asked his question in a loud, threatening voice because all the way home he had been planning to make Carl laugh with the bird, to make him come out of the corner where he sat watching with his cold little face. But Carl only shrank further into his corner and said, “It’s going to die.”

Maurey looked at Paul over a great pile of clean sheets and repeated his question: “How should he know?”

Then she went thump with the flat-iron, punishing someone’s sheets with all the fury she had pent up in her.

Paul could not bear it. He pointed a big shaking finger at little Carl and shouted, “Ja! How should he know? How does he get such thots? Why doesn’t he play like other boys? Why do you keep him shut up here?”

“Why?” asked Maurey, barely opening her thin mouth.

“You should take him to the clinic,” muttered Paul.

“No,” said Maurey, suddenly straightening her back and going to press the child’s head against her knee.

“I won’t have them scaring him again. Last time it was dreadful. Dreadful.”

Paul was still holding the bird in his hand. He turned from Maurey to it. Its feathers were drying and although it was already dead, had died minutes ago in his unconscious hand, it had a soft, strange look about it.

“That was a pretty bird,” said Paul, wondering how it had fallen in the city.

“Oh God!” moaned Maurey, “Will you get out of my light?”

Paul looked at her angry. Couldn’t even stand in his own doorway. He began to shake. “So I’m in your light.”

“Yes, you’re in my light.”

Carl crept under the table and hid his face.

Paul wanted to hit Maurey, but there was the bird in his hand. He went into the next room and sat down. It was cold in there. Paul looked at the bird. It’s breast was a pale soft color. Paul wasn’t angry any more. He kept looking at the bird.

“What do you want with that dirty bird?” McCrory had asked when he picked it up.

“For my little boy,” Paul had said, and he had thought that all he needed to do was to warm it and dry it and put it in a cage he would make out of a box.


Staring at the bird, there in the cold room, Paul was frightened. A little boy knew about death. How so? Well, Paul had known for a long time how it was. Hadn’t he? Yes, in his heart. Ever since they said at the clinic, “He must have more to eat. You must go on the Relief.”

So they went on the Relief, but it was not enough. And Maurey said, “I can make more doing the washing.” And she washed and ironed, washed and ironed, but still it was not enough. Slosh, thump—all day long and in the night. The flesh fell away and she was
not Maurey, but a thin, bitter face in the dark kitchen.

"Paul."

"Ja, Maurey?"

"You'd better throw that bird away before it smells."

"No," said Paul, "I won't throw it away."

He got up and looked down into the street. Nothing there but the old groaning houses standing up under the storm. The gutters ran torrents. To go out into it looking for work!

"Please, Mr. Mahone, I have a little boy."

"Why, man, I can't make a job. Come back again when things are looking up. But now, right now—"

"Mr. Stanziale, I will do anything. Maybe you would like me to wash your trucks."

"I would like to give you work, Heinemann. You were a good man. You get a little something sometimes?"

"Sometimes. Construction job—two weeks—with St. John. I work three days at Christmas. Maybe you have something, Mr. Stanziale?"

"Maybe, Heinemann, maybe. They say business will be good. You wait six months, eh? Come back in six months."

Paul returned to the room and sat down, Maurey's iron said *thump!* Paul felt sick. When he felt sick, he felt angry, wanted to hit something. If I should go out there and knock that face off her, he thought, I wouldn't have to look at it any more. I wouldn't have to look at it looking at me and thinking, Paul, you no-good Paul. You don't do anything but sit around the house all day. Nobody will give you any work. Maybe you are too dumb to work. Yes, thought Paul, tightening his fist, I'll knock the face off her, then I'll knock the face off everybody else, all the people who've got jobs and won't give me one, all the people living in big houses and me in this dump, all the Relief people passing out too small checks to feed a little boy.

Paul looked at his clenched hand and then at his unclenched hand and he was still holding the bird. The clenched hand relaxed. Paul lifted it and touched the bird, spreading the long wings against his palm. There came back to him his father's voice, speaking in a narrow room against the roar of the elevated trains, "And the trees were full of singing birds, and the birds had long wings, for flight."

Long wings, thought Paul, and suddenly he forgot Maurey, forgot the cold room, forgot everything, and seemed to be standing in a place he had known all his life, where the road climbed a hill to his father's house, and on either side of him were trees, tall green trees full of birds singing and flying. Whence came the dream? Paul thought it was a fact. Else how should he remember such a thing, how know the smell of the dust and the hot grass? He was unbelievably happy. It was necessary that they should go, all of them, to this place where trees were. Then everything would be all right. He knew now that it was not enough to bring home a bird. A bird could not live in this place. He went into the kitchen.

"Maurey!" he said, "Carl! If we should leave this place—"

"If we should," repeated Maurey bitterly.

Paul spoke slowly, trying to find words. His face was radiant and kind.
"There's a place I remember. I have never told you. There's a road. It's warm and there are trees."

"And birds," said Carl suddenly, speaking as though these were the first words he had ever said.

"And birds!" shouted Paul excitedly, "With long wings. We lie on the grass and they fly over us."

"My grandmother was a country woman," said Maurey. "The town was called Riga. In the winter time it was very cold and in the summer it was very hot, but you could stand it."

"The road is part of the ground," said Paul. "There's no pavement on it. You can walk in the field without shoes."

"In the winter it was so still you could hear the ice freezing on the ponds crack like a pistol shot, and in the summer nights you could hear the grain sprouting in the fields," said Maurey. Suddenly she began to laugh.

Paul was confused. "What now?" he stammered.

"What?" she asked furiously. "Where is this place? How do we get there? Who pays for it?"

Paul could not say. He knew it was all lies; he had never been in such a place; he would never be. He was cold. He began to feel sick. The blood rushed into his head and he clenched his big hands. Carl crept back under the table and hid his face.

CARNIVAL
B. A. BOTKIN

A sullen murmur of machines and men
Arises from a ring of dust and light
That keeps the lonely prairie back as when
Teepees and wagons made truce with the night.
Wild cats and wolves are howling—in that cage;
And—from the shooting gallery—rifles bark.
While "'thirty classy new attractions'" stage
Old stunts, the Delco engines light the dark.
Within, slow terrapin-race and swift sky-ride,
Calliope and motordrome, brown tents
And orange wagons, flash and roar. Outside,
Beyond, in night and silence, windblown scents
Of rose and honeysuckle from the town—
The waiting prairie, and stars looking down.
LET'S GO TO CARNEY'S
MILDRED DOHERTY

Lil didn't look up from the magazine she was reading when Joe came in. He threw his hat on the radiator, yanked at his tie, undid his collar, and said, "I'm home."

"Yeh, it's about time."

"I didn't have no idea I was going to be so late."

Lil looked at him levelly. "The steak don't know it either. It's in the ice box—what there is of it. Heat the coffee. I cooked dinner once."

Joe said, "I'm not hungry. I ate dinner once—at the Waldorf Astoria."

Lil snorted. She let the magazine slide to the floor. "This is a fine time to get funny," she said. "I wanted we should go over to see Uncle Hermy and Aunt Irene. Uncle Hermy knows a man that knows a man who's got an opening in his shop. But it's too late now."

Joe sat down and studied the yellowish spot on the wall that looked like the map of Italy. Lil stretched, staggered upright and said, "All right, I'll heat up the dinner. Go on being funny. You certainly are a funny fellow."

"I told you," Joe said patiently, "I had dinner uptown; with an old friend; with Sammy Mann."

Lil turned and said, "Joe Wolfe! You never! You're lying!" A red spot shaped like a leaf splashed across the base of her throat; her eyes were bright.

"I mean it. He was asking for you."

"As if he'd remember me!" Lil's tone was deprecatory but she looked young now, as if she didn't believe for a minute Sam Mann could ever forget her. "Gee! Wait until the gang hears! Sam Mann! How does he look? What'd he say?"

Lil sat down opposite Joe, her elbows on her knees, her hands cupping her chin. She hunched towards him eagerly. Joe savored her interest. He scouted in his pockets for cigarettes, found them, and lighted one. He watched the flame of the match until it licked near his thumb and forefinger.

"Go on," Lil urged him.

"What about?"

"About Sam."

"I thought you didn't believe I had dinner at the Waldorf? Turkey, seven bucks an order. A cup of coffee, more than we pay for a pound."

"Aw, I believe you. What'd he look like? Answer me."

"Well, he was kind of fat, in the middle. But he's not so good. Don't say anything. This isn't to blab. He told it to me in confidence. See?" Joe lowered his voice. "He was turned down on his last insurance." He shook his head. "It don't look so good."

"And him with all that money." Lil's voice had a rich satisfaction running under an outer commiseration. "What is it? He could have all the doctors there are."

Joe smiled at Lil's ignorance. He shook his head. "That's what you know about the real Sammy Mann," he said. "He wouldn't stop for anything like sickness. He said to me—it was while we were having a drink—'Joe,' he said, 'When it's Samuel B. Mann's turn he'll go without a squawk. The old ticker'll stop some morning and then it's curtains.' That's what he said."
Lil digested that. "Tell me all about it, Joey. Just the way it happened. I feel kind of excited—as if our luck's going to change, you running into Sam Mann that way and all."

Joe was ready. "It's a funny thing but I would've missed him if I hadn't run into a drug-store for a coke. I was just sort of wandering around—there wasn't any place to go—and when I come out of this drug-store who should I see but Sammy? I didn't know whether to speak to him or not. You know all those stories about him being highhat and all. But he spoke to me. He slapped me on the back and yelled, 'Joe Wolfe.' Then I know all those stories are fake. So I says, 'Sam, I hear you don't care about your old friends any more?' I wanted him to know why I didn't run up to him. Well, that hurt. You could see it. 'Listen, Joe,' he said, 'I miss the old gang but I never get a chance to run down to see them. But I think of them all the time. And you can tell them that from Samuel B. Mann.'"

Lil said, "That just goes to show you—here they're knocking him and he only has kind feelings. The idea of saying Sam only thinks about money all the time."

"Money?" Joe scoffed at it. He snapped his fingers at it. "Sam doesn't care that for money. He said so. He said, 'I envy you, Joe. If I had it to do over again I wouldn't care if I didn't have a dime.'"

"What does he do with it all?"

"What does he do? Shell it out. Do you know Sam Mann had to pay over twenty thousand dollars to Uncle Sam last year? Twenty thousand smackers!"

"He must make a lot of money if they take that much out."


Lil tried to imagine a rich man who would rather be poor. She gave up.

"Well, as I was telling you," Joe said, "we went over to a bar and had a few drinks and then I went to his office with him. And Baby, you should see it once. He was busy, and I mean busy. Tickers and secretaries, and people calling him up on about five phones. Geez! He made over a thousand dollars just while we were there. That's Sam for you."

"All that money in just that little time?" Lil's voice was wistful.

"Then he said he had an off night—his wife's in Florida — and nothing would do but the Waldorf."

"Did you say anything about needing a job?" Lil said. "He could have helped."

"We didn't get around to talking about me," Joe said. "But after I heard the dirty time Sam has been having I didn't want to say anything. Taxes and stuff like that."

"But he could help. Did he say anything about you seeing him again?"

"Sure; he said, 'Look me up sometime, Joe. Give me a buzz. I'll be pretty busy until after the first of the year but there'll be plenty of time after that'"

Lil said, stubbornly, "Just the same it must be swell to be Sam Mann."

"That's what you think," Joe said. "I was feeling pretty rotten this morning when I went out but I feel a lot better now. Just being without a job ain't so bad. Sam looked at me once during dinner and said, 'Joe, I'd give anything..."
to give all this racket up and sneak down to Carney’s and get a glass of beer like the old days.’ It made me feel sorry for him.’

‘I’ll tell you what,’ Lil said. ‘I got fifty cents in my bag. Let’s you and me sneak down to Carney’s.’

Joe demurred, ‘I kind of hate to— when I think of Sam and how he’d love it. It doesn’t seem right.’

Lil had started to put on her hat and coat but she took them off, ‘I know, Joe,’ she said. ‘I know just how you feel. We won’t do it. It wouldn’t be right, you and him being such good friends and all.’

**JACKASS LAUGHTER**  
_Carol Ely Harper_

at last like a jackass  
I come up to myself in the world my barn  
and begin to laugh  
I laugh and I laugh until I am down on my kneebones crawling  
yet harder I laugh—harder I laugh  
until my frightened brothers crowd galloping into the stalls  
to see why this terrible laughter

they stare and they snort roll their eyes and contort  
tim snarls at my laughter tom kicks at the rafter  
dynamite whirls striking feet plunging body I snivel and squeal  
‘hoh! hoh! goddy! goddy!’

homer turns hot wet and smelly buddy drops tears down  
his big bulging belly  
‘hey! hey!’ I roar ‘hoh! hoh!’ I bellow ‘o beauty! beauty!  
o yellow! you yellow!’

out the door they scream breaking joist sill and beam

I am left alone on my riotous shelf—I—mighty man—  
hilariously amused at my godawful self
WHITE MAN DOAN UNNERSTAN'
THOMAS SIMA

His name is Dunlevy Watson. He is black. He is short, easy-going, blank-faced, harmless. He walks in short steps, quicker than most of his race do, with his eyes on the ground, stoop-shouldered, bent at the knees. His work clothes—blue overalls and jumper, work-soiled and patched and laundry-bleached in the hard worn parts—hang on him loosely; a greasy cap sits on the top of his head in a shapeless twist.

When he went down South on a visit, his kinfolk said, "How you like Chicawgo?"

"Chicawgo fine."

Pale blue smoke curled out of the chimney of granpappy's cabin in a thin wisp. The kinfolk sat on the top step of the porch—all except granpappy—with their elbows on their knees and their faces in their hands, studying him with frank awe. He sat in a chair tilted against a tree, basking in the adulation which shone in their eyes, feeling the pleasant glow his city clothes made around his body. He felt that though they had never seen the great city, they perceived some of its greatness about him. In some inexpressible way, he carried the air of it with him.

"Wheah you wu'k down theah?" one of the kinfolk asked.

"Yahds."

"Yahds?"

"Yeah. Stockyahds."

"Oh. Dat's wheah dey kill all dem anamules, cows an' pigs an' sech."

"Sho."

Granpappy sat in a rickety rocker on the porch, the bowl of his ancient corn-cob pipe in his hand. His hard round skull was topped with a thick coating of snowy white, a fringe of snowy white beard encircled his black bare chin like a misplaced halo. The old rocker protested in weak dry creaks. A corner of his glistening forehead, the bulge of his cheekbone caught points of light from the dimming sky.

"Hucombe de folks up theah sen' their anamules to de big fact'ry to be kilt?" granpappy asked. "We allus kill ouahs right cheer. Hucombe dey sen' 'em to de fact'ry up Nawff?"

One of Dun's cousins put a big black hand to his mouth and doubled up silently.

Granpappy couldn't understand the fabled Nawff. Dunlevy tried to explain things.

What he couldn't explain and make them feel was the spirit of the big city—its throb, its motion, its energy, the constant rush, things continually happening. He couldn't make them hear the city sounds—grinding street-cars, the purr of automobiles speeding along the drive, radio, jazz bands, police sirens. He couldn't give them the city smells—gasoline fumes, asphalt pavements scorching in the sun on a hot day, perfumes floating out of shiny brilliant drug stores, fruit stands, restaurants, hot dogs.

"Wheah you wu'k in the yahds?" they asked, pleased to use the new word.

"Sweet pickle."

"Sweet pickle?"

"Sho. Where dey fix de hams and bacon befoah dey smoke 'em."

He told about the big wooden tubs in
the coolers where the hams and bacon were cured. They marveled at his talk of thousands of hams curing at one time in one place. He saw that they couldn’t imagine the thing, hams and bacon curing in tubs five feet high and four feet across. One or two even snickered, ready to burst into delighted laughter over the improbable tales. He could not make them see the vast damp cold “cellars,” with electric lights in the ceiling and row on row of immense tubs, the hams showing pink and white through the brown liquid when you looked over the top. You could see your breath there in the dead of summer.

He drew incredible pictures of the great city—riding in the street-cars unsegregated from the white folks, sitting right along of ’em, even in the choice place by the window ef you got there first. Effen you were sitting and white folks got on, you just sot and the white folks had to stand, just like ef you yourself was white. Those who had been snickering burst into gay guffaws at that. But there was no derision in their laughter. They were delighted and immensely impressed.

He told how nice the white folks treated you—waited on you in big fancy stores and talked real polite while you picked a suit of clothes. How the white men at the yahds said hello and talked to you just like you wasn’t black at all. Kidded with you and joked.

It was true. The clerks and timekeepers liked to kid Dunlevy. They said, “You’re a damn liar, Dun. You couldn’t tell the truth on a stack of bibles.” They grinned when they said it. They said, “You’re so low down you’d sell your grandmother’s picture for a taffy apple.” Dun’s kinfolk wouldn’t even know what a taffy apple was if he had said that.

The foreman was nothing like a Southern boss. He’d bark at you and roar sometimes and yell, “What the hell you doin’, takin’ a nap†?” but it didn’t have the sting of a Southern boss. Dun could move fast; but he would slow up sometimes and then the foreman would yell. Dun always said, “Yassuh, Mistah Ed, yassuh,” and would bestir himself to greater effort. The foreman looked pleased behind his scowl. He walked off in his dirty long white coat, called a “frock.”

Sometimes a young man in a frock came into the cellar. He carried strange glass things in his hands—tubes and beakers and flasks. Usually he came alone, but frequently Mistah Ed was along. The foreman and the young man moved from tub to tub, peering in, talking of cure and yield and shrinkage. Green hams and cured ones. Quality—A No. 1 and seconds. They mentioned Oklahoma City and Kansas City. Talked shipping and big figures.

The young man always had a peculiar glass tube. It was about a foot long and it bulged out in the middle. Once Dun heard him call it a pipette. The young man would insert the end of the tube into the tub and draw some of the pickle liquid into it. His lips pursed up and his cheeks drew in like two large dimples. The liquid would rise, brown and bubbling. The young man held it up to the light, eyeing it critically. He let it down drop by drop until it came to a white mark etched in the upper part of the tube. Then he emptied it into a small glass flask which he plugged up with a rubber stopper.
To Dun the tubes and flasks and beakers were a source of awesome mystery. Like voodoo. They were part of mysterious doings. Dun knew what the young man would do next. He would take his tubes and flasks up to the chemical laboratory on the top floor of the office building. Dun knew, because Mistah Ed had sent him up a few times with "samples." Mistah Ed must have trusted him a good deal. In the laboratory they put the pickle solution through strange processes and the next day the young man came down and told Mistah Ed how much salt was in it and how much sugar. Other things too that Dun had never even heard of. Dun was thrilled at having played a part in these mysterious doings.

Mistah Ed shoved the heavy door of the cooler open one day and came striding toward Dun. Dun knew that Mistuh Ed was coming to talk to him, though the foreman did not look directly at him as he approached.

"Dun, they want you at the time office. Credit union. What's the matter, aren't you keeping up your payments in the credit union?"

"N-n-n-no, suh. Ah mean, yassuh. Ah ain't behin', nossuh."

Dun always stuttered when any of the bosses talked to him in a stern tone. Among his own he was glib enough.

"Gettin' tied up outside again? What're you doin' now, buyin' watches and diamonds and suits?"

"N-n-n-n-no, suh. I ain't buyin' n-n-nuthin'."

"You ain't payin' your debts, then."

"Yassuh. Ah ain't behin' with nobody. No, suh."

"Well, the credit union ain't calling you for nothing. Go on over there and find out what's the trouble. You better keep yourself straight if you know what's good for you."

"Yassuh."

Dun hurried to the time office. He knew what Mr. Holzer, the head timekeeper, wanted. Dun was a few weeks behind in payments on his loan. Holzer would storm and Dun would have to pay up next pay-day. Then he would be all right for a couple of weeks and could get caught up on his clothing bill and radio and the wrist watch he had bought himself last Christmas.

Dun opened the door of the time office deferentially, holding onto the inside knob to keep the spring from shutting the door too loudly. He removed his cap and stepped up to the cashier's window. Holzer, at his desk, looked up. He took a yellow card and came to the counter. He was a tall thin man, with glasses and with deep lines in his face.

"What's the matter with you, young fellow? You're three weeks behind."

"Aint nuthin' the matter wiff me, Mistuh Holzah. Ah skipped last week."

"Last week and a couple of other weeks."

Holzer was loud, masterful. Some of the clerks in the outer office looked up, grinned and bent to their work again. This was old stuff to them.

"You're three weeks behind. You better get yourself straightened out here."

"Yassuh. Ah will. Nex' pay-day."

"We had the same trouble with you on your other loans. You promised to take care of this one and now you're slipping again."

"Yassuh. Ah won't slip no mo'. Ah pay evvathing pay-day."

"You better keep your house in or-
order, boy, or you're going to lose your job. If you're going to keep acting like this and making trouble for yourself and everybody else, we don't want you around here at all."

Holzer talked a strange English, Chicawgo English. Dun had a fleeting recollection of how odd that kind of talk had sounded when he first came up from Georgia. Full-mouthed, and with all the letters exceedingly plain—the vowels broad and the consonants unduly emphasized. Folks with names like Holzer and Dettmer and Peterson talked like that. Folks with names like Brown and Wheat and Jordan didn't talk quite like that, but they talked different from the folks down South, too—harsh and crisp and fast. Artificial it seemed. Chicago talk stood out like black letters on white paper; not smooth and ripply like Southern talk.

Dun could read some; he bought a paper every day on the way home and looked it over in the street-car. All the white folks did that. He always looked at the sporting page to see if there was anything about Joe Louis and Jesse Owens. Whenever he heard Chicago talk he thought of words printed on paper. Chicago talk was print talk, but Southern talk was—well, just talk—talksy.

"Ah ketch up pay-day, Mistah Holzah. Ah don't want to get in bad."

"You gettin' tied up outside? Suits and radios, I suppose. Every time somebody comes up to you and tries to sell you something, you think you have to buy."

"No, suh, I ain't buy nuthin'."

"I wonder."

"No, suh."

"Well, anyway, you come in here pay-day and square up."

"Yassuh."

Dun grabbed his cap by the crown and dropped it on his head, making a hasty retreat. Shoulders hunched, he walked rapidly up the street that led to the Sweet Pickle Cellar. The air was fresh and cool outdoors. The red bricks of the pavement were rounded with wear and there were straight margins of black damp earth between them.

White folks was funny. They didn’t seem to have the natural feel for flashy clothes and watches and pretty jewelry—things that made you warm inside and happy right down in your belly.

What Mr. Holzer didn’t take into account was the magic of new things, and the greater magic of coming into possession of them through the simple expedient of signing your name and paying down a dollar. Just one dollar. The man in the store put a paper in front of you with lots of printing on it and handed you a pen and said, "Sign there." Dun signed, laboriously and in large letters. Signing his name was about all the writing he could do. Sometimes the pen stuck and made a spatter of small dots on the paper, like a picture of an exploding skyrocket.

The man picked up the paper, squinted at the signature and said, "What's the name? Dan—"

"Dunlevy Watson."

"Oh, Dunlevy Watson. Where do you work, Watson?"

He asked Dun his check number and two or three references and said, "That'll be a dollar." After that Dun walked out with a new suit or an overcoat or a new wrist watch.

A clanging engine was pulling a
couple of tank cars up the oil refinery track.

Dun had a radio. It stood up against the wall of his room, a long cord running from it to the double socket at the end of the cord which hung from the ceiling. One outlet of the double socket supplied the power for the radio; the room’s only light was in the other socket. A funny face, carved in a cocoanut shell, stood on top of the radio. A glittering gilded light socket stuck out of the head, without a lamp. Above the socket, supported by thin wires, was a shade of some hairy-looking stuff, bristly, like what covers cocoanut shells. Evenings Dun sat, looking at the radio, listening to the sounds that came out. It caught the light in various places in long thin lines. It stood there gleaming, efficient, perfect. Unexpressed, the thought kept running through his mind, “It’s mine! It’s mine!” His possession of it endowed it with a peculiar quality of intimacy. It said, “I’m Dunlevy Watson’s.” It had Dunlevy Watson all over it. No other radio looked like that, not even the higher priced ones. Other roomers in the building used to come in and listen and enjoy the music and the jokes. But it was Dun’s radio. His own. Pretty soon he wouldn’t have to pay on it anymore.

Mr. Holzer never gave a thought to the magic of new things. He talked about “character” and “honesty” and “keeping square with the board.” Preacher Ramsey was like that, too. He talked about “virtue” and “faith” and “good works” and the “spirichel life.” When the Rev. Ramsey preached, shouting and moaning and defying the devil, touching on Heaven and the life eternal and subtly flattering the con-
gregation with references to the righteousness of the just, it made you feel good and nice and respectable. Sometimes you wanted to go right out and fight evil and the unjust. It was worth the ten cents in the basket and the two bits for the ice cream social.

Mr. Holzer had said once, “If you play ball with us, we’ll play ball with you.” For a moment, Dun didn’t get that. Then he gathered from what Mr. Holzer said after that it meant to pay your debts. Dun said, “Sho.” And by way of entering into the spirit of the conversation, added, “Ah ain’t goin’ keep mah aigs in one basket no mo’, no suh.” Mr. Holzer kind of laughed, and Dun felt he had made a good impression.

Steam was rolling in billows out of the Tank House, spreading a rank sour odor down the street. A box-car was loading by the Dry Salt Cellar. Through the side door a throaty voice yelled, “Hi, Dun. How’s boy?” Dun said, “Hi,” and waved an arm. It was Rank Gordon, pushing a salt-bespattered truck, grinning. White salt dappled the black wet planks below the door of the box-car.

These things Preacher Ramsey and Mr. Holzer and the other white folks said, they were nice, too, in their own way; but that was a different kind of niceness. Dreamy like. You couldn’t touch that kind of niceness with your hands. It floated around you like sweet smoke. You could feel it but you couldn’t see it. These other things—suits, jewelry—you could run your fingers over them and feel the glitter and the color.

Nobody ever said anything about the feel a new suit gave you. Tingly. All over. Little vibrations that surround-
ed you like some pink cloud. The dark blue suit with the inch squares on it marked off in red pencil stripe. Nice and stiff and flat. The pockets in the coat clung right to you. The flaps over the pockets were flat, too. Cozy-like. The pants hung with a straight crease from the belt right down to your feet. Wide pants. Almost cover your foot. You even walked lighter. The tan shoes on your feet did that. And the spats! When you sat down in the pool-hall, you threw your left foot over the right knee, careless, and let the spat show. A pearly-gray hat on your head, snug, making you feel like the picture on the billboard.

Other days you only wore old baggy clothes to and from work. Down at the plant you wore overalls and jumper and a old heavy red sweater to keep from catching cold, running in and out of the damp cellar. Rush here, rush there. Get yourself all smelled up and greasy and grimy.

Saturday night you put on your sport clothes. Perfume on your lapel. The green stuff in the bottle with the putty white gal on it with the yella hair. Say Belle of the Races on the sticker. Just a drop you use, just enough to make sweet air around you.

In your new suit you were a different man. Down at work you were one kind of a Dunlevy Watson; in your new suit you were another. On week days, sweating around the dock and the Sweet Pickle Cellar, you were one kind of man. On Saturday nights, in your swell cool clothes and clean underwear, you were somebody altogether else. The Sweet Pickle Cellar didn’t exist. It was there—silent, damp, dripping—but it occupied only a tiny dark corner ‘way back in your brain.

Back at the Sweet Pickle Cellar the foreman said, “Well, Dun, d’ja get all straightened out?”

“Yassuh. Mistuh Holzah say evvathing all right.”

“I bet he did.”

“Yassuh.”

“Get in there now and get busy.”

“Sho.”

The gals, they recognized that atmosphere about you. Rosetta and Lulu and Ivory and all the rest of them. You knew by that straightahead look in their eyes when they walked past you on Indiana Avenue Saturday night. They just stared straight ahead, with a kind of pleasant look on their faces—not smilin’, just pleasant. Other days they talked and laughed and looked in the shop windows—never paid no attention to you at all. Clothes sure made a difference.

Down at the corner you stood with your back to the bright colorful display in the drugstore window. Folks rushed by, laughing, talking, bundles in their arms. Street-cars rumbled up to a standstill, thundered on over the crossing. Shiny blue Unique Taxis pulled up, discharged passengers, took on others. The city hummed and rushed and throbbed all around you. You poked out your left arm and brought it up and looked at your watch. The strap was tight around your waist, new and stiff and dean-back. The watch smiled up at you, neat, spark-ling. It showed just exactly the same time as the clock on the bank building across the street. It was your own watch, the kind they talk about on the radio. It sent little currents of pleas-ure chasing each other through your body.
All the time the traffic lights keep blinking—red, amber, green—red, amber, green—over and over again. You hear the traffic light machinery clicking in the green box on the green post. Somebody shouts, "Hi, Watson." You are part of this great throbbing thing, the city.

Vague thoughts, pictures, came and went in Dun’s brain.

He got a load of hams, pulled the truck out to the waiting box-car, came back for more. Two of his buddies, Oscar and Spurgeon, looked at him, grinning. They were waiting for loads.

"Get hell raised with yo’?"
"I ain’t get no hell raise.’"
"Sho ’nuff!"—grinningly skeptical.
"No. I ain’t get no hell raise.’"

All these people worrying about their money. Pay me! Pay me! Pony up! Get square with the board! What all the excitement about? They all get paid! Dun had no intention of cheat-in’ anybody. He want to do the right thing by evvabody, just like he want evvabody do the right thing by him. They all get paid!

The man from De Luxe Clothiers, Budget Plan That Makes It Easy On Your Pocketbook, had been after Dun to get another suit. Said he had some nice grays. He always waited for Dun at the gate on pay-day. Dun paid him a dollar each week on the new pinch-back overcoat. Dun had gone down to look at the grays in the windows of the De Luxe Clothiers. Sweet. He didn’t go in. He’d be sure to get tied up with a new gray suit if he did.

But he would get one. After winter, maybe, after he’d get caught up on some of his other bills. He still owed on the blue suit and the overcoat and the radio and the dentist bill and the credit union. There was a little bill at the Southern Grill had to be cleaned up. But next spring, when the weather begun to get less cold and the air begun to smell sweet and soft. When the grass in Washington Park got green again after winter and the bushes and trees got new fresh leaves. When all the young couples started strolling through the park evenings. Scott Burleson’s boy Jeff and that Smith girl, Virginia, and the likes of them. He’d want some new and springy things then, fresh and colorful. He’d get himself a new gray in the spring—and one of those new style shirts, brick red with a maze of white lines zigzaggin’ all over it, with a little pearl button in each corner of the collar. A tie, blue maybe, with swirls of other colors in silk.

He could get him a gal too and walk her through the park of a Saturday night. A nice one, not the trashy kind you could pick up any night in any kind of clothes, smirkin’ and soiled and dried up, and tryin’ to look fetchin’. No suh, he’d walk a nice one. Maybe he’d have a buddy along and there would be four of them, laughin’ and jokin’. They might sit down a while on a bench and talk and joke and frisk a bit.

Going home, they’d pass a drugstore on the corner and Dun would say, offhand, "How’s about a little soda?" They would sit at a white-topped table and sip their sodas through straws out of long bulgy green glasses. The buddy would probably buy a couple of cigars and they’d light them up and smoke, walking the gals up Fifty-first Street and Michigan Avenue.

If he’d get caught up on his bills, he
could skip a week or two payments and save enough to go to a night club for a real time. Hot music. Slim lithe gals. Dancing. Gayety and excitement in an atmosphere of cigarette smoke and beer. Waiters. Dim lights.

The Sweet Pickle Cellar would be far away then, and Georgia and granpap-
"You know," he says, "You know that's the thing I can't understand about you mill men."

You mill men, that made me mad. "Whadda yuh mean? I suppose you're not working here."

He shrugged his skinny shoulders. "Yeah, but I'm kind of new at it. And the thing I can't understand is your attitude."

I pulled out my pack of Camels and lit one, and decided to enjoy this. I knew right away he was a talker. They came in with their heads full of theories. The trouble was they never could make their theories work. But it was always interesting to hear them shooting off at the mouth. They could put on a good show.

"What's the matter with our attitude?"

"My God, man. You take this," he waved his hand over the mill, "so calmly. All of you beaten down by the machines, all of you subservient to them. Don't you ever think what you're doing? Don't you ever rebel at being tied to them?"

"Me, I'm damn glad to have a job."

He shrugged his skinny shoulders again. "Which explains, I suppose, why our political and social system remains static. A great army of stupid ones—glad to have a job—afraid—or too dumb to rebel."

I could feel my face getting red. Too dumb! Afraid! Madness was boiling up inside of me. "Whadda yuh mean?"

I guess maybe he thought he had a willing listener. Anyway, he stood up and leaned at me, shaking a skinny dirty finger in my face. "If you palookas realized what a tremendous power you have, you could take over this country and run it the way it should be run. You could be getting the profits you should be getting from the mills."

"Listen, toots," my hands were shaking, "You can keep that kind of talk out of my territory. Save it for your meetings. I'm eating now and it's probably more than I'd be doin' if you and your crowd were running things. Now, get outa here."

He yelled at me, "What the hell's the matter with you? Can't you see you're being exploited? Your minds are being ruined, your bodies ruined by the machines. A bunch of blokes, dumb blokes."

I took a poke at him. I couldn't help it. When I get mad I don't know what I'm doing. It wasn't much of a blow, but he staggered, and then I was ashamed of myself. A little guy like that and a big bruiser like me hitting him. He just looked at me, and climbed down over the side.

I sat there cussing myself for a few minutes, then the mill started and the things he had been saying stuck there in my mind. Maybe I am dumb, maybe I ought to feel different about things, but I never hated the mill. Standing up there in my shanty, with the rolls down below, and the fiery ribbon of steel slipping through slick as a whistle; me, pushing and pulling the levers that keep the thing going. The men there, each with his job. All of us working together. Sometimes something would go wrong, and the bar would fly up and it would twist and turn in the blackness. And everybody would be rushing. Then the noise of the rolls would stop, and we could hear again. Mostly the roller standing there cussing a blue streak. Scrap. Steel that we'd cobbles. It always hurt me
to see it thrown out. I liked it when it came through right, when you knew it was going to go out and be made into automobiles.

Maybe it was just as well I didn’t think the way he did. I was telling Joe about it the next morning as we were going out. We could see the lake when we came out of the washhouse. It was pretty rough that morning—white foam against the blue where the sun touched it. We could see the gulls sweeping out over it.

Joe is assistant roller on our turn. We were on the same football team in high school and he always was a smart son-of-a-gun. Not one to talk very much but there was always plenty of thinking going on behind his face. Joe didn’t ever miss anything.

He just laughed when I told him that I had pushed the squirt around. “Don’t let that worry you. He’s been poked before. In one of the other mills he got to shooting off about politics and some guy hit him. Yuh can’t argue with guys like that.”

“Was he in another mill? The way he acted around here I thought he’d never seen a mill before.”

“Yeah. He won’t last long here either. They’ll probably shoot him over to the warehouse—that is, if they don’t fire him.” Joe started looking through his pockets for his car keys. “He talks too much. And he’s got ideas.” He slid into the car seat. “That’s a bad line-up.”

I made the mistake of telling Katie about it while I was eating my breakfast. She stood there, holding the coffee pot, “You mean—you hit him?”

I couldn’t explain it to her. You can’t explain things like that to a woman. That awful feeling that tears through you and makes your fist fly out, even without your thinking about doing any hitting.

But she made me feel tough enough about it so that the next night when I came on again, I hunted him up and tried to explain to him. He wouldn’t listen. He stood there for a minute, not looking at me, then he gave me one nasty look and turned and walked away. I stood there with my mouth hanging open looking plenty silly. But I thought—well, the hell with him.

He started doing an awful lot of talking then. Not about us taking over the country and the mills because that would have finished him, quick. From what we’ve seen of agitators, we don’t like them any better than the big shots do. No, this talking was about the machine age. It started with Jim in the washhouse. Jim’s been in the mills for years and all the time he’s been thinking about the farm he’s going to have some day. He sits in there when he’s not busy, reading bulletins from the government, and he’s got the whole thing planned—how many chickens he’s going to have and what he’s going to feed ’em. He figures and figures on little scraps of paper and in the summer he’s got the yard around the washhouse looking like the country club lawn. He’s a talkative old guy and we all like to go in and chew the fat with him. Well, he and the little guy got pretty chummy. Both of them talking about the same thing, but in a different way. Jim, he’s thinking about him and his wife settling down down out where it’s clean and quiet, raising themselves enough to eat, and having a place where their kids and their grandchildren can come summers. The little guy has got a bug about doing
away with machines and going primitive. And the two of them sit there and talk, listening only to themselves.

But it doesn't go over so big with the rest of the guys. They start calling him "Goofy" behind his back and making jokes about the ideal life. Then one day Farmer Bill lit into him. He'd been heckling Bill about leaving the farm, telling him he was a dumb Swede for giving up the good life for the crash and roar of machinery. Farmer Bill's one of these guys with quick fingers. Anytime anything's wrong with the machinery, he just feels around and pretty soon he's got it fixed and running. Well, he looks at Goofy for a minute, then he starts talking in that slow voice of his that makes Goofy's sound like a squeak and he says, "Listen, you better know what you're talkin' about before you start talkin'. Did you ever get up at four o'clock in the mornin' and shovel snow to get to the barn, and sit there with your hands and feet stiff with cold and milk a cow? Did you ever butcher a pig? Did you ever sit and watch the stuff you'd planted shrivel up and die in the heat of the sun? My wife doesn't get up in the morning and fire a stove and she doesn't stand outside in the dead of winter tryin' to hack frozen clothes off the line. She's got a warm house that she heats by pushin' a little lever on the wall, and she's got an electric ice-box and she's got a washing-machine. And my kids don't—"

Goofy busted in, "Yes, and she's got economic insecurity." Which was a hell of a mouthful of words for a grease monkey. Then he turns and looks at the rolls and shakes his fist at them, "Symbols! Symbols of destruction, symbols of everything that is rotten and ugly about civilization." At first we're getting a kick out of it. That little skinny squirt standing there shaking his puny fist at the smoothness and speed of those rolls. But we didn't laugh. I don't know why we didn't laugh. He turns to us, "My God, men, don't you see you're slaves, beholden to monsters, getting nothing out of it but misery? It's a damned ugly life you're leading and not one of you has sense enough to see it."

Farmer Bill's voice is still slow, "I'm not sayin' this is the best life there is. Bein' what I am, it suits me. And as long as we've got machines, we might just as well play along and like it."

Goofy was about to do some more yelling when the whistle blew and we got back to business. I was glad, because I was afraid the old man would come along and hear him shouting and fire him. Now, I wish he had. Now, I wish we hadn't been so careful about not mentioning his crazy ideas to Ferguson. But we thought we were protecting the guy.

We got to the point, then, where we didn't pay any attention to him. If he'd start talking, we'd just walk away. We said it was because he was cracked. But after all, when you've got your life going along a certain way, you don't much like having somebody telling you it's all wrong. Not when there's nothing you can do about it. I'd catch myself thinking about it when I was sitting up in the pulpit. Sometimes, watching the steel go by down below, so regular and monotonous, my mind would get to wandering, and I'd think about how a third of my life was spent sitting up there, and I'd get to noticing how all of us ran around coddling those rolls. And when they sent
Shorty and Joe and me over to the mill to see the new cold rolls, I listened to them telling us what an improvement they were over the old hand mills, and all I could think of, standing there looking at them, was all the old hand mill rollers they were putting out of jobs.

And one night when Farmer Bill and Joe and I were walking out together, walking out over the cinders, Farmer Bill said, "Didja ever walk through a wheat field after the wheat had been cut? You know, there's somethin' about the air tonight that makes me think of it, how the stubble cracks under your feet, and the smell that there is."

Joe stopped and knocked his pipe against the heel of his shoe; the spot of fire glowed in the darkness on the ground. "Good healthy smell, eh, Bill?"

"Yeah. It's funny how you remember smells. The smell of the barn, sort of steamy and warm; the smell of apples rottin' on the ground."

It sounded good the way he said it. Joe looked at him, "Not gettin' homesick are you, Bill?"

"Hell, no!" We walked along, Bill pulled out a cigarette and lit it, blew out a drag of smoke. "Sometimes you kind of wonder, though, lookin' back ..."

I waited for him to say something else, but he didn't, he just let the words hang empty. We had got to the parking lot by that time and we yelled good-night to him and got in Joe's car.

We didn't say anything. Joe turned on the radio, but I wasn't paying any attention to it. I kept smelling the gasoline and the smoke from the coke plant and thinking about what the country smells like. I said to Joe how even crazy guys like Goofy always had something sensible in what they were saying. Joe leaned out of the ear window and spit the tobacco juice out of his mouth. "Better quit thinking, Slim, it's bad for you."

But I couldn't. Something like that gets started in your mind and it gets bigger and bigger. I got to noticing how the old mill guys' shoulders stooped. I got to thinking about how Katie and I didn't have anything ahead and what would happen to us if some smart guy figured out a machine to do my work. I said something about that one day in a bull session around the salamander. The guy next to me almost bit my head off, "My God, man, why cross your bridges before you come to them?"

Nobody said anything for a long time. Then Jake, the gauger on our turn, who was sitting over on a box eating an apple, said, "You know, I've been thinking about how easy it would be to have a machine to gauge the steel as it comes through the rolls. You could have a gadget fastened ..." He threw the apple core into the fire, then looked at us, "What's going to happen when they don't need us any longer? What's going to happen to us?"

Shorty yawned. "Oh, I expect something'll turn up."

Joe flipped a cigarette into the fire. "Sure." He reached over and pushed Shorty's cap down over his face, "Say, have you guys seen that new show out at Dutch's?"

But none of us felt much like talking about strip-tease acts. We sat there waiting for the whistle to blow and when it blew, we beat it for our partic-
ular spots. I felt a little better after I got up in the pulpit. After all, you can’t expect a machine to record—that takes some thinking.

And I tried putting the stuff out of my mind. But even now sometimes I look down over the side of the pulpit and it looks like in the shadows I can see Goofy’s skinny littleness rushing along with that funny cap of his turned sideways on his head, and it all comes back and I have to remind myself he’s not there.

It happened when we were on the day shift. We had a big run that day—a chance for a good bonus—and we were batting them out. It seems that Goofy walked up to Shorty and asked him where he could get some oil. Shorty, busy as hell gauging for Jake, is so damn mad at his interrupting him with such a foolish question, he says, sarcastic-like. “You might try the crane track.” Well, any fool that’s worked there any time at all knows damn well that nobody—and I mean nobody—ever goes climbing around on a crane track. That’s one of the first things they tell you. And the idea of finding oil there!

Shorty goes right on then, gauging the steel as it comes through. And he’s so busy signalling the roller that he don’t see Goofy climbing. Goofy gets up there, and a crane comes along. None of us see the beam hit him, but I saw him flying through the air; I saw his body slam onto the cement floor. In an instant the mill is dead. Someone rings for the ambulance. Three of the fellows start over to him. Me, I’m standing in the pulpit shaking all over, trying to keep the sickness inside of me, trying to make myself get down there and help. They pick him up, the pulp that was him, and lay him out on the stretcher. The siren of the ambulance screams through the quiet. And one of the fellows that picked him up goes over in the corner and vomits.

The niggers started cleaning up; and we stood around the salamander not saying anything. And suddenly Shorty yells, ‘Who the hell would have thought he’d do it?’ And he tells us what happened. They lay Shorty off for two weeks—somebody’s got to take the rap for an accident.

Joe and I started home, but we stopped at a tavern and had a few drinks. All I can think about is the way he looked going through the air, like a sack being thrown. It gets worse and worse the more I drink. I think about him standing shaking his fist at the rolls and it gets all mixed up in my mind and I see the mill sitting there waiting for a chance at him. And I say to Joe, ‘It’s like as if they were laying for him, just waiting there to kill him.’ Joe looks at me and his eyes are bloodshot and he says, ‘Don’t be a sap,’ and he orders two more shots.
COURSING THE COYOTE

Aubrey Neasham

Note: It has been said that the coyote has more than his share of brains. Surely, his propagation in the face of an advancing civilization has been astounding, at times, and indicative of his ability to cope with the human being. The more farms and ranches which have come into being, the more opportunity there has been for him to steal his way into permanency.

There are many stories and poems written about the sagacity of the loping gray creature. Some do him justice and others tend to lessen his powers as a wizard. The following account, found in the yellowed pages of a leading western newspaper, is unique in its presentation of the remarkable thinking and outwitting qualities of Mr. Coyote. Taking place near Virginia City, Nevada, it could have happened anywhere in the West. The account appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle for March 31, 1878. It has been slightly edited.

In the absence of deer upon the trail of which they might legally turn their hounds loose, a number of the sportsmen of Virginia City, having succeeded in securing a trapped coyote, resolved upon having some sport with him. The coyote was placed in a box, which was put into a wagon and taken out into the alkali plains about eighteen miles east of the city one day last week. The well-known sportsmen whose names follow procured the best mounts obtainable and accompanied their dogs and captive to the chosen coursing ground: Alderman Rawlings, J. S. Kaneen, James Orndorff, J. Kerr, Jack Magee, Mr. Meide, Dan Lyons, James Cheryberger, James Rock, Lewis Reynolds, Matt. Bean, Dan S. Kerry and nearly a dozen others. It proved to be one of the most novel and exciting days’ sport ever witnessed in that part of the country. Fox-hunting was dull in comparison. The coyote showed less of the vanishing speed than Mark Twain has attributed to the brute in his characteristic description, but what he lacked in speed he made up in spunk when run down. The affair is thus described by a local chronicler: ‘The place selected for the liberation of the coyote was a sort of alkali flat about six or seven miles wide. The coyote, caged in a closed box, had been brought to the place in a wagon, and was liberated about 12:30 in the center of the flat. It was agreed to allow him to reach the edge of the sagebrush, some three miles distant, before the hounds were slipped. When let out of his box the coyote trotted off leisurely, leaving behind some eighteen or twenty hounds struggling frantically on the leash and

Clamoring for the Run.

It took the coyote about fifteen minutes to reach the edge of the flat, and just as he melted into the sagebrush the pack were turned loose upon the desert and took the trail in full cry, followed by a well-mounted field. The sagebrush was soon reached and then the chase began in earnest. Kaneen, who was splendidly mounted, took the lead, with Jack Magee close at his heels and the rest of the field trailing behind. The sagebrush and boulders were not the easiest things in the world to run in, but the horses, which by this time seemed to have got warmed up to the work, made light of the rough condition of the track as they went crashing through the brush or took flying leaps over the bowlders. The hounds were about half a mile ahead in the sagebrush, their course marked by a continuous yelping and a trail of dust. After a run of about twenty minutes

1Wells Drury, famous editor of Virginia City, was the author, probably.
the coyote turned upon the trail and
took a course leading back to the flat.
Reaching the limit of the sagebrush, it
shot into the clear flat again and made
a bee line for the box from which it was
first liberated. The hounds cleared the
brush but a few minutes behind, with
the field not twenty yards in the rear,
and at this point the chase became very
exciting. The flat was as level as a
floor, and when the field straggled out
of the brush the coyote was about half
a mile ahead and had three miles to run
before reaching the box, a point for
which it was evidently making. Horses,
hounds and coyote were now all for the
first time in sight of each other. About
half a dozen horsemen led the field,
with Kaneen, Magee, Alderman Raw-
lings and Jim Orndorff in the van. As
they neared the box the coyote was
pretty closely pressed by the hounds,
but made a spurt and slid into his old
retreat like a flash of lightning. The
driver of the team who had brought
him out jumped down and closed the
door, and in a minute a pack of disap-
pointed dogs were yelping all around
it. The riders came up immediately
afterward, and a hearty cheer went up
in honor of

The Sagacious Coyote,
followed by a general laugh when the
utter ridiculousness of the situation be-
came apparent. After the coyote had
taken about half an hour's rest it was
decided to give the hounds a second
run, and the snarling coyote was again
turned out upon the cold charities of
the sagebrush. He made off this time
at a pace which discounted his first ef-
fort. It did not take over five minutes
for him to reach the sagebrush, and the
instant he disappeared the field took
the trail. He covered about the same
ground as before, but doubled more fre-
quently and ran a good deal faster. In
about twenty minutes he again turned
into the flat, and 'Little Martin,' the
driver, who was near the box with his
team, concluded to go out and meet
him. The coyote was doubling in fine
style on the hounds, but when Martin
had traveled about a mile from the box
the pursued animal turned and made
for the wagon. The dogs overtook him
when he was yet about fifty yards from
the wagon, and the leader springing
forward fastened his teeth in his
shoulder. The coyote turned nimbly,
and appropriating a portion of the
dog's ear traveled on, and gaining the
wagon stopped directly under it, trot-
ting along like a coach-dog beneath the
fore axle. The hounds surrounded the
wagon, yelping savagely, and one
would occasionally shoot between the
wheels to try conclusions with the coy-
ote, who would generally send him
howling back with the blood streaming
from his hide. The coyote finally be-
came emboldened with his success, and
gliding from between the wheels sprang
into the center of the pack, and for a
few seconds

Fought Savagely with the Dogs,
Ripping the skin from the flanks of a
couple, and sliding back to its vantage
ground again when numbers threatened
to overpower him. Little Martin, the
self-constituted guardian of the coyote,
enjoyed the fun immensely, and drove
the wagon straight up to the box. The
hounds, which seemed to anticipate a
repetition of the first strategic move-
ment, made a rush to cut off the retreat
but the hunted animal fought his way
through, and clearing the back of the
last one in his way by a leap that must
have measured five times his length,
he gained the door of the box and was inside again in a second. The field now came up and sent up another succession of hearty cheers for the coyote who had made two so plucky runs and succeeded in two so gallant escapes. At this point Kaneen saw a jackrabbit bounding over the flat and gave chase. His horse had hardly started when his hat went off, and the tremendous wind which by this time was sweeping over the flat took his hat, and, turning it upon its brim, sent it along like a wheel at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. Kaneen followed, putting his horse at its best speed, and the chase was as exciting as any fox run ever seen in the State. He overtook and captured his hat four miles from the starting-place. After his return all hands took the road for home, bringing the coyote with them, and he is now in Rock’s Stable, as lively as ever and ready for another run."

**GLOSSARY OF COMMON SPEECH IN MONTANA**

Prepared by The Federal Writers’ Project, Montana Works Progress Administration.

*Note:* This material will appear in the forthcoming *Montana State Guide.*

**Badlands**—Barren lands, with fantastically eroded horizontal strata.

**Bedding ground**—Sheltered place where stock beds down at night, usually in a ravine or a clump of brush.

**Bench**—Plain rising above lowland. Where bench succeeds bench over vast areas, they are named or numbered (“Outlook Bench,” “second bench”).

**Between hay and grass**—In different times, as in early spring, when hay is gone and grass has not come up.

**Biddy**—Aged and toothless ewe.

**Biddy bridle**—Old-fashioned bridle with "blinders."

**Bonanza**—A rich vein of ore, or any easy source of wealth.

**Boothill**—Cemetery where pioneers who died with their boots on were buried.

**Box canyon**—A canyon closed at one end by high cliffs.

**Brains, the**—Engineers; white-collar workers.

**Brand blotting**—Making a brand indistinct and alterable by applying heat through a wet sack or blanket.

**Broke horse**; broken, but wild.

**Bucking roller**—Rider who specializes in breaking wild horses.

**Broomtail**—Range or scrub horse of doubtful value.

**Bucking rolls**—Leather pads on the pommel that enable a rider to clamp his knees to the saddle.

**Buffalo chips**—Dried buffalo or livestock manure used for fuel.

**Buffalo wallow**—Depression where buffalo rolled in the dust.

**Bulldog**—To throw a steer by leaping from the saddle, grasping his horns, and twisting his neck.

**Bull-mooser**—Drill used in sinking shafts and winzes.

**Bullwhacker**—Driver of oxen.

**Bum lamb**—Lamb which has lost its mother, and wanders about trying to get food from other ewes.

**Butte**—A conspicuous hill or mountain, usually a hard core left standing in an area reduced by erosion.

**Buzzard head**—Mean-tempered range horse.

**Buzzies**—Stoping-machine drills.

**Cavvy**—Herd of horses (from Spanish caballada).

**Cayuse**—Horse of doubtful lineage, usually an Indian pony.

**Cedar break**—Broken land overgrown with scrub cedar.

**Chaps**—Leather or goatskin riding pants worn for protection from cold or whipping brush growth. Originally chapafojos.

**Chinook**—A warm southwest wind that removes snow in winter.

**Circle**—Area a roundup rider must inspect in a day. Several men riding separate circles cover the range thoroughly.

**Close herdin’**—Cheek-to-cheek dancing.

**Corral**—Livestock pen of poles or boards.

**Coulee**—A small valley in prairie country.

**Cowpuncher**—Ranch hand. In Montana the term is preferred to “cowboy,” which is regarded as slightly less virile.

**Crazy as a sheepherder**—(Cattlemen’s expression.)

**Crow hop**—Straight jump made by a bucking horse, especially in leaving the chute (at a rodeo).

**Cutting horse**—Quick horse, good at cutting out.
Cut out—To separate (an animal) from the herd.
Ditch rider—Irrigation patrolman who turns water into laterals and watches for breaks in ditch banks.
Dogies—Cattle; sometimes motherless calves.
Drift fence—Fence set up to stop straying livestock.
Drop band—Band of ewes being lambed in the spring.
Dry, the—Room where miners change clothing after work.
Dry band—Band of sheep without lambs or gravid ewes.
Dust, the—Silicosis, caused by breathing dust in mines.
Duster—Dry oil well.
Fan the hammer—To fire rapidly with a single-action revolver on which the trigger catch has been filed down. The gun was held in the right hand, the hammer drawn back and released with the heel of the left.
Father up the herd—To get the herd bedded down at night.
Feel one’s oats—To get cocky.
Filly—Unmarried woman.
Fool—Person of more than ordinary aptitude; as “a ridin’ fool” for an uncommonly good rider.
Fool brand—Brand too complicated to be described by a brief name.
Fork a horse—To mount.
Fan the hammer—To fire rapidly with a single-action revolver on which the trigger catch has been filed down. The gun was held in the right hand, the hammer drawn back and released with the heel of the left.
Father up the herd—To get the herd bedded down at night.
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Fool—Person of more than ordinary aptitude; as “a ridin’ fool” for an uncommonly good rider.
Fool brand—Brand too complicated to be described by a brief name.
Fork a horse—To mount.
Go into the hills—To start on a prospecting expedition.
Go on top—To come out of a mine.
Hardrocker—Quartz miner; miner who digs ore out of rock.
Hell-for-leather—In great haste. “Ridin’ hell-for-leather” suggests very hard use of leather (i.e., whip).
Hill rat—Prospector.
Hog leg—Six-shooter in a holster (from its form).
Hombre—Man (Spanish); pronounced “umber” in Montana.
“It’s deep enough for me”—Miner’s notice to employer. Miners superstitiously avoid making such statements as “I’m quitting,” or “This is my last shift.”
Kack—Saddle.
Lamb licker—Sheepman (derisive); from a ewe’s habit of licking a newborn lamb.
Lariat—Light, strong rope with a running noose, used for catching and tying livestock.
Larrup—To strike, thrash.
Larrupin’ truck—“Great stuff.”
Lasso—Lariat; also (v.) to catch with a lariat.
Line fence—Dividing fence between range outfits.
Lobo—Wolf that hunts alone. Hence, a solitary person.
Loco—Poisonous weed that destroys muscular control; also (adj.) crazy, and (v.) to craze.
Lone ranger—Unmarried man.
Long, the (or long steel)—In mining, a drill used to finish holes to a depth of 5 to 7 ft.
Long yearling—Colt or calf between one and two years old.
Loose herdin’—Dancing with decorous space between partners.
Nester—Homesteader.
Nipper—Supplier of powder and sharp steel in mines.
On the prod—Out of sorts; as, a cow ready to use her horns.
Peel bronces—To ride, drive, or break horses, especially with free use of the whip.
Pile—To throw. “That horse piled me.”
Plinger—Machine for drilling boulders, or blasting.
Pool camp—Roundup camp of several ranches, each one’s interests being in the hands of a “rep” (which see).
Pop—In mining, a drilled hole less than 2 ft. deep.
Pull freight—To go away; move on.
Pull leather—To hold on to the saddle in riding a bucking horse. In rodeos it disqualifies the rider.
Put a loop on—To lasso.
Rattle one’s hocks—To get going; to move along.
Rep—Representative; roundup hand who looks after the stock of a particular ranch in pool camp.
Ride the owlhoot trail—To ride at night (as an outlaw).
Ridin’ herd on (a woman)—Court ing.
Ridge runner—Wild horse which keeps to a ridge or high point to watch for danger and warn the herd.
Road agent—Old-time robber of stage route travelers.
Roll your bed!—“You’re fired.”
Rope—To lasso. The favorite Montana term.
Roundup—Periodic gathering of range cattle for branding and the like.
Running iron—Straight iron without a brand design, with which any brand can be applied.
Rustle—To make one’s way. To obtain; as food, wood, water. To steal (livestock). To ask for a job.
Sack out—To break a shying horse by tying him up and throwing sacks at him until he no longer shies.
Salivate—To “liquidate”; to shoot full of holes.
Savvy—To understand (Spanish, sabe); also (n.) knowledge, grasp. “He’s got lots of savvy.”
Shifter—Boss of a shift in a mine.
Show daylight—In bronc busting, to let light show between man and saddle; a usual preliminary to being “piled.”
Slick ear—Animal without earmark.
Slicker—Unbranded animal.
Slow elk—Beef butchered without the owner’s knowledge.
Sodbuster—Homesteader.
Soogan—Quilt.
Sourdough—Bread leavened with sponge from a previous baking.
Stampede—Properly, the disorderly running away of a herd of animals. Loosely, any confused activity.
Steel—Mine drills generally.
Stray—Animal off its home range; hence, a stranger.
String—Saddle horses kept for the use of a single rider.
Sunfish—To buck with a sidewise, writhing motion or by rapidly lowering and lifting the shoulders.
Swing team—Any pair between leaders and wheelers in a multiple team.
Throw a wide loop—to be careless as to whose stock one ropes; to take more than one’s share of anything.

Tin pants—Heavy, stiff, waterproof garment worn by woodsmen, “Stand your tin pants in the corner.”
Tommy-knocker—Ghost of a man killed in a mine. Miners say he returns to work the shift on which he was killed. They thus explain the creaking of timbers and similar sounds.
Top a horse—to ride an unbroken horse, partly taming him.
Top hand—First-rate cowpuncher.
Top railer—Person who sits on the top rail of a corral and advises the men who do the work and take the chances. The back-seat driver of range land.
Vented brand—Brand blotted out before witnesses, when the legal ownership of an animal is changed.
War bag—Bag containing a cowpuncher’s personal effects.
Woolies—Sheep.
Wrangler—Herder in charge of saddle stock.

IV. ENTRANCE INTO ARKANSAS

PAT V. MORRISETTE

I

By the side of the road on the sweetness of grass, Riley sat and pondered.

The day was clear as a whisper from God And Riley tasted the grace of repose, As he sang to himself and talked to himself In quiet breathing.

I am in need of work to bless my heart. I want to work for the blessing; But I don’t know just where to start, What place to go to lift my heart.

I’ll take my pipe and bundle of goods, And take the road to Arkansas.

I’ve never been in Arkansas. But I’ve heard of the cotton fields, The acres of strawberries covering the ground. And I hope it’s true that they grow rice, And they’re not telling me lies when they say, There’re hardwood trees in the forests.
I could work on the flat ground there
Down where the Mississippi flows,
And hear the negroes singing in the sun,
And see them walking on the levees there.

I could work in the Boston mountains
And get me a new suit of clothes.

2
In Arkansas so far away,
There are places to work and places to live,
In all those farms in the valleys.

The farmers' cows and pigs and chickens
Need to be kept right happy and sound.
I could work for my board and shirt
And sit around on Sunday.

3
There're rivers enough in Arkansas
To keep the whole state clean and fresh,
And I wouldn't worry about the drought.

There're hills enough and plains enough,
And there're always the Boston mountains.

There're folks enough of the solid kind,
Sunburned, field run, sober men,
To keep me splendid company
With a glass of cider in the evening.

All Arkansas's a farmers' state
That've learned of God from the soil.
And I'd like to be where the clean earth speaks
And listen to the good crops grow
And cheer with the rooster in the morning.

When the air is good as God's own breath
And the sun is as clear as bright,
I'd like to sit and chew a straw
On some good stump in Arkansas
Away in the Boston mountains.

I'd like to walk along those roads
And see Little Rock on a Saturday night.
In Arkansas
When the day is still as the dust on the grass
Upon a summer morning,
When the folks are quiet and calm with peace,
I’d like to work in the hay until night
And sleep like the children sleep.

O I’d like to work, I’d like to work
Away out yonder in Arkansas,
Even tired to death in the new oil fields,
Or swinging an axe in the mountains.

(The heart will build Jerusalem
From the land it has never trod.
That dust is sacred that is never felt
Like ashes on the tongue.

New lands impel the wandering heart
Gone forth each day to find a song
As still as all contentment.

Men learn to build from their own graveled roads
The old trails to Riley’s heaven.

The blessed land is blessed by the heart,
And Sangamon county is Jerusalem
As long as the good wind blows.)

By the side of the road with peace in his heart,
In slumbered repose, Happy Riley mused on.
I’m hiking through old Arkansas;
I’m living again in Arkansas;
The sun’s all around like gold on the ground;
The blue’s in the sky like a feather bed
Where the angels all lie enchanted and good.

I’m following rivers deep in their banks;
I’m singing in cotton fields white in the sun;
I’m nowhere South, nor North, nor East,
I’m tramping the fields of Arkansas.
I’m working now in Arkansas.
The hay’s in the barn. The crops are all in.
God’s as good as the earth again,
And I’m singing a song to remember Him.

7
When someone opens the gates of Arkansas
Happy Riley will stroll right in and sing:
_Hallelujah! Hallelujah!_
_I’m entering in to Arkansas!_

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._

TWO POEMS

SHOW ME CAUSE FOR LIVING

_Jean Schwartz_
Reed College

Show me cause for living
Now my heart is bare;
Say it does not matter
That he ceased to care.

Make me now believe
As true that useful lie,
That for such a little thing
I have no need to die.

SONNET

I must have guarantee that I shall keep
Tomorrow this set pattern that corrals
The rolling days within the loops of sleep
From whose remembered certainty there falls
A mode upon the anarchy of years.
For on this sureness that the opening day
Will close again, I fling my shaking fears
Of this struck moment, that has seemed to sway
Even the hours to stop, so clogged with pain,
So bound with hurt that I cannot conceive
How time can ever lift it on again.
But this alone is left. I must believe
Tomorrow will come as yesterday has gone;
That night will turn and break again to dawn.
HERE isn't any plot here and there isn't any conflict and there isn't a hero. I'm writing about real people—a sick woman I saw on a train and her husband who was scared she was going to die. The woman didn't die, and the man is back in the woods working on the railroad. It was about two weeks ago when I was up there and first saw the woman, and I've been thinking about it ever since, wondering what happened to her. Last night I heard from Mrs. Henderson that the woman was much better and would be back in a few days.

I don't even know the names of the man and the woman. No one can tell me much about them, because I've been trying to find out who they are and everyone just shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Oh, just a couple of wops.' I do know that they live sixteen miles up in the woods next to the logging railroad with no one near them except a young married couple who have a little house about a hundred yards away. They live up there and the man walks to work every morning. He has to walk about five miles to the logging camp, and he has to walk back at night, but he doesn't seem to mind. The other loggers don't have to walk at all, but they haven't a house of their own or a wife to go home to at night.

This man and this woman are Italian. You don't have to wait to hear them talk to know that. They're both small, with oily looking hair, black and thick, and they have big dark eyes, wild and yet terribly naive. They live there all alone by the track. She has nothing to do but cook and wash and look out over miles and miles of logged-off land and three or four times a day the train going by with earloads of logs.

That was all I knew about them until I walked past the house two weeks ago. I was walking and waiting for the locomotive to come up for another load of logs because I wanted to ride down with them to Deep Bay. It was cold and I was walking to keep warm and wondering why the train didn't come. I was just going past the house when the Italian came out, looking scared and a little mad. He stood there gazing at me a minute, with the shack behind him and behind that about a hundred miles of logged-off land. It made him look very small and insignificant.

'When the hell is that train coming?' he asked me.

'It's supposed to be here any time, I think.'

'We've already missed the bus,' he said. 'I've got to get my wife to Vancouver tonight. That's all there is to it. Tonight.'

'Do they know you want a ride?' I asked him.

'Well, yes, they know my wife's sick. They said they'd be here at ten. She's got to be in a hospital tonight. She's just got to be.'

'You haven't got a phone?' I asked, and I knew he hadn't. 'I'll walk down to the next station and call the camp,' I said.

'She's got to be in Vancouver tonight. Tell them that. She's just got to.'

It started to rain a few minutes later,
and I got colder. When I called the camp and told them about the sick woman they didn’t seem worried and that puzzled me a little. I thought that here was a very important thing happening. Here was a man and a woman, and the woman was sick—maybe dying, and I had talked to the man. I felt close to the situation, involved in it. It made me mad to think they weren’t worried about this sick woman, and I told them that maybe she was dying. Of course, the men at the office are up to their heads in work. They’ve got other things to worry about like getting the logs in the water and seeing that the locomotives don’t bump into each other going different ways. They were too busy to be thinking about a little Italian woman miles up in the woods being sick.

I waited for the locomotive to come up, standing near the telephone. I don’t know why I stood there in the rain, but it seemed pretty important at the time. I felt that I really should be there to telephone the camp about this woman in case the train didn’t come or if she got worse. I wanted to keep walking down towards Deep Bay, but I was afraid the train might not stop for me, so I just stood there getting colder and colder. I was singing to myself and stamping my feet when the telephone man came along. We talked for a few minutes about the Italians, but even Moon didn’t seem to be interested or worried about them. He said she sure was a funny woman. He couldn’t understand her at all. Moon told me that she would never go out of the house, not even to see the woman who lived up the track about a hundred yards.

“Maybe she’s been sick a long time,” I said. “What’s wrong with her?”

“I think she’s goin’ to have a baby,” Moon said. “She’s always been funny, though. Doesn’t seem to take an interest in anything.”

Of course, I may be wrong. Perhaps I see the situation from a distorted point of view, but I was there and saw this house fifteen miles up in the woods, and though I’ve only been here a few weeks living in the shack I have, I know how lonesome one can get being alone for even a few hours. And at that I can always go over to the office or to Mrs. Henderson’s when I feel like talking to someone. But this little Italian woman has no one within miles of her—no one except the young married couple, and maybe she doesn’t like them.

When the locomotive finally came it stopped at the telephone and called the office for a clear track. Then we went up to the house and stopped while the Italians got on. When the woman came out of the door all wrapped up in an old brown coat with a faded fur collar she didn’t look a bit sick. She looked unhappy but she didn’t look sick. On a logging train there is nothing but a locomotive and a string of cars loaded with timber, so this woman came into the cab with us. We helped her on and tried to make her comfortable, but that’s not so easy to do when you have to sit on the floor of the cab, your feet up close to the furnace and your back against the oil tank. She didn’t say a word, though, all the way down. She didn’t even move, sitting there while with the dishes unwashed and the house a mess. Moon told me that she would never go out of the house, not even to see the woman who lived up the track about a hundred yards.
the locomotive swayed and rumbled and belched soot all over her. You could tell she wasn’t a bit interested in the ride down. Her expression made it evident she wasn’t interested in anything.

Her husband kept staring at her, but he didn’t speak. Every time the train stopped at a telephone he got off and talked to the office. He was phoning for an airplane to come up to Deep Bay, but I didn’t know that until later. It was funny, my standing there watching the two of them. I felt that I shouldn’t be, but I was mighty interested in them, the woman sitting on the floor with her head bent down staring at nothing, and the man watching her, puzzled and silent. For a few minutes on the train I think I understood them better, more objectively than anyone I’d ever known. I was looking at them and seeing their whole life up there in that little shack. I was seeing the whole monotony of their existence—the man walking to work every morning, the woman watching him go, bitter and resentful and lonely. I was seeing right into their lives, and I kept thinking that I shouldn’t. I was feeling the terrific explosions of absolute silence that the woman felt every day. I was seeing the pile of dirty dishes, the broken radio, the dirt, the miles of logged-off land; and I was seeing this through her eyes, and I knew that the woman with her head bent over her breast was very aware of her husband standing there staring at her, and was hating him and reveling in the sickness that was getting her away.

She wasn’t having a baby; that was quite apparent when she got on the train, and though the locomotive engineer told me it was appendicitis, he was just using his imagination the same as Moon. It doesn’t make much difference anyway. The point is that she was sick and had to get into town.

Mrs. Henderson told me later about the airplane coming into Deep Bay and taking the two of them down to the Vancouver hospital. She said it cost twenty-five dollars, and that when it swooped into the bay and floated up to the wharf the little Italian woman got up from an oil barrel she had been sitting on and clapped her hands. She stood there on that dirty wharf and clapped her hands like a small child. Her eyes were shining and she didn’t look sick at all. Mrs. Henderson spoke with a great deal of bitterness about the strangeness of Italians. She said they sure were funny people. She said it was their hot blood.
"My Gawd," said Gertie, "but I think she's crazy! She's just plain nuts, that's all. Did you ever hear anything so dumb, Lou? I mean, you couldn't possibly've, because it's the dumbest thing I ever heard about. Imagine a dame like her throwing a guy like Bob over! I mean, just imagine it!"

"Sure," said Lou, with her mouth full of pie, "I think she's plain, stark, staring crazy. It smells kind of bad in here, don't it?"

"No worse than usual," said Gertie, "only it's a fish day and that makes it seem like it smells worse, that's all. Me, I like the smell of food. Anything would smell good to me after I smell those damn prunes all morning. But then I ain't got no sensibilities; I ain't like Cynthia. We're just common people and we take things common. We don't have to turn up our delicate little noses," she said affectedly, her voice shrill above the clatter of dishes in the company restaurant.

"Cynthia's funny," said Lou, finishing the last of her pie in one gulp.

"You're right she's funny," Gertie agreed. "She's a little too cockeyed funny to suit my style. But then, I ain't got no style. I'm just a poor workin' girl tryin' to make something' out of myself, that's all. I ain't pretendin' to no fancy ideas. You can't catch me all the time readin' books. And readin' poems. My Gawd, Lou, one day she was sayin' poems over a tray of prunes! I don't get it. She's crazy, that's all. Or maybe I'm crazy. My Gawd!"

"Why Gertie, you're the prettiest girl in the cannery," said Lou. "Everybody says you are."

"Well, why wouldn't I be?" Gertie held up her hand and gazed admiringly at the long painted nails, or as much as she could see of them through the purple that stains hands too long in prune juice. "Why wouldn't I be? I ain't too proud to fix myself up a little. I don't just droop around without helpin' myself like Cynthia, all the time lookin' all languid and pale. What does she think she is, Lady Godiva?"

"That ain't Lady Godiva," said Lou, raising her eyes from her plate. "Godiva's the dame with the hair—you know, all the hair and no clothes on."

Gertie burst into a laugh that rattled the cups in the saucers. "My Gawd, then, that ain't Cynthia! Can't you just pipe Cynthia in a nudist colony? She'd just die, that's all! She'd just pop a seam open and collapse."

"Two seams, prob'ly," Lou agreed placidly. "Two seams and a half. If I had another piece of pie, that'd make me eat up a whole hour's work, wouldn't it? Thirty cents I made; thirty cents I et. I might as well've went home."

"Sure you might," Gertie said. "You might just as well. Anyway, you'll get fat. I don't see how you can eat so much food."

"I guess I'll eat another piece of pie, anyway," said Lou, still placidly. "I guess I will, if that babe'll just come over here."

The dishes clattered loudly from the shelf at the edge of the company kitch-
en. Waitresses hurried from it to the tables and back again, their arms straining with the trays and their blue uniforms hanging limp and wrinkled from the heat. Lou hollered at one of them and the girl took the order and was gone again without seeming to pause in the movement that was half a run.

"It's funny Cynthia'd lower herself to work in a dump like this," Gertie said. "You'd think, seein' as how she thinks she's so good and all, she'd be doin' somethin' that ain't so common. Imagine, a dame like her just standin' here sortin' prunes like anybody!"

"She's got to work," said Lou, stabbing a bite of pie with her fork. "She's got to give her money to her family. Her dad's sick or something; I don't remember."

"He's drunk, you mean." Gertie said with conviction. "That's another thing that burns me up; how does Cynthia think she's such a helluva lady when her old man's soused all the time? My old man may not be the president of congress, but anyway, he ain't soused all the time."

"Sure he ain't," said Gertie, with her mouth full. "Neither is mine."

"Well, anyway, I never could see how Cynthia landed Bob, anyway. He's a swell egg. Why, he's almost perfect. How anybody as regular as Bob could go around with a nincompoop like that Cynthia, all the time puttin' on airs! I may be dumb, but I can't see it at all, that's all!"

"I know," said Lou. "There ain't nobody that could see it, but he did. For over a year he did." She finished the last bite of her pie and eyed the empty plate a little mournfully. "You know what, Gertie? I think I'm still hungry."

"'No, you ain't,' said Gertie. "You couldn't be. Nobody could. Well, anyway, Lou, what I mean is, even if you can't see how he could go with her, can you see how when he did she'd let him stop? That's what I'm drivin' at. What I mean is, she's crazy, isn't she? She'll never get anybody like Bob again."

"Sure," said Lou. She looked at the heavy dishes, all of them smeared and empty, and then she relaxed, defeated, in the chair. "Sure, she's crazy, I guess. Only maybe Bob threw her over. Did you ever think of that?"

"Do you think I'm nuts?" said Gertie. "Sure I thought of it. I still think of it, but the thing that's funny is, the both of 'em said it was her. If it'd been just her that said it, I'd know what to think. I guess I'm not so dumb. But they both of 'em said it was her. Gawd but I think she's crazy!"

Lou displayed a little interest. She toyed for a minute with her fork, turning it over and staring at the prongs that were bent from too vigorous biting. "You don't know how it happened, do you?" she asked.

"Well," said Gertie, tilting the chair against the wall, "I don't know as I know how it happened. All I know's what they said. Somebody told me yesterday they'd broke up and I couldn't believe it. I couldn't believe it because of course I know Cynthia's dumb, everybody knows she's dumb, but I didn't know anybody was that dumb. I really didn't. So I went up to her this morning, the first thing, and I said, 'Well, I hear you and Bob called it off last week.' 'What?' she says, kind of moony-like. So I said it again, and
she says, ‘Oh, yes. Yes, we did.’ So me, all kind of kind-hearted even if she is so dumb she’ll fall down standin’ still some day, me, I said to her, ‘Gosh, that’s too bad. I’m real sorry, Cynthia.’ And do you know what she said? Just guess what she said, that’s all!’

‘I can’t,’ said Lou, chewing her nails and staring straight at Gertie. ‘I can’t even think. You go on and tell me what she said.’

‘Well, believe it or not, kid, she said it ain’t too bad at all. He ain’t the man for her, she said. My Gawd, can you imagine it! He ain’t the man for her, please! He’s good-looking. He can dance. He’s got a job and a car. He’s a regular fellow. And the fool says he ain’t the man for her! She’s crazy, that’s all.’

‘Sure, she’s crazy,’ Lou agreed. She scraped at the red polish on her left fingernails with the thumbnail of her right. ‘Is that all she said?’

‘She said a lot more. But if I tell you it’ll slay you. It’ll just slay you cold, it’s so dumb.’

‘Go on. I’ll risk it,’ said Lou.

‘Well, she said she wanted the man she was married to to be more than a meal ticket. She wants there to be some glory in it. Glory in it—what’s she want, Robert Taylor? She said that when she got a man she wanted the stars to burn brighter, and the world to rock; she wanted the trees to shout about it, and a shine to be all over everythin’. My Gawd, can you imagine it!’

Lou giggled a little and looked at the clock. ‘Hurry up. It’s getting late. What did you say to her?’

‘Well, what would anybody say? I asked her if she wouldn’t like the can- nery to get up and swing and the bridge to do a two-step. I told her she oughta get a doctor to look at the knob she uses for a head. Can you imagine it? So then she said, in that wish-washy voice that sounds like a horse dyin’, all mincy-like with the words careful, that she’d rather look at the stars at night than go dance where your clothes stuck to you. Can you beat that one! Well, I said to her, I said, ‘You go right on and look at the stars for excitement. But you can give me a fur coat and a dress or two, and if somebody wants to take me to a dance, you won’t catch me craning my neck to see what the stars think about it!’ Well, she just tossed her head around and started sortin’ prunes and then she said she guessed she’d go to night school. Well, that just finished me, that’s all. I just said ‘My Gawd!’ and walked off, that’s all.’

‘Everybody to their own taste,’ Lou remarked. ‘I wouldn’t call it sense, but if she does, she has to live with it and not me, anyway.’

‘Well,’ said Gertie, ‘when I got over that, I went over and asked Bob’s sister on the feedin’ trays, and she said it was Cynthia did it, and Bob felt kind of bad. She said Bob got her a ring and Cynthia wouldn’t take it, because she said that wasn’t what she wanted out of her life. What in the hell does she think she’ll get, a prince on a white horse, all pure and delicate like? Bob’s sister is kind of peeved about it. She says how does a dame like her get that way, thinkin’ she’s too good for Bob? And, anyway, I mean, how can anybody get that way? Cynthia ain’t got no looks, she ain’t got no figure, she ain’t got nothin’ but a lot of highbrow ideas. And then by the grace of God, right out of a clear sky with a blue ribbon, she
gets a guy like Bob, and what does she do? She throws him over. It'll serve her right if she sorts prunes till she's dead."

"I feel kind of sorry for her," said Lou slowly. "I'll bet she don't have much fun ever. I think she's dumb, but, anyway, I feel kind of sorry for her."

"My Gawd," said Gertie, "do I feel sorry for her! When a girl ain't got any more sense than that, anybody'd feel sorry for her. But, you know, I think it's a good thing for Bob. I'd hate worse'n hell to see a regular guy like Bob tied to a dame like her forever." She paused for a minute and smoothed her black hair. "Do you 'spose Bob likes blondes? Cynthia's a blonde, kind of, so maybe he's fed up on blondes. Maybe it'd be a good break for him to go with a dark girl once. Do you suppose, Lou?"

"Maybe," said Lou. She moved her chair and got up. "'If you don't jerk a leg, we'll both be late. Come on, snap into it. But I thought I oughta tell you. You don't need to get your hair done. Bob's taking me to the dance. He's taking me Friday and he's taking me Saturday, and if I feel like it, I guess he'll take me some place Sunday too. So I guess your hair's all right."

"Well, my Gawd!" said Gertie slowly. "Can you pipe that one! Maybe I'm dumb...

**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

*(Continued from the Spring Issue, page 202)*

In the autumn of 1843, I received a letter from Fr. DeVos ordering me to come and meet him. He had travelled by land from St. Louis and was many days' journey from the mission. I immediately prepared to obey, and calling several of the Indians, I told them what I intended to do. They were prepared for the road more quickly than I, and set out ahead. As soon as I was ready, I mounted my mule to follow them; but I started a little sooner than I had intended; for my feet were scarcely in the stirrups, when away sped my mule to join the others, and finding that I could not keep my balance, I thought better to vacate my seat willingly than otherwise. I therefore tried to let myself down quietly from his back, and freeing myself from the stirrups, I jumped. My foot turned under me and I fell; the double barreled shot gun which I had in my hand turned also, both barrels pointing at my breast. The mule, freed from his load, increased his speed and soon joined the advance party. The Indians, seeing my mule riderless, feared some mishap, and retracing their steps found me with a sprained ankle. They would have induced me to return to the village, but as I did not consider that the accident warranted a non-compliance with an order of obedience, I insisted on going ahead. For two days and two nights it rained continuously, and though wet through and through, we dared not light a fire, for we were in the country of the Blackfeet.
Frontier and Midland

On the second day of our journey, I saw in the distance what seemed to be a man. The Indians immediately started towards the object and having surrounded it gradually forced it nearer. I then saw it was a bear. Suddenly one of them fired and the bear fell. The Indian then, slowly approaching, threw his buffalo robe towards the prostrate animal. The bear still showed no signs of life. The Indian was not yet satisfied, but pricking the motionless body with a knife, receiving not even a growl in answer, he was sure that his bullet had done its work.

Some days before this, we had discovered one of the sources of the Missouri. It was on the top of a high hill. The soil was very moist and a large stream of water was issuing from the ground. On the other side of the hill, but a few rods away, so near in fact that with a ploughshare I could unite the two, was one of the sources of the Columbia.

On the seventh day, one of the Indians, who had ridden ahead, came back to tell us that there was a camp of Blackfeet near at hand. Ignace put on his American cap and coat, and taking the lead, rode off with the others to reconnoitre. Soon, however, an Indian returned and reported that the camp was a camp of white men. We therefore started for the place and found a Frenchman named Gervais with his family. They had been as much startled by the appearance of our Indians as we had at the sight of their camp; each party mutually took the other for Blackfeet and none of us was sorry for the mistake. We parted with the best of wishes, and the next day I met Fr. [Peter] DeVos, who with Fr. [Adrian] Hoecken and several novice-brothers, was coming to the mountains. I remained with them a few days, and then reminding Fr. DeVos that I had left the mission without a priest, I asked his permission to hasten back. This he readily granted, and I returned with all speed to make what little preparation I could for his reception. He travelled leisurely, and upon his arrival several days later, the whole village turned out to give him a welcome. A great traveller, though already advanced in years, and in poor health, he was no sooner over the fatigues of this long journey, than, in company with two Indians, two Canadians, a brother and myself, he started for the Calispels.

Before starting we took a light breakfast of bread and coffee, and as Fr. DeVos was a jovial character, the time passed very pleasantly. We were still, however, quite a distance from our halting place, when one of the Canadians said: "The brother knows the place; so while you ride along quietly let us go ahead and prepare the meal." As the brother assured us that he knew the place, we allowed the others to depart and rode on as contentedly as before. Soon, however, the trail separated into two, along one of which the brother boldly started, and we followed. Soon misgivings arose in my mind, for there were no mule tracks to be seen, nor was there a river on our left hand as we had been led to expect. I urged my doubts but the brother had an answer for all of them. The day was well now advanced, and as evening set in, we saw no signs of our companions, we became more anxious and travelled faster. But the faster and further we went, the further we seemed doomed to go, until, when it was already night, we found ourselves in a small prairie from where

25This was young Ignace an Iroquois who with Peter Gaucher had gone to St. Louis in 1839 to renew the request that the fathers establish a mission among the Flatheads, with which tribe they lived. Ignace remained in the east to guide DeSmet west in 1840, and Peter made his way back to the Flatheads to tell them that their request was answered and to arrange for the coming of DeSmet the next summer, 1840.

26Probably J. B. Gervais a well known figure in the American fur trade.


28Father DeVos was born in Ghent, Belgium, in 1817. He was for a time associated with the Oregon missions, and later went to California where he died April 17, 1859. Father Hoecken in 1844 founded the mission of St. Ignatius among the Lower Pend d'Oreilles and in 1854 founded the mission of St. Ignatius among the Flatheads in the Flathead valley, when the former was moved. In 1855 he assisted the government with the Flathead and Blackfoot treaties, and in 1859 assisted in founding St. Peter's mission among the Blackfeet. He was born in Holland March 18, 1815, and died at Milwaukee April 13, 1897. Brother MaGeen was an Irishman, interested in farming. He served at the several missions and died October 28, 1877, at Sacred Heart mission.
there seemed to be no issue. Then, and then only, the brother confessed that he had mistaken the road. We fired off guns, but received no answer. Fortunate indeed for us was it that we did not; for our Indians were miles and miles away, and the road which we had taken led straight to the Blackfoot country. Hence the first to answer our call would have been a band of these Indians; and far better no answer than an answer in person from them.

There we had to remain for the night, with nothing to eat and nothing to cover us. We were very hungry, for we had eaten nothing since morning, and had been the whole day in the saddle. But we took the matter lightly, since there was no use in crying over what was beyond remedy for the moment. Fr. DeVos was in the best of humor and never more disposed to laugh and joke. And when I began to shout: "O Brown," (the name of one of our Canadians) "here is a knife and spoon but nothing to eat!" He would chime in: "O Brown, here is a knife and nothing to cut!" Thus we passed the evening, until overcame by the fatigues of the day, weariness strove to close our eyes in sleep. Fruitless effort! A short time passed and it began to rain; and though the rain did not last long, it rendered us sufficiently uncomfortable to prevent sleep.

Morning came at last, and with it came increased hunger. We held a consultation, and determined to retrace our steps to where the trail branched. Meanwhile, at the camping place, all had been anxious for our welfare and safety. The victuals had been cooked and recooked and cooked over again, and yet we did not put in an appearance. Night came on and we were not to be seen. They dispatched an Indian to look for us and hurry us up. They gave him about a pound of bread for himself, never imagining that we had lost the trail and were miles and miles away. Fortunately for us, he was too intent on searching for us to think of his provisions. He hastened back along the trail to where we had turned aside, found our tracks and followed them all night, until, just as we were about starting in the morning, we saw him galloping towards us. He was overjoyed at finding us safe, and while generously sharing his loaf of bread with us, told us that the road which we had taken led straight to the mountains of the Blackfeet.

It was now suggested to take the shortest road to the camping place; so placing ourselves under the Indian's guidance, we managed by running and galloping whenever it was possible, by taking short cuts through brushwood, and leaving bits of our clothing and of ourselves hanging on the bushes, to reach the camp in the afternoon. We were too weak to take food, and could only throw ourselves on the ground and sleep from exhaustion. I wondered how good Fr. DeVos, old and sickly as he was, could bear up under such hardships. We awoke refreshed next morning, but with a ravenous appetite; and having taken some food resumed our journey. In such journeys and dangers passed the year 1843.

I was at the mission of the Coeur d'Alenes in 1844, waiting for the superior, in order that we might hold our annual consultation, when Mr. [Anthony] Langlois\(^2\) appeared, with two of the boys of his college, asking for some fathers and brothers to help in his labors. We were unable to grant his request; for many of the missions were as yet without a priest, and, of course, they had to be supplied first.

[HUDSON'S BAY POSTS]

While we were discussing the matter, a letter from Fr. [Michael] Accolti\(^3\) reached me. In it after giving an account of the wearisome voyage of himself and his party around Cape Horn, he ordered me to come to Willamette, nine [five] hundred miles distant. As I could best be spared from my mission, owing to the fact that the Indians were absent on their winter hunt, while the other fathers were busy in their respective missions and could not go, I readily went. Mr. Langlois and the boys accompanied me.

\(^2\)Father Anthony Langlois was in charge of St. Joseph's College or school for young men in the Willamette valley.

\(^3\)Father Michael Accolti was for a time local superior at Willamette, and later general superior of the Oregon missions. It was by his instruction that St. Mary's mission was temporarily closed in 1848. He came from his native Italy to America in 1844 with DeSmet's party which included Father Anthony Ravalli, by boat to the Pacific coast. In 1851 he took up duties in California. He passed away in San Francisco November 6, 1878 in his seventy-third year.
Frontier and Midland

After eleven days' travelling, we arrived at [Fort] Vancouver. The governor, Mr. [John] McLoughlin, was absent, and I had to wait until his return.

When Mr. McLoughlin arrived at Vancouver, he accompanied me to where Fr. De Smet was, some six miles from Champoeg. We found the father suffering from an attack of dysentery, and though time was passing away so quickly, he kept me much longer than I expected. As soon as he had partially recovered, Fr. Accotli was taken sick, so I hastened to Oregon City, where I found the latter, now Superior of the Missions, confined to his bed. In eight days, however, he was able to rise again, and I prepared to return to my mission. But a letter from Fr. De Smet, bidding me await his arrival, caused me to delay a little longer; and in his company I left Oregon City and again started for Vancouver. Here we found the clerks busy in packing up the things needed by the mission; and when everything was ready and nicely packed on board a barge, we turned our faces homeward, attended by six Kanackns whose services we had engaged.

From [Fort] Walla Walla we had to travel by land, and Fr. De Smet, in a hurry to reach the missions, started off and left me in charge of the baggage. It took several days to pack the mules and get everything in readiness, and just when we thought ourselves successful, disappointment blasted all our hopes. For the gates of Walla Walla were very narrow and the mules heavily laden. In passing through, the packages were loosened, and the mules, starting on a run, scattered the articles in all directions. The Walla Walla Indians began to shout and yell at the animals which only served to render the scattering more complete. The indignation of the captain and my discomfiture were beyond description. The season was too far advanced; so after a hasty consultation, we decided to leave most of the packages at Walla Walla and hurry on with a few horses to the Callispels, hoping that Fr. Hoecken would be able to look after the goods. Again we were doomed to disappointment. We found Fr. Hoecken ready to start with all his Indians [Lower Pend d'Oreilles] for the salmon fishery; moreover, he had no house for storing articles and so we had to be contented with affairs as they were.

It was the 14th of November [1844] when we again began our march, and on the 19th a tremendous snow storm overtook us. We were on the summit of a mountain, and exposed to a piercing north wind. Our animals had eaten nothing since morning, and we found large icicles hanging from their sides. The people who were with us urged us to hasten our steps, but, before we had gone much further, most of the horses and mules dropped down dead. We now saw that our safety depended indeed on our haste. Those that still had horses galloped down hill; those that had none made what speed they could on foot. After a toilsome journey of several hours, we heard a noise of people shouting and cheering us on; and soon we beheld a band of white men who had come to our assistance. One of our Indians leaving our camp unnoticed, had gone to the fort [Walla Walla] of the Hudson Bay Company and made known our distress. The men brought them twenty fresh horses, and in a few days we arrived safely at the mission. The Hudson Bay Company, in this as in all its dealings with us, acted with a spirit of

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Footnotes:

8Chief Factor John McLoughlin of the Columbia department of the Hudson's Bay Company. His name is sometimes given as "McLaughlin." Owing to his prominence in the history of the Pacific Northwest he is occasionally referred to as "the Father of Oregon." Biographical accounts include: Eva Emery Dye, McLoughlin and Old Oregon, (Chicago, 1902); Frederick V. Holman, Dr. John McLoughlin, the Father of Oregon, (Cleveland, 1907); Richard C. Montgomery, The White Headed Eagle, (New York, 1935).

9Fort Vancouver was located on the Columbia river in the present Clarke county of Washington. It was a principal post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and important in the navigation of the Columbia.

10Barges were used on the Columbia by the Hudson's Bay Company for bringing supplies to the inland posts, and for shipping out the peltries of the fur trade.

11Fort Walla Walla was a Hudson's Bay Company trading post on the left bank of the Columbia river. Supplies for the Snake river posts were unloaded here after being shipped aboard barges from Fort Vancouver. The post was first known as Fort Nez Perce and occupied by the Northwest Company in 1818, and transferred to the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, and was abandoned in 1855 because of Indian disturbances. The more recent Fort Walla Walla was a military post established by Colonel George Wright in 1857 as a precaution against Indian troubles. The town of Wallula, Washington occupies the approximate site of the former post, and the city of Walla Walla is situated near the location of the later Fort Walla Walla.
real generosity, gratuitously offering us a helping hand in our misfortunes.

We reached home at night, and going at once to the chapel, we returned sincere thanks to God for our safe return. Nor was our return the only thing requiring grateful acknowledgment; for we found that in our absence Frs. [Joseph] Jostet and [Peter] Zerbinati had arrived; Fr. Zerbinati to be my assistant, Fr. Jostet for the Couer d'Alenes.86

[MILLS FOR THE MISSION]

Among those who had accompanied me in my return from Vancouver, was a Canadian named Biledot.86 He came to build and put in working order two mills at the mission, a flour mill and saw mill. The foundations of a second house and church, larger and more commodious than the first, had already been laid.87

When May came the flour mill was already in operation and the saw mill was ready for starting. But the brightest light will cast the darkest shadow; the bright light of the fairest of months was to do this for our mission. Fr. Zerbinati was always delicate in health but never seriously ill. His stomach was weak and he was subject to cramps, but we trusted that the invigorating air of the mountains would in time restore him to sound health. The afternoon for setting the mill in motion came, and Br. [William] Classens88 invited me to go with him to see the thing done.

The whole day passed in earnest labor, and when I returned to the house in the evening, Fr. Zerbinati was not there. No bell had been rung for evening devotions, as was our wont at the mission, and it was already far beyond the usual time. I hastened therefore to ring the bell and to begin the prayers. "Where is Fr. Zerbinati?" I asked myself. I strove in vain to quiet my apprehensions by saying, "He is not far away; perhaps he is a little more unwell than usual; there is no cause for fear." Thus did I vainly try to remove my own anxiety, as we were accustomed to strive to quiet our minds when we apprehend some real misfortune yet would fain hide it from ourselves. I began prayers, but the thought still haunted me, "Where is Fr. Zerbinati?" I became more and more uneasy. Where was he? I could not go on; so interrupting the prayers I bade all go in search of the missing father.

It was dark, but torches were soon gleaming in all directions, and a hundred quick eyes were in active search of some clue to his whereabouts. Meanwhile I went over the whole house calling him by name but receiving no answer. How lonely the place seemed! I went to his room, he was not there. I went over the house again and again, hoping against hope that after all I might have overlooked some nook or corner. Fr. Zerbinati was not at home, and it was already night; these two sad truths seemed staring me in the face wherever I went. At last I found a clue. The hook and line were not in his room. He had gone to the river to fish. Immediately the word spread among

86Fathers Joseph Jostet and Peter Zerbinatti, and Brother Vincent Magri came in 1843 from Europe together for duties at the missions. They left Westport, Missouri in the early summer of 1844 and traveled overland to St. Mary's Mission. Father Jostet was born in Switzerland August 27, 1810, and died at DeSmet, Idaho, June 19, 1900. He assisted Col. George Wright in bringing about a conclusion of the Indian troubles in 1857 and 1855 known as the Yakima and Coeur d'Alene disturbances. He will be mentioned again in the closing of St. Mary's Mission in 1859. He completed these negotiations with Major John Owen. Fr. Peter Zerbinatti was a Venetian, born August 3, 1809. He is later mentioned in this narrative as the victim of drowning in the Bitter Root river, in 1845. Brother Vincent Magri was a Maltese by birth, and skilled as a mechanic and a miller of flour. He passed away at the Coeur d'Alene Mission in 1849.

87Biledot was a mill-wright who understood the conversion of water power into energy for running mills. He was at the mission from 1844 until 1846.

88DeSmet writes about his visit to St. Mary's in 1846: "Judge of the delight I experienced, when I found the little log church, we built five years ago, about to be replaced by another which will bear comparison with those of civilized countries, materials, stonework, etc. Here we commence erecting it, the moment they can procure some ropes to place the heavy timbers on the foundations. Another agreeable surprise, however, yet awaited me; a mill had been constructed, destined to contribute largely to the increasing wants of the surrounding country. It is contrived to discharge the two-fold charitable object of feeding the hungry and sheltering the homeless. The flour mill grinds ten or twelve bushels a day; the saw mill furnishes an abundant supply of planks, posts, etc., for the public and private buildings of the nation settled here." DeSmet, "Oregon Missions and Travels ...", (Thwaites reprint edition of New York, 1847, Cleveland, 1905), p. 321.

89Brother William Classens, a Belgian, who came to St. Mary's with Father Mengarini in 1841. He was a mechanic and had experience in farming. He remained until the closing of the mission in 1856, and was assigned to other missions until 1856 when St. Mary's was reopened and he returned. Later he went to California where he died at Santa Clara, in 1891 at the age of eighty.
the Indians, and they hastened to search along the river-bank.

Alas! he was dead; not killed indeed by the Blackfeet, but suffocated by those waters that rippled so softly upon the banks a few rods away. They had found him in the river, drowned. He had gone to take a bath, a cramp had seized him and he was now lifeless. Every effort was made to revive him, but in vain. Broken hearted and disconsolate, I performed the last sad offices of love, and turned from his new-made grave to bear my burden alone.  

In the autumn of 1845, I travelled with Br. Coughlin and two Indians to the Coeur d'Alenes. On our journey we came to a very high mountain, and spent nearly the whole day in reaching the top. The brother, who was in charge of the two unloaded horses, was bringing up the rear; but when the Indians and myself reached the summit and looked back for him, he was not in sight. We waited some time, but he did not come. Two Indians went to look for him and returned only the next morning. The brother had been found after passing the night in the wilderness, but the horses had strayed and were never recovered.

In the spring of 1846, the Indians prepared for their usual hunt. There were about thirty Flatheads and forty Pend d'Oreilles under their aged chief Frize, all young men, strong and robust. Although by my own experience and that of others I was persuaded that little good was to be gained by following the Indians on their hunt, I felt moved to go on this expedition. Biledot accompanied us, for he had finished his work in the mills and was returning to Canada.

After a few days passed, our party fell in with that of an old French trader from whom we obtained an abundant supply of ammunition. Two or three days were spent in barter, and again we pressed onward over mountains after mountains until the Missouri burst upon our view. Biledot was no longer with us. He had remained with the trader. Eventually he reached Canada, and died there surnamed "the saint," so upright was his life.

The Missouri at the place where we were to cross it was about one mile wide. The Indian men plunged boldly in, driving the horses before them. Every two horses supported a bundle between them, and whenever they showed signs of fatigue the men raised the war cry to stir up in the animals all the energy that still remained. Women clad in their dresses swam to the other side. Children too young to brave the current were placed on top of the folded skins of a wigwam and towed over by a horse or two, As I could not swim, I had to imitate the ways of childhood, and getting down on my hands and knees, I passed over on one of the bundles. The passage was very tedious, and occupied more than an hour, for the current was strong and carried us far down the stream before we could gain the other side. But we met no mishap, and having lighted large fires and dried ourselves and our clothing, we formed our party once more and started in search of buffaloes.

[HOW INDIANS FIGHT]

After eight days we found what, as I afterward learned was more to the taste of our warriors than antelope or bison, a camp of Blackfeet. Preparations for a pitched battle among Indians are far more expeditious

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Father Anthony Ravalli, (May 15, 1812-October 2, 1884) came to replace Father Zerbinatti in 1846. He was a native of Italy and was one of the missionaries recruited by Father De Smet. He came to the Pacific coast by boat in July, 1844 and landed at Fort Vancouver. For one year he was associated with other missions, when he came to St. Mary's.  


* From time immemorial the Flatheads and their allies the Kalispels and Kootenai Indians had hunted buffalo on the eastern plains and slopes of the mountains, and had to fight for their right to do so. The Blackfeet regarded them as poachers and attacked them at every
than those among white men. When the enemy is sighted, word flies from mouth to mouth, and all is hurry and bustle for a few minutes. Some strip themselves naked. These are poor men from whom the enemy can expect to get little. Others clothe themselves in calicoes of flaming colors to show their riches and invite the attack of such as dare face them. One thing yet remained to be done; the women and children and the missionary must be taken to a place of safety.

Firing had already begun on both sides, and the plain was covered with horsemen curvetting and striving to get a chance to kill some one of the enemy. An Indian battle consists of a multitude of single combats. There are no ranks, no battalions, no united efforts. "Every man for himself" is the ruling principle, and victory depends on the personal bravery and good horsemanship. There is no random shooting, every Flathead or Blackfoot always aims for the waist.

Arrived at the thicket, I found it already fortified by the old men and the women who had retired thither. Lodges had been set up in various places, and behind these the Flatheads would make their last stand if beaten in the field. A hillock separated us from the plain, but we could hear the whizzing of the balls as they passed over our heads. No cry was raised during the battle, but we heard the reports of the rifles nearer and nearer, and knew that our warriors were hard pressed. I had no sooner reached the thicket than I raised my hands to heaven and prayed fervently. The battle lasted nearly all day, but excitement and anxiety caused hours to pass like moments.

The shots, at first loud and numerous, grew fewer and fainter in the distance, and as the sun was sinking in the west our victorious warriors returned, bearing with them the bodies of the four slain. The enemy, leaving twenty-four upon the field, had sought safety in their camp.

Upon starting next morning I heard some shots, and asking the reason, I was told that the battle had been renewed. I told the chief that we had come to hunt buffaloes and not to fight. He recalled his warriors and they obeyed, but with great reluctance. He told me that we could not avoid passing before the Blackfeet, and, in fact, no sooner had we passed the hillock which had sheltered us than we saw the Blackfeet upon the mountains, but behaving like people that scarcely knew what to do. I was afterwards told that, had I not called the Flatheads from the fight, the village of the enemy, with all its ammunition, traps, and skins, would have been ours. I knew nothing of the panic that had seized upon the Blackfeet, and considering it as a special grace that we had come forth victorious the day before, I thought that it would be tempting God to endanger our lives again.

Immediately after the engagement on the preceding day we buried our dead. The men scooped holes in the earth with crooked sticks, spoons, etc., until cavities were made three or four feet deep, and each large enough to receive a human body. The earth thus dug was placed upon skins. The bodies were lowered into their graves, then covered with earth, and lastly with grass. Mournure was then spread over the place and the horses were made to trample it down, to make it appear that they had been kept there. Thus the Flatheads concealed their dead from a jealous and vengeful enemy.

After travelling about ten or twelve miles, we halted and encamped to refresh both ourselves and our jaded animals. Soon a man wearing two horns as a kind of head-dress appeared on a hill near at hand. Gabriel* advanced, and recognized him as a Frenchman named Chouquet, [Pierre Choquette] who lived among the Blackfeet and who had fought against us the day before. Invited to come to the camp and explain his mission, he approached, and on seeing me said, "Your warriors, Father, are truly glorious. The Blackfeet, though five times their number, have been utterly defeated, and mourn twenty-four killed and about forty wounded." He

opportunity. There was no compromise, hence the battle here seemed inevitable. Early writings on this situation reveal many conflicts which gradually weakened the power of the Flatheads and allies. At times gestures at making peace was attempted by both factions, but they scarcely outlived their negotiation. It was only after the Blackfoot treaty of October, 1855 that the Blackfoot nation conceded the Flatheads and their allies certain hunting privileges. "The Blackfoot Indian Peace Council," (Ed. by Albert J. Partoli) in Frontier and Midland, (Spring, 1937).

*Gabriel Prudhomme mentioned in footnote 13.
then explained that he had come for the saddle and blanket of one of his wife's servants who had been killed on the preceding day. I called the man who had these articles and bade him restore them to Chouquet, promising that he would lose nothing by so doing. He obeyed without hesitation, greatly to the Frenchman's delight. "What will the Blackfeet say when I go back," said he, "seeing me returning thus, though I gave no compensation?" "That the Flatheads are warriors and not traders," I replied. He answered very kindly and hinted that it would be well for me to return with him and treat of peace with the Blackfeet. I was only too willing to consent, but judged it expedient to call a meeting of the warriors. They listened attentively to what I had to say, and when I had ended, Frize, though still a pagan, arose, and with a countenance perfectly unmoved and without even casting a glance at Chouquet, said: "Father, you little know the man with whom you deal. If you knew him you would not go. If, however, you are bent on going, we shall accompany you, and remain on the summits of the surrounding hills while you go to the camp of the enemy. And if while you are there we hear the report of a gun, we shall take it for granted that it is a gun levelled at your life. Then shall we descend to avenge your death, and we shall not cease until either we or the others will be utterly destroyed. Go then if you will, but such is our decision." Chouquet who knew no Flathead did not know the purport of this speech. I excused myself to him as unable to go at that time, for I did not wish to imperil the expedition for my own sake. He left our camp and took with him his recovered property.

The Blackfeet did not dare molest us again, and as we soon fell in with buffaloes, the hunt began. This lasted until we had abundance of meat, and then the party scattered, each to return home how and when he pleased. Ten lodges remained with me, and we started homeward. When the band was still two days' journey from the village, I started ahead and found to my surprise everybody on the point of abandoning the place, for the report had been spread that we had fallen victims to the Blackfeet. The news of our victory changed their terror into joy, and the safe arrival of all the others with their loads of buffalo meat filled the measure of Flathead happiness.

Amid the darkness surrounding the Flathead mission, there were at times rays of light, special graces granted. One of these was the saving of Br. Bellomo. I relate the facts as I received them from the lips of the brother. He had been sent with Br. [Natalis] Savio to the Coeur d'Alenes, and in crossing a very swift creek, the raft on which they were struck a stump and upset. Clothing, boxes, Indian, and brothers were soon in the water. Br. Savio and the Indian could swim, Br. Bellomo could not, and soon sank. Br. Savio, who had enough to do to save his own life, swam ashore, while the Indian swam around searching for Br. Bellomo, but could not find him. "I sank feet downward," said the brother in relating the facts to me, "until I reached the bottom, and there I remained. Looking upward, I seemed to see the sky, blue and spangled with stars, but everything was far off and dim. At the same moment I felt myself pulled upwards, and when I reached the surface, the Indian grasped me by the hair, and I was saved." Half naked the three of them travelled by land to the mission; the box arrived by water some days before them, and was found by our Indians floating in the lake. It was found to contain puppets which had been ob-

4Father Mengarini here refers to the perpetual warfare between the Flatheads and the Blackfeet who repeatedly raided the property adjoining the mission. The custom of the Flatheads to make two hunting expeditions annually for buffalo left the mission unprotected for long periods, and rendered the process of making them dependent upon agriculture difficult. While away hunting many of them were involved in wars with their enemies, and came in contact with roving whites whose carefree life was not the best example of the results of civilization and Christianity. The Blackfoot troubles broke the security of the Indians and rendered concentration on the arts of peace difficult.

4This incident apparently refers to the fall of 1850 when the mission was closed. Brothers Bellomo and Savio transported their possessions overland until they reached what they thought to be navigable water, when they made a raft and proceeded down the Clark's Fork of the Columbia. The box of puppets belonged to Brother Natalis Savio, who was versed in the art of their manipulation. The Indians of St. Mary's were delighted with their performances. Brother Savio was a native of Italy and in 1847 came to America and to St. Mary's Mission. Later he was at St. Ignatius Mission in the Flathead valley, and was transferred to California, where he died in 1891.
tained for the mission in order to afford some amusement on days of festivity.

It was about this time [1847] that the Indians as usual went hunting. It happened, however, that one day they were sadly in need of water, and, though they searched long and earnestly, were unable to find any. At length they came upon a stagnant pool, and, urged by thirst, many of the less prudent drank deeply. Soon they began to complain of feeling unwell, and after a few days some died. Others grew thin and weak, and reached home in an exhausted condition. Having inquired into the matter, I became convinced that the evil lay in the water which had been drunk, and I administered purgatives to the sufferers. My convictions were true. The number saved, however, was small, for the sick had perished before reaching home.

With the year 1848 [1849] came the last days of the mission, though neither I nor anybody else foresaw that the catastrophe was near at hand. I had indeed already written to Very Rev. Fr. General [Michael Accolti] that if things kept on as they were going I would give the mission but two years more to last; still the blow when it came took me by surprise.

Encamped near the mission [1850] were two Americans, Messrs. Owen and Porter; these gentlemen had already visited the mission and invited me to return their visit. I did so and was kindly received and entertained.

The time for our yearly consultation had arrived, [1850] so in a day or two I set out for the Coeur d'Alenes. There we decided that the mission among the Indians should be closed for a time. I then asked that I might be allowed to go to some place where I should hear nothing of what was going on. I was accordingly sent to Willamette, where I arrived safely after a long journey, and sent back the two Indians who had accompanied me. Poor fellows! They were attacked on their way back by the Blackfeet; one was badly wounded, and they barely escaped with their lives. I remained in Oregon for a few years, and was then ordered to California, so that when sorrow for the past had taken possession of the Flatheads, and Victor came in the name of the tribe to ask me to return, I was already far away. Often have I tried to get back, but without success; yet, though constrained by obedience to be separated in body, my love goes back, and will ever go back to the joys, sorrows, and trials of my dear Flathead mission.

**Footnote:**

1. The Blackfoot difficulties continued even after the mission property was acquired by Major John Owen, who in 1853 abandoned the property and moved out, but returned when informed that the Flatheads would be kept apart from the Blackfeet through an agreement to cease molestations and to live at peace with the Flatheads. Judge F. H. Woody records, a verified incident, in which a young man named John F. Dobson was killed and scalped by the Blackfeet September 15, 1852, in sight of Fort Owen. The effects upon mission life of such a condition can easily be envisioned. Pacific Railroad Exploration Reports, (Washington, 1855) Vol. I, pp. 257, 293, 437. Judge F. H. Woody, "A Sketch of the Early History of Western Montana" in Montana Historical Society Contributions (Helena, 1896) Vol. II, p. 89.

2. Major John Owen who acquired the mission improvements and started a trading post there.


4. The mission was closed until 1866. In the meanwhile in 1854 St. Ignatius Mission was established in the Flathead valley, and the government by treaties in 1855 with the Flatheads and the Blackfeet ended the Blackfoot raids in the Bitter Root valley. St. Mary's as an Indian mission continued until October, 1851 when the Flatheads moved to the Flathead Indian reservation. After that date St. Mary's functioned as a center for the white population of the town of Stevensville, Montana, which had grown up around the old mission. The old St. Mary's Mission was situated between the present location of Stevensville and Fort Owen.

5. "Victor was the head chief of the Flatheads. Although the Flathead mission was abandoned the Indians did not forget the teachings of the missionaries and continued farming, and gave indications of living as Christians, as Governor Isaac I. Stevens observes in the "Reports of the Pacific Railroad Survey," volumes 1 and 2.

6. The contract or bill of sale of the mission was signed by Father Joseph Joset, who closed the mission. It is here given as recorded in the Owen Letters and Journal (op. cit., Vol. I, pp. 22-23):

   "This is to certify that I, P. J. Joset Catholic Missionary of the first part have bargained & Sold all the property at St. Mary's Mission Flathead Country Known as the Church improvements unto Jno Owen of the second part for the Sum of Two Hundred and fifty Dollars ($250.00) the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged. The Said Jno Owen receiving Said Church establish another Mission here on or before the 1st day of January 1852."

   "Signed" P. J. Joset.

   Jno Owen

   Witness F. B. Owen St. Mary's Mission Flathead Country, Nov. 5, 1850."

The New World fails to be the epic poem of America primarily because its author has no central unifying philosophy furnishing him a view of life from which to write his poetry. Mr. Masters has put himself at a great disadvantage insofar as writing a successful poem is concerned by choosing the history of the new world as his theme. For the reader cannot escape comparing the poet's concept of historical events with his own, and thus often ruins poetic effect by refusing to accept the groundwork upon which the poetry is based. For instance, when Mr. Masters asserts that:

Free trade between the states, as written in the Central Law, Could not be erased therefrom without destroying the South Where the philosophy of Jefferson, guiding the plantations, Had ruled so long, the most liberal of readers in the Northern school of thought will compress their lips.

It is conceivable, however, that a poet might write on a historical theme with such conviction that the reader would be willing to surrender, for the purposes of enjoyment of the poetry, personal opinions as to historical truths. Unfortunately, Mr. Masters has not been able to do so. His philosophy of new-world history centers about the destructive effects of the Civil War upon the development of ideal democracy in America. And since he has an analytic mind rather than a synthetic one, this has led him to see nothing but perplexing conflicts in the stream of this historical development. Mr. Masters is, therefore, in The New World playing the role of a polemict rather than that of a poet.

The one theme which Mr. Masters seems to stick to is the greatness of the people, they being the roots of all that is great in the history of civilization. Yet his view of this indefinable entity is rather unconvincing in light of the lines,

Slow was the effect of great words
by Emerson and Whitman,
For the maggot mass neither hears nor sees,
But squirms on itself and looks for food.

At any rate, Mr. Masters cannot thrill his readers with the spirit which he says ever renews the people after repeated failures. He merely says that it exists and we must accept the fact on his say-so. He does not bring it home to us. The trouble is that his whole view of life is full of contradiction, fundamentally between hope and despair, in which despair has a slight edge, or rather more than a slight edge. This makes the dominant tone of The New World one of didactic bitterness.

Robert Lewis


This novel is a product of the same fierce humanitarian concern that is apparent in Mr. Fisher's other work; and for that concern and its products the honest reader can have only profound respect. Chief protagonist of this concern now is Jim Jones, psychologist, who expresses it in plain terms to Harvey Wiggam, pompous, neurotic University Dean:

"Wiggam, you have a dunghill of a mind. In comparison with you, the bull and the boar are humanists. As an educator you are incurably ignorant. That one person in every adult twenty in the United States goes insane means nothing to you. That our asylums are full with nearly half a million means nothing to you. That insanity is rapidly increasing, that most of the world today is neurotic, that our gravest social problems spring from such attitudes as yours towards sex—all that means nothing to you."

It has meant, and still means, a great deal to Mr. Fisher, who, unlike the Socialist, finds the fundamental cause rooted disturbingly deep in the individual rather than in an economic structure, and thus worries himself almost exclusively about the ego and its trouble-making identifications, implying that we can leave the profit system for later consideration. No perfectionist, Mr. Fisher simply believes we should try to understand ourselves better, suggests that psychology may be of some assistance.

The novel presents a generous collection of neurotic specimens, supplies the reader with abundant data on each one and carefully guides him through the diagnoses. It opens with the story of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith in Manhattan; shifts backward in time and out to Broom, a University town in the Midwest, where John Smith is just a love-sick bachelor adrift among dipsomanics, sadists, Don Juans, and nymphomanics, incidentally faculty husbands and wives; moves farther west to Eureka, pop. 4000, neighbor town to Bliss and Pleasant Grove, where Jerry Young, female psycho-
therapist, is finally run out of town; comes again to New York to show conscientious Jim Jones falling in private practice while psychiatrist Harrison Hawke prospers with chicanery and seduction; and returns finally with Ogden Greb to the primitive area of Idaho as if to home, to the clean wilderness, to Eden and Eve, "the wise and ancient woman"—and even she "was very introverted, clearly enough." But there, finally, in the sexual embrace, Ogden Greb becomes "part of a boundless and indefinable passion, with the hard and unreasonable center of his egoism softened and dissipated, until he was in all things and all things were in him."

Most successful is the history of John and Jane Smith, who in the early weeks of marriage frequently interrupt sentimental intimacies to make the vows of mutual "honesty" demanded by John; but quickly, perhaps too quickly, John's honesty appears plainly as hypocrisy, and then the author traces the growth of John's obsession, its ever widening divergence from the reality of his actual instincts and compulsions, until finally it culminates in a dramatic crash of insanity. In a novel packed full of grotesques, John is easily the most hair-raising, because you know he's the fellow who has made Esquire a going concern, he's the sucker who makes the market for all those funny clothes.

Here is an earnest book, however, and, in one part of the narrative; but I was more worried by a certain florid tendency in the style, which too frequently relaxes into simply bad writing. For example, Jerry Young walks before Ogden Greb with "insolent grace," "mocks" him "with her incredibly lovely mouth," inspires him with "the insupportable wonder of her lips," and finally even "narrows" her gaze "until dark lashes almost lay on her cheeks"; it is little wonder that Greb's blood is "like fire in his ridiculous temples." And there is Mrs. Jim Jones with her "hot hungry mouth," who is "half woman and half angel and all siren," and finally "heart to hear what it said." This is all pure pulp elche; and, while a writer as brilliant as Mr. Fisher must occasionally nod, he should never descend.

It is an earnest book however, and, in spite of artistic faults, one that is exciting to read. It should serve as an excellent introduction to any study of psychotherapy and should perhaps be required reading for the Class of 1938—God save them!

Donald MacRae


These three volumes together cover most interestingly and completely a large section of the Great Valley and the Great Plains, and equally interestingly and even more completely the social conditions of the same areas. The total effect of them is a sense of the inexhaustible richness of America, the variety and fascination of its mores, and our heritage and what we are doing with it.

Rose Wilder Lane's Free Land begins in the late Seventies when there was free land west of Minnesota, and, in the Dakotas, "men said that the Government put up a quarter-section against $15 and five years' hard work, on a bet that a man couldn't make a living on the land." Dave Benton and his wife take that bet. Free Land is a story of their winning, and a thrilling one. With the exception of Ellmore Pruitt Stewart's Letters of a Woman Homesteader, no other book that we have seen has dramatized so well this experience. Yet nothing in particular happens in the sense of any integrated plot. They simply face stoically, this couple, monotony, wind, blizzard, drought, hard luck, and, in the main, have a good time because they don't realize that a Government or benevolent deity should do more for them.

They're a tough breed, self-reliant. When they can't break the land with horses, they swap them for oxen. When the stable roof goes out in the blizzard, they drag Star and Dobbin into the house. When they make a mistake, they don't moan; they plant turnips (and sell them later for $350). When they get a three-months' school-teaching job at $15 a month, they exult—it's heavenly! When caught in a blizzard on the way home from school, they get the children into a haystack and hold them there till the storm breaks. When some fool-ghooul—robs an Indian burial ground and starts an uprising, though they have to comb three states, they get the stolen body back.

The pioneer strain has petered out in W. L. White's What People Said. When a prominent citizen is caught in a defaulting, he shoots himself. When a tough citizen is unable to "make" a living, he goes on relief. It is the time of the N. Y. A. They just can't take it.

In a small town in the state of "Oklaruda," which is probably just north of Oklahoma, the author plays very seriously for five hundred pages a game between a pair of deuces and some aces. The aces are the steady folk who give their stability to their town, the deuces a pair of four-flushers of shifty standards (whom everybody none the less mistakes for kings), and the author runs in for good measure at least one Jack. The Jack, Buck, is the fellow whom every man who has ever lived in a small town and gone on by

Free Land. By Rose Wilder Lane. Longmans. Green. $2.50.

What People Said. By W. L. White. The Viking Press. $2.75.
decent roads to a goal of some sort has left behind him. Buck's winning menace over-shadowed America. Mr. White is far too level-voiced to say this. He merely shows him, but Buck is more real than the shadowy Norsexes, whose charm is all alleged, never shown.

Less sinister and more wholesome are the contemporary riverfolk depicted by Ben Lucien Burnam, the test of whose success in *Blow for a Landing* is that he puts you immediately and completely in a brand-new real world. It's a world of charm, of simplicity, of simple, unabashed habit of measuring all life by its own river ways. Unlike *Free Land* the emphasis here is less upon pioneering (though the characters' tenacity in clinging to the river equals that of the hardy young couple holding to their prairie claim) than upon folk ways strange to outsiders, old to the river, known to Mark Twain, put down here with less tang but more love and fulness. With human inconsistency the Pennys eternally are trying to unclasp themselves from their love. The efforts of these gypsy shanty folk held in the spell of the river to get themselves off it form such story as there is. A drifting plot, this, that loops and winds like the river itself, yet carries you along with it as well as winds itself round your heart.

Of the three volumes *Free Land* with its hardihood is the most dramatic: *What People Said* (though too long and with Mr. Hemingway too often behind the arras) gives the soldest impact; *Blow for a Landing* has the most charm.

All three authors are preserving regional America.

Paul Eldridge

**Holy Old Mackinaw: A Natural History of the American Lumberjack.** By Stewart H. Holbrook. Macmillan. $2.50.

By the Holy Old Mackinaw, this book's a pip! It more than lives up to the promise of its come-on sub-title. For not only is it an authentic history of the man-on-the-job who, in his own vigorous idiom, "let daylight into the swamp" all the way from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, it is also an equally authentic record of his off-time doings. And if his activities at work were a series of one hair-raising adventure after another, take it from me (on Mr. Holbrook's authority) that his annual "continuous performance" blow-outs in town were nothing short of hell-raising. All of which is but to state that here is a chronicle which is both soundly enlightening and hilariously entertaining, and that such of the reading public as choose to pass it up must wish neither to learn nor to laugh.

This saga of the lumberjack is at once the story of prodigious feats of human brawn and valor and the story of unending ingenuity in the fashioning of tools and machinery to meet the needs of changing conditions as the logging industry progressed from the two-bitted axes and the peavies of "down east," through the year-round cuttings of the sawmills in the Great Lakes region, to reach at last the high-powered methods of stripping bare the wooded areas of the Pacific Northwest and California. And that means that while, much in the manner in which the cycle of John Henry tales reveals the ironic truth about the southern negro laborer, it celebrates the triumph of the timber worker over the forces of nature, it at the same time confesses to his defeat at the hands of so-called progress. It is a nice question which is the more moving, Mr. Holbrook's hearty delight in the lusty devilries and dangers of his hairy-chested heroes or his nostalgia for the stuff-testing customs of former years when men with their called boots on liked nothing better than to fight all night confined inside the close quarters of their lousy bunks. Nowadays they spend their evenings smoking cigarettes and listening to the radio in hygienic company camps built according to trades union codes.

Whether he writes in the one mood or the other Mr. Holbrook always writes well. If I say as well as E. B. White or Robert Benchley in *The New Yorker*, and I do, I'm saying that that's "tops" for me. Here's a sample, with the special Holbrookian, extra pleasure insuring, trade-mark at the end:

It is recalled that the arrogant bull-whackers who drove the Dolbeer & Carson oxen snorted in amused contempt to see such a contraption [as a donkey engine] in the woods. They sat on stumps, chewing tobacco and passing lewd remarks, while their bulls chewed their cuds and batted not an ear as John Dolbeer ran a line out from the donkey drum and wrapped one end of it around a rugged redwood log. Then he returned to the engine and opened her wide.

That heavy log came in a-snorling—in less time than it would have taken a yoke of bulls to turn around. It marked the exact date when began the conversion of logging bulls into steaks and hamburger.

Writing like that one finds in every chapter of this most diverting and informing book. And its chapters cover a multitude of matters, all of them intimately related to the general subject of lumbering: forest fires, boom towns, log jams and rafts, bawdy house madames and red-light districts, north woods balladry and tall tale telling, skidroads and high leads, the I. W. W., logging pirates and timber barons, and plenty more of the same lively sort. Throughout the whole range of them the lumberjack is presented slashing his roystering, rip-roaring swath "hell, west,
an' crooked" clear across the continent, yet it comes about in spite of the chances seeming altogether opposed that they combine into a thoroughly respectable account of a genuinely epic endeavor. The bibliography which backs them up attends to that, amply. The final touch of reputable scholarship, which doesn't conceal for a minute the fine gusto with which the entire undertaking is carried out, however, is the inclusion of a glossary of logger terms and, believe it or not, an index. No one who pretends to an interest in industrial history or American folk-lore can afford not to consult both of them frequently.

V. L. O. Chittick

Boom Town. By Jack O'Connor. Knopf. $2.50.

In spite of the flood of books that the years have poured out, the life of the old West is a rich vein virtually untapped by novelists of artistic integrity and courage. Consequently, the work of almost any author who faces that life honestly and without shutting both eyes is an unusual and welcome event. Jack O'Connor's novel of the Southwest silver boom in the early '90's is an event, although either as novel or Western document it is no great shakes.

Yet the novel is so good that it will stand judging against the yardstick of what it attempts, and that is a cruel measuring for any novel. O'Connor wants to show the birth, life, and death of a mining camp in all its roaring reality. The camp is the object of his artistic endeavors. It is the camp of which Frank O'Rielly dreams as he fights the desert, searching for his lode. It is the camp which stands deserted at the end, weird and unreal, its own epitaph.

O'Connor has tried to tell the story of this town: how it came into being as the result of Smiling Frank O'Rielly's years of prospecting; how it spawned indiscutably in a canyon a cockeyed collection of shacks and tents and mansions; how it drew miners to give their lives to get the ore out, and prostitutes to live off the miners, and gamblers to prey on both and on each other, and murderers and robbers, and even some honest men; how men built their lives and dreams into it; and how it was gutted of its treasure and left to collapse with the market.

But in telling that story he has chosen a set of characters among whom there is a powerful dramatic relationship—a relationship of emotions and ambitions. As much as O'Connor wanted to tell the story of Boom Town per se, he still wanted to tell the story of Smiling Frank O'Rielly, the toughest mine foreman in the West; of Larry Richards, the engineer; of Joyce, his wife; and of the minor characters, Texas Bill Crockett, Doc Bagby, and Opal White. It is his attempt to merge these stories that is judged and found wanting.

O'Connor seems to have been torn between the demand of drama and the demand of indeterminate flux. It would have been better had he chosen the dramatic, for his material falls almost naturally into that form. Perhaps he was bothered obscurely by the epic quality of the story of his boom town. More than occasionally the conventional pattern of the narrative bulges as the story of Silver Canyon itself tries to break through into its rightful existence. It never succeeds. The author yearns towards it, but he is committed to the pattern at least, if not the full dimensions, of individual dramas.

Dazzled probably by the movement and inconstancy of mining camp life, O'Connor has adulterated his narrative with a semi-subjective infiltration reminiscent of the running, inconclusive style of John Dos Passos. For this reason his characters are foggy and elusive instead of clean cut. O'Rielly, introverted and full of doubts and strange fears and intuitions, might demand a degree of subjectivity. Yet even O'Rielly is nothing apart from his background: the ageless hills, the seething tawdry life of the blaring camp. And the background washes and shifts and fails to come clear.

O'Connor struggles mightily to let Boom Town speak with its many voices, and to make universal drama out of individual destinies. He seesaws between the tides of intermingling lives and the clearest conflicts of his chief characters. His ending is a resolution that stands apart from the rest of the book: at long last Silver Canyon emerges in its own right, rusting and tumbled down, guarded by its own ghosts. Only Frank O'Rielly has stood so convincingly real, as his story merged with that of the town and the mine. The other characters, despite an outward realism, remain remote and pale.

Boom Town is a book full of semblance, but without final realization. It is an honest and sympathetic story of a mining town, of the human struggle and heartbreak that went into it, of its gamblers and prostitutes and murderers, of its tough miners and tougher foremen, of its cowards and heroes. The very faults of the book arise from the ambition of its attempt. That, too, is commendable.

Richard Lake

Beyond Dark Hills. By Jesse Stuart. Dutton. $3.50.

Jesse Stuart is a good writer. He does not try to write like anyone else. He only tries to give the reader the experience of growing up in the Kentucky hills, and he does it by writing the way he talks.

The "dark hills" are the hardships, but Stuart is built like a football player and he
Frontier and Midland

liked the strenuous work. The physical hard-
ships didn't make him bitter. He liked books
and in time they taught him to see himself
and Kentucky a little as someone from the
outside might see them. He wanted to see
what the rest of the world was like. He ran
away and joined a carnival troupe. He went
to a summer military camp. He worked in
steel mills, worked his way through Lincoln
Memorial, and finally spent a year at Van-
derbilt University doing graduate work.
Then he went back.

His education had given him the knowl-
edge of how dark his hill country was, but
he had learned also how much darker it was
outside. He came back to the hills to stay
because it was his own country. Some
of the best writing in the book is about his
experience in the steel mills. No other writ-
er ever had that much experience as a work-
er inside the mills.

Stuart is his best in plain narrative and
in anecdotes about people. He knows the
idiom and his dialog is altogether convinc-
ing. There is nothing literary or folksy
about it. It is real. But he likes to do na-
ture description. I get the feeling that he
is a little braggy about it and doesn't take
time to cut out the rhetoric. However, as
regional writing this book ranks very high.
The illustrator, who does imitation wood-
cuts, probably never saw the Kentucky high-
lands.

Lloyd J. Reynolds

The Apache Indians. By Frank C.
Lockwood. Macmillan. $3.50.

It is doubtful if there is any more inter-
esting group of Indians in the United States
than the Apache, or one that has had a more
colorful history. This book consisting of fif-
ten chapters deals with the Apaches from
the time of their first contact with the Span-
ish explorers to the present. The first chap-
ter, "Origin and Distribution," is quite brief
and tells of the various subdivisions of these
people and something of the language and
their traditional origin. The final one, "Fifty
Years of Peace," sketches briefly the his-
tory of the Apache people since the surrender
of Geronimo and his little band in 1886. Oth-
er chapters deal with the relations of the
Apaches with the Spanish, the Mexicans, and
the Anglo-Americans, as well as with the
various wars waged against these unruly
desert dwellers of the Southwest. Chapter
IV, "The Primitive Apache," dealing with
customs and mode of life is particularly in-
teresting and valuable.

The book is scholarly and at the same time
intensely interesting, a combination by no
means too common. Here is revealed in clear
and readable fashion the story of cruelty on
the part of the red man matched by equal
brutality on the part of many of the whites
with whom he came in contact. Here, too,
is shown the blundering policy of the Gov-
ernment of the United States, the endless red
tape, and the old story of jealousy and bick-
ering between the Department of War and
that of the Interior. In the sorry picture of
short-sightedness and incompetence two or
three figures, notably that of General George
Crook, stand out in sharp relief as men of
rare courage, ability, and humanity. This
reviewer, while holding council with the San
Carlos Apaches a few years ago heard sev-
eral old men speak of General Crook with
admiration and respect and of his advice
given fifty years ago which they still sought
to follow.

The volume shows every evidence of long
and careful research. Documentation is not
heavy, but is perhaps adequately, especially
since an excellent bibliography or reference
list is placed at the close of each chapter.
Some sixty unusually attractive illustrations
add much to value of the text and the plea-
ture of the reader. This is a thoroughly good
book of which both author and publisher
have reason to be proud.

Edward Everett Dale

The Checkered Tablecloth. By Bess
Foster Smith. The Caxton Printers.
$1.50.

As its title suggests, this volume of verse
concerns itself with the common things of
life, things homely and beloved, such as gar-
dens and whatnots and rain, and a gay red-
checked tablecloth upon a kitchen table. At
times almost childlike in its simplicity, it
also reveals the dignity and wisdom of one
who has probed life in its varied nuances,
and at the last has found it to be good and
rich in the living. While the criticism may
be made that the verse at times is somewhat
glib in its satisfaction or smug in its con-
tent, it is evident that this same satisfaction
has been achieved only through pain, the
content by the way of grief and frustration.
Its best feature is its aptly turned phrases.
Of the hundred-odd poems contained in
this slim volume with its brave red and
white checkered cover, all show a depth of
sympathy and understanding, each has some-
thing that is worth the saying: "Lights" and
"Genealogy" are notable for their vision,
and the Mandy poems for their warm hu-
manity.

There is a place on the family bookshelf
for more volumes like The Checkered Table-
cloth; for while happiness poems may not be
ranked by the critics with the disillusion-
ment and despair poems as True Art, they
nevertheless are a significant part of modern
literature.

Agnes Getty Sloan


Grant Foreman, whose name has by now become synonymous with careful and scholarly inquiry into the early history of the Five Civilized Tribes, has given us two more interesting documents. For the first he has edited and profusely annotated the report of Captain Randolph B. Marcy who was commissioned in 1852 to explore the region bordering on the headwaters of the Red River, from what is now central Oklahoma to New Mexico. This report, though it was once published by the United States Government, has been out of print for many years, and its original value is tremendously enhanced by the erudition of its editor. Mr. Foreman has made himself so familiar with the times, personalities, and general region which Marcy described, that there is scarcely a character, event, or place mentioned to which he cannot add interesting additional information.

The Marcy narrative itself is a swift-moving and compelling account. The descriptions of the country through which the expedition moved are often superb, and it is patent that the author had a keen eye for the mineral, animal, and vegetable resources of the locality. His contributions in respect to the Indians are reasonably accurate and useful as long as he does not depart from description. In his more generalizing moods he is the typical western army officer of his day, peddling warmed-over white man's prejudices. For instance, he finds the language of the Comanche Indians to consist “of a very limited number of words—some of which are common to all the prairie tribes.” The anthropologist often has occasion to regret that the preservation of historical documents entails the perpetuation of so much of this nonsense.

Within the modest compass of his second offering, Mr. Foreman has brought together all the available information concerning the Cherokee, Sequoyah, who, though himself entirely illiterate to begin with, perfected a set of 85 symbols by means of which sounds and syllables of the Cherokee language could be rendered and thousands of his uneducated tribesmen were made literate. That Sequoyah's father was a white man is admitted by most investigators. The exact identity of the sire has been in dispute however. Mr. Foreman rejects the suggestion that paternity be traced to George Gist (Sequoyah was referred to as George Guess in documents often), an interinerent German who is said to have traveled in the territory of the Cherokee nation. He believes rather that “this remarkable Indian must have been sired by a man of vastly superior qualifications...” His candidate for the honor is Nathaniel Gist, a friend of George Washington, who spent many years among the Cherokees. Whether Sequoyah gains stature through Mr. Foreman's pronouncement or whether our revolutionary forerunners shrink correspondingly because of their casual habits, may remain a moot point. That Nathaniel Gist became “the progenitor of many distinguished Americans” is cited as an additional proof of Sequoyah's origin, and an impressive list of notables for whom he is in part responsible is actually included. Mr. Foreman seems to have swallowed not only the fruit of the family tree but part of the bark as well. The frontier must be becoming effete at last when its historians must invoke genealogies to explain its great figures.

Mr. Brit, the author of Great Indian Chiefs, has a different point to make. He believes that his subjects, Philip, Joseph Brant, Pontiac, Tecumseh, Black Hawk, Sitting Bull, Chief Joseph, and Captain Jack Modoc, were great, and that without the benefit of any white blood in most instances. By an imaginative arrangement, his biographies take the reader across the American continent from east to west in the wake of white expansion. Each chapter is therefore a dramatization of the ill-fated stand of the Indian against this white incursion and the increasing pressures. The sketches are well and sensitively written. The author avoids the cheap and turgid rhetoric which have made so many of these volumes unbearable. His devotion to fact is impressive. He may be congratulated on the best book of its kind yet published.

Morris E. Opler


These two volumes are welcome additions to the literature of Oregon history dealing, as they do, with two widely separated areas on the borders of the State, the first in the southwest and the second in the northeast.

Mrs. Payne has produced a very readable narrative of the career of Kientpoos, better known as Captain Jack, chief of the Modocs, and of the war in the lava beds along the
Frontier and Midland

California border in 1872-1873, when a mere handful of Modoc Indians held out for months against a greatly superior force of United States troops, volunteers, and Indian allies. The author has gone to the available sources for her materials. While she uses the fictional method, relating conversations and mental reactions for which there is no definite authority, she adheres closely to the chain of events before, during, and after the Modoc War for which there are sufficient records. She presents Captain Jack more sympathetically than do most of the earlier writers, but she by no means idealizes him.

The Reminiscences of Oregon Pioneers deals very largely with the early history of Umatilla County, with special emphasis on the city of Pendleton. In gathering and publishing these materials the Pioneer Ladies Club of Pendleton has rendered a service which should be emulated by other groups throughout the Northwest. It may be that, like most reminiscences written years after the events described, the numerous articles and sketches contained in this book would reveal errors with respect to specific dates and details. Nevertheless, they preserve for us trustworthy accounts of the life of pioneer days. Here the reader will find records of experiences while crossing the plains, settling the country and building towns. Pioneer transportation, living costs, politics, Indian wars, floods, grasshopper raids, farming, styles, recreation, schools, churches, newspapers, and a large number of other subjects are discussed in these recollections. The time will soon come when it will be too late to secure these valuable personal reminiscences unless other organizations follow the example set by this volume.

Dan E. Clark

Lost Springtime. By Julian Dana. Macmillan. $2.50.

To those who are familiar with the Mother Lode country as it is today, the title of this book has a special significance. They know how truly "lost" is that Springtime, the brimming zestful mining-camp days of California's youth. Columbia, Jacksonville, Copperopolis, Sonora—so much of life and color still clings irrevocably to the names of these old towns, that the very quiet of them now gives one a feeling of bewilderment, and a sense of the present, rather than the past, being unreal. As Mr. Dana says of Columbia, "It has the air of an old stage in a deserted theater, where no one has bothered to pack away the ancient props, the sets and the backdrops of a performance that closed long ago." With which statement, the best part of the book begins. In a swift series of sketches, this same Columbia comes alive again, in the full boisterous swing of that long-ago performance of the fifties and sixties.

Down Main Street lumbered old Papeete, the elaborate fire-engine, main-stay of that "cloth and paper" community and glory of every holiday parade. Children flock down Gold Hill from the smallest school in the world; "ride the water" headlong down the flume into Parsons Pool; perch on the reservoir fence in a fascination row while the newest Baptist converts are being ducked. The stage-coach rattles off at dawn with its Wells-Fargo shotgun guard. Joaquin De Lucci dashes in with his Friday donkey train.

Full of color and charm, the genuine vitality of such pictures and many others, makes us grateful to the author who has set them down with so keen a "sense of sharing the fine, full flavor of a lost way of life."

The opening chapters of Lost Springtime have been compared to a Robert Nathan fantasy. A Sierra Journey in the Spring of the year, an author and one Mr. Dillaby encamped in the remote loneliness of a mountain meadow known as Lost Lady's Island, a dog endowed with human speech and more than human perspicuity—all these elements indeed suggest the ingredients of another Enchanted Voyage. But Fantasy is an elusive creature, and at her best when, like Mercy, her quality is not strained. Setting external comparisons aside, and taking Mr. Dana's book as a whole, certain forced notes and embigurities do show up in the whimsicality of the first ninety-odd pages, but these are more than offset by the second part, which has a spontaneity and clear true ring of its own.

Barbara E. Bent


Two eminently disturbing questions rise from this collection of short stories by modern southern authors. Neither concerns the quality of the invention and workmanship, which is uniformly high; neither suggests that the South cannot boast honestly of an unusual number of strong and able writers.

The first question doesn't even touch on the inherent value of the stories, but it is inescapable: Why have these authors never taken for subject matter what we have been led to consider is the New South—the South of the oil boom, the Texas Centennial, flourishing ranch life, government resettlement, the South with an eye on her future rather than on her well-remembered past?

The second question is likely to become a cry of anguish at the end of three or four of the stories: From what evil source comes the all-pervasive, heavy-pressing atmosphere? What makes every story smell either faintly foul and unwholesome, or faintly musty?
What produces the feeling of despair, not violent but quite overpowering?

The names of the authors included in this collection are impressive—scattered through magazines, come upon individually, their stories represent the country's finest. It is Mr. Marren who has done the frightening thing in bringing them together, so that their combined effect is unmistakable.

What these stories have to say divides them mainly into two types—one full of the familiar noble left-overs of decayed southern first families, with their fruitless pride and meaningless standards; the other full of the equally familiar (lately made so through Tobacco Road especially) scum of the South, the poor-whites, the share-croppers, the unprotected "niggers." Stark Young writes the former type in telling about a magnificent grandmother who had kept the secret of a sixty-five-year-old murder. Allan Tate describes another more pathetic relic who came to sit in the square across from the great home of her youth. The most nostalgic—and grimmest—of this group is John Peale Bish-

op's, which tells of two spinner sisters living in a time that had passed, sustained in tradition by the black butler who terrifies them.

Elma Godchaux and Jesse Stuart illustrate the other type of background in describing the dismal life of the poor-white. Julia Peterkin shows what happens to the negro who tries to "make something of himself." Erskine Caldwell descends to the lowest level above the animal in Arch Gunnard, whose share-croppers, black and white, starved and had no defense against him, even when he indulged himself in his favorite pastime of cutting off their dogs' tails.

One or two of the old-fashioned kind of southern mammy tales save at least some of our northern illusions about the land of the magnolia blossoms. But these don't go far toward preventing an indefinite, depressing conclusion that either the New South has not yet found a voice, and these silver tongues have not learned to speak of the fresh and promising around them; or that there simply is no New South, only remnants of the old, some bloodless but still dignified, some reduced completely to filth and abjection.

Share-Cropper. By Charlie May Simon (Mrs. John Gould Fletcher). Dutton. $2.50.

The system of farm tenancy in the south known as share-cropping is almost one hundred years old. After the Civil War this form of farming sprang up among negroes and spread rapidly among whites until now over one million cotton farm families are tenants. The system is bad for the tenant, the landlord, the land. Recently the govern-

ment has passed legislation to aid the tenants through an easy system of ownership, and they have attempted self-help through unionism and the strike.

Share-Cropper is the case history of one Arkansas cotton farm family and particularly of young Bill Bradley and his wife, Donie. The foreward vouches for its authenticity. The tempo is rapid. Hard work, floods, starvation, eviction, mob violence, malaria, insanity, shackled prisoners, all follow in precipitous and almost monotonous sequence. The reader soon learns that some deus-ex-machina, some external force, will save the characters from each succeeding difficulty. Perhaps nothing more strikingly illustrates the precarious position of these people. Upon this slender device both the novel and the real lives of these people depend. The treatment is gentle and the language softspoken compared with the starkness that we have come to associate with such portrayals as Tobacco Road. We can scarcely share the common young hope with which Bill and Donie start their married life and with which they are still armed at the end—the hope that next year there will be money enough to buy a mule.

Dana Small


These two studies of an interesting and hitherto little known folk custom of distinctly American origin are valuable and timely additions to the fields of folk-lore, drama, and dance. Although undertaken separately, the purpose of these studies was to further the already extensive research in the field of game-and-folk-songs of Oklahoma and the Southwest. They not only open to the student an opportunity to conjecture and verify many items of importance in the historical and social background of our country, they also bring to the layman an amusing description of the forerunner of some of our current dance fads.

In his complete and scholarly study, Dr. Botkin includes a comprehensive survey of the play-party song, its origins, its relations to the game, the dance, and the song, and its characteristic language and style. Interesting sidelights on the customs and manners of the people are to be found throughout the book, while one of the most enjoyable portions of the thesis is the appendix containing the interviews from which much of the first-hand information was obtained. Part II is devoted to the texts and tunes, and to the
methods of playing the games. An excellent bibliography concludes the study.

Swing and Turn, by W. A. Owens, contains a selected collection of Texas play-party songs with descriptions of games and music recorded directly from the singing of the people who have played the games. There are fifty-eight tunes in the collection, and the types of games are divided into the children's game, the longways dance, and the ring game. This book, written concisely yet with a definite air of authority, should be of rare value to teachers of American folk-song and folk-dance.

Marjorie Lucas


Here are two invaluable books in one. To turn out either of them must have been a man-sized job in itself. The two together represent a task that looks fairly awe-inspiring. And the quality of the editing and research which has gone into it matches fully the amount of labor of both sorts which carrying it to successful completion demanded. The Introduction is the most thorough-going and best documented history of American humor during the period covered that has yet been written or is likely to be. If I admit that I found reading it heavy slogging I am only paying tribute to the meticulous quality of Professor Blair's scholarship. Practically every factual statement he makes (and most of them are factual) rests on a solid pediment of footnotes, often laid up five or six deep to the page. The account of our native humorists and their works which results, thus supported, is definitive. No one will ever need to explore the materials lying behind it again. Not many will ever want to. They are really pretty dull.

The earliest American humor, despite the unmitigated dourness we persist in attributing to our Puritan ancestors, appeared in New England. It arose directly out of the character of the Yankee, or at any rate out of those aspects of it manifested when he found himself mixed up in a trade with a stranger. His dialect, faithfully recorded along with the rest of his portraiture, was not the least comic of his laughter-compelling peculiarities. Yankee humor quickly penetrated into the frontier areas of the west and southwest, and mingled there with the home-brewed variety which was the almost inevitable accompaniment of pioneer life. The ubiquitous tall tale, largely dependent upon unlimited exaggeration for its effects, was the consequence. Next came the humor of the school which Professor Blair calls the "literary comedians," self-conscious writers of long-lost amateur standing, who sought to out-do their forerunners in grotesquerie, principally misspelling, and generally succeeded. They were followed by the local colorists, writers of the Bret Harte and Joel Chandler Harris order, who toned down, more or less, the caricature of the literary comedians and combined what they retained of it with a sympathetic, sometimes sentimental, treatment of regional types, manners, and scenes. It was Mark Twain who finally brought American humor to its culmination. Though the influence of every phase of its development shows clearly in his work he added something of his own to his heritage which the example of none of his predecessors could have transmitted to him, the touch of indubitable genius.

The second part of Professor Blair's book is an anthology of readings in his subject. Each of the stages through which he traces its advance is adequately illustrated by his selections covering upwards of 300 over-size pages, happily not printed in double column. Besides assembling all this wealth of not otherwise readily accessible example he has fortified it with bibliographies, notes, and indices, exhaustive enough to satisfy the most insatiable of students.

V. L. O. Chittick

The Everlasting Minute. By Louis Ginsberg. Liveright. $2.

Mr. Ginsberg gathers here over 100 poems, many of which have seen print in poetry pages of the country. Mr. Ginsberg has won a niche in contemporary verse, and inclusion in more than one anthology. The quality of his verse justifies for him the label of poet. He has undeniable talent in condensation, impact, idea, and form, such as give the reader pause and pleasure. It is unfortunate, therefore, that this volume was not more ruthlessly pruned. One surmises the inclusion of earlier poems as the explanation of some that display an amateur wordiness or amateur wrestlings with abstractions like "Life" and "Eternity." Some phrases ring too familiarly to the critic of student verse: "wonderful to me," "fabled elf," "everything was glorious"; others overuse the feminine "so": "beauty so incredible," "ocean-floor so plain." There are strivings for emotional impact, and the reader is too often stabbed with a final exclamation point. "With," by the way, rhymed with "myth," will not shock the western ear, but it is not according to Webster.

I say all this is unfortunate, because Mr. Ginsberg possesses at best a neat and genuine epigrammatic talent, and, in his longer poems, a sensitive eye and a reflective brain. His rhythms are reliable, and he has metrical variety, in particular handling the short line effectively. Like all poets, he has subject predilections. One group will include Nature poems ("Spring Meadow" is good),
impressions of rain on the street ("Wet Pavement" is pleasing) or of fog ("Sonnambulist" is excellent). He touches personal relations ("To My Two Sons"); he can be satiric ("Letter to Heine" and "Schoolroom" bite). Sometimes he is faintly transcendental, but often he expresses the modern note of disillusionment and the bleached bone ("Desperate Farewell").

In short, Mr. Ginsberg has here a very creditable volume, distinctly superior to the majority of contemporary poetry issues. He has won through to a personal point of view and an ear for fresh language. If he will refuse the lesser half of his work a place in his next volume, he will do still better things.

Wilson O. Clough


Landmarks and Literature; an American Travelogue. By Frederick Woodward Skiff. Metropolitan Press. $3.

Two new books have come from the Metropolitan Press (in Portland, Oregon) which some one has called the Maecenas of North-west writers. Neither is particularly noteworthy from a literary standpoint, but they are of local interest.

The author of Pig-tail Days in Seattle is a granddaughter of A. A. Denny, one of the founders of Seattle and a leading spirit in the early history of that city. Mrs. Bass gives an account of the earlier streets, telling how they came to be laid out, how they were named, and especially her associations with them. It is written in a chatty, intimate style, and one gets from it a good deal of the atmosphere of the pioneer life in Seattle. This is the valuable feature of her narrative, and we need all we can get of the impressions of those who have lived through such experiences. One of the most interesting of her streets is Pike, the one on which her childhood home was located. Her account of the visits of the Indians, their "tillumums," of the Chinese funerals passing the Basses' house on the way to Lakeview Cemetery, of drunken Indians, riding up and down, "lashing their caurnses and yelling," and of the cougar shot almost at her father's doorway, gives a vivid picture of the life in that primitive community.

The book by Mr. Skiff, well known collector, particularly of Pacific Northwest American, is an account of an automobile circuit of the United States, to New England, Florida, California, and back to Oregon. The author was not only interested in seeing the country; one of his purposes was to visit the places associated with the numerous writers whose books he has been collecting for over forty years. From their works and from manuscripts in his possession he gives many quotations, as well as including some articles written expressly for him. It is pleasant reading, though of no great consequence. Much unevenness in interest is evident, and also in style, notably in the quotations. To those looking for Northwest history, the selection from manuscript letters in regard to the Indian wars, and the article by H. E. Reed on Ben Holladay seem particularly valuable. Portraits of many of the authors mentioned illustrate the book.

E. Ruth Rockwood

Forest Trees of the Pacific Coast. By Willard Ayres Elliot. Putnam. $5.


Scientists want to be useful but are often prevented by their own technicality. Those who seek to satisfy the public demand for information frequently lack expert knowledge. Mr. Elliot's book is one of those, greatly needed, which make expert knowledge available to the intelligent amateur. It is the fruit of many years of careful and competent observation of nature, and represents an unusual intimacy with the forests from Alaska to California. The species are arranged in their botanical families and designated by their botanical names as well as their familiar names. The descriptions are concise, accurate, and non-technical; one need not be a professional botanist to understand them. Furthermore, the trees are illustrated by a profusion of fine photographs and drawings, which show not only general appearance and stature but also details of bark, foliage, flowers, and fruit. A final chapter deals mostly with the use of trees by Indians. The book may be unhesitatingly recommended as both usable and accurate; it will be of use to botanists as well as to others who want to know their trees. Of course botanists will be able to pick out a few faults. One could wish, for instance, that the author had not allied himself with the U. S. Forest Service in ignoring certain provisions of the International Code of Botanical Nomenclature. And some of his etymologies and pronunciations will not pass without question. But such slips are inevitable in a book of this scope, and do not really detract from its usefulness and excellence.

As everyone knows, the passing years are recorded in the growth of trees by the concentric rings of wood; this fact has been used in dating old buildings. Study of the growth rings therefore provides an approximate history of the climate of the region. Mr. Antevs' object was to measure accurately the
Frontier and Midland

extent of this correlation in parts of Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, and California, where rain is scanty and variable. The work is competent and detailed. The result is a history of the chief climatic fluctuations in the Great Basin extending back to the time of the first settlements; with considerable discussion of the relation between tree growth and precipitation and other factors. Mr. Antevs must have had a good time talking with the oldest inhabitants and running down stories of exceptional droughts and rains.

The history of the Colorado Delta is likewise concerned with early settlement, specifically with the colonization of the Imperial Valley. The Delta is an area of over 3000 square miles, in which the river has deposited, during the 45 years and more that Mr. Sikes has known it, over six and a half billion tons of detrital material, at times at a rate of more than a thousand tons a second. This enormous deposition has resulted in frequent changes in the course of the stream to the sea; for a time, indeed, the entire great flow was diverted into a landlocked basin and never reached the gulf, to the consternation of those who were beginning to farm that basin. The almost epic history of this unruly giant of a river is told by Mr. Sikes clearly and in detail. His first chapters deal with explorations and attempts to chart the inconstant channel, and with the early navigation of the river. Then came the great diversion, which provoked efforts to induce the stream to adopt a permanent channel to the sea; these efforts culminated in the construction of the dam and canal for the Imperial Valley. The river defied all efforts to direct it, but finally cut its own way out and apparently has settled down to a more or less stable course. Present indications are that this state of affairs will be rendered more permanent by the completion of the Bomberger Dam. The last chapters are devoted to a careful account of the load carried by the river and the factors concerned in its deposition. The book is authoritative, well written, and illustrated by over 60 fine photographs representing the whole period of observation. As in Mr. Antevs' work, the necessarily somewhat detailed and technical nature of the description will limit its readers; which is a pity, for both of these investigations are valuable to anyone interested in the settlement of the western country by white men.

H. W. Ricketts


Stanford University Press has lately issued four volumes under the general title "Historic Spots in California." These volumes cover "The California Deserts," "Southern Counties" and "Valley and Sierra Counties." The most recent addition to this series, a book entitled Counties of the Coast Range, is a worthwhile production. It is not in any sense a guide-book that attempts to puff up certain scenic features or other similar phenomena.

It is written in a simple but pleasing style and presents a great amount of local history, mostly of the type not easily available elsewhere. The extent of the volume may be visualized when it is said there are 686 pages of text, and the index alone covers over 30 pages set 3 columns to a page. There is a substantial amount of information about the places of Spanish settlement, Spanish land grants, and historic Spanish families. There are few parts of the United States where there is so much romantic material for a historic guide-book.

It is not to be expected that a production of this sort will be entirely without fault. There are a few places where there would seem to be inadequate correlation between historic statements made on different pages. A particular case in mind is that of the origin of the name Cape Mendocino which is treated in two different manners. Incidentally, the book is incorrect in the statement that Cape Mendocino is the most westerly part of continental United States. Cape Blanco in Oregon is farther west than Cape Mendocino, and Cape Micalava in Washington is farther west than either of the other two. However, these matters are susceptible of being corrected in later editions, and they do not detract materially from the general value of the book.

Lewis A. Mc Arthur

Ralston's Ring: California Plunders the Comstock Lode. By George D. Lyman. Scribner. $3.50.

Dr. Lyman's exciting sequel to the Comstock Saga is equal to two biographies, one novel, and one journalistic account of fifteen years of San Francisco's colorful history. The lives of Adolph Sutro and William C. Ralston are themes for biographies in themselves; in their violent impingement upon one another they provide material for a novel—one of the "hero overcomes Nemesis and the villain and wins success in the end" type—and the scenes of their struggles, the Stock Exchange, the Bank of California, and the Comstock Lode, are the scenes of San Francisco's history between 1860 and 1875.

The history of other regions of the Pacific Northwest is also linked with that of Ralston and his ring. There is no doubt that Ralston provided the capital with which Alvinza Hayward bought up stock for the pool of directors of the Oregon Steam and Navigation Company and placed control of that monopolistic corporation in the hands
of the famous four of Portland: W. S. Ladd, Capt. J. C. Ainsworth, R. R. Thompson and S. G. Reed. Capt. J. C. Ainsworth, president of the O. S. & N. Co. became a member of the Board of the Bank of California. And many important Idaho mines were developed with the aid of California’s capital.

One of the most dramatic incidents in the book, preceding the final catastrophe of August, 1875, is the ominous decline in Crown Point stock and Ralston’s efforts to keep his head above water in July, 1873. A code message (among the Reed papers in the Reed College Library) from B. Peart, commission broker to Simeon G. Reed, Portland financier, who had been speculating in mining stock, illustrates the unloading which was spelling disaster to Ralston. Decoded it reads:

San Francisco, July 2, 1873.

S. C. Reed:

Sold for you today ten shares Crown Point at 101 dollars and 90 shares at 90 dollars market too weak to crowd will continue selling next week we are satisfied with the mine and everything concerning it.

B. Peart

On August 16, 1875, Mr. Reed betrays almost a startling naivete when he writes Peart, who is in the center of things and has, evidently, read the writing on the wall:

August 16, 1875.

B. Peart Esqr.

San Francisco, Dr. Sir:

 Yours of the 9th inst enclosing statement of account with balance to my credit of $15,699.10 is at hand. Not hearing from you I supposed I was the fortunate (or unfortunate) owner of 375 1-3 shares of Crown Point, but its all right anyway. I suppose you can allow interest on the money, if so keep it until I want to use it, otherwise advise me and I will put it out here. It looks as if there was going to be a movement in stocks this fall and I have been half tempted several times to try my luck at guessing. You don’t mean to say that you quit buying stock entirely, do you? Am glad Mr. Hayward’s health is improving. Give him my regards when you see him.

Yours truly,

S. G. Reed.

Dr. Lyman’s admiration for Ralston is conveyed to the reader throughout the book, and in the final chapters he creates a sympathy for the man which places the book in the category of a moving novel.

Dorothy O. Johanson


It is just twenty years since Dr. Hart’s first important book, Democracy in Education, was printed in the press. This, I think, is still his best book; but the one now under review is a very worthy successor, and is actually a successor in Hart’s life-long attack on patterned mind and his advocacy of democracy in education,” as in all the other regions of life. This is Hart’s biggest book, and quite naturally so, since it almost “takes all knowledge to be its province.” He admits that “almost every chapter . . . might well have been extended into a whole volume, some of them into extensive volumes.” The story goes “back to the beginnings” in chapter one, and reaches down to the exiguous present. It spans the ages from neolithic man to the Supreme Court decision in the Social Security cases of May 25, 1937. Yet it is no mere annals or chronology, but rather a persistent overview seeking not the story as such, but its meaning; not the mere historical sequences, but rather the underlying and dominating principles of the grand trend.

This book definitely carries on from James Harvey Robinson’s notable Mind in the Making, published seventeen years ago. The change from making to transition in the title is significant, for in Hart’s book mind is eternally in transition, not merely in the ages of history, as we hope and believe, but also in the individual through a process of education. But transition from what to what? Well, from mere “patterned mind,” at least; from primitive mind, which is essentially patterned mind, from the dead hand of mere tradition, and the crushing dominance of tribalism. But to what? That is not so easy to say. At least to intelligence; to the method of science, versus the dogmas of tribe and tradition; to the emergence of the individual, first perhaps as “rugged individual,” a sort of intermediate state which must be transcended; but ultimately to a socialized individual. Certainly always to, or at least toward, democracy; the last seven chapters ring the changes on this.

Hart is likely to prove discouraging to the unsophisticated and “tender-minded” reader. He often carries a strain of bitterness against the evils of the times and the ubiquitous tyranny of his pet aversion, the patterned mind. He loves to play the iconoclast, and loves a shining mark, the marble bust of Plato being his favorite target. Yet all this is one of his great services to sound thinking, especially in the field of educational discussion and theory, where hard-headedness has been so bitterly needed. On the other hand he sturdily resists anything like pessimism or defeatism. He accepts the Supreme Court Social Security decisions as signs of the times: “Last year that Court was looked upon as the stronghold of the Neolithic mind. . . . But recently, the evolutionary energies of the world have broken through these Platonic reserves, and now the Court . . . is once more in the main stream of evolutionary change.” He even admits that “a leading industrialist, president of one of our greatest corporations, has recently joined Professor Dewey as a
second voice,—in defense of the larger mind needed by democracy. Since this was written the fortunes of democracy have sunk to still lower ebb. Let us hope that Dr. Hart’s stalwart faith still stands firm.

Edward O. Sisson


Goliath is a story of Italian Fascism, from its roots in the Renaissance to its recent intervention in the internal affairs of Spain in support of the rebel forces. The author, an eminent literary critic, university professor, and formerly the foreign editor of the Corriere della Sera, Italy’s greatest liberal journal of pre-Fascist days, became persona non grata with Fascist authorities by reason of his refusal to take the Fascist oath, and in 1931 he found hospitality in the United States, where he resumed his academic career.

He writes feelingly and convincingly, in easy-flowing and somewhat impressionistic style, of the triumph of the “neo-classicist lust for glory” which, he avers, dominates the Duce and the Fascist movement. It is this lust for glory and the “will to power” which, in the author’s view, are the real explanation of the rise of Fascism to power. Alleged economic causes were much less determining than commonly supposed. Italy, after the War, was not much worse off, he thinks, than any other country. “The interpretation of Fascism in terms of economic class warfare is utterly inadequate.” “Fascism remains what it is: an outburst of emotionalism and pseudo-intellectualism, thoroughly irrational in its nature.” This is a much-needed correction of the over-emphasis on the strictly economic explanation of the crisis. Mussolini himself admitted in 1921 that the “Reds” were no longer a danger. Behind the immediate crisis was the fact that the liberal state, the product of the “Risorgimento,” culminating in unification, in 1870, had not learned to stand on its feet and walk confidently after the centuries of servitude which Italy had suffered since the period of the Renaissance.

Borghese has interesting chapters on the personality of Mussolini (with whom he was well acquainted), on the crushing of the intelligentsia, the subordination of the Church, and his defiance of the world in the Ethiopian and Spanish ventures, though there is little that is new in any of them. He is convinced that in both the Ethiopian and Spanish ventures Mussolini could easily have been stopped if Great Britain and France had taken a really firm stand. Bluff and bluster triumphed, aided by a conflict between national purposes and class-consciousness in Britain and France.

Nevertheless, “Dawn . . . will rise, in days or generations. And a great lesson will have been bequeathed by the black age to man.” A new earth and society will eventually arise, enlightened by freedom of philosophy and science. Such is the hope which is held out for those who are suffering the ills of the present.

G. B. Noble

COVERED WAGON

PROSE WRITERS—HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING, poet and story-writer of Portland, has a series of tales about the people of the Sixes River country in southern coastal Oregon. ELIZABETH ASELL, a teacher of piano, sends her first story to FRONTIER AND MIDLAND from South Orange, N. J. MILBRED DOHERITY, Larchmont, N. Y., has worked on newspapers in Chicago, Hollywood, and New York.

THOMAS SIMA, Chicagoan, sends his first story, which finely reveals the spirit of the citified negro. ELMA KLINEFORD, a former contributor to THE MIDLAND, lives in Gary, Ind. AUBREY V. NEASHAM teaches at The University of California. He has reviewed for this magazine many western books. ALBERT PARTOLI, Missoula, is researcher into Northwest history. The MONTANA STATE GUIDE, compiled and written by workers on The Federal Writers’ Project of the State, is about to come from the press.

The POETS—GEORGE SCOTT GLEASON, Las Cruces, N. M., contributed to the spring issue of this magazine. TED ROBINS, a Californian, makes his first appearance here. BEN A. BOTKIN, who formerly edited FOLK-SAY and later SPACE, is a professor of English at The University of Oklahoma. CAROL ELY HARPER, Walla Walla, Wash., composes music, draws, and plays the piano and the violin. This fourth long poem by PAT V. MORRISSETTE, Stevenson, Wash., completes his series about the mythical figure, Riley. The Young Writers, JEAN SCHWARTZ (Portland), MORITZ THOMSEN (Seattle), and ELISABETH ALLEN are college undergraduates.

LITERARY NEWS

Continued from page vi

Harper and Brothers, 49 East 33 Street, NYC, now accept manuscripts for the Prize Novel Contest, closing Jan. 31, 1939. Circular on request.

The Atlantic non-fiction contest, $5000 prize, closes May 1, 1939.

The Berkeley Playmakers offer prizes for short plays—everything from cash to silent
portable typewriters. Address 1814 Blake street, Berkeley, Calif.

George Snell, 1435 Sherman Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah, is compiling a book *Rocky Mountain Stories*. Already on his list are Whit and Wanda Burnett, De Voto, Wally Stegner—and he hopes Vardis Fisher will have something for him.

The last date in the diary of William Thomas was April 22, 1886. Two days after this the looted Wagon of Thomas, his 8-year-old son, and his driver, Joseph Shultz, were found west of Fort C. F. Smith on the Big Horn river. Last summer John T. Lienesch, 78, nephew of Thomas, searched for the grave of his relatives, and found it a few miles from Lodge Grass, Montana. Now the plans division of the Montana highway department have completed a marker headstone for the mound.

Montana authors on Caxton’s lists fare well in school library adoptions in other states. *Blankets and Moccasins*, by Gwendo- len Damon Wagner and Dr. Allen of Billings, is on the Wisconsin list, as is Fitzgerald’s *Black Feather*. The late Carl Noble’s *Jugheads Behind the Lines*, written for his small sons and prepared for publication by his widow, Nancy Noble of Minneapolis, would be an admirable book for Montana schools.

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VOLUME 18
Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer, 1937-1938

MISSOULA, MONTANA
Published at the Montana State University
by H. G. MERRIAM

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