1938

Light on the wing; a novel

Glen Peelman

The University of Montana

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An Graduate Study

Chairman of Committee

M. A. Anderson

Chairman of Board

Approved

1936

State University of Montana

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Graduate for the Degree of Master

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Re-

H. A. Panovich College, 1936

By

A. Moore

LATHER OF THE MIND
AUTHOR'S PREFACE

This is in effect the soul of a novel. Having apparently written the last first, for the present status is such that of theoretical solution rather than the result of full-bodied action, I now wish to give the story more adequate body. I have attempted to evoke body for the story and for the chief character, but I may not have sufficiently used incident to illustrate much of the theoretical, nor sufficiently tagged Don and other characters to satisfy many readers.

Character here has been an attempt at evocation rather than at presentation of thick-blooded flesh. I have chosen evocation as a powerful yet subtle means of treating the pathological strongly infused with love of nature.

The development of body for the story must depend upon the changing of certain theoretical passages to illustrative incident with less author intrusion in the theory. The incidents themselves are to be managed chiefly through other characters whose action may influence Don's life, directly or indirectly.

Much in the style that has thus far contributed to the fog of Don's development may be improved by direct statement in simple sentence—interspersed—perhaps with one such sentence to the long thought passage. Many of the italicized passages may better be used as direct quotations or thoughts of the characters. The italicized passages are author intrusion, except as they may be quoted as thought or speech of the character. (None of this need detract from the fog that is an essential part of Don's mental growth.)
The style has been obtuse, or obverse, for the same reason that character is an evocation. The pathological, especially in a western setting, where the robust is the ideal, must be muted. The lyric quality of the first part, and the lyric indications throughout, plus the lyric quality at the end is an aid in the subtle presentation of the pathological.

I have tried to create a setting and its influence: first as something truly western which is ever to remain vital to Don; second as something cosmic which is subjected to his symbolization—as is the western influence; third, as reality more greatly perturbs him, as something of all the material influence extant. Without the setting I attempt, little evocation of character such as I wish can be—nor can the linking of incident I use form a homogeneous part of the whole narrative.

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Don meets with pre-school, school and teaching experience—the last of which includes his further schooling and indications of writing attempts. Incidents occur on a parallel plane with Don's mental growth and seem disassociated from him with few exceptions. Yet all are intended to illustrate his development. That there is little mental growth that is not part and parcel with an inherent conviction is strongly indicated in the first part.

The whole experience—throughout the stages of childhood and school days in western atmosphere, college in an aura of middle-west provincialism, teaching on the semi-western plains and in western mountains where the evocation of populace is again middle-west and
The importance of understanding in the theory of the nature of
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where is an attention that means essential knowledge of oneself
situation should intuitively connotate, from earthly consciousness with natural
there is the necessity to awake reader consciousness of a new

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PHILODE
A youth sat astride a plank based against the wall and floor at one side of a twelve-by-twelve shack and the only door at the other side of the tiny unfurnished room. A howling wind twisted the little structure while the thunder broke and rolled over the knoll crest, on which the shack stood, with a far more personal vengeance than heavy artillery fire. Lightning pierced the black wild and wrapped the scene in lurid sheets that shone in the room, an unsendurable white wrath.

The boy astride the plank lay flat on his belly and gripped the rough timber. The plank seemed a part of the boy, who was unconscious of the delicate balls of white fire that occasionally rolled down the plank from the door and passed through his body—through his aching groins and tortured loins—loins that were flatted against the rough timber until wood and flesh were one by force of will and bone. The boy's cheek lay against the plank, slivery from its texture. His head was turned from the bed in a corner of the room.

A girl lay on the bed, her hair spread on pillows and tossed with her tossing. The knees drawn up had laxed and spread. Her eyes were closed, her face taut in agony—frequent groans escaping clenched teeth through lips flaccid as if not of the tensed face and jaws. Her hands beat the air and tore at the coverlet alternately. The girl was fighting an elemental battle and was totally unaware of the raging elements about her. Enough were raging within her.

In this fire-torn blackness no trace of a milky way was visible. But—there too elemental passion was exercising. A soul tremulously faltered its new-born way down this tumbling milky torrent. Caught like a streamer in a whirlwind, torn by lightning fire and heaving like a retching stomach, the milky way presented difficulties.
Something was happening to a tiny soul, a soul setting out on its first lap of eternity. That tiny soul was aging. Its tottering feebleness was a combination of the new born and forced maturity. Wisdom forced is perverted.

Elements mingled. Thunder, gathering its force for a grand clap on earthly region, tore lightning tendrils through the gossamer of tiny soul--left rents never to be mended.

A tiny born babe wailed harshly as its delicate hands grasped a dampish gray fog of torn soul to its body. Soul that babe must have. Instinct sought its preservation. The hands that grasped that ripped and tangled substance of soul managed its mothering. Soul and body mingled. The tiny hands became and remained maternal.

Boy and girl--father and mother--were not prepared to rear a child wiser at birth through perversion than earth life can make one.
BOOK ONE
CHAPTER ONE

Don was three years old. He walked straight—like a soldier—down the path to the gate to the road that led to Grandma's. Don walked in a roseate glow of unreasoning happiness, walked in an impenetrable glow of unreasoning happiness—going to Grandma's—going to Grandma's sang through the light about him.

"Where are you going, Don?" broke the light waves. Don walked on. "Going to Grandma's" sang through the light.

Suddenly Don was upended and the roseate glow was shattered by palm whacks applied to Don's shapely little buttocks. He felt too that his father's other hand balanced him from the stomach. The paddling didn't really hurt. Don didn't cry, but he was tearful. Dutifully he turned back on the path to Mamma. The light glow was no longer roseate. It was harsh; it was real. It was not just. For the first time Don had realized punishment for something he hadn't done. His soul was hurt. The light that was of him, from him, and with him had been rent. Mamma said gently, "But what was it? What did you tell Papa?"

"Nothing," Don murmured, and buried his head in Mamma's apron.

Twenty years later he still resented his father's rending the light.

Pre-school days were really one mellow flow of happiness for Don. Harshness was almost unrealized. Playing at sliding down Mamma's cellar door beneath the kitchen window from which Mamma sang hoarsely and harshly to the clank of dishes, the snap of kneading bread, or the steady soft sound of peeling potatoes, with each dropped peel plashing gently into a shallow pan of water, "You can't slide down my cellar door any more," or "You'll get a splinter in your liver" was delight ineffable. There was light.
When Papa brought Mamma the lovely new floor mats, there was light. But when Mamma made Papa take them back because the knap shed, there was woe. Not an expressed woe like the light joy that made Don prance up and down in unchecked ecstasy. When Papa brought the mats Don had jumped up and down, run in circles, and triumphantly punched the couch head from which each fist punch shot higher light rays. The intangible can be very real in childhood.

Don's first memories of the little home where he was born were not of that storm-rent shack. There were three rooms and a shed porch. The shed porch had an opening to the sky—to the sky of light. The opening was walled on three sides and roofed out from the house wall on the other. This left a porch roof over the door and a roofed hallway between the house and coal-shed, which were under the same roof.

In winter time Don had a wart on his hand. His hand was mature in line and rounding. Veins showed on the backs and at joints and knuckles. Don worried about the wart, but Mamma said, "Rub it with salt pork, and bury the pork."

Uncle Ted was two years older than Don. He lived at Grandma's. Grandma was his Mamma. Ted said, "Rub it with pork; shut your eyes; turn around three times and say 'hokus-pokus-stradivarius-wart go away and never come back again'; then open your eyes and throw the pork into the dark coal bin. And don't never, mohow, ever, dig it up". Don thought this amusing. He thought it queer that Mamma said, "Rub it With salt pork and throw away the pork." That didn't sound like Mamma. Why, Mamma said there wasn't a Santa Claus. When Don was five he was positive, and had informed Mamma, and Papa
too, that Santa was the light in each of them that made Christmas time a very special time. Childhood fights the revelation of the unbeautiful.

But Don did rub pork on his wart and throw it into the coal bin. He often went back to gaze into the darkness of the bin and wonder if the salt had yet been burned, or if Tom the cat, had found it and eaten it. He wondered, if Tom, the cat, had eaten it, if he'd have a wart in his stomach.

Don forgot about the wart.

But one day when Mamma said, "Your wart is gone," he remembered. Still he didn't believe that hokus-pokus.

Tom sat under the table and growled slow, lazy growls of contentment. Don squatted to play fight with Tom, who boxed—sitting on his haunches—spitting dolefully with each punch. Tom was black and he had a white breast. He was very dignified. One day when Papa was grouchy he kicked Tom. Papa thought Tom was grouchy. Tom went away and stayed away for days in the cold of winter. One grey morning Tom was hunched on the edge of the opening between the coal shed roof and the bedroom roof. Tom growled and sat hunched. Papa tried to coax Tom to come down. Don called, "Come, Tom, come on down—come kitty, kitty." Don's shrill pleading only made Tom more dignified. He wanted this assurance. Tom never came again.

Don was seven. He couldn't remember when his brother came. He was just there and he was always fussing about getting dressed or something. He could fuss for an hour about getting his stockings on straight. But Darcy could
tell wonderful stories. Stories that brought the sandman, who also told stories. Don never knew when his brother left off telling and the sandman began. Sometimes it was fun to play with Darcy.

When Mamma said, "Don't," Darcy didn't care. Don couldn't get around Mamma's 'don'ts'. They always stood like big rocks in the way and grew wider or higher whichever way Don tried to get around them. They were like Don's dreams that Mamma called "nightmares". They grew and rolled and slipped and stretched.

One time Don dreamed that Papa stood over him in the night in his shirt-tail—and held a big knife over Don—and held it closer—and closer. Don tried to scream and couldn't. Don was awake, but Papa's figure was still there—gradually the knife faded.

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The light sang out of Don less often. Marshness became more real. The growing consciousness insists upon a right right, and a wrong wrong.

Things got twisted. Like the time Mamma told stories about Indians.

When Mamma was out of the house a knock came at the bedroom door. The door was seldom used, but now Don and Darcy used the shed over the door for a play room. They were in the shed playing. A knock came at the door. Don and Darcy stared wide-eyed at one another. Darcy whispered, "Indians". Don saw a picture of his Papa in his shirt-tail holding a knife over him—facing him. Don saw the knife—he felt the dream again, then sank on his knees in the middle of the room. Darcy sank before him—still gazing wide-eyed at Don. Then Mamma came into the room through the kitchen. "Why didn't you answer the door?" The boys grinned—not sheepishly. Don said quietly, "We thought it was Indians". This wasn't right. Mamma didn't do things like this.
Mamma said never to tell lies, never even to imagine lies. This was a lie. Mamma had told about Indians; then she had knocked on the shed door.

Mamma held her hands together queerly. She smiled wisely. "Guess what I have here," Mamma commanded. "I don't know", said Darcy. Don could guess only, "Gopher". He suspected further treason. Mamma sat on the couch and spread her knees. She dropped her hands in the basket of her apron. "Guess", she commanded. The boys were dumb; then stubborn. Mamma relented. She opened her hands, and there was—a tiny bunny rabbit—a tiny quivering bit of furry fluff.

They hurt was gone. But Don didn't forget that Mamma did wrong, just as he didn't forget that Papa had spanked when he had no cause. Don was storing up realities. The light was weaker, and occurred less frequently.

But it shone again with a blinding strength when Grandma had wiped a red tomato shiny and handed it to him. He hated to eat it—the beautiful red glossy sphere-like object fascinated him. He walked straight across the room. The light was blinding. He wanted to tell Grandma about it, and followed the creak of her footsteps instinctively—to the head of the cellar stairs. The light held him and the tomato in his outstretched hand served as a beacon. Don left the light behind him precipitately, for the next he knew he was landing in Grandma's outstretched apron. She stood smiling, at the foot of the cellar stairs, and swung him in her apron her hands firmly grasped at the corners of her so readily improvised swing. Don laughed and still clutched his tomato. It was no longer a beacon. He sank his teeth into its succulence and forget to tell Grandma how the light had held him.
Mamma came down behind the barn in search of the boys. They were playing in the mud pond that the hogs used for a wallow. Don shouted gaily, "Come have a ride, Mamma? We've got a boat." Their mother looked in dismay at the worm-eaten hog trough, scarcely more than a rotted plank with a two-inch splinter of edging. "What a boat! You'll soon be in that filthy mud," she said calmly, picking her teeth with a pin she'd taken from her waist front.

"No, we won't," Ted, Don's uncle, insisted. "I'm taking care of this boat," and he gouged into the mud with a stick. "Pole, boys!" he shouted. Don and Darcy each plied their sticks to the side of the hog wallow—as much ply as the three-foot plank footing would allow the three boys on its tipsyness.

Mamma looked on, a strange light in her eyes. "You'll soon be all muddy, and I've just changed your clothes this morning." The boys didn't answer. She went around the barn to the house, speaking over her shoulder, "Don't come to me when you're muddy. You can just stay that way—remember".

The fun was spoiled for Don. When a few minutes later he and Darcy trudged wearily to the house, and Ted went towards Grandma's, Mamma sat on the kitchen doorstep gazing at the sunset. The boys came before her. Don's eyes mirrored her prophecy. She said, "Don't come near me." The boys stood wearily. "You can't go into the house." Don and Darcy sat on the bottom step below Mamma to slowly dry in the waning sunlight. "What you looking at?" Don asked. "The sunset," she replied.

Don never forgot the most severe punishment his mother had ever administered.
CHAPTER TWO

School first made definite impression upon Don as a big bus. Not that he didn't read. He never remembered learning. He had just read, and was doing a great deal of reading before he thought of school. But the school bus came past the house. There was shouting and laughter—school must be like that.

One morning, in bright sunshine, Don walked to the road with his lunch pail swinging. Mamma said to Alma, the oldest girl on the bus, who wore nose glasses, "Keep an eye on him, Alma. He's never been before." Her eyes were solicitous as she watched the bus, her hand shading her eyes from the bright sun.

There was no sunlight in the bus. Don's bus mates were vicious. They tugged at his blouse collar, stepped on the toes of his new shoes, and asked him if he wanted to play with the girls. Alma was particularly unfriendly. "So I'm to be Mamma's boy's guardian, am I? Not me—not much! The old cat asked me to keep an eye on him," she grimaced in final explanation to the youngsters.

Bill was playing with a coiled rope as if to make a lariat of it. "Want me to string you up with this?" he asked Don.

"No, he wants to play with the girls," Alma said acidly, primly, and adjusted her nose glasses.

The teacher was a man.

Don leaned upon his knee at the desk and told teacher "always" spelled "away". The teacher said, sternly, frowning, "What does that spell?" pointing an accusing finger at the word. "Away," Don reiterated. He knew it was
wrong, but Don had been reading alone, silently. He couldn't remember
"always". Teacher shook him roughly. Don hated him, dreaded school, and
never forgot.

Don worked hard. He was far in advance of his grade when he started,
but nobody was satisfied. Alma told the teacher, "He wants to play with
the girls. We can't do nothing without him always tagging." She adjusted
her nose glasses primly. He stood around at recess to avoid the rough
games of ball and the bigger boys' ruthless running. They didn't mind
when their heavy shoes struck him.

One day he came into the school-room at noon to get an apple from his
lunch pail. The teacher was at the desk and spoke very crossly. "What do
you want?" Don nervously clutched at his pail and rushed out through the
lobby where Alma and other girls were playing at dancing. They grinned
knowingly at one another. They had heard the teacher. Alma cried, "Wanta
play with the girls, Don?"

One morning when the bus stopped for Don, Alma adjusted her nose glasses
with even greater attempted dignity than usual. "What's that, Don?" she
asked, pointing to a white crockery pot sitting on the lid of the tall well
curbing that stood, somewhat like a large pest, outside the bedroom door.

"Oh, that," said Don. "That's a polar bear. I ride him to bed every
night." The laughter that followed was sincere, even on Alma's part. Don
felt his first ray of light since he had started to school. He was learn-
ing. This one trick swayed many scores. Don felt nonchalant. He could
feel the light—a little.
Winter came and the bus rides were cold and long even though a stove warmed the canvas hood some. The bigger boys and girls crowded next the fire. Don always sat back in a corner. Alma conceived the bright idea of utilizing the heat to make fudge. One day the necessities materialized, and amidst much strong, if erroneous, counsel, the sweetish stickiness was stirred in a pan over the stove. The bus rocked; Alma's nose glasses slipped awry; the stickiness splashed and splattered. That it should yet boil seemed probable when the driver was inspired. The team was ruined out of the beaten track, and wheels lurched over stones. The pan and its sticky contents were overturned. Alma caught most of the content on her dress.

Her brother Bill and the driver enjoyed the fudge making most of all. Alma wiped her hands on a hanky, adjusted her nose glasses, and with great assumed dignity declared, "The road is too rough. We can't make fudge on this bus."

One afternoon the bus drove home through a heavy snow storm. Don didn't think much of the storm. You couldn't keep and examine each marvelous design of soft wet flake. Each too soon became a part of all that, while it stormed, was but a blurred, obscured nothing of grayness. The horses were given their heads and followed the road that led to their manger.

When the bus arrived at Don's house, his Mamma stood in the yard waiting, but Don didn't know it. All he could see was this gray-veiled obscurity that at times seemed all white—even lovely. But Don felt his mother's hands upon him as he stepped from the bus. Then he realized her figure shrouded by this vast nothingness. Mamma pushed him before her into the warm lighted room. He wondered why the bus hadn't stopped at the road. Mamma seemed to have been right outside the door. She couldn't see to go farther. She now
loosed her apron—it was one string from twisting. It hadn't been easy to wait in the storm for the bus, wondering. Now the snow fell in a wet white plop. Her apron had filled with it as she had absentely twisted it—waiting.

There was to be more snow and more cold. The cold that penetrated more than the bus and made the school-room one tangled clamor at recess and noon. There was a numbed stillness at morning, though, when youngsters crowded about a big bellied stove with a pan of greyishness resting on the high top. The teacher said the pan would have chalk in it after a while. Don doubted that. It sounded like the pork nonsense—and getting rid of the wart. Don had only wary eyes for the teacher anyhow. He never got near the stove in the morning. It was the older, taller youngsters who investigated the chalk that was to be, and let the warmth waves wrap them while Don stood at the edge and felt that second-hand warmth stir—slowly, humidly, and odorously nauseating—out from the stove. Don resented this—this and many other things—but he said nothing. Yet one day he did turn in his desk, after school had called, and stand on his knees while a speculative slow smile clouded his usually bright countenance. The teacher whacked Don's buttocks with his pointer. He was kept in at recess, and many taunting eyes turned toward him as the youngsters filed out.

Teacher said severely, "Why did you do it?" Don sat dumbly. "Don't let it happen again, or I shall have to punish you. Now you may go." It was a ritual. Don walked slowly out. He was in a press of excited questions. "He didn't do nothing," Don boasted. He was more nearly one of them. He even spoke as they did. It was a mood born of resentment.
One morning the sun shone brightly on scintillant crusted snow. Wind had banked the soft whiteness; sun crusted it; and now it all lay in huge undulating wave lengths. The bus mounted these, slid lurchingly down them. The horses trudged on with the lurching weight behind at three-quarter angles, up-down-or-sidewise. With each great lurch the youngsters, led by Alma and Bill, threw themselves against the downward slant of the bus wall screaming, "We're gonna go over. We're gonna go over. She's going. She's going." Alma sang out, "There's no school today. The bus is gonna tip over." She forgot her nose glasses. Everyone clamored for the bus to tip. Yet each lurch was righted as the horses trudged onward.

The lids had fallen from the stove top. The pipe had fallen in sections. The stove slid against one of the benches, and soot was everywhere while dead and hot ashes mingled on the narrow floor strip between the benches. A few rods from the school building the last high bank mounted at an almost unassailable angle. With an extra outspurt of vigor, Alma led the push. "She's goin' over. She's goin' over." It was a steady chant. This time the weight on the lower side succeeded. With a final lurching and crunching gasp the bus lay twisted. The horses couldn't move the weight now made by the snow bank against the bus top. The bus was truly "over". But school was only a few rods ahead. The exodus led only to the school-room where routine calmed excitement-weary youngsters.

To Don this excitement had been a thing outside himself at which he looked in alternate concern and near-amusement. He saw Alma as the play actor she was, the whole incident as a make-believe game that had meaning he didn't fully grasp. He was the spectator; yet school was tame after the
exodus from the twisted bus on the snow bank.

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Nights at home in winter weather meant stories. Mamma told stories. Papa read stories, and Mack, a bachelor neighbor, discussed Papa's tall yarns with lusty humor. Terror over the Andes. Andes were mountains—great high mountains. Don had never seen mountains—only plains—never ending—rolling—stretches of prairie. Prairies were even more end-of-the-world-like now that winter kept them crusted white. Not even buildings broke the whiteness. A neighbor lived in a snow-covered house that had slanting stairs tunnelled out from the doorways and windows. Don and Darcy, Greta and Lorvig played on the roof—ran up with home-made sleds to flop on their bellies and drift swiftly, in gliding daze of bright and blinding white, to the lower levels yards from the house.

But Don and Darcy were soon sledded home, sitting flat with Mamma on the straw filled wagon bottom. Papa stood in heavy fur coat holding the reins while the horses trotted across the hard white snow. Once at home the horses were bedded for the night with plenty of hay in the mangers, chomping oats and steaming contentedly in warm stalls that held their warmth better because the snow banked solid to the eaves.

On nights like these the northern lights often lighted the star-glittering dome of sky in blend of shimmering sub-burst fan ray that always seemed to rise from a great hidden pot, like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Particularly like the rainbow colors—muted, smothered by confusing cloud blankets that only heightened the great fan diffusion of hard pastel winter sky. And Don felt in this light a warmth that thwarted
the "hard dull bitterness" that was a thrill in itself, but that often
required more than racing heart beat to keep blood and flesh warm.

Papa came into the house to saw out vigorously "Nearer My Got To
Thee," on a brand new Sears Roebuck violin. The big word on the label
pasted on the inside, so you twisted the instrument this way and that
peering crosswise through the slits in the front until you were sure your
spine would never slip back into a straight line again—the big word was
"Stradivarius." Every violin, that was a violin, must have that big word
in it, Don knew. It was a nice word. You had to practice saying it until
it sounded even—smooth all along its amazing length. All the vowel sounds
muted out to make it longer. It was a nice big luxurious word. To Don it
stood for the big wide wonderful things of the world that his Papa read
about in Terror over the Andes, and those things too that his Mamma told
about. It was absurd to use such a word so. Childhood knows absurdity
and often enjoys its assumption, knowingly.

Mamma's stories were more real than Papa's yet they always were scary
before Mamma finished them. There was the goat story. Mamma always told
it by lamplight and the pale yellow glow of the wick light lent itself
softly to the shadows. Mamma's hoarse voice was mellowed too, and her
muscles tensed when she came to parts that were scary. Don felt the taut-
ness of her thigh as he leaned against her, his heart thumping in his
stomach. A tightness came to his throat too when Mamma's legs got hard-
like.

"The old black goat stood tiptoe and wobbled his horns at me. His
whiskers were long and swished as they followed the wobble of his horns.
Goats have queer eyes. His eyes looked like hazel nuts. No, you don't
know about hazel nuts, but Papa does.

"I was tired, awful tired. I'd just finished mopping the house—it was a big house. How big? Oh, the kitchen was as big as these two rooms," and Mamma swept her hair back and gazed at the lamp wick's yellow glow. Don thought her eyes must be like hazel nuts in that glow. "When I got done scrubbing the kitchen—I always left it until the last, except on the days when I only scrubbed the kitchen—I carried the big scrub bucket outdoors, on the big stone step in front of the kitchen door. That old wooden bucket was heavy. The step was wet because I'd scrubbed it too. The screen door was heavy too, and it caught on my heel. I fell hard." Mamma's hand pressed against her back as she remembered, and her face tautened in pain. The pupils of her eyes were pin points against the light.

"Did it hurt awful?" Don asked.

"Awful," Mamma whispered hoarsely.

"But the goat?" Darcy questioned impatiently.

"Yes, the goat. Well, I was slow about gettin' up, and the old black goat sorta nosed around me; I guess he felt sympathetic. When I did get up, I left the big wooden bucket right where it landed when I fell, and I dragged myself into the house almost bent double.

"The goat came too.

"I got down on the bed and groaned. Well, the goat just stood right over me. Goats climb all over everything. He just stood right over me with his hoofs sinkin' deep in the patch quilt on the feather bed, sinkin' down close on either side of me, and pinning me tight into the bed."

"What did you do?" Don asked.

"Nothing. Oh, I suppose I cried," again the voice was hoarse. "The
goat was trying to be kind.

"I must have slept some for the next thing I knew there was a strange sight in the dooryard. I jumped up, scared and still shakin' from my hurt.

"The goat had got off the bed, for he was gazing at the funny canvas-hooded cart that stood in front of the door. There was an old rack-o-bones horse hitched to it with some tattered old rope. The horse stood with one hip down and his eyes closed. He looked like he'd never move again. The reins ran through a hole—a round hole in the canvas hood. But there wasn't anybody around.

"Then I saw the canvas shake a little. It was that old and dirty I expected it to fade out—or crumble up. I thought I was dreamin' anyhow.

"But I wasn't.

"A man came out of that cart somehow. He looked just like the horse but he had canvas on him like the cart. His clothes—if you could call 'em clothes—made him look like the bible pictures, but not pretty. Oh, he looked vile and his eyes wasn't shut like the horse's. They was awful."

"What did his eyes look like?" Don felt his mother's thigh tauten against his stomach.

"They looked like the whey that shows through sour milk when you break the mildew. His face looked like mildew, but it had a scraggle of matted whiskers hanging from it. He looked worse than any nightmare I ever had."

Don shuddered. He knew nightmares.

"The black goat didn't like his old tatters and his bleary sour milk-and-whey face. Before I knew what, he butted through the screen door in one leap and picked that old ghost up as he went. He just cussed that old thing back into the canvas-hooded cart right through the round hole in front
that the reins came out of.

"What about the horse—what did he do?" Darcy was practical.

"I don’t just remember about the horse, but I do know that outfit surely hit the trail."

"Why can’t we have a goat?" Darcy wanted to know.

"Tell about the time the big sow pig got you down and chewed your shoulder."

"I’m going to blow out the lamp. It’s bedtime." Mamma closed the evening.

There were scary stories Don could tell, and Darcy did tell them. But one story was Don’s and Darcy’s own. They lived the story. Papa and Mamma had gone to a sale. A sale where you got big bun sandwiches for lunch. The buns came out of big crates like the ones chickens or pigs want to town in. All the people at the sale ate the bun sandwiches and drank coffee from heavy cups of white crockery. They dipped these in boilers, like Mamma boiled clothes in on wash days—Mondays—the days Don hated, when the house was all steamy and smelled as if the sudsy, grisy water were in your lungs, and the walls were beaded with moisture. Papa went around with shirt and underwear sleeves rolled up, with sweat or steam running off his face, and Mamma bustled and was cross. But all the people laughed at a sale—they laughed, and the men smoked big cigars and slapped one another on the back. Everyone was happy at a sale.

Papa and Mamma had gone to a sale. When Don and Darcy got home from school, the house was empty. The place was lonely—quiet. But Don and Darcy played round and waited. They had been at sales. Soon Mamma and Papa would be home.
Night came. Black night. Papa and Mamma did not come. Don and Darcy would hear wheels on the gravel of the road. They waited shivering in the darkness, but the wheels crunched past. The darkness was peopled—things reached for you—things touched you—wiped your cheek—or breathed on the back of your neck.

They went into the dark house, but there too the blackness was a presence. It was worse in the house. Darcy wanted the lamplight. "You light the lamp, Don," he whispered hoarsely. Don said, "No," in a high startled whisper as if someone had grabbed him. "No," he insisted in a more level hoarse whisper. "Why?" Darcy wanted to know. "Mamma said never to light matches," Don said, as he crouched to peer blindly beneath the table. Darcy too crouched. Below the table there was somehow less of the black to fight off, although the boys had to feel one another to be positive of their presence.

There were wheels on the road. Crouching beneath the table the boys waited. These wheels too scoured past—after what had seemed interminable waiting. Would Papa and Mamma never come? The nerve tension was wearing—the close acquaintance with the smaller blackness made it seem more familiar. Things didn't touch you so much—nor take so many shapes to come at you—if you kept your thoughts on the room beneath the table.

At last there came wheels that turned in and Papa's and Mamma's cheery voices broke the darkness with normal sounds that weren't so treacherous as each penetrating noise had been in that many-peopled darkness—the stranger peopled black.

"Why didn't you light the lamp?" asked Mamma.
"We couldn't find the matches," said Darcy with ready imagination.

"You know that I always keep them in the cupboard. The one under the chimney."

"You said never to light matches," Don said, a little tight lipped. He wanted to be stern with these vagrant parents. They had never done anything like this before. Mamma laughed. Don wondered.

Don and Darcy didn't tell this story. It was their own—to keep, but they didn't want it.

_There is native wisdom in childhood's rejections._

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At school Don won some well-earned respect from fellow students. An iced snowball had hit his knee when he walked the top of a crusted ridge of dirty white snow. Crusted snow that no amount of slipping feet had broken, but that now was greyed with wear. Don had walked straight on when the ice-ball hit him—walked like a soldier. The teacher had talked about playing at snow-balling. He had gone out to play at making forts with the bigger boys. They must have battles, he said. When the snow had first come the older boys had played at games of running the gamut while the smaller youngsters played fox and geese. The teacher came to watch, and the boys maneuvered positions, so that he walked the gamut. They were not then lined on either side, yet a hardy foot somehow protruded, and the teacher went down hard. How he must walk the line in a show of possessed bravado. He explained that it had been a mistake. "Just a little mistake, boys." Down he went again in the soft blanket of light loose snow. Again he tried it. "Just a little mistake." The third time he went down.
But he took it smiling. Don had laughed, jumped up and down, and clapped in glee. The older boys remained passive, unsmiling. Nor had they said anything of the incident. Yet one of the boys had assured Don that they would get the teacher. After the incident of the gamut, this boy took Don to the toilet and held his face against the excrecence of the filth stained and urine wet boards with well stacked offal below them. "Why did you do it?" asked Don, manfully controlling retching stomach muscles. "I dunno," the stupid off mumbled, and lumbered off to more play.

Yes, Don had paid to win a measure of respect from bone and brawn and mob.

School was left behind. Don had waked one morning to his mother's cheerful hoarse singing. "Want to go to Grandpa's?" she asked. "Yes," Don cried delighted. Leave it all behind—it was too sudden to grasp fully.

The ensuing rush left little time to consider. But when miles away they boarded the train, Papa didn't get on. "Isn't Papa going?" Don asked frowningly worried. "No," Mamma said quietly. Don didn't say more—his throat was too tight. He felt tight and alone. He had never left Papa before. Mamma was going too, but she was not Papa. The Papa with whom he played horse, upon whose chest he jumped and pounded while his father lay stretched on the floor, and laughed, and rolled with Don and Darcy. Papa, who would come in looking funny, fall flat on the floor on his belly with a whack that nearly split the house. Mamma would smile and say, "John, you ought to know better." Then Papa would get up laughing.
 Once every noon, Jack and Don were, they had the pleasure in common, she ran to a

up. He approached once, who was also out in the sunlit place. Then down the road,

but when Don was allowed at last to go out, he'd had enough of being apart.

least house and more time for Don when there was meeting, no one else had.

Don's cousin, but Don didn't like them. Even membres were better--as
more estates--live or stay--seems some estate. Grandpa told them, they were
more many children here above. Don was accustomed only to boys. There
were recessed once at evening. Don didn't like meetings, and then there

Don had meetings. He was contented to be there where the sun or snow

---

often specially planned to keep them down.

enduring disaster, for estates--the earth--until in a child's mind are given
forces. Here were something Don never mastered. Here was deeply imbedded an
yet remembered. And you couldn't think past what need to recommend
Don sincerely convicted them. It was the worst tenderness Don had

"There is Don's estate."

but the voice came out of the breeze, and it made what the eyes expected.

except for the eyes, Grandpa wasn't really there. The door behind his

Don's estate. Grandpa would say, the face seen and the face.

was these playing. She was a great reader with Grandpa. Chapter
in his case an exhibition played about him, a little Great Gem. Once,

he would be there with the breeze off the peak and a dream
Grandpa was in bed. Grandpa was there, but Grandpa could sense, and

CHAPTEE THREE
stretch of uneven ice, lumpy here and there with potato peel frozen in the surface. Clara ran to this stretch of dirty grey, held her feet together and slid across it, her arms outstretched. Don ran to do the same, but found his clothes too cumbersome. He couldn't lift his arms enough. The wool muffler about his neck stifled his breathing. Clara stood at the other end of the stretch of dirty grey and said aloofly, "You go away; I won't play with you. You got measles."

Don stalked off, turning his head to say, "I have not got measles." He hated girls.

When Mamma, and Don and Darcy left Grandpa's for summer would be here and Papa would be busy and need Mamma's help. Don was glad.
and wondered. Stared again, then burst into tears. It all tore down
brought, and they heckled. To phases of bitterness, the lights that lit the
Urged that their merits should be known or foretold. They were
wondered because they brought the advertizing company. Don't do that
expected together. But do the digital relationship with Greece
cleaned dirt on the dirt, although the others were to be a boy. He started
do as don dirt. To don there was wonder--not because of Greece--not because
that she was not like her Mentally. To write me I knew that was not honest in Greece. She represented
now a gonna, volition. borne, with love of her, were song, etc., and-
the lit and don stayed embraced the minutes he dirt to alike her state.
Greece and don often lodged in the same. Greece red the Jeteen 200.
There was nothing she didn't do as she'd dirt, and learnt on laddering in.
always home and not like a girl. She preferred the don, Darry and Lorraine.
Darry was a girl, but the dirt's
donning paper Cape, nestled between these chairs, knee yarning. There
on the corners of July don and Darry. Greece and Lorraine took flight, and

Good in some like mothers.
Sometimes they were tonguey, but Greek or Greece were not tonguey. They
making houses in the shade of Greece. They held some Greece. It was nice to play at
want to play at their house. They had some Greece. Greece and Lorraine came to play more often, so don and Darry
searched them. Greece and Lorraine came to show more often, don and Darry had houses and

Kneeling and sitting were slower, suited. Don and Darry had houses and
when summer heat wrapped the place there was slow discovery, statement.

CHAPTER YOUR
exhausted, but Greta's young voluptuousness was always poised, staid, and reasonable. Don didn't know that her mutual part in the play was unreasonable. He liked it. She never was a teasy, nasty girl. She played part for part and insisted that she too was made like Don—that it was only that girls dress differently. Girls had ways of keeping secrets, Don knew, but if he thought this was absurd, as he had thought that pork and wart hokus-pokus nonsense, he was quiescent. Greta could ply him. She knew by instinct what the male never learns, if she did reason against nature.

Don was happy that there was light again—bigger—blinder light than had been before. Yet he and Greta sought lonely places, darkness—silence. Instinct led Greta. Light blinded Don. Where there is light there is much in accord with the illness.

Often pungent hay hid them as they lay swathed in ecstatic waves of wonder-light, whole bodies exploratory, hearts thumping, hands caressing and clinging, mutually creating this wonder something all their own—while Mamma called and searched. Once Don realized his mother's calling, the light was shattered as precipitately as it had been when he catapulted down cellar stairs into Grandma's apron. Neither he nor Greta ever revealed themselves in hiding, but calmly awaited Mamma's retirement, then later happened where logically expected. No conscience qualms touched Don on these occasions. The light had held him.

Heat brought storm clouds, low and muttering, threatening storm clouds that penetrated human spirit and dulled human intelligence. The animal spirit was in ascendence. Work horses trudged slowly and heard urging unresponsively.
Whip lashing brought only turgid hides quiver. There may have been spirit, but it was abeyant. Only the flesh willed and it willed rest and refuge from direct sun rays that scorched through tough leather well haired. Sweat swathed the horses and ran in streaks from heavy collars on galled shoulders, in streams down the dark skin of inner leg, and under cruppers, about tails so switched as to be broken haired and too short to brush flies from tortured backs.

One day Papa drove in from the field, his team trudging listlessly. It was mid-afternoon. Too early to leave the field work. Papa's brow was dark and furrowed. His eyes were clouded. He said nothing. The horses stood motionless—a hip dropped, a knee bent, from habit. The flies buzzed and settled. The horses made no motion. Their eyelids hung closed against the sun, the lips drooped open while froth ran from them in greenish slime slobberers. Papa went into the barn and brought out a heavy tug with an iron hook end. He belabored the big grey with this. The first stroke brought the horse taut at attention where he stood motionless, without sound, while the tug cracked, whacked, and resumed in lashes that left streaks darkening the drying sweat crath on his rump. Stood while the iron of the hook beat crunches about the ears and against frontal cranial bones. An occasional futile head toss, as if to shake off an offending fly, was the only indication of feeling. Infuriated, Papa ran to the barn, the back of his sweated shirt steaming, returning with a many-tined pitchfork. He drove this with his full weight into the flanks of the big grey. The horse trembled to its haunches; then with kicking motion gained its balance only to again accept the fork tongs at running drive. Blood broke through the
The water cools the granite. The earth comes in streams of water. The
water flows over the granite, and the granite is turned into a
smooth, rounded stone.

The granite is then covered by a layer of soil, which protects it from
the elements. The soil gradually becomes a thin layer of
clay and sand, which eventually becomes part of the
soil we find today.

The granite is then exposed to the elements, and
over time, it is broken down into smaller pieces.

The smaller pieces are then carried away by
water, wind, and ice, and eventually form
new rocks.

The granite is then exposed to
the elements again, and
the cycle begins anew.

The granite is then exposed to
the elements once more,
and the cycle of weathering
and erosion continues.

The granite is then exposed to
the elements, and the
weathering and erosion
process continues.

The granite is then exposed to
the elements, and the
weathering and erosion
process continues.

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The granite is then exposed to
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intervals in which lungs were vacuum. Thunder was suspended although its
low muttering would be constant in the copper cloud approach. Lightning,
like the breezes, was caressing in the lull before the storm. Only flickers
of it shone before the grand crash when thunder broke and rolled from around
each object—lightning enveloped all—enveloped—struck and twisted. The
density of copper, broken by hail stones, lighted by lightning, whipped
scornfully by wind twisters, slowly waning.

Before Don felt the hailhs sensed the lightning. A great forked prong
pillared his tub in one endless shaft of light. Don felt the lift as if the
prongs on the stroke’s sides had pierced him—pierced him and lifted him up-
ward, buoyant. The light was tangible, piercing, fierce, and cooling. But
it was broken, broken by hailstones. The hailstones were reviving. They
stimulated tortured muscles, flesh, and nerves to necessary action.

Don stumbled his way toward the house, then heard his mother’s cries,
harsh and frantic. Mamma was screaming, a dishpan held over her head—hail-
stones drumming the metal until her cries split the now wind-shrieked copper
clouds like shrapnel, "Don—Don—Don—"—which was Mamma’s voice and which
was hailstones beating the dishpan? In a sheet of light that wiped the
whole coppery light clear, he saw Mamma. She stood in the cellar doorway,
a pillar of wet wrapped flesh topped by the dishpan. Don headed toward her.

The storm passed. Don was stiff and sore for weeks. The twist in his
spine, where the vertebrae had been sprung apart—too far apart—when Darce
had sat on his neck that rested on the narrow tub edge—never righted. His
hands were the more aged by the searing heat of the metal, their muscles the
more cramped by the lightning stroke that had enveloped him and the tub, and
had caught its prongs in the soul of him. The veins that crossed the slender
tarsal bone fan of his hand were the more apparent. Yet the hands were not unattractive. They were purveyors of character even if still youthful.

But the light had come to him again. He sensed its greater significance. Life had been brought to him through wild and searing elemental torture. As once he had been born in searing lightning and great thunder bolt, now he had been retained—seared into continued earthly living. So is the physical spiritual in primal acceptance of the illness.

The hail had refreshed the earth that the sun had dried to powder. Hail had beaten the earth bare—beaten all sage growth and grass into fertilizer. This all steamed with evaporating moisture in the luminous sunshine. There was the glowing mist of sun on dew. Yet all small bird life had been killed. Cattle lay stiff and bloated where, driven—tails to the storm, against fences charged with lightning, they had cooked in a flash of seconds.
CHAPTER FIVE

With the advance of autumn there was the usual evidence of hope and
instinctive pre-winter kenneling. The sweep of prairies hummed, a subdued
yellow tinged with the retiring sun glances. Here and there was the dust
spray of machine chopped straw, made colorful by late afternoon sunshine,
and contributing to the natural humming of autumn.

Don and his mother walked their way home from a neighbor's. Grass-
hoppers sang their dull way through the thin mild light. Dust puffed with
each step and hazed ahead in the paths of the roadway. Mamma's dress was
muted with dust-dulled light. Her sunbonnet, too, blended into symmetrical
hue of roadway dust and grasshoppers. The dried grass rustled with their
whirring as Mamma's skirts rustled in brushing her way along the narrow path
made by wagon wheels. Occasionally grasshoppers popped against the starched
dress and bonnet, their hues hardly distinguishable from the fabric. Distant
humming chaff-blurred threshing machines dotted the baze of the land. Don
walked through the yellow light occasionally stomping up more effective dust
puffs.

"Stop it, Don," his mother broke the humming, "Do you think I have
nothing to do but washing?"

"Mamma, what makes everything sing so?" asked Don.

"I suppose it's the song of autumn, the feeling of having done our
best to fix for winter." She spoke what the whole scene was humming.

They walked home. Don remembering not to make more puffs, but he
noticed with satisfaction that they did themselves. He didn't need to
stomp. He felt himself in tune with the yellowed humming of autumn. He
could feel the light from the window. The room was warm, and the colors were soft. I opened the curtains, and the sunlight flooded the room. The light was bright, and I could see the details of the room more clearly.

I turned around and walked towards the door. The door was made of wood, and it had a small window on it. I pushed open the door, and I stepped outside. The air was fresh, and the sun was shining. I closed the door behind me and turned to face the sky.
and was rapidly trying to become her model of lady. Alma no longer wore nose glasses. She forgot to try to speak primly and assume dignity not of her years or heritage.

Bill had bursts of pure cussedness. One day at lunch hour he was tying a rope about Darcey, making many huge knots and many coils in the process. Darcey was becoming red-faced and very much pestered in general appearance, much like the baby who is tired of fondling. Don watched the performance and chewed negligibly at his sandwich. Don glanced from the boys to the teacher. She was completely engrossed in the deliberate munching of a huge slice of cake topped by a half inch of nut-caramel frosting. Don’s glance now centered on Darcey and Bill. He kept thinking he must do something. He felt the burden of a duty. He was ten. Darcey was his brother; Darcey was just beginning school. He looked again at the teacher. A smile was enhancing her working features while she dreamily consumed the last of the caramel. She raised one finger to lick from it a vestige of the sweet. Something burst in Don. He rose to his feet, one doubled fist plumping his desk top, and screamed hoarsely what was meant for, “Leave him alone!” Teacher jumped so that she bit her finger. Bill was all blushes and apologies, but Don stamped his feet and writhed in a thorough-going fit of anger. He was the center of attention. Bill never bothered Darcey again.

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There came cooler days and Papa often drove Don and Darcey to school in the buggy. This was a pleasure because Jack, the pony, always held his head high and pranced before the light yellow-wheeled buggy. Don liked this
better than he did the teams and surreys of larger families.

One crisp morning they drove to the school building to find it empty. There was a warm fire, however. Papa said they would drive to the house where the teacher lived, but when they arrived at the yard there was no one about and Papa circled the yard and said they'd better drive back to the school house. The incident appealed to Don as peculiar, especially so because they saw no one at this farm home where they knew the family well. Papa should have stopped, as usual, when in anyone's yard for the bit of talk so important among neighbors, yet leading to nothing.

Don told teacher of the incident later and was surprised at her quick flush of anger. "You must never do that," she cried, and her foot almost stamped in emphasis. "The school house is always warm," she added in more composed tone and manner. It was evident that she hoped her sudden discomposure was not too apparent.

School progressed merrily now and there was much talk of a program and a "dolly" book that was to be ordered. The "dolly" book was an enigma to Don. His delight at a program, however, was complete. He jumped up and down, wriggling with ecstacy. "A dolly book; a dolly book! We want a dolly book," he cried in unalloyed glee. Teacher gave him a slow and appraising glance.


Don's glee was abated by the glance, but the words really answered a question he knew his eyes had spoken. But he said, "I know it," a bit consciously. The slow appraising glance left Don questioning the security
In...
Greta and Don were often punished for quarreling. Greta was so insistent about her privileges as a boy among boys that she caused Don many a flash of anger. Something dictated to Don superior rights. He would not be dominated by a girl. Greta sensed this and frequent differences occurred, with the result that the two youngsters often were plunked into chairs in an out-of-the-way corner, where they sat with flushed and downcast faces, now and then darting frowning, sultry stares at one another. Greta always broke the tension with her natural tendency to chatter.

Winter meant play on ice and snow again. Don and Darcy were at play one late afternoon in the bare spindling trees of the wind-break. Ice was everywhere underfoot—ice that was broken and sharp and could be felt through overshoes. The surface had melted and frozen again to a near enough smooth surface that Don tried running to slide, legs stiff, feet together, across this rough and slippery surface. Darcy hadn't tried it, but Don insisted that he should. He grabbed Darcy's hand and with a cry darted for the stretch he had slid across. Darcy was caught unawares and made a poor shift of it. He wouldn't try again. Don insisted. He pushed Darcy before him. It worked for the moment, but when, with an extra push, he shoved Darcy out toward the stretch of rough ice, he was plenty tough about it. He ran stiffly to where Darcy fell and saw—blood. With the calm that he was slowly developing, he offered Darcy his handkerchief and somehow apologized without shouldering any blame. To Don's surprise Darcy accepted the explanation. With exuberance they trotted to the house to explain this new adventure to mamma. She too accepted Don's story, and he was left to wonder. He had been at fault—he had done wrong, yet, somehow, he'd made this a victory.
Darcy was ever after to wear a dimple, deeply set in his chin in a truly becoming manner. A manner that often caused Don to remember. Victory over one’s own conviction of right is signal victory.

When Don told Mamma of the day Papa had driven them to the house where the teacher lived, she was busy. Yet Don knew by the deliberate way of her movements that she was listening. He told too of what teacher had said. His mother turned him a slow long and steady gaze that was far seeing. Don felt that she saw him not at all, and that she was seeing far beyond him. But she said nothing.

One day at lunch time at the school house the teacher, with dreamy expression, was munching heavily frosted cake. Don too sat with the other youngsters eating his cold lunch from a tin pail. The teacher crossed her legs, yawned, and stretched; her cake was eaten.

"Ladies never cross their legs," Don said with more than a sly twinkle in his eyes.

A slow lazy blush spread over her cheeks to meet the freckles across her nose. But she didn’t shift her gaze from its dreamy satisfaction.

"Who says so, Don?" she queried listlessly.

"Mamma," laughed Don as he turned down the aisle of desks, swinging his lunch pail. He, too, had eaten his cake.

The winter had passed rapidly. Grandmas had left early in the fall. Their tall gaunt unpainted house stood grimly haunting. Papa had wanted to go where Grandma’s were last fall, but Mamma had refused. Now she had
relented. They would go if they could live near her brother Will's, which was some hundreds of miles yet from Grandma's but was in the same state.

Grandma and Grandpa were pioneers and were ever seeking a new home, although there were no vast empty prairie lands to seek now.

With the thought of moving came the expression of regret at leaving friends and school. Don was sincere in this and would have said much, but when he mentioned school something in his mother's eyes and the corner of her mouth was forbidding. Don never said what he wanted to say about leaving school.

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When they drove away from their home for the last time, Mamma turned her head saying, "We'll take one last look at the place, boys." Her eyes were moist, and Don felt a pulling at his stomach as if he were dropping from a bump crossed at great speed, as he gazed at the receding buildings and bare stunted trees that framed them on two sides. He was always to have an indelible picture of that first home.

Don remembered the little chick he had accepted as dead after warming it for an hour in the oven in a futile attempt to revive a quiver of life. He had found the chick stiff and cold, in the yard. Massaging had done no good, so he had taken it to the house to warm. Mamma had pronounced it dead. Then he had taken it outdoors, still stiff, if the heat of the oven had warmed the body, and had thrown it with all his puny might. He had run toward the ash pile and had thrown the chick before he knew, and with especial force, because his toe had stubbed against a stone as
we encountered a new life—would the part bury the dead?

Don wondered if the other felt as he did on entering back at the home. He

the tomatoe. The phenomenon left an impression most

plunge reared his head. He ran to the plate to find a long orange sansevieriya

 extortionately at sea, and he wandered towards the sea plate. A loud shout

the whistle—had wondered—then turned back to the house. An hour later

the arm rested. From the different side of the ash plate he had heard a pip—
CHAPTER SIX

To a new land attached new ways. It was a new land to Don and Darcy. They had arrived here to step from the train into deep snow. Papa had asked, "Where do you want to go?" This was a boom town, and in spite of the snow banks and darkness calls were heard.

"There ain't no taxi," said Papa.

Don could realize his tongue in his cheek, and his grin of satisfaction. Mamma was beating at the snow with her hands. Papa stood with the two heavy bags—one on each side of him—two dark blocks against the flurry of white. They trudged through the knee deep snow, and Don knew they were climbing, and that the warm murky glow that had been the depot windows was left below. It was a memorable introduction to a new life. Especially so, since they spent the night in a rooming house as stiflingly hot as outdoors had been sold. No ventilation could be had, and all the steam in the building banged the radiators in the tiny room with its big bed and a little one. Somehow they sweated the night out.

Soon they were in a log house looking over the depot. It sat at the top of a high bank; the railroad was at the foot of a drop, perhaps fifty feet below. The Missouri river was about a mile beyond the railroad. The view was now one of white, dotted and blurred by the brush that extended a half mile from the river toward town. Beyond the river rose a gray uneven line of bluffs.

This was the first log house Don and Darcy had ever seen. There were steps from one room to another. The windows broad, deep, and many paneled, large square-paneled. The rooms, too, were large and square. Darcy wouldn't eat in this new place, and Mamma worried about him. The big red-faced woman of the house fixed inviting things especially for Darcy. Her long-nosed, thin-faced lank husband said, "All
The curtains lowered more. He was in the bedroom. The red-faced woman got up some

tried to do. But it isn't to become more. It was to be a rest. He had been

with pine,
ordered, another voice—a voice different, authoritative, calm but complaining came through the half-open door of the log partition. Don sat and wondered—he listened and learned what school was to these people—to people who knew what they wanted. It evidently wasn’t much. Mrs. Leets was out to learn the will of the public. She wanted support in getting a boom school. Don often thought later of all the matters that woman intimated while he sat in the bedroom in Lora’s dress. Mamma called him, though, so he didn’t sit longer but went dutifully in the hope of getting out of the contraption. He had no idea of how it was to be done, now that he was so full of pins. His underwear was stuck through with them too. But they didn’t release him. He stood red-faced, ashamed and awkwardly silent while, with mouths full of pins, Mamma and the big woman made answer to Mrs. Leets about how, of course, a school was necessary if children were to learn. And Mamma said what Don had heard her say so often, “Children ought to know the truth about so many things—about life—you know, I mean.” And because Mrs. Leets was a stranger she spoke more freely than Don had heard her speak before. “Now children ought to learn things about themselves, about life, in the home, don’t you think, Mrs. Leets? Instead of picking up everything in a wrong light on the streets from older youngsters. So course, don’t you think?”

Mrs. Leets buttoned her lip and looked really hostile. She was thinking about school—“Life—well but they ought to learn out of books—.” She’d been a teacher and had children in school. “The Indians are terrible too,” she said. “But they aren’t so bad until the whites make them so. But they shouldn’t all be in one school.”

“Isn’t there an Indian school?”

“Yes,” Mrs. Leets frowned. “But the half-white youngsters are the bad ones. And they go to school with the whites.”
Don still stood in the dress—pinned securely. Would he never be free? Surely it would be nice to be an Indian—and—and to know about life.

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School in this boom town was something. Don and Darcy went with Lora to the school building. There were many rough-neck youngsters. Don's mother had insisted that he wear his overcoat—a long black funeral old man's coat. It made Don look prematurely senile, like something dedicated to age. Don hated it and was not surprised at the jeers and jibes of the bullying boys. That they threw icy snowballs at him did not surprise him. Lora's slobbering a bulbous fore and aft beside him did not distract from the general amusement. It all made a picture stamped for distinction. A distinction that in the eyes of puberty's most thorough-going conviction of convention was not to be missed as a target—and not to be endured.

Darcy fought these rough-necks, although more in spirit than muscle, while Don accepted the situation as a part of his rule. Growing up was a job—to be taken—or rejected. He didn't know how to reject. Darcy's resistance to rough-necks only seemed a pose to Don. He took the role imposed upon him much as did a girl called Eleanor, who had a ridiculous swagger in which her abdomen was thrust forward, and a peculiar difference in direction of body took place at her high waist, from which she stooped forward. She had large features, and heavy sullen lips. Yet Eleanor had a hearty laugh that she even let off at some of those times when the boys threw snowballs at her, yelling, "Eleanor Kelley with a buckskin belly." At other times when they yelled at her, Eleanor's lips were less thick, more sullen. She would stoop her short-waisted, narrow shouldered, and flat breasted upper torso over the swagger that was chiefly called "her buckskin belly", to grab
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to flop the i r h a llio # o a to #h##t# o f irom, or to sit astride scoo# shovels and grasp the handles between their legs, while they scooted down the perilous angle of the hill to the ice-filled creek. The ice was chopped through in

a hunk of snow to hurl back at the boys, accompanying it with various well chosen obscenities.

Eleanor enjoyed her opportunity of external sedition. A short but excessively heavy woman used quite often to pass the school grounds, and Eleanor would lead the chorus of "Lookut the pail of guts! Lookut the pail of guts! Who lost a pail of guts!" Don knew this woman, for she was the nearest neighbor in the ash-piled gumbo flat on which Don's parents were building the new home. He thought she was nice, although he knew she was a sloven. Her children were the best playmates, but they took their baths in the creek. Just now the creek was frozen.

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And this creek was of especial interest to all the youngsters. The river was also a tragic interest. Don had watched while his uncle Will had crossed the honey-combed ice with several horses. The horses had been led from the banks across single planks until far out from the river's edge where the snapping cracks were frequent and walking was danger to a man. Yet Uncle Will had the horses all across—one at a time. His ranch was miles to the south of this mighty ice-filled width that was the Missouri. But the creek had its source in Canadian mountains and was much less an awesome amusement. Yet ice piled high in this time of increasing sun and warmth. The stream was but a hundred yards from the new home Don's parents were building. They lived, temporarily, in a flat-roofed one-roomed structure on the back of the lot. The hill that ran down the creek was but a stone's throw from this shack. Even now in the melting snow and ice youngsters came to flop their bellies onto sheets of iron, or to sit astride scoop shovels and grasp the handles between their legs, while they scooted down the perilous angle of the hill to the ice-filled creek. The ice was chopped through in
The force had been spent with the aim of gaining Indian prisoners.

Amidst those that preceded much more than those

who succeeded with iron, and to men seeking of the shaping which refused

escape, was a deserted fort site. The buildings of this site had been

on every side. He had left the game that with the many and had

the source of the many from where the accomplishment needed for striking me

and attention to akin shirred the heat surrounded by elegance

and intense and often the hope left the wind with their own. Any water, don and dirty water, don the iron sheared at the moment. Now -

many a busy shock, and he thought the speed of the sheared were. Now the lead and set the deep whip and the steel of those fuming decedents

don read a read with thin pittance that were very manufacture seen. It was

The house of many easter

A necessary hand deep into the mud that was wished to better by the sun.

The bailiff rode out on past the iron sheared to which head and shouldered and

and stuck sharp edges deep into the opposite dead bank. When this happened,

and even the improved edgery would soon exceed the fifty and so split

many horses made for winding horaces and cattle. How the banks were muddy.
white trash, and telling them what they would do to them if they left the
barnyard. The threats were lusty enough, but they were never very severe.
Don and Darcy always felt friendly toward these handsome copper skinned,
black haired boys with their fascinating large dark eyes. Don always felt
that they were right in insisting that this was their home to which no
white man had a claim.

Darcy liked to play with pups and kittens. Often he would walk into
the house with his hat on, and when Mamma commanded, "Take your hat off in
the house, Don," he would not seem to notice. Then Mamma, looking very
g rave, would watch the hat until she was certain that it was moving—squirm-
ing. "How in the world do you expect those kittens to breathe?" And Mamma's
stern manner would be lost in an understanding smile.

Don and Darcy had brought a collie pup with them to the boom town.
Mack, the bachelor neighbor, had given it to them. The pup was playful and
often wandered and so had been tied in the barn. Sometimes Don took him
out to one of the fence posts before the house where Collie could be tied
and still bark at a passing Indian wagon, and, with his head on his paws,
his tail flagging, talk pup language to the inevitable string ofoners
accompanying the wagons.

One day Don tied Collie out and went to school. Don forgot about Collie.
Two days later he went to the barn and did not see Collie; he called to him,
but got no answer, so decided Papa had taken the pup with him somewhere. Don
hurried on to school. That evening he again went to the barn and called
Collie. There was no answer. Don went to the manger where Collie was usually
tied. He was gone.

Don ran to the house to tell Mamma. "Mamma! Mamma! Collie's gone."
I can't find him. Where is he?"

Mamma stood still--solemnly still--and said nothing.

Don was now pulling at her apron, with a hand tugging at each hip, crying, "Mamma, where is Collie?"

Mamma swallowed thickly. "Why I thought you knew. He's gone."

"Gone! Some where?" Don's question had slowed on the second gone--slowly dully.

"Papa gave him to the Indians. Darcy knew. I thought you did." Mamma spoke thickly, one hand on her throat.

"Why?" Don asked through tears that were shaking his throat and blinding his eyes.

Mamma's eyes too were filled with tears that seemed somewhat to relieve her tight dry throat. "Oh, a kid teased him, when he was tied out in front. Collie snapped at him. I guess he scratched him a tiny mite. Anyhow, the boy's father, a squaw man, came over here drunk and told Papa he'd have to get rid of the dog."

Don screamed, "That's no reason," and collapsed into the nearest chair. Collapsed and sobbed loudly, wildly. He sank into the chair as if into oblivion, and yet he sobbed louder and with more gasping of torso and gasping lungs.

His mother explained, "Your father said it wasn't getting rid of the dog so much as it was getting rid of the drunk squaw man. He said it was worth it." But Don was beyond consolation. A big neighbor boy heard the sobbing and suspecting trouble came in to ask in genuine sympathy, "Why, Don, what is it? What is the matter?" But Don only looked through swimming eyes above the drench that was his face and the top of his shirt front, sobbing a steady staccato.
"It's his dog," Mamma explained. "The Indians got it." She too was crying, but quietly. "I didn't know he cared so much. He'd never said anything specially. He always plays with cats and dogs," she ended lamely, wiping her eyes.

"It's a dirty shame," said the big boy, and Don knew what he meant, but said nothing. The big boy left, but Don's sobs were still wracking. He hadn't come out of the crumple on the chair.

They said Indians ate dogs.

The Indian school, with its immense grounds and many brick buildings facing the road, and back of them more of the iron sheathed log buildings that had been barracks of the old fort, faced the school building used by those of white and mixed Indian blood. Often, however, the full-blooded Indian also attended this school. Don and Darcy found these boys friendly and liked them, liked them much more than the white boys of the school who insisted upon playing the bully part.

As one approached the side gate of the school yard an alley formed by the back log buildings of the government doctor's yard, and the high pronged iron paling of the school yard fence had to be entered. Against these long buildings the school bullies always lined up to form a gauntlet through which one survived, but came out torn and battered. It was a regular ritual of taunts, jeers, and evasions. Don and Darcy were much smaller and lighter than these boys, and consequently were excellent foils. They were, of course, also new to the school and therefore to be thoroughly anatomized too, before being accepted or rejected. Don always made a game of all this, and among other devices for winning, had evolved the trick of starting early for school and walking so fast as to be near running, and so to make the school yard
before the line-up assembled. It was a trick well worth the practice for it
developed muscular, straight, fast legs that were necessary to more than one
skirmish.

The boys passed a log hovel built over a dugout where a member of the
school board of this district lived. This man was a squaw man and had
several half-Indian children. Often Don and Darcy came past the hovel-
running. The family developed the practice of watching each day. They
always saw Don in the lead and sometimes far enough ahead of his tormentors
to yell back to them, "You can't run--you haven't any legs--you can't catch
me!" Don wondered too what these people thought who always watched. But
he didn't think them altogether unfriendly, for one of the boys—a true
copper-skinned Indian—came from that hut, and he was always very friendly.
He was in Darcy's room at school, and he often drew pictures of cowboys and
roundups for Darcy. Darcy loved to draw, but everything he drew became a
cartoon. The Indian boy drew true pictures, pictures not excelled in natural
line and action by any work of Russell.

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Now the river and creek were truly going out. The breakup resulted in
great stacks of the honey-combed ice, piling in heaps high enough to ob-
literate the steel bridge girdings—and those girders reached to the height
of tree tops. Some of the bare trees were uprooted from the banks, and felled
into the river, were added to the heights of the groaning, crunching and trem-
bling ice stacks. This all was a fascination to Don and Darcy, who had never
known rivers, true trees, or ice—except the slimy slippery filth of back
yard sump. This they knew now too, for the ash filled gumbo was one stinking,
mud-sucking humid swamp. Often two feet of water covered this gumbo for rods
in any direction and the footing, once this was passed, was like that of a
swamp filled with the fresh scent of cow tracks. Don wondered if the log hut hovel wasn't filled with this bog each time he labored past toward the school building. Now, of course, the bullies were well armed with the mud mush.

One girl took especial delight in defending a street corner—or so it was called. It was a slough which because of fenced yards had to be crossed. The girl, of half-Indian blood, had appropriated this corner. When anyone smaller than herself passed, she pounced in gleam and gripping her subject by head, arms, or shoulders, dragged the child through the knee deep muck of mud and water. If the child yelled too much, or didn't, she went through the dip again, sometimes kicking her subject, and cursing with a shortling glee that was fascinating to behold. Don used to wonder that no one ever berated her for this conduct—even though she always had plenty of observers and many who were themselves parents. There is that in brutality of human as well as natural forces that fascinates.

Not only was the boom town wet, but the countryside had enough of the waters choked from their natural course by the ice blocks in the river. For miles the water spread out to the rising hills that enclosed this double valley—that of the Missouri and its branch rising from Canadian mountains. Road beds were lost in the muddy lake, fence posts had disappeared and the railroad had become parallels of rails only.

One evening Don and his mother waded into their yard from a neighboring mud lot to find on their beautiful cement block door step—the only one to be seen in the section—an old couple who looked very much as if they had come out of the ark. These old folks lived in the gumbo flats near the railway, and not over a mile from the Missouri. They had stayed on the flat until the water came through the floor, then had come on a raft to the railroad—
down which they had walked the water covered ties to town. Now bedraggled and
tired they stood on the cement block doorstep of the new house. That they
carried mud was but what everyone did now. Of course, they were welcomed, for
they were friends, although they were new ones. At least they too had just
come to the place, and they too were adjusting themselves. To those who were
new to the country, all this mud, muck and water seemed a promise.
Any attempt to pass between the Great Salt Lake and that of the Great Salt Lake, where the water was barely sufficient to permit one of the wagon trains, or a road leading through that back trench, at the same—

had been frustrating. Once one was crossing the desolate region for days and days.

They were experts and so made head on special reservations for food and drink.

There were always extras about someone. There were instructors south of the

From the barrier band of the road bed

were cold. Turner turned for a second look, for some mathematician

were already there. The Joseph-hand creek clumps were more pleasant because there

were already there. From the distance where the sun shone on ponds and blue-skyed

and rolling expanse of prairie, Turner together stood and unadventurously green

These streams were more pleasant than those on the fence that led out to

of beauty attributed and much more room

voice needed, but this was what I was for. The light in her eye was

through the Joseph sheepfold triple and yellowed because the crack of her

Joseph sheepfold opened a broad flat expanse to the entire of all

reality of where there were her reservations the look of just dead sheep

with the for the exaltation of her hopes, and with loose-hipped

red-handled, and freckle-faced woman at the dairy. She would angle her hands

just maybe, to sink-plant in the broad palm of the deep-bosomed

stretching green red to the dairy where with me loaded, and after dottering

she often rode with Rape through riding jacket forms and acres now

CHAPTER SIX

*
Another time Zito had sat on the great rock and he and Wiltz took a large orange to the sun and threw

read of the bad times we spent at the beach and he had seen no other black man. This was a time of
before. But when you had seen no other black man. This was a time of
unintroduced to the white man in order our conscious moment more than
worked the orange until it had very slowly covered the distance past his feet.

ecstatic time. The suntan had spread down and an hour later. How he

ecstatic time. But when you had seen no other black man. This was a time of

black man--but this same had been Zito, so Zito is back, Pau, in the last

work--don't remember when Papa called the long boat. Yet after a few

less soon forego the hope and end of day dreams. From that hope would have to come other thought him--and out of the mouth.

how and on these past and among his friends down into dry land cattle.

and is especially amazement my stomach down into dry land cattle.

a perfect round hole in the ground on top of a maple. He had told his

thoughts. Somehow the same man gone, and as one had seen it. Don thought of the

the orange. Papa had seen it and had stopped the tree so he could get one of

the same. Papa had seen it and had stopped the tree so he could get one of

whom I was one reason, Don never knew why. He had gone to

the route of the boat. All these little things had an apprehension of outer

were all right and taken some possession to the ist jump of joy. He had nodded.
Their clothes all seemed of the same uncertain colors and inclination to
discover what was partially within them, and their noses were all of the
same bumped snobbleness and the same fruitful snottiness. Hankies were un-
heard of, but the broad, heavy, pleasant-faced woman with a great scramble
of tightly curly gray hair, who was mother to all of Uncle Will's brood, was:
generous about swiping slimy noses with her apron.

The picture snapped at the rock pile may not have taken in all this
because Zita was not one of Uncle Will's family. She was one of the many
who were always in and out and about the great tall hotel-like house that
Uncle Will kept on the high hill top. Zita sat for some time on the rocks
with the baby in her lap, as she watched other children at play, and now and
then spoke a word of warning. At last she rose languidly to meet the broad
bosomed mother, who sought to relieve the weight of her breasts with the
baby's feeding. As Zita rose she turned a bit toward the rocks and shook the
starch of her skirts as a woman does knowing the way of insects—she screamed!
Her skirt held out like a sail at one side, the baby gripped breathlessly
tight against her hip at the other, she stared frozen at a coiled rattler on
the rock immediately behind and a bit above the rock on which she had sat—
the rock against which she had leaned was the bed of the coiled rattler.
"My God, what if he'd bit the baby," and Zita was as much scared as if she
had herself been bitten.

Zita came to live at Don's house in the boom town, and there she often
drove Jack, the pony who had been brought from the old home, out to the place
where Papa hatched alone and plowed the fields and planted wheat. The place
was part of the rolling plateau that rose slowly from the Missouri bottom.
A vast empty dreariness pervaded this plateau—a few stringly fences served
to keep cattle from scattering through broad and many-acred-wheat fields.
Besides the fences only trails that were designed as the shortest distance between two points broke the monotony of the prairies. Buildings were seldom seen, and these were found behind knolls that hid them until the trail swung around the rise. Buildings that were muted with the dreary landscape—especially because they were squat structures of log with sodded roofs, or were of sod entirely. They were simply nodules of the landscape. No one bothered to build here where the season was short, and there were no homes with milk cows, pigs, and chickens. The land yielded its wheat harvest and was left in sleepy dormance until another spring brought to life its strange promise of fruitful potence.

Zita came here from across the Missouri, where she lived on her claim near Uncle Will's and stayed. There were no rattlers this side of the Missouri. The Indians were the more acceptable of the two evils. She drove Jack out across the plains with Don at her side, inventing nonsense to fight the depression of immensity of landscape. Don cleared his throat and blew his nose—as his hands showed aged and scar, so his throat and nasal cavities seemed unable to take to life naturally. Mamma often said maybe this country would help to ease Don's throat irritations, but Don coughed, hacked, and blew at this vastness as he had the more settled rural hominess of the old home. And there was a change apparent in Don's features. The right eyebrow was developing a quizzical uplift—lines showed with especial intensity on the right side of his face. A duality of nature sought manifestation. The mental is ever dependent upon the physical. And Zita would snap the reins playfully over Jack's rump and cry, "Come to my blowout—going to have a big blowout," as she made a great effort at a sonorous nose blast.
CHAPTER EIGHT

Papa lived alone by one of the wheat fields and batched. He had, of course, his horses—and such horses! They were really not his, but range horses used only for the short season of plowing, planting, and harvest. They were also range horses between the planting and harvesting. Their sleek hides were an unmarred gloss, and the muscles of their flanks and sides, as they quivered at a fly, caused a flash of gloss like seal skin under strong light. As strong as the gloss of their sleek haired hides were the wills of these horses. They had been range horses, always, and for many generations their ancestry had seen no man except Indian, who never tried their strength but chose rather the much tougher and more docile pinto. Now each day’s work began with struggle. Papa was miles from any man on this vastness of rolling plain, yet each morning the sunrise found him with a horse thrown on its side and tied there, while he slipped a collar over a neck now docile because the initial protest had proven a point of honor. The horse was allowed to rise for the fitting of the harness, but Papa took great care to avoid swift heavy vengeful hoof when buckling a belly band. Four horses were so harnessed and hitched to the plow, or drill. Don could see Papa with his tongue in his cheek as he fitted the collar, slung the harness, or stooped to reach tentatively, for a belly band. Then too he’d heard him so often tell the way to hang a harness so that it was ready to hand—first the britlehen, the hip rest, and then the harness. The collar must be held the while, and not allowed to lie on the ground, or even to rest against a studding. Better still to leave it on the horse’s neck until you’d hung the harness on its peg. The collar of course was hung last, because it came first when harnessing. An adjoining smaller peg held each horse’s bridle next the harness. Before unharnessing the lines must be folded to not more than five foot lengths and thrust
through a hame ring with the snap and loose to give a twist knot about the
whole folded line and thus to prevent tangling. Papa never did the job be-
fore Don or Darcy without making it a lesson concluded with his loosing his
tongue from his cheek to say, "You gotta have a system." Papa often grunted
and laughed a twisted smiley laugh at teams in loosely fitted harnesses.
"Hear 'em out in no time that way—the horses too. There's nothing harder
on a horse than a poor fitted collar. Loose harness is bad too; makes him
work against the harness. They have to get their distance too for each pull.
They can't settle to a load in a harness that doesn't fit and stay fitted." Oft
Don would see horses, with collars, and hames too, crowding their ears
as they braced against crowding double trees, going awkwardly, with fiery
worried eyes and fretted mouths sawing line-tightened bits, down a steep
incline. "You gotta have a good holdbacks," Papa would say, nodding his head
in evident sympathy with ignorance, or shiftlessness abused work animals.

The words most reiterated and most remembered were, "You gotta have
system."

Zita didn't have system with horses. One day she had ridden out to the
dairy where the big freckled woman palmed the dollars. She rode Jack, and
Jack was terribly nervous. A drop of rain between his cropped ears would send
him prancing blindly into any obstruction. This day she had crossed the creek
and left the leafy lane to come back to town on the open plains road where she
hoped to meet Papa. Zita liked Papa.

Shiftless clouds were occasionally screening the sun's glare, and their
shade was welcome. It was one of the hottest days of summer. Zita was
worried lest the clouds sprinkle, and she knew Jack's wild fear of a single
drop between his ears. Don wouldn't let her forget if she could. But she
saw Papa's team and urged Jack forward across the open plains—leaving the trail—that she might come upon the team, wagon, and Papa sooner.

The rain drop came. Jack reared his head and then flopped. He was blinded and fought the air with his forefeet. Zita was still quite near the creek and there were homesites about. This space she crossed had been fenced, and she had trouble with Jack because he kept no direct path but swerved at each sun bright wire end or line. He would not cross a wire lying on the ground. But now he was blinded, and other quick single drops hit between his ears. He reared directly over a barbed wire tangle and came down with both feet snared. In a wild fury he reared lashing against the wires with both front feet. Zita was thrown and thrown several feet. She was thrown clear, however.

Papa saw the accident and hurried to Zita's and Jack's aid. Jack was well cut up, and Zita's arm was broken.

Don went with her each time the doctor dressed her arm. Don went with her everywhere. She always took Don along to every "blowout." She never rode Jack again, and she never went anywhere without Don. The child mind often does lead.
CHAPTER NINE

Darey was becoming a help now to Papa. He rode Jack out to the distant wheat land where Papabatched. He carried bread, cake, or some delicacy made in the home kitchen out to the lonely man whose companions were resentful range horses, and to whom coyotes howls were no longer excitement.

Darey drove teams too and helped Papa to mow and rake some of the prairie hay for feed for the cow and Jack. Feed had to be kept for winter too.

Once Darey came back to town with news. Papa had gone crazy one morning. He had left the pancakes on the stove while he'd jumped on Jack to race across the rolling prairies in mad pursuit of what looked to Darey like an extraordinarily long-legged jack-rabbit. Darey had been busy watching him—and he never thought of food except as to be eaten at table, so the pancakes scorched until the sage wood fire burned out, while he scanned the stretch of prairie Papa and Jack had followed the jack-rabbit over. He had a long watch and was resentful and hungry when Papa returned on a lathered pony who was much too warm to be allowed to drink. Papa's trousers were soaked with Jack's sweat and his own, and he filled the cook wagon with acrid ammonia stink while he started another fire to bake pancakes. Darey related the story of Papa's futile effort to round up an antelope, "But Jack sure gave him a merry chase," Darey insisted—as his father had. Darey was very accurate now in his imitation of the grownups.

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Papa told a story too of an incident that proved how real loneliness can be to a man. He kept a sow, who had now littered, and he had fed this sow fresh warm milk morning and evening. One evening after sundown Papa was milking the sow that the hog might have her supper. The bass viol song of the milk spray rhythmically cutting the foam of the rising white froth in
the bucket was broken only by the heavy soft sonorousness of cow grunt. Papa
was in that hazy day dream of a man alone on vast plains after sundown. He
sat hunched on the stool, pail gripped between his knees, and his head sunk in
the cow's warm flank. The warmth of teats in his hands, the caress of their
fullness with each down stroke pressure of thumb and forefinger, the comfort-
ing warmth of flesh on flesh, from his head through shoulders and arms to the
contact of his hands with the teats, was of nature's opiates. The sense
drowsed in a swathing of the music of milk flow cutting froth in the bucket,
the drowse of sundown, animal warmth, and the sonorous cow grunt blending with
the rhythmical drone of it all. Papa always said he could rest while milking.
Man was at peace with nature.

With the pail full he turned to rise and dump the warm milk into the hog
trough—he turned to sit squat-legged and frozen. A creature leaned against
the cow's pen—a woman creature. She leaned with her back to the logs of the
low structure, her elbows on the upper pole and suspended from one forearm,
and resting against the upper log of the pen was a small tin bucket—a lard
pail. Instinct told Papa the lard pail was to be filled with milk. Shock
held him speechless. How in the world had a woman, a young woman, got there,
leaning against his hog pen?

"Hello", said the creature, Papa struggled to his feet and awkwardly
thrust the milk bucket toward his visitor. "Yes, I did want some milk." The
tones were a part of the rhythm of evening.

Papa found himself able to ask, "How in the world did you get here?"

It was explained. She was what she seemed, truly a creature unexpected.
She had walked miles, having heard that one man kept a milk cow to feed his
hog, because she hated canned milk, and had tasted no fresh milk for weeks.
She had planned to come at milking time for then surely milk would be fresh.
"But how do you happen to be away out here, miles from nowhere?" Papa wanted to know again.

"My husband's health is not the best. He left his interests in the east and is venturing at dry land farming to cure his lungs. He's not coughing too much," she confided.

Papa clucked sympathy. Don could see his tongue working in his cheek. The woman's eyes were hungry. She said, "Do you know you're the first human being I've seen since I came out on this empty prairie?" Papa could easily realize that. He walked back with her toward the distance she indicated as the site of her dwelling. It was nearly dark and Papa was worried about this lady who would wander in the dark.

"Oh I can soon see the light. My husband will have the car lights on and turned this way."

"Who is your husband?" Papa wanted to ask why he hadn't come with her.

Her answer struck him dumb. Then it was true. This country was to be farmed—and farmed in one vast sweep. Papa said nothing but, "Goodnight," as he turned back toward his own bed in the cook wagon. No wonder this woman roamed the plains alone on foot after sunset. Her husband was crazy.

And the crazy man did bring millions to the plains. In a few short weeks the country-side was teeming with long wagon trains—bright new green and red wagon trains—the bright and burnished steel of wheel rims blinding eyes miles away that caught their glint of the sun—long wagon trains drawn by caterpillar, gas driven, engines. To Don these trains were a never ending fascination. The country trails were now many parallels. Everywhere there was life—movement. Papa, too, took the family out now to a country side that was eventful. There were desert towns built on sledges, towns that
could be moved miles in an hour, when buildings were hitched behind tractors.

In fall months, before the late rains, the roadways were an ankle deep dust that stayed to be stirred with each passing only because the wind sifted it to leave the heavier particles fall or lie. The plains were of a sandy loam—soon to be a dry sandy loam filter.
CHAPTER TEN

With the institution of the great farming enterprise, the broad plains joined with the sun, and the wind, and the clouds in a compact. This was not competition of the forces of nature. It was alliance of nature against man's will. Don sensed this intuitively. His skin burned in red blotches. The dryness became a part of the blood. Papa's story of the rich man's lungs' needing drying was appropriate. Don's tongue was thick in his mouth, his throat was parched and dry. The skin of his hands now was no more scoured and aged than that of his body seemed to be. His right eyebrow was set in a quizzical quirk.

The wind was something of a release, and Don walked against it, his thin body sear in the scorn of it—whipped sidewise so that progress meant cutting the gale force with the narrow-ribbed edge of his torso, and the thin line of his pointed shoulder, against which his head hunched as a bozer's. Cutting a straight line with torso and sharp-edged hip flank—narrowed from head to toes, Don sliced a way through a forty mile gale, happy in the release of it. Not though the wind might be, its constant sting against torpid blood—dry skin kept up a nervous stimulation that was refreshing. Walking into the gale, as it swept up a coulee, Don would rip his clothes from him, and stand, his overalls caught above his knees and ankles, one foot anchoring his whipping shirt, stand while the hot breeze tore about him, and the sun caressed a skin that seemed apart from flesh and joyed in searing fray. Don would stand and run his crisp skinned fingers and palms over loins that burned of inner and outer fever. Run his hands caressingly between the thin flanks and flat loins, down buttocks now sharpened and blue. Run his fingers through the short hairs that now fringed his organs
and lift these that the wind could tear through him—turn so the gale, split
by his sharp buttocks, tore between his thin flanks and caressed the loins
his dry fingers ran over. And there he would stand until the nerves of him
responded—and from toe nails to hair of his head were rigid—rigid with the
fray of sun and gale—blinding gale that was now one grand blinding light.
Don could know himself a part of this vast prairie sweep and sun-wind gale
when the blinding light wrapped each reaching, tingling nerve end and sang
down its tissue mesh—sang into his brain and brought rest, languid rest and
peace. Don was always happy when the light could blind him. But now it was
only in wild clash of elements—wild surge of blood—that the light blinded
him. Childhood's simple delights, and sensitivities were dulled—muted.
As there are in nature all things, there is a place in nature for all natures.

And the promise of the spring floods did not hold. All that was green
and bright—the rolling sweep of yellow sweet pea—all that had leaped and
promised was dead with the scar of autumn.

The dust of filtered sandy loam became a part of breath and food—all
but a part of blood. Great dark clouds of loam advanced across the rolling
sweep of prairies. The land now tilled became as packed dry floor of an
Indian dance hall. Steel fences stretching listless miles in straight lines,
and cutting old deep rutted trails, were filled with a season's crop of
Russian thistles—tumbling thistles that banked to roll, with the force of
the wind, in the loam of the clouds. Roll until intercepted by the bright
line of fence—there to stack until the weight of innumerable tons of sand
lay flat taut herb wires and thin triangles of bright steel post. No longer
the whistle of the wind against wires and posts, but the thud of cloud filled
sand against already banked fence lines. These fence lines were the back
bones for endless miles of banks that formed the trenchworks of nature against man. The warning was sounded. Nature was ready.
I had been waiting for this moment. It made my heart beat and my veins pulse with excitement. I could feel the adrenaline rush through me as I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. The air was fresh and crisp, and the sun was setting behind the mountains, casting a warm glow over the landscape. I knew that this was the moment I had been waiting for.

I took a deep breath and opened my eyes wide, squinting against the bright sunlight. The view was breathtaking. The mountains towered above me, their peaks reaching up towards the sky. The sky was a deep blue, with streaks of pink and orange as the sun set. The world around me was so beautiful, and I felt a sense of peace and contentment.

I stood there for a moment, taking it all in. I could feel the wind blowing through my hair, and the sun beating down on my skin. It was a magical moment, and I knew that I would never forget it. I closed my eyes once more, feeling the peace and serenity that filled me.

When I opened them again, I was greeted by a sight that took my breath away. The mountains were illuminated by a soft, warm glow, and the sky was a deep, rich blue. The air was fresh and crisp, and I knew that this was the moment I had been waiting for. I took a deep breath and opened my eyes wide, squinting against the bright sunlight. The world around me was so beautiful, and I knew that I would never forget it.

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There was no light now for Don—neither day nor night. Now he learned that there was no light in expectance for him—ever. And light was living to Don. He might forget it—he might not realize it—but without it he was lost. There was nothing to sustain the soul of him that had been born in the strife of light—and seared into living. And now Don walked the earth as a prisoner paces his cell and waited for the light. In the deadened air all winged things hovered near the beaten floor of sand. White gulls swept low on the unsubstantial air, in rhythmic winging strokes through the drumming copper light—swept to the far away sea.

And no birds sang.

Then one afternoon when Don was alone, Papa and Mamma and Darcy had gone to town in the lumber wagon, he went to look for the cow. He had climbed a rock the better to see across the sand-packed fence lines to locate the cow that still assiduously sought occasional blades of grass. Don tarried on the rock. The air seemed light—lighter and less still. His shirt fanned against his bony chest and ribs. This was more than his own breath and heartbeat—it was a breeze.

And then it came.

A great pronged shaft of light—blinding and encompassing. Don saw the great prongs before the shaft came upon him. Then he knew only the light. And this time it came as no great exhilaration but rather as the timely comfort of a friend's hand on the shoulder. And through this great and all encompassing light, Don lifted his face to the sky, lifted his dry browned spread fingers and the crisped flesh of the backs of his hands—and felt a dampness. He stretched his arms, turning the palms upward and felt a moisture.
Again the light had claimed him as a part of the clash of the warring elements, and he knew that the battle of nature was not all against him.

But the battle under the copper bowl still went on. The promise of rain remained a promise.

When Don asked his parents if they had noticed the dampness, they said they'd seen a little lightning. "It can't rain in this country," his father had said.

But Don knew he was wrong.

Out of this copper stillness of day and the steady dreariness of night had come assurance of pregnancy. Don knew that there was promise, but he grew surely to hate expectancy. He wanted fulfillment—the light of assurance that brought peace, and in this copper drum of pregnancy he unconsciously generated a conviction to fight for the light, to claim a soul-seared calm.

The heritage of his birth amidst stormy elements had been evinced in blinding light until the growing consciousness glowed with the light lines seared upon it. Now he sensed that this inertia of expectancy was a pregnancy. This was no thought conclusion but an awareness—instinctive. So men are one with natural forces—with illness.

And the pregnancy became fulfillment.

The copper bowl thickened at its western rim and the darkness there showed streams of red.

Papa was in the field to the west of the shacks and below a slight hill, with the team, plowing out the meager yield of potatoes. A stillness filled the dome of copper until it seemed a vacuum—and the dark rim at the west was advancing to close the vacuum.

At the shacks the restlessness of expectancy had reached the edge of hysteria. To Mamma the hysteria formed a monotonous repetition of, "John
always runs risks"—and, "Will he never come?" Don and Darcy waited on the edge of this hysteria, unconsciously hovering near to Mamma's dusty drab of dress that was of the coppery cast of light. The stir of her starched skirt as she moved aimlessly and restlessly to pick up an object, only to let it drop again, gave promise of something more than dust-filmed air that lay so quiet Don breathed the same air again and again. On this great plain fresh air was at a premium as much as it might be in a city tenement.

Then with a suddenness lacking precipitance the advance of the western wall of copper became a roar that grew in volume. Whisps of breeze curled tenderly about the ears to snap viciously and suddenly at damp hairs. They bore electrical currents that cooled dry-hot blood pumped slowly to the dull thud of overworked heart beat.

Unable further to endure the dense clutter of the shack Don was outside the door while his mother stood in it, with Darcy sitting on the sill. When they could no longer see the trail over which Papa must come, they heard the rhythmic hoofbeats of horses galloping—even above the roar of the advancing copper wall. As the hoofbeats ceased at the doorstep in a final beat that was lost in great groaning bursts of horse breath torn through lungs barely resisting the vacuum, the wild-fire gleam in the eyes of the team was lost to Don—lost because the great guns of battle fired one blast. It was the blast of fully realized vacuum. A shack somewhere near had been broken with an immeasurably increased report, yet like that Don had made often when he had broken a paper bag, after blowing it full, by slapping it against the palm of his hand. The rim from the west had caught the air-emptied shack in the sweep of its pressure.

In the dark that was now all-encompassing Papa came into the shack and they all drew about him. He closed the door and the vacuum was complete.
The great roar was so upon this darkness that its stroke drove through the vacuum—splintering air—thrusting through dry nostrils into empty lungs—bringing restful waves of physical unconsciousness.

Unconsciousness that was light to Don—reassuring light. Again the battle of the elements brought assurance, comfort, release from expectancy.

But the sweep of the vacuum's western wall wrought its havoc and there was left no trace of the shack nor its clutter. Dropped gently to water-swept hail-beaten ground, in the knot in which they'd left it, Don's father hovering over his family like a setting hen in an attempt to save them from the beat of hail and the vicious all sweeping roar of the wind, they formed a human blot in what had become nature's battle in wind, hail and water.

The beat of hail was as nothing to Don, and he rose to his feet against the rushing, roaring wall of wind that swept the flat land barren of sand, and water from the rainfall, and would have rushed with the sweep of it all, but his father's hand drew him back as he heard his mother's thin cry—a weak lilt of anguished voice against a great organ crescendo.

No individual physical sensation was here to vibrate separate nerve—all was as a whole being—a world in glad mutation—to Don.

And Don saw that the vast bowl of copper had pressed on; collapsed into a single wall it swept on wings of wind, and left an aura of light, not the single-barbed shafts of light that Don had known, but the fulsome light of native comprehension. This roaring wind did not whip through his thin flanks as the gale might. It soared—soared beyond any experience Don had yet known—soared rain-soaked thin cotton shirt and overalls to flash that joyed in flaying. And spirit soared in the soaring. Even in this abstraction Don felt the oldish crisp skin of his hands—hands that could grasp of the power of this roaring of loosed copper—grasp to the soul of him—now still conscious in
part, but also fibered with the delicate fan-shaped bone tarsal of fingers--fingers of soul that could grasp and mother the hope of potential creation.

And Don sensed that here was danger and grandeur--the nameless light of assurance. Don knew that somewhere, somehow there was the constant light of the soul of him that was an assurance of allness for all. There is in the relentless unplanned assurance of nature assurance for man's hope of renewed spirit--an eternal contrast of oneness with the allness.
BOOK TWO

The abnormal possessive nature, starving for love, vicariously satisfies its appetite through imagination . . . . .

(Substitute Fatherhood by A. Lillian Gaffney, Psychology, Sept. 1937)
CHAPTER TWELVE

School claimed Don—claimed him as it had not done before. Here was a life of the combined body and brain in which the spirit used as food all that mind could contact and assimilate. Here was a game in which the player gained against a future, a future that Don never questioned.

That teachers were most often 'it' in this game in no way spoiled it for Don. He loved teachers—most teachers.

Then in manual training class the plane wouldn't work—the sensitive dry crisp skin of Don's hands, their fan tassel of delicate bone, often balked at the tasks of skillful hand play—and he had difficulty in planing a smooth surface, his teacher grasped the plane roughly to drive in long clean sweep across the creamy grain of white pine, shavings from which curled in cream-white clusters. He rasped crossly, "The long stroke wins out."

Don never forgot—and he never learned to think too kindly of this teacher. But the lesson seared on his brain, a scar that was part of rasping voice and scowling frown, and part of the curl of white pine shaving clusters.

His first oral English theme topic was one of his own choice. He remembered the ride that used to vie with Jack when he and Darcy drove with their parents to town, behind Greta and Irvig and their parents. They always drove a mare that clumped along the beaten path at the center of the road bed with a stoicism that made Jack's lathered mouth, arched neck and prancing steps most elegant in comparison. Don remembered and planned his theme as he and Darcy loped their ponies: Darcy still rode Jack—the eight miles to town and the morning's classes.

And the subject of the theme was "A Mule is a Mistake," the gist of which ran, "He is neither horse nor donkey; he is just a mistake."
That there were difficulties here in a new school environment Don was soon to learn. There was now a new high school building at the boom town, which had become more or less a town—boom or otherwise. Mrs. Link's complaint and plea had been such that tax money had been spent to provide a proper school building and sufficient teachers. But the human element—the Indian and white combination—still existed.

The code of honor of the Indian is based upon his knowledge of nature. Don soon learned that Indian honesty, Indian giving is what the weather is on the great western plains. Even though the Indian in high school is his own idea of the young man or woman of affairs, well dressed, good looking, clever, he is basically a child of nature whose integrity is that of wind or rain—whose promise is exactly to be compared with the promise of the rain cloud of a drouth-stricken western plain.

When Don first leaned his pencil to the dark-eyed boy across the aisle, he expected it back. Although he gave plenty of raisins, for money too is like the rains, to be showered at once, the boy across the aisle never had a pencil when Don needed one. That there was a proper code of give and take made no difference, Grades were always high among the dark-skinned, handsome boys and girls for what they didn't know they read or copied. Don's puritanical training was of no use in competition with these youngsters who smiled inscrutably—and did what they wished, apparently.

The Indian youngsters were most interesting to Don. They were handsome, charming and always modishly, and well, dressed. Don wondered that they knew what was most becoming to their dark, even swarthy, skins, their straight dark hair, bright eyes and gleaming teeth. He'd heard such wild stories of Indians. The time spent in the boom town and on the plains had
taught him that such stories were as much nonsense as the story of the wart
and the pork had appealed to him when he'd thrown the pork in the dark coal
bin—long ago Don thought. He sought the company of these youngsters who
had at first so roughly greeted him in his long black overcoat. They re-
sponded readily. They knew that he and Darcy had blown away in the big
tornado. They knew that Don and Darcy rode horseback eight miles to school.
These facts commanded respect. And respect to the Indian rests heavily upon
outward facts.

Don knew that they knew something that made for assurance, yet they
sought the new experience of being white, and sought rather wisely. But
their idols were the surface appearance, the readily smart.

Next door to Don's home lived Indians. Don's home was now the new
house that rose a slim gray peak at the edge of the hill down which they'd
gone sliding during winter, and from its windows could be seen the now
yellowing and red-splashed leaves of poplars and cottonwoods that stood
ruggedly about the valley of the creek. The Indians next door played wind
instruments. The slim round-faced son of the home told Don that his father
had played with Sousa, that he was going to play with Isham Jones. Don
wondered. He asked his parents who Sousa was. Mamma's childhood had been
spent in eastern Canada; she knew. And Don learned that it was common know-
ledge that these Indians were fine musicians.

One of the big fat, sloppy Indian girls at school liked Don. She and
her cousin, a girl equally as fat, had been at a convent. They knew how to
act like ladies. They knew how, so they didn't, at least they didn't when
Don saw them out of school. And then there had been the time at school when
Tubs, as she was called by her schoolmates, had been cleaning her desk. Don
was watching, staring. Tubs pulled everything imaginable from that desk:
innumerable soiled handkerchiefs, broken pencils, expensive pens and ever-sharps, oiled paper bags of raisins and peanuts, dried and crumbled stubs of candy bars, and, of course, books, notebooks, and tablets. Tubbs saw Don was watching her, and she made faces at him. And Tubbs could make faces. She sat squat-legged in the aisle and drew down the corners of her mouth, her whole face a horrible grimace, and her full round belly protruded to her folded knees. She held the pose, impassive, for a few moments—and Don wondered—she was imitating something, but he didn't know what. He giggled, squirmed, and stared. Tubbs, of course, had the audience of the whole row now. Suddenly she broke the pose, and squatting on her haunches began a search in the front of her dress for, the popular large pancake of powderpuff. She pulled down the front of her sailor blouse and looking down her nose sought to locate what she'd lost. Then with great imps in her eyes she cupped one breast and jerking her blouse front lower pulled up at her breast until the fat pimply black of the nipple showed. She wiggled her hand so the flesh of her breast shook. Then shaking with silent laughter she sat flat on broad buttocks on the floor and again made faces at Don. The whole row had become interested, for the room was large and they were not disturbed in their diversion.

Don's interest was diverted. He sat—suddenly, in light—the light of another time when he and Greta had lain in drowsy scent of hay.

When the bell rang, Tubbs crowded against Don in the cloak room to say, "My uncle is with Isham Jones in London. He used to be with Sousa. He's the greatest tuba player in the world."

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The school building was new, but it was not proof against the dust-filled air that penetrated everything. A dust storm could occur on these plains an
hour after a soaking rain—and rain was inveterate stranger now. One rain
storm must last a season, often two seasons. So now the new building was
dust-filled and desktops and chair arms wore a thick dust mantle. The
Principal said, in a Scandinavian accent, "We don't have to go out into the
dust; it comes in to us." One plump and jolly teacher from Chicago, whose
face had always an undiscovered quirk of interest, gathered dried Russian
thistle to press and mail home. Don asked, "Do you want to start another
pest? These things cannot be killed out here. They another out all tender
grain that tries to grow." But the teacher smiled another smile with an
altogether new interest quirk. And Don thought she could afford to be
casual. She didn't know.

But Chicago was called the windy city in the geography books. Wind
here was something that these teachers found new. Yet they were not as rest-
less as were the youngsters. When the steady gale struck the building a
hoarse whine as of a fanning machine blowing chaff from seed was constant.
The Indians slumped at their desks and with legs widespread sprawled as near
the floor as chairs would permit. Don remembered that Mrs. Loets had said
that the smaller Indian children always sat on the floor when the wind blew
very hard, and that their eyes had a far away wild look. Normal thought was
impossible. Primitive living was too near and all wild life seeks the
ground, or a burrow beneath it, when the element's reign is terror. And the
Indian unrest became that of the school when the wind blew hard, yet there
was a most oppressive quiet about this unrest. Because of this unrest Don
found himself seeking the light—expecting it—but then it did not come.
He dreaded expectation.

But the wind settled to the beauty of autumn's sunset calm. The hard
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a washboard. On these occasions his eyes would set—his face too was a
great consuming pain—but there was never a diagnosis further than that
he had a touch of cold.

But youth forgets physical pain quickly. Don was cheerful. And even
pain was an object of investigation. His own body was a subject of interest
even in its pain. Don observed that his hands were interesting, because
they were different from the stubby growth that served many other youngsters
of his acquaintance. Indians didn't all have the stubby hands like those
others. The boy who played the cornet had slim fingers and long thin hands.

Darey liked to draw and many of the Indian boys drew the cattle round-
up scenes of their experience. Roundup was a very real, nevertheless a very
romantic, event in the lives of the young Indians. To many of the whites
it was merely another of the jobs to be done. Don knew that the Indians
knew the inside stories of the rustling of cattle. The calves came into
roundup wearing fresh brands burned to a raw pink-red scab neatly furred
about by the soft beauty of young-haired hide. And sometimes the dark-
skinned boys told of their experiences rustling, but there was much of
bravado in the telling and no one knew what was true except participants.

However, Don's father told of the rumors about the squaw men and their herds.

Some of them owned butcher shops and many of the whites murmured against
these men of their own blood who sold them their own hard earned meat or
shipped their cattle. Hides were worth something too. But the land was new.

The squaw men were the office holders--were deputy and sheriff—and
nothing could be done against men who had taken for wives the Indian women
that their own town mayor, state senator, and bank president had left to
marry poised women from eastern schools.

Sometimes cases of difficulty over land or cattle were contested and
went to court. Don's father acted as a witness in one case which involved strangers to this west.

He had sold a horse, old Pet, to a young man with gray eyes. The young man had seemed a stranger to the west and much of its ways. He had come to the place for the horse with a heavy dark man--a man who was no stranger anywhere.

And old Pet had gone with him.

Months later Don's father had seen a little duster-coated wisp of a woman with a heavy veil asking for the young man's mail at the post office. He spoke to her, telling of the sale of the horse. She had been quietly friendly, but she too was not of this west. She had had no letters from her son and now she was worried. Her worry was so great that she spoke of four other sons, and her husband--all of whom had been murdered. This was her youngest son.

She went to the young man's claim on the recently opened reservation plains. The Indians did not need all this land the early settlers had decided when they felt the need of "cash money" boom. They had now all they could use, and the Indians wouldn't know the difference if farmers lived among them. It was true. Few of the old Indians sought to preserve the range--now that Uncle Sam provided food, and often shelter. Every Indian had his three hundred sixty acres, as much as was allowed him, forty of timber on the river, three hundred twenty of plains land.

But the little woman learned little. Her son was not on his claim. Nor was anyone. No one knew where the dark man was. She had never seen him--knew only that her son had a partner and was planning to break the sod for wheat. Now it was past seeding time.

She went home--back to middle west ways she knew.
But that had not been the end.

When she came back she was driven to the claim again. She told of her
dream and when they reached the claim site had started from the door of the
little shack—stepped off a hundred paces—taking wide strides on fine legs
down the little knoll. There was the spot, a little crumblly to step on.
She told the man who drove her out to dig. "You should find a halter rope
here, but perhaps it is rotted," she said. Her lips were thin, but they
had been for some time.

The halter rope was there.

So was the halter, and the bones. The halter was drawn tight about
what had been the throat. She identified the clothing, especially the wool
of the socks when she ran her fingers over her own fine darning. The wool
had not rotted. It had not been many months, and the grave was only six
inches deep.

"Just as I dreamed it," the little gray-duster-coated woman sighed
through the heavy veil she had lowered. "My last—my youngest son."

Don's father had been a witness at the long trial. The little woman
sat beside her son's skull when she testified. She identified again her
own darning in the socks.

Yes, the dark man had been sentenced, but murders were casual in a
boom country.

The old mare, Pet, had been sold to a fatener. She'd gone to a cannery
by now.

To Don this was the story of old Pet whom he remembered as a small bay
beauty with a short temper. He felt sorry for the little gray-duster-coated
woman whose son would not have sold Pet to a cannery, Don knew. There was
in this understanding of his much that is nurtured of the plains where the
The story of the young men, the doctor's daughter, the mayor's daughter, and the story of the young woman, the doctor's daughter, in which sentido and shook the rose.

Don cultured the rose in the young woman's room.

And the rose, the young woman, the doctor's daughter, in which sentido and shook the rose.

Don cultured the rose in the young woman's room.

Or the story of the young man, who had n't been looked at since his youth.

Don cultured the rose in the young woman's room.

The young man had a rose and a young woman.

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Or the story of the young man, who had n't been looked at since his youth.

Don cultured the rose in the young woman's room.
amusement, and Don's parents spoke of the story openly before Don and Darcy. It was part of the parental theory that enlightenment which came through the home was far better than that learned from other youngsters. And Don saw his father's tongue in his cheek. He knew that his mother was of coarser, more honest grain than his father.

And Don understood the story of the youngsters under the blanket. He knew that the shy, dark-eyed boys had not been the aggressors. They would make friendly advances toward Indian girls but no others, and, especially not these girls who were their half-sisters of whom they stood in superstitious awe, as their mothers had of the white men who were the girls' fathers. Don felt compassion for these youngsters.

They were but repeating the experience of their elders of whom they knew the stories of drunken dance groups who remained drunk for days, often finding a frozen man on the manure pile when they ran short of liquor. One story told of a "squaw" found stabbed, lying in a leg-spread sprawl where she had landed atop the manure pile when thrown out by men whose knives had sought one another. No doubt she had interceded in a brawl for her favor.

These youngsters knew their parents had been parties to these killings that no one knew certainly as deliberate—at least no one would say.

As if one much his senior in years, for the light had been wisdom's scar and was his own experience, Don accepted the vagaries of these youngsters. And this experience led him to believe that women are more primitive, and less complex of nature, than men. But this was mere fact to Don for such matters touched no emotional vein in him. It was much like news of the weather.

This is the wisdom of experience that is intuitive oneness with natural forces.
CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Time unrolled. Don found himself in a new old setting. His interest had remained at school. He'd gone from it—had worked his sensitive dry crisp fingers at a typewriter—and all that was light to him had rebelled against it. He would say, "I cannot think through a machine."

He sought solution in a middle west college where as a student he knew his first days away from home.

Now Don shovelled snow, a hard sandstone bank of snow that broke before the shovel in great blocks which had to be broken many times before he could heist them over the high wall of the snow that formed the cliff of the path he was making. As he worked he heard the Merry Christmas shouts of his schoolmates. His heart ached with a dry dull ache. There were those on the bus who were going to his home town. Don had never spent Christmas away from home. But he answered their shouts with a wave of the shovel and hoarse quaver of Merry Christmas, and shovelled on—on past the rolling away of the bus—dry throated and dry-eyed—a dry-hearted ache.

Then came the glowing thought of Tim. He'd be there—but would he. There was the light of Tim—yet it fostered this dry-hearted ache.

Don's Christmas box had come from home, and the doughnuts which he'd always liked very much were now strongly flavored with the perfume of toilet articles from the same box. Doughnuts weren't much use to a tight throat anyhow, and Tim favored two records for the phonograph, "That's My Weakness Now," and "Sonny Boy." The mediocrity of both wore on the boys, and their least gesture of affection became irony. Don hated insincerity, but faced himself and fought his reversed nature. Two minds, that were led by their hearts, were shaken in the Christmas tradition. One certainty smote Don in the shaking: Tim was like an Indian, he thought everything was his, and Don was a giver by nature, if selfish as the next one. And so inversion
mother whose own position did the only right. Often times, rather exasperated,

group of body and some of interest. They must have been dormant to a step-

and take the excitement and the family magnificence of the momentary thrill. They seem to be poor had struggled to attain balance. The town's failure

steps together, one. There had been emptiness and petty occupation and

here and family had been strange fusion of the own possession and existence and a

the presence of our that sought light. There was much of the date in the

and because the had become Don's adoption of family. Love—need—life

The mother had held when he was seven.

I found—only dreamed. I found—sometimes in my bed once.

—and awaken. Then they stopped on the bed wearily to awaken, never to that—never—never

ever more with Envoy stirring free from the sleepiness, don't we up and

eyes opened. The room they to the bed and dropped down secretly while the

sleep. The veined the pattery from the bed and dropped down secretly while the

wake to up. The was awakened by a strange odd, part of nature, part of

with open his need occupied against the wall, that is, and gone to sleep

they tried to fit in. The inner man's contentment when he had entered this into the bed

that I step and an attempt at a persona tendance in the end. Don summed part—

from all the some adhesion with a patent grind of white on the

hollow wind of their tongues broke the patience mood.

too few had not been sent by them to be at home with the house. I

and of obstacles, to the haven. Those old walls had bowed too many. and

there are the stores of a wall—and don know the intercession of any one

sought adhesion here from the vastly old building.

early wall that was the boy's down. Their room was small and they

day until on to the moment of changes took. They wanted one room in a house old and

thoughtless domesticNature into the home and family the boy tried to create.
But this was the one who took what was offered. His father was minister.

down the narrow stairs of the hall. Down she went to the room where her hand had not the hand, with a grave grace, of the aforesaid Dry-exerter of the other, and led down the stair by his turned hand, knaps of the stair. As the aforesaid his own had come in with the very good and jumped to catch doon as he stumbled. The form from the motion-disturbed page of Time's tesset turned the hand. The heart with a great flash of gold, don money fall the stair together, and the heart, when the front hall door swung open, held a message to Miss-extracted paper. When the front hall door swung open, who stood in the great darin on the center hall or the corner hall of the corner hall of the corner hall stood there on the corner hall of the corner hall and could look in dextrum or the stair to his step-mother, and gave there to don what the power, the red surfered aunts of constellating emotion. He wrote an octoreal phrase in winter. When his step-mother had written what he had
to pluck this room to the door. The had a flower basket that held paper—

gold to Time.

The story is told to youth. It was he could see—why his soul was white. The story is told to youth. His father did not get any share. What the story could not may do. When the heart, is to fall, home, and youth is dead in corporeality but the heart is nearer to fall, hom, and the youth, the social phenomena soo, and sought those of the members.

constellation

see at once in presence of light but are in something seen or nonexistent social

that ever demonstrations to care ridden phenomena—sceneries and no longer

of story or your nearest special love where he knew it should --representing

feather's beasting him and of his own Emmanuel of his father. It was the
drawer of empty stitch cases. He told of the maids' gossip over his

a time of love for the theorem and this time returned to don in the lonely
door, painted punctum—none with a barred stays—and each march was to the door.
of the gospel, stepfather, and—last of all—father. One of his father's theories, that Tim had always understood, meant that the congregation provided for a minister and his brood. He took what was offered and gave lightly and graciously in return. He was even an Indian-giver, Don thought. But Don's heart needed filling. Life had not been in the habit of giving to him. He had never consciously sought, as Tim did, light of social favor. He wanted something much more soul sustaining. While Tim was comfort, he was torment; he forced the hated expectation.

Often it seemed to Don that it was all because Tim's father was a minister. The growing mind ever finds difficulty in adjusting itself to the vagaries of conventional right.
CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Don was a bit older than his college acquaintances and held the position of one who was active among them, yet kept a sentinel post at the chalk-line where a dry grin and slightly ravaged eye and general facial expression leave the instinctively knowing wary. The very assurance of light that was his cast him in a double cauldron. When at the end of Don's first school year here, the President supported his son in a garrulous row over a few misplaced dollars with some boys with whom he had operated a cafeteria, Don said, "Thank the powers, my parents have horse sense if they have little formal education." He grew to believe that "cultural" pursuits do not refine the emotions.

Ideas were to be borrowed and neatly caged. The light had left Don with an eye gleam that the lenses he now wore could not entirely disguise, and he was treated warily by his elders. He moved among the younger ones who were sons and daughters of friends of the President and other faculty members— but he learned that he was not of them, even to surface observation, when entertainments given for this one or that, by their elders, quite unconsciously overlooked him.

Don fought this often in a blind wrath that shook him from a source so great as to leave him without terms of expression. He had not yet the weapons that years give to strengthen fibers finely attuned to nature with which to respond to the indifference of "refined" mental cruelty. But he raised his chin high and drove his spirit to attend. Truly Don thought that only as these quiet, poised acts of indifference included Tim did they touch him. But—when Tim was part of them and Don felt forgotten....

In the especial loneliness of night, Don won light as he accosted each goad as a swinging rope he must clench that tore the skin and burned the flesh of his dry-crisp hands. He flexed his fingers and doubled them into fists
appearance back of the committee be had been met with apparatus—preparatory
identity for finding made the interpretation of printables. From the time
the speech to lend themselves seemed to the purposes of the whole life of
...n lean body and fine-scrolled features with the patna-like little of
-cookey to indomitable—and did not cease
stating. If we are to be a center of light from which many other di-
moment of forever at time at time, though out all others to another and
site to the ground. The types of personal contact in the absence of
... could be on the outside, apart, yet proceeding that which was in the earth among
so don appeared conscientious in place and was hence a circumstance when he

... not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.

not, and proceeded a goal of school.
The meaning of the end of the paragraph, don't demonstrate a statement to the

of man's understanding, the difficulty

than the gate of conception—expectation. There was something about the common

considered such a moment, but, don't know whether to be more or less controversial.

this and a moment did exist—see the most essential part of the internet.

that is the eventual opportunity to provide, and here was his answer, there. The school did not favor dramatic art.

That is the eventual opportunity to provide, and here was his answer, there. The school did not favor dramatic art.

then the gate of conception—expectation. There was something about the common

of man's understanding, the difficulty

than the gate of conception—expectation. There was something about the common

considered such a moment, but, don't know whether to be more or less controversial.

this and a moment did exist—see the most essential part of the internet.
Indians and with others of the rough boom town. But there had been balance
in his mother's theory. Help those you can—and cut those you can't. It
was his father who had absolutely no use for attempting to gain favor from
those who are in power. Yet it was his mother who bridled when she sniffed
dictatorship—and she knew how to cut once and for all. Those she bothered
to cut were always the Joneses whom others struggled to outdo. It was a
standard joke at home that a family across the road had inspected the slim
grey peak that was the new house, and had built another almost like, but
one foot longer and one foot wider and with a front window of larger pane,
and an eave depth that was greater too.

Don was not attributing honor or dishonor to murder—but he knew the
rigid doctrine of the right that was here—the right to judge, and he knew
that someone had paid a heavy endowment for the sanctity of a memorial on a
campus dedicated to right... . .

The end justifies the means.

But Don was not so quiescent as externals might lead one to believe.
And he knew that discerning persons read his refusal to accept and cast upon
him a distrustful eye.

They know my surprise that the truth they worship is as simple as the
wisdom of a child, Don sometimes thought.

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From his public performances Don gained an unrest when viewing enter-
tainments. Whether consciously or not he wished to be part of all performance
in which he had an interest, and his desire partially destroyed his enjoyment.
Yet he always knew dissatisfaction with any performance of his own.

As he sat in the slump of one of these moods, running his fingers over
the veined crispness of the skin at the back of his hands, he knew a loathing
now had practiced all Christmas time. But he wasn't really
and how he was in the years of the family but he had never been acquainted
in the years and the space that he had never become acquainted with—never
the greatest effort won the game of this problem. The read the boy faith

you needed to attend those demonstration groups.

not enough

don't deny that the open maters and statements of how we to be a professional

the hand of men and they

to the future—over scores same, you could not see the market

destroyed the topic, does popularity signal and opinion when we and many

He extended the banner school demonstration groups again and again. Then they

That answer was flat. It had no meaning that read out

look boards. The light that always comes. And don was greatly troubled.

these was a distant gas lamp at the same moment earlier said.

recognized leader of youth. How does one know the fighting.

Don asked the leader, a man of years, a servant of the school's future, that,

meets of the V.D.G. Group, and listened to dictations of right and wrong.

don see the right approach toward in the question to be read in open form

often. For none of the secrets true—not to the more than general observer.

we attain—we are recognized for our real estates for ourselves. Don told him

affairs of social attention through open recognition of those who have power.

remember, better, Jonathon's, God's, these of spirits that read us to continue.

we attain only as we become unconventional. When we approach or ex-

of participal experience which we strive for in learning in experience, and that's

there are phases

one with individuals past beyond mere consciousness. These are phases

for the benefit of the fees. He know as a part of the group.

19
wrong—was placing himself with those who judge—at least as others saw him, yet he persisted. In the casual associations of everyday he fared as well as another—unless the interests of the group were those he did not share.

Then he did not know how much he drew apart; it was as if he drew back into another existence, and others felt his presence as a ghost that brought ill news—irritating troublesome notes to the bright clatter of jazz.

When Tim was in such groups, Don's apartness was a real pain to the two boys. When Don left such a group and Tim stayed behind, both knew a tearing and twisting of cords that had been crossed. The lines of Don's association must be kept straight; they must be single avenues of escape to understanding—to an appreciative sharing of mood.

And to Don this struggle became religion, family, love—all that he strove for that he might know the right to live. The very striving made him tense, as he knew, and so defeated much of his purpose. The rule of emotion made light less attainable, yet Don could not outwill it.

Tim sought to preserve the ties of their friendship, and when Don's sense of the futility once resulted in his being near to having to fend off blows from a burly fellow whose true interests were entirely out of Don's understanding, Tim stepped up to slip an arm around Don's shoulder. The trouble seemed suddenly senseless, and Don again walked down the narrow dark halls of the old dorm in a flood of light.

As time progressed Don's awareness of his associates became as of a blended scene, one in which personalities were but a blur as of landscape, each contributing yet indistinct. But the few who could accord with his mood vibrations were real—real in the sense of spirit—intuitive understanding. And because of the singleness of these realities their intensity was almost too strong. Body must hold something of spirit and the reaching tendrils are
Or youth's overstart to grow in some a pose. Don know.

And in return contended the way of these near-knighted spirits. The captain

pronounced under mete-subtentions.

meaning. The partizan's back-to-back experience had the things of the spirit.

This was no mock business in June withDone's Redcoates not to question.

But they did not wish to hear the tender streams of spirit unbecomingly. But

Don's choose associations knew of the quantity they could at that time. They

most often tread upon beauty by those whose interests are nearest and dearest.
CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Roller skating became the current fad. Don had sought to learn to swim. His attempts at pool swimming, while assiduous, were a failure. Yet the water of a living stream, although murky and swift, invited. He swam upon his first immersion in living waters of a stream. Here buoyancy was natural and dimensions were not static. Depth was a matter of sense. Where there had been struggle against what seemed as nothing in substance in the water of a pool in which he could always see the tile of the bottom, there was nothing to limit the hazy loam filter of stream waters but the sense. And Don gave his body to lapping caresses of water that was sense lull and spirit ease. He never fought stream water as he had fought the pool; he accepted and was accepted. Water became to him a spirit ease that the sear of wind had been—yet in a different manner. Its lap about his thin chest and through his flanks was friendly caress of a lesser significance than the sear of gale.

And now roller-skating gave him wings. Again this was an individual release in action. Don never played a game that he must play with his fellows. He did not recognize competitive winning—there was too much to conquer within. If the contest with others must be, let it depend upon the strength that comes of knowing one has won his battle with nature's own designs. Why build others?

Don swung into glides that left his body pendant while rollers clung to smooth sweep of floor whose corners must be cut by slight shifts of weight. The long glide on one foot with the other thrust behind, as he leaned out with his head held high—but from shoulders to heel one horizontal line—was like the cutting of the gale with the thin edge of his body. And electrical currents were to be felt in this. The friction of rollers on hard wood created current that made each touch of the hand of another, or the brush against wool of sweater, a glad tremolo of shock. This was like the shock
attained by holding hands in a long line as the scrape of feet down the hall heralded the leader's rapping his silver pencil on the radiator under the window. Don liked to be at the extreme end of this line from the radiator for there he felt the vibrating quiver of shock from the toes of him to the base of his brain. A light shudder was left that was for an instant about him, then quickly fading away. Much more quickly than the orange and orchid discs seen when the eye is closed tight and rubbed as in early morning waking. Yet Don sought each waning nerve tingle for its momentary grant of insight.

There was in this roller skating another medium of contact for Don and Tim. Skating was Tim's forte, for he also excelled in the individual action, truly excelled. Don stood in mute wonder at this excellence. Tim could skate with a partner when he swung with him over planted obstacles, into and out of cartwheel maneuvers, and always concluded his act by a spin with the partner limp in his arms, her feet and head dangling below his knees. The couple, dressed in white, were one rhythmic dash, swing, and whirl of breeze-swept motion. They danced to music that was proof against the whirr-roar of their skates because of a volume control speaker. Don joyed in this rhythmic beauty of motion—especially because he felt it his own. Wasn't Tim in accord with his rhythm waves?

But Tim—Tim seemed not to know of Don's achievement, although neither voiced his assumptions. Tim's manner of surly reserve grew with a tension that had outlets in occasional bursts of affection. So it may be with the animal in restless nerve abeyance. The daily requirements of routine forced this lying in wait, and Tim's acquisition of rigidity had become a part of his pattern. We had not Don's intrinsic knowledge of elemental value that had some of early searing. Yet Tim's was the stronger nature—though he had
not the pivotal quality of oneness with the inherent.

Frustration will seek an outlet. This outlet to Tim became further
fevered social activity. Don's inversion led rapidly to frequent surface
dourness that in no way accorded with his inner radiance.

And there was in this dourness explosive emotion--emotion that came to
the surface after hours of drawn facial tenseness that registered dramatic
frustration. How much of this intensity is lost, Don thought. And indeed it
served no purpose other than to foster deep distress for which an outlet must
be. That Tim took the brunt of the outburst was a brutal satisfaction to Don.
He even joyed in Tim's angered, if irrational, reaction. "Am I a sadist?"
Don wandered.

But Don was active. He became further a social favorite with each foot-
light appearance. Against throttled electric force he was stimulated to the
thinning of any inhibitions. While his fellows liked the truth of his action,
there were those among faculty members whose glance met his suadoe. One
there was who thought he found something in Don. He said after one of the
plays of a season, "I have seen Edwin Booth and all the old-school actors,
but I have not seen a better interpretation of Jaques than yours, Don." But
Don did not realize tribute. He sought analysis of that statement. None was
forthcoming. Again Don found that possessing a quality is not a matter to be
riddled. It is—and it comes of something not to be stated, was Don's convic-
tion.

The consciously growing mind meets with what must be accepted though it
cannot be analyzed.
CHAPTER SIXTEEN

There was Kitty O'Lear. Kitty liked Don, and was a compromise in that she helped to check out hours otherwise too tense for endurance. She sat in the front row in class—or she sat in the back, and Don was aware of her presence. She represented all those outward values that Don felt inconsequent. But she exercised a feminine charm to lull to the mood void of thought—and definitely of the lesser spirit.

Don realized with a sense of self-shame that he enjoyed going out with "his girl." Now he definitely sat; he was not with much of social approval. It was an all right easy avenue of escape for the casual. But Don sought answers, and Kitty's answers were always of a brand. They fitted the average like a glove and they hung loosely on Don to slip away, or away completely when his inherent realization of a significance struck him. Here was an Eve who always had a garden—an old-fashioned garden that fitted accepted patterns—but it was not Don's garden in which grew Joshua trees and a century plant.

Yet Don clung to the surface composure that was Kitty O'Lear.

The deep searching roots of the spirit all are often comfortably covered in commonplace.

The incident of Clary Blunt's dismissal from the school shook Don. He had sought a certain external social compliance. Clary's growth must have been more a sudden thing. She came from a home of culture, and she sought expression. Her music study was some help, and her instructors were of the rarest known to the campus. Through music they encouraged a fullness of living that could not but foster thought.

Clary Blunt organized a discussion group whose aims were social, and were promptly termed socialistic. What Clary sought was thought; she hoped
it might lead to convictions.

In appearance Clary was one of the frequent contradictions. She was a
mousy bit of wide-eyed innocence, and not over-attractive. Once her group
was at all established, she campaigned very mildly for adherents, at least
for ears. Since she knew music most, her brightest hope lay in the music
students. This did not concern Don, for he worked for his living, besides
doing his duties as student, and took no part in music study.

But he was concerned when he heard of Clary's misfortune. She had
developed an infatuation for, and attempted to gain the attention of, one
young fellow who was recognized for his ability at the piano, and whose
family name had been historically significant for generations. He became
conscious of Clary's interest in him, and having become conscious, objected
to his consciousness of her. What Clary may have thought of all this remained
enigma. But she still tried various ways to gain his attention.

At last he rebelled and reported her persistent attentions to the faculty
and student council. This little matter soon became mountainous—for Clary was
not concerned. When she was called upon to explain her action, no real inves-
tigation of her interests—of her intentions—was made, for she promptly
referred the authorities to her attorney.

When Clary Blunt's expulsion was common knowledge, fellow students awoke
from their everyday absorptions to smell out the bag that may have held the
egg of all colors. But they learned little, chiefly because Clary saw no
reason for any fuss and said nothing.

Don was her champion, but he knowingly sought insignificance. Yet he
said what he thought to Tim and to others who might carry on. They didn't.
Clary had committed serious offense in the eyes of the many for she had
nothing to say.
When Clary Blunt's mother came from somewhere in the East to see what was the matter—and to take Clary home with her, Don saw the evidence of inherent culture in her whole presence, in every movement, even so little as a lift of finger. She was anything but aggressive.

Don was so shaken that he quite forgot his own transcendent assurance. He severely rated Tim for his indifference, but Tim was quiescent, for he had tried to talk to Clary and had felt himself repulsed.

Tim must have social approval.

When a scandal of sex and its violence in reaction to years of various inhibitions broke out in one of the pioneer families that was something of moral and financial backbone to the college, house mothers granted seclusion to the offspring of these scions now at the school. The most fatted tender solicitude was offered them, and the matter was spoken of in hushed tones. In truth the sultry shadiness of this incident was impressive. The participants in the whole murky story were of mature and of decided mental age, and they were well financed scions of the church, the lodges, of all that forms the starch of the white shirt front of respectability. Indeed solicitude was paid for. This was a matter that concerned the very soul of this middle west corner and its stability, its moral integrity. The whole of its order being shaken, it settled into sultry quiet.

But Don thought of the girls and the inhibiting another of fatted solicitude they suffered. Truth must be impressed upon them as varicolored and often unwholesome. Don had sought the preservation of the wholesome for himself. He felt it the prerogative of youth. "They are imprisoned. This isn't youth's way of acting," Don told Tim.

A better kindness had been meted Clary Blunt.
Kitty O'Lear too had her share in scandal.

The Dean of Women of this institution of learning was of positive character and experience. Yet she met with circumstances almost beyond her control.

While dancing was prohibited there remained superfluous intimations of human nature abroad among these young people, and the more experienced—in matters called life—the elders were, the more they favored prohibition. What youth lacked was the varying outlets of physical manifestation that are rounded physical being and consequently prevent much lack of balance in concentration upon sex.

Kitty O'Lear had a way with her eyes and affected drooping hat brims that art might enhance nature. Among her girl friends was one much like Clary Blunt in mousiness: an environmental affliction of puritanical parentage had greatly contributed to this complex. A lack of capacity for mental growth made expression logically of Kitty's pattern. The stronger will led and Kitty joyed in this leading. What Mary thought or felt remained enigmas, for she had little to say. But she followed Kitty assiduously.

The Dean of Women followed assiduously too.

But, one night the two girls had ventured to a local dance hall where they dared not enter, yet by hanging about in the shadows outside might share more than vicariously in the festivities. These places were so thoroughly tabooed as to be among the unmentionables—except in whispered discrepancies after "lights out" at the dorm—so the girls' only danger of being recognized came from others who might be as guilty as they. However, if they wished to avoid investigation, they must be in the dorm by ten o'clock.

Kitty was capable in such cases. Their thrill was not long in abeyance.

"Ride girls?"
"Sure, but it's fifteen minutes and then the dorm," Kitty smiled in dim light with her eyes direct and fully oval.

"Aw, you're not so innocent," drawled the driver as one arm circled Kitty's plump shoulders; and Mary obediently snuggled in the rear seat with someone she'd never seen. Kitty knew what—and Mary followed.

It was dark. "Everything's rosy," Kitty tittered.

They sped.

The fifteen minutes were up.

They were not at the dorm.

"Do you want us to be campussed?" Kitty wheedled.

But she didn't persist. Too late now, and Kitty knew too well what drunken driving might do. No use irritating the boys. But she'd got Mary into it too. They surely would get "solitaire" now.

Mary's scream split the night and skidded the car wildly. It righted and Kitty said, "Cut it, Mary. Be a sport." The driver stepped on the gas.

There was no word from Mary. But she was trying to get away from this maudlin musher whose arm circled her shoulder while his hand pinched her breast painfully. The other hand between her thighs, with fingers slowly etching, now centered—but the suction that was slowly suffocating was of his tongue in her mouth.

Mary clamped her teeth on his tongue.

She was free.

Her leap from the door that slammed back with the rush of the car against the wind was sobering to all of them, for Mary was a limp heap when they found her torn and bloodied in the ditch.

Kitty called the Dean from the hospital. It was there that Mary's story was forced from her chilling lips and all but breathless lungs by the Dean of
Women herself. The woman loved gory details and what Mary couldn't supply, Kitty's ready sense could and did.

But the news story told of Mary's brains spattered about the highway and ditch. The force of her fall had caused a concussion such as that of battering a cat's head on a rock. But that was the news story.

The Dean liked the true story better.

But she did insist upon a virtue rousing morality that justified Mary's puritan chastity and made Kitty a miniature of Florence Nightingale.

To Don the whole story was meaningful only insofar as Mary had been puritan by nature—or by environment.

"I am a puritan," he told himself with a dry laugh of denial.

Certainly there was much in this that had not been in Olary Blunt's case—and much that should have proven horror to the zealots of virtue who supported this middle-west campus, and to those whose offspring attended here. There was also much of the resourcesfulness of the Dean of Women and of Kitty O'Lear in this account of virtue offended. The justice meted the boys would be stiff to satisfy the vengeful natures so generally concerned. So Don thought.

But he need not have wasted his time thinking—and as usual he'd been so much apart, so dissociated that, despite his dependence upon Kitty, he'd not truly realized this occurrence.

Don's early association with essential brutality had inured him to surprise at surface human brutality.

What did surprise him was that the boys who had been responsible—in a measure—for Mary's death had been hurriedly dismissed without any charges having been made.

Again the very shirt front of respectability had been near rumpling.
He remembered the prairie folk indifference to attack upon persons, and the righteous indignation at that which endangers the family unit. Here the sense of social security had been mollified, Don was certain, only because Mary had had little social significance.

Don knew that Tim approved of his friendship with Kitty O'Leary, yet he sensed his resentment. Yet there was nothing of disapproval of Kitty's behaviour in Tim's resentment. His was a social goal, even though he might have resented knowing it. There seemed nothing in this story of Kitty's escapade to mar her socially. She'd been too much the Dean's subject of social plastic-political surgery.

The end justifies the means.

Don was his usual disassociated self and seemed to know Kitty as not other than that same source of half-shamed assurance he had known her to be before the colorful incident had been publicized.

But there was this especial resentment, a purely personal thing, that stood between Don and Tim.

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There may well be apparent indifferent aloneness in spirit association with allness.

Tim was a great favorite among fellow students of both sexes, and took keen interest in girls who were athletic—at least in individual sports such as skating and swimming. He was typical youth in the grasp of exploratory adventure. As he wanted social approval so he wanted to survey all knowledge, and with youth's unconsciousness of scope, capacity, and rejection sincerely proposed to do so.

Don knew futility and definitely limited himself to the narrow fringe of the humanities provided, with the hope of grasping something of the significance.
His dramatic efforts were deliberate—part of his attempt at assimilation—part release of emotion. But there were tangles when Don's light emanations crossed those of his fellows in action. Generally, however, these associations were casual—each participant being too intent on his own part of the story to know another's problems personally. The very fact that here there were almost no positive values and that he himself was the acid test of the truth he sought—the laboratory in which the few more nearly acceptable formulas were to be tried—had made his decision to limit his efforts definite.

And often Don wondered that his instructors could find wonder in the truths that pages recorded—truths that instinctive knowledge had been living either in accord or combat with since man had slung his first stone and sensed his first physical rhythm in action. That man's first articulation had been a part of the great orchestration of nature seemed inevitable. Yet here wise men spoke of this as wonder, and pupils were ground into mechanical reaction to code-like drill upon fact that made the matter of study, preparation of papers, a mockery.

At least in the performance Don could tabulate wise man's accordance with innate simplicity that his father had often humorously related to him as a child.

Childhood's simplicity is innate wisdom in rhythm with allness.

There was the story of the goslings upon which Don's father based his philosophy of human action. "When I was a shaver, younger and smaller than you, I used to dig post holes; and your grandma always had geese. Well those blamed yellow-fuzzy goslings would follow the leader—always trying to get their heads back farther than his—making a great fuss trying to sound like the old gander—and they'd never miss a post hole. Everyone of 'em would pile in until there was nothing but the wiggly fuzz of hind ends of goslings to fall onto. Then they'd pile up on top of the others. People are just like that—only you can't always
pull 'em out of post holes like I did the goslings. Your grandma was sure
set on geese—and specially them yellow-fuzzy, crazy goslings." Don could
see his father's tongue in his cheek.

But rarely did he sense this knowledge among the college instructors
whose knowledge of human nature always seemed clothed in a lather of language
that merely served to cushion their own unreliable instinct.

Don sought support of his own conviction. He voiced his beliefs casually
to Kitty to determine a most native reaction—he insisted that women lived
nearer to instinct than men and, equivocally, for him, that they were corre-
spondingly less fine. Kitty O'Leary's slow gaze, beneath the artful lift of
lash, which opened fully only when occasion required that something understood
to be flattering attention, was provocatively amused, the more provocatively
because Kitty had all males in one category. Her interest in Don lay in the
quality in him that somehow did not pigeonhole. Even a mere female perception
thought this lethery language, that distressed Don so greatly, amusing—perhaps
this was the attitude. Kitty truly was a balance wheel. No doubt she knew,
without knowledge, the necessary balancing quality of rhythm—the fluidity of
mental relations necessary to a fullness of human relationship.

It angered Don that Tim ascribed so readily to what appeared a servilely
religious awe of the truth every man lives and the artist preserves. But Tim
had been reared in an atmosphere of over-dressed dogma. Don was cautious of
any outward expression of his own attitude except among those whose mood he
thought his own; yet his elders looked askance at him. Don knew their
intuitive mistrust in the something that was his intensified sense of rhythmic
association. There was discord which Don attempted to dull.

But his intensity offset his good intention. Having distilled an emotion
to thought, and then to words, it was not a casual acceptance of fact that he
was his aggravation.

Don loved to dance. He had won prizes for best costume at the Washington birthday parties when his costume was so negligible as to be unimportant. If it were colonial, Don let it be—but the Virginia reel was another thing. He tripped and reeled in light ecstasy. That was better than skating. But not better than the ice skating on the creek at home. Skating round a huge blaze of pine logs dragged down the frozen sand of the banks through the breakage of undergrowth now brittle-gray with frost. The walled dark of night hiding the transparent ice that revealed the clear greenish flow over stones that shone brightly beneath. The dark that brushed about the skaters as they swept forward in long strokes—swaying, hands clasped together behind their backs—swept to the wild tunes of Pancho's harmonica that would be consistently broken as the half-Indian boy brushed a greasy sleeve across his ever sweating long nose. Pancho's nose would sweat on the coldest day in great coarse-pored beads filmed in oil. And his harmonica tunes always were wild rollicking rhythms that was perfect accordance with the whang and whirr of skates on clear crystal hard ice. There was nothing better than such skating—duck, glide—and again. There on ice, had been the real dance of Don's soul. But this reel was not dancing—not the sweep and beat, the duck and swerve of the dance glide Don joyed in. A few short hours of dancing lifted the soul of Don to musing light wings of dream consciousness. Little things took little places before the power that he became while dancing. It was just exercising his rhythm in accord with cosmic rhythms.

But dancing here was part of aloneness to Don—the rhythmic winging aloneness of eagle flight. Yet his was not the soaring of strength; only the embryo yearning for oneness with all nature that breeds fortitude, the god in man searching, was his. Light was his promise. When light came to Don his
fight lost significance.

Dancing was forbidden on this campus.

There was the Virginia reel.

Don joyed in it freely for he knew the laxity of the moment. Eyes of suspicion could grow warm, and his body floated as his feet tripped. The costumes were colonial for the Washington birthday party—Don's but cheese-cloth flimsiness with a suggestion of the period.

Tim was elaborately dressed. He wore velvet. Velvet breeches and tight coat with cuff and collar lace had won the prize before. The moment of the evening was the awarding of prizes to the boy and girl who received the most applause.

Don had won before. He knew the hot flushed disturbance that being one with the crowd meant to him.

There came again the moment when all tripping stopped—when the balcony was draped with those who watched the parade of the few chosen by the judges to win their applause. The one who was greeted most loudly, with most cheering and stomping of feet would win.

Don was of these few boys and girls who must parade. And then each must go alone that final decision might be made.

There was dread in Don as he watched the others go before without that clear yoo-hoo of yell, the stomping of feet.

Don knew Tim wanted this prize.

He wanted it, especially, for his girl whom he had not known long. This would establish him in her favor, he knew. It would stamp them as a couple before the crowd.

The social was ever uppermost with Tim.
And Don walked—into that especial din.

This time the boys' prize was a shirt, but Don did not walk to the judge's booth to receive it. Later—they brought it to him.

Tim was angry. The girl reflected his mood.

Don was sorely hurt.

He had felt dissatisfaction with himself after each theatrical performance. He now felt more. There was a warning of spirit sickness that comes to the sensitive when winning means defeating another.

And Tim was this other. Don held him dear. But now he was on the opposite side of the fence. Tim was the one who sought social approval.

Yet Don knew a certain satisfaction. It was not, however, in any way sadistic, Don knew.

He was to hear of this incident again from Tim, who did not now refrain from growling, "That costume is surely lousy. Did you dance with all the judges?"

---

Sundays became Don's catch-up days and they were days that became torment in that there was pull and tug of his desires. Some were grand days when others sought active pleasures. Don joyed in his reading when it was art of suggestion and left him eager to explore on beating wings, but much of the reading was of his instructor's language later. Even this he would not have much minded had there not been the urge to physical action heightened by the light glad cries of young people at play. "Have I never known the true exuberance of youth?" Don questioned himself as he ran his fingers over the scar-crap skin of the banks of his hands. "Some day I will be young." But he knew that he refrained from activity with his fellows because it meant the crossing of the light lines that led those whom he wished his own—whom
he wished to conquer. There should be no crossing light lines of contact—the light that had strength as of flesh and blood cords—ever vulnerable to hurt beyond anguish of mere flesh and blood, beyond mental anguish because it was of the spirit, unreasoned.

There was Tim—and his creed of popularity. And so Don sought to conquer himself—along the route of least resistance. He knew this, but he knew the anguish of fighting this battle socially. A book must be his companion until...
CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Another term ended. Months swept away. Soon Don would be free of this institution of learning. But there remained a summer session. These summers were lonely, but to Don they were happy. He didn't have to fight his own desire to keep each individual segregated from the herd. There was more concentrated individual association. Tim and Don had the weary old dorm almost to themselves. Tim worked hard at manual labor in summer and was glad to rest in cool musty drafts from the old brick building's sighing ghosts. There was a most human kindness in this summer negligence of the old dorm's past.

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Tim was cleaning his rifle, happily busy in drowsing heat of mid-afternoon. Don was reading from one of the many books that lost charm from the necessity of constant perusal. Yet this was a thing that trundled the reader, and although Don grasped little that the words said, he pleasantly drowsed in the sensuous wafting, rocking chair rhythm of Blackmore. He was startled at the rip-like report of the rifle. He looked across at Tim, who seemed busy wiping the gun with a grease cloth. Don said nothing and relapsed to the drowsing rhythm that swayed him—that really had not been broken by the rip-shot noise.

Later Don saw a bullet hole in the dusky soft pine beam of the high ceiling. There is always a warning somewhere in a peaceful moment.

---

Peace lulls the senses to danger. Tim became so much the Tim that Don knew was real that their old intimacies of a Christmas holiday period were natural as if never having been broken. Just as old friends meet after years of separation in time and duty, to speak of the weather. So each boy began to know the other's reactions, thoughts, and emotions as a part of himself.
As this living intimacy grew, unsolicited talking was communing with one's inner nature and much that was not said was as accepted as coffee at breakfast.

And to Don this was renewal of light. He walked, read, and lived in the glowing intimacy of the light waves that had often been his as a lone youngster on the wind-swept plains. For caress of breeze and flush of light he had now a greater warmth. Yet he knew that he would lose much of it when other associations claimed Tim. He lived in the moment and learned to turn each unhappy existence to fortitude of mind, a fortitude that swelled within him while this null of peace absorbed all living.

Don's slow awakening to a realization of the physical bond—the inevitable biological expression—in their relationship was but further learning to live happily. The maternal lines of his hands signified much that was of woman's native reaction. There was repulsion only of unkindness in any same mind. But to Tim the doctrine of the end justifies the means held true. He was not yet strong enough to forget the crowd. To Don the crowd had never essentially existed.

The light that was in him and of him now was the more replete in itself because it was accepted unquestioned.

Unreasoned acceptance of happiness is youth's light of truth.

Don saw himself only as the son of his mother. And something of that mother warned him that happiness was the light that preceded dark—a reversal of the deep dark that precedes the dawn.

And it was now that Don was most genially a reality among his fellows. There were not so many crossings of the light rays he felt so tangibly now to lead from him to others—and the glow of these rays centered in Tim—centered, but the roots in the soul of Don curled about a core—a core that was seeded.
From this seething Don knew must come the fortitude to sacrifice. Yet his exaltation made sacrifice seem as little, and in this sublimation of what others term realities Don looked upon spiritual experience as physical—and physical as spiritual. They were very much one to him in the blend of light-seared knowledge.

And spiritual experience depends upon symbols.

Symbols were always to be had while mind and spirit worked in unison. What others termed morals had no place in Don's sublimations.

There is in every life the closed epis of.

Don had been called home. His father was dangerously ill. Like all first impression of fact this did not affect Don at once. But the train ride home brought slow-malignant realization. He was again astride his father's chest—as, flat on his back on the floor, first by an upthrust of his stomach, then a quick rise and rolling motion of his shoulders, Papa made a great bucking bound. He was even—as the train slowed for the hundredth time to a crunch-crash of grinding stop—at the table as his father pushed the last sweet, any tidbit, toward him or Darcy. And Don remembered his father's sweet tooth.

When Don got off at the sizeable junction where he must change trains, a casket was dumped carefully but grossly to the platform. He knew from the heavy flatulence of men's faces that the casket was loaded. There was someone there to claim it—but there was a duty-to-be-shifted manner in the dread acceptance of the fact—life's ugliest fact to the materialist.

The next train was slower and more crowded. Don sat facing a man whose pasty blue-jowled face was much like what has in nasty vulgarity been primly referred to as "privatee" in appearance. The train was crowded. The heat
was a physical threat. The face fascinated while it struck creeping horror
to Don's sensitive soul.

Don was not there to the man whose gaze rested in goo-eyed blea on
the girls who sat across the aisle---but once saw a child in the aisle to
whom he handed a well-fingered stick of gum. He read Love Story assiduously,
frequently rubbing the paste of his eyes into strings that he smeared into
the oily-porous paste of his face. There was a shine to the skin about the
oily pores like that of flesh seldom exposed to air---let alone water. His
whole body was pudgily mussed fat--the trousers' front bagged in semile
limp fullness.

Suddenly Don ached with a whole compulsive dy- noso of longing for the
refined astringent musk of yellow prairie sweet pea.

Except for the clammy paste movement of pudgy fingers with dark hairs
casevously caressing their backs as he turned Love Story pages the man
remained an innate pubescent mass. His eyes still rolled murkily at the
girls across the aisle while his face wore a steady leprous reminiscence of
desire that seemed the mildewed mask of a long lost baby smile. A mother
would have divined a dead soul in the excessance of body.

Once the man rose to enter the lavatory immediately behind his seat.
When he returned there was about him so much more repulsion, the impact
of a sickness renewed, that Don rose and entered the lavatory where he
vomited in the close heat and stench that even his own excessance relieved.

He tried to wash in the slimy trickle that oozed from the side of the
shallow metal basin to slosh with the swing of the train. The swing that
made Don's stomach his only organ--an accordion bleat of pain. As he
sought to lift the drain of the slimy basin the grease-like substance
smeared his fingers. Further washing did not seem to remove this penetrating
stain.

Then the lavatory became too close for him, he went out to fall weakly
into his seat before the now snoring bulk of the man. With his eyes closed
he might have looked less repulsive had there not been the strings of paste
from his eyes. They looked like the diseased-sightless eye slits of the un-
cared for blind person.

Don thought death much kinder than this.

Would his father fight for life?

His own misery ascendant, his father lost significance.

A week later Don's father was much better. He accepted Don's presence
at his sickbed with the unbearable shame of father-son secretiveness height-
ened by his being bedridden. Man greatly limits the god in himself by his
inheritance of the shame of all time that he has for his sons--when they
too are aware of the role man plays in his niche of time.

It is this great sense of shame that makes my father's weakness his
omission rather than his commission, Don thought.

But his father was better. He would soon be doing the work of three
men. Don looked at his small frame, his short length propped upon pillows,
and wondered at the dynamic force called life. His father grinned, his tongue
in his cheek, shame-sick and wordless.

But Don was ill now. He could no longer conceal his pain nor his worry--
his right eye flinched sharply to close at the pain that snapped anger-sharp
teeth in his groins when he sat. The burning fire in his groins was constant.

When his mother questioned, he answered his innocence. "I don't know."
But she drew the train story from him readily enough. It lay seething and
the telling was relief. That his mother did not believe him was not his
concern now: there was enough fire in his blood.

When the doctor came Don was in bed. Doctors are a sense of security in many cases. This doctor was guaranteed in this case—to Don's mother at least. No wonder boys stand in awe of their mothers, Don thought. A man may live a sensory existence, little realizing knowledge—even of experience, but a woman knows and remembers.

"Have you been with any woman?" the doctor's leer was that pasty repugnance he'd sat before on the train.

"No. I thought of that?" Don said over the rising rebellion his stomach suddenly became. He'd never believe—not this doctor. Nor would anyone.

His mother had not.

"Who is there in whom one may trust when a mother does not trust? A son trusts his mother because she trusts him. In whom am I to place my trust?"

His hot gaze should have scorched his mother, but she pursued the task of the moment without perceptible hesitation. "She has never trusted my father," Don remembered.

There had been reason in Don's attempt to create home and family from his Christmas holidays in the old dorm with Tim.

Don didn't stop to think that a mother schools herself to casting off her offspring, and has the inherent hardness of all nature in her conviction. He had watched the mother bird forcing her fledglings to use their wings.

He was only the more dependent upon the assurance he sought in Tim—sought knowingly. But the death that balances life was in his knowledge though he might, now, forget it. Tim must be his all.

The doctor was security against any threat to the body.
Soon Don returned to his duties at school.

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Tim had not said hello.

Don had given him no chance. He wished to wipe his absence from memory.

But a gnawing desire was in him. It drove him to share his experience with Tim. This was but emotion's sense of tie in shared closure.

He did tell Tim.

Then Tim became the big brother. He was all kindness and care.

Don shuddered.

He knew it was coming.

Then Tim said it; he worshipped the beauty of body: "There is no sin but that which is unclean."

Now Don became a great anguish—once he had never dreamed.

"I am clean—I AM C L E A N," became his living cry, and he repeated it in all tones to Tim: it became mockery—dull, hollow mockery—mockery beyond degrading.

Yet in the night Don got up to go to Tim. He sat outside Tim's closed door repeating, "I am clean" until in his weariness his head bumped against the door panel, causing the crisp loud creak that old door panels give to a sudden pressure.

Tim wakened to spring startled from his cot.

"Why Don? That's the matter?" Tim was deceitfully surprised, despite his sudden awakening, as he swung the door open sharply.

But this was not whole release.

Don tried again and again.

He lived in sensory apathy.

Finally Tim laughed, but not until much near-pompous affability had been
made about the necessity of being clean in body—affability well seasoned
with unbearable brotherly kindness. But Tim had never in any way made Don
to feel that he did not believe his story of the man on the train—and the
horror of him that Don had had. Truly Tim did understand, but he must play
his little game that Don might realize his power.

Then Tim had laughed and said it:
"You are clean, Don. You are clean."
"Say it—Keep on saying it—Spell it." And Don knew tears on his cheeks—
his own tears. Tears were not easy for him. He'd seen athletes weep; he'd
seen their coaches weep. Don did not weep easily.
He wiped the tears from his cheeks in bright wonder.
He saw his own world anew.
Tim's hand held his own—now alive again.
Tim had said he was clean. Don drew Tim's head against his glad-aching
chest that swelled with wild heart beat.
He kissed the crisp hair in wonder—reclaiming his own, he knew. The
light was of assurance of such strength as to make all probable anguish seem
trifling in comparison to that just experienced.

But the episode was closed.
Don never spoke of it again.

There was much here to make oneness with allness. A contribution to the
loneliness that is comprehension of one's own limitation as god, as time, as
space.
BOOK THREE
SOLD?

Futility curls round me
in blighting, withering surd.
I am the subject
of the word's acuity--
sedulity that surds.
I am the soured
surreality of material
bought soul.

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Divinity within me, lift that--
which is I--let to fall from me
this fleshbound dye--'Tis the
ever-intangible surreal cry.
There seemed to have been a
doneness, but the perfect story of the other whose pattern was

"hoped for fruit."

narrated to nature, and the

ness. But he had found little there that was different from the

He had tried to be sociable and acceptable to such patterns and the interactions around

or a pattern among the things—a pattern among a source of all things.

gratitude to my being the one and the same pattern which had been

been away of consequence then, the next. I was much that needed of no

The philosophy in you took each step—pain as a strength which was

joined in experience that tens and reached the other generalizations which were

To do the essential was easier, growth which must come of pain. As he had

the means sufficient the end—

1928. Their faith led them to hope—future action. The end justified the means—

these people to a profound faith in material accomplishment—before the day of

and skill, or Great, political office. The still existing facts in chimeric and

study devoted to foreign adventure, seeking a land of wealth and plenty. Such

and I am glad to say that short time has been so short and this generalization of a

understanding. I understand from the soul of this still being American as you may to

study the history and study the past to recognize the time of strength.

diersen.

mentally prepare more of growth through determination and is motivated by deep

ide of fundamental was an important one. He was learning that such funds—

had been, and must be recognized of mental and spiritual growth. The knowing.

Didn't substantiate were existed ground for this broadening. The influence

failure breeds success. Don't thought.

CHAPTER XII
world wall sacrificed in this parable literature of light and color, cli-
maxed in flame. Milton was more amusing—he was vaudeville in his joy in
the spirit and flesh affliction with which his hero conquered the author.

"The poets were made of the inverted stuff that joyed in what has been
grossly termed ascetics," Don told a middle-headed bull session group who had
reached the point of "nuts to Don" slogan. They had to have something they
could chew, and Don offered them fire of wine that left them shaken—but
sober, and belly groaning mammals as ever. "What the flesh can't tie up in
bundles it labels forbidden," was Don's impression of these groups as he
contemplated leaving school—for school. He would teach. He'd never con-
sidered anything else for there lay the hope of inspiring response to
rhythms that meant more than language lather responses to Don—that meant
light and hope of fire.

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Kitty O'Leary had dropped by the wayside. She knew conquest in the tang-
ibly material sense. Dreams led to convention's four wall realities for her.
The sky roof was quite beyond her wish. Don thought of her as a Greta grown
up. The mind had merely intensified the instinctive animal which seeks self-
preservation in convention.

At least he had met the native Eve in woman.

Tim had become a part of the harsh, the fine, and the real that Don was
now beginning to sublimate. The mind that is growing requires sublimation.

Don sought a job.

This was the immediate post-twenty-nine. Everyone who lived from a gen-
eral tax fund lived precariously. Those who had as yet gained no footing were
destined to minor or major defeat. Don's realization of fortitude through
failure served him now. He was aware of the significance of friends in power,
...
CHAPTER TWENTY

The performance of classroom ritual when he was at the helm proved adventure to Don. That his adventures were for the most part his own he realized only dimly. Before his desk in a crowded room sat a thin tooth-grinned stake of a boy who was always bobbing. These youngsters of adolescent years were an almost uncontrollable mass of odorous, humid, writhing flesh and bone. Yet they were individuals, and sought each a different consideration. These children were from homes of as opposite nature as could be imagined. Foreign bred instinct without training was next door to stolid middle-west conformity.

Youngsters from homes where they were beaten when they failed to bring home stolen articles each day lived across the road from families who were a golden rule right to superiority.

Don had been asked to take on additional duties—to teach foreign languages—after his arrival. It was adventure, and because he knew little of what he taught his efforts were satisfactory. Yet a member of the august body termed a school board reported that his daughter had been cheating in Don's language class. Don openly said that he'd not stressed the matter of such honesty, but that he would do so if it were required. The result was that Don received an increase in salary. He had already been advanced for doing additional work in language. But these things did not count.

He had a gnawing sense of failure as he realized that what must be taught were the fundamental needs of expression. Spelling, sentence structure, grammar were almost as foreign to the youngsters who spoke English as to those who knew these subjects only as things teacher talked about.

One night Don dreamed.

He had lain in dry-eyed wakefulness and lived again those moments that recur when sleep is tantalizing overtone that never reaches twitching nerve-end tangles. He pressed his hands to his eyes and stared up at opalescent orange
and orchid egg discs that frayed to gradual darkness. His body lay like a
driftwood splinter—high, dry and motionless on sun burnt sand. The hands
spread on his sheet covered him, and they grew to sentient beings that held
him prone, apart from all active life.

From one of the opalescent disc rings before his eyes had grown the
bobbing splinter of boy before his classroom desk. But this splinter was not
the thin stake of tooth-grinned boy—yet it was. The bobbing head was that
of a drowning rat, its teeth a vicious promise of lustful bitterness. The
seething waters upon which the rat head bobbed were the humid flesh and bone
tangle of the classroom.

Don felt that as nurse maid he was merely permitting his charges to drown
in their own libidinous proximity.

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The lustful sentience of this class-room of humid flesh was greatly
heightened by its sweat-stewed garlic odors. A cloakroom was open to the
room and wafted kitchen odors of wretched homes into the crowded room in
waves of breath-moist fetidness. A scum of frothed swamp, wet, stinking
flesh.

Don stood swaying in nausea one afternoon and declared, "You brats must
go home and take baths, and remember to take off your shoes." It was thus
that his rebuke carried human sympathy and understanding. He had managed a
sense of understanding with the greater part of these youngsters, and when
the garlic humidity warmth was not too sentient, he felt a tugging at tendrils
that bind. Here was a problem, this establishing of individual reality of
oneness rhythms, when so many human vagaries packed a crowded space. The
battle intrigued Don, and he termed this room the chamber of horrors with a
humor that established ties of warmth—if fetid.
And here there was the over-powering freshness of windswept plain to
offset a classroom's humidity. While the earth had long been undermined
and sunk into unexpected swales, it gave in dry sponginess to each footstep,
for this was a coal-mining section. It was wide sun-steeped, windswept space.
Don gave himself to the freedom of it. He walked in a lone dry ache of the
past. There was not the loss of group friends that his fellows at college
might have felt, but there was the lack of kinship that he and Tim had fostered.
Letters were unsatisfactory. Their inadequacy led to harshness of ill-turned
phrase. When desperation of searching tendrils of light ray led Don at last
to open his mailbox thinking "it has to be here today" it was. But this warmth
was torment, and sucession was the sun and wind that paved spirit into remem-
brance of searing. The swatheings of man-clad body hindered contact, and
imaginative wells of emotional association played a dream part that helped
to exalt. If there were strong enough wind sweep, there was more of natural
release. But the fortitude Don strove for became more and more mental. His
long thoughts had become a part of him that he realized was making him a
muddled, desensitized grown-up. Years and experience have their way of taking
toll of sense harmony.

The wind whipped back same truth of this when his clothes flapped against
legs, that like the trunk of him, he still thought of as flat and thin.

The narrow mine tunnels under earth ran out from circular areaways where
the earth sank into hollows that formed ponds in wet weather. These held
moisture long enough that this rolling sweep was long abloom with little
prairie wild flowers of the delicate coloring and scent that only prairie
rarities can give. Don thought the heavy scent of more luxuriant blooms of
more fertile lands a bit bad taste. It was part of the philosophy that prairie
breeding had ingrained within him.
Don thought of the teacher who had come to see him when he'd sprained his ankle years ago. She had sat in the slim gray peak that was the new house and had talked fluently. She had talked big words. In the wind's sweep on the potted landscape Don thought big words useless. But they had fascinated him, and he had always sought those new to him. When he had taken a vocabulary test he'd been first in class but one, and that one was a woman of some experience, the wife of the city superintendent of schools, who was taking a degree at the convenient college. Don's rank had been better than that of a boy who now was a Rhodes Scholar. Don had known this boy since his grade school days, for he too had been at the Indian school in the boom town, one of Mrs. Leats's children. Mrs. Leats had not campaigned in vein for better schools.

The knowledge and use of big words had not dimmed Don's sense of their futility in nature's symphony. Here words were only sounds to form overtones of cadence with the wind in the grass, the rustle of leaves—if there were trees. Trees took on worshipful beauty in a land that nurtured a few. Don would walk many miles to see a tree.

Youngsters brought prairie blooms to the classroom. The land that was prairie grass could be little else, for its undermining had made it useless for cultivation. Its rolling sweep would have served as excellent wheat land had it not yielded coal. How so nearly flat land had coal near the surface was wonder to Don, who thought of coal as the product of mountains whose lower strata had been forced up by excessive lava steam at great depth.

And the youngsters brought these blooms to the classroom to mingle their faint odors with the heavy fetidness that decreased little in this promise of spring—spring that renewed light assurance for Don. Groping his way to understanding was less the blind fumbling in physical and mental fog. Here was something of light transcendence.
CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Spring meant promise—promise of change.

Soon the classroom would be behind him—and—would he seek another school?

And with spring came the fever of unrest that was indecision—and expec-
tation. Don had learned that this was torture to him, but he had not conquered
its recurrence. Classroom became dull drear, and each new effort was further
vagary, a cheating the soul of light. Cheating because it was aimless and the
end was indefinable. There were various means, but the post-twenty-nine was
question mark with the soul and hiss of a snake. The end that satisfies the
means had taken a vacation—and no one knew where.

Don's concern was not the immediate only. Here were the raw materials,
and so far very material, as nearly as he could discern—but where were these
materials to be sent? Where there had been prodigal waste in time of cheap
money, waste of body and soul as well as of the monuments to man's achievements,
now there was waste of the driftwood left upon the dry beaches of the turbulence
that had been. Here were souls in a desert without a leader. These youngsters
in Don's classroom might not yet be lost, but it seemed to Don that he was
offering nothing that could prevent the losing. Losing the light conviction
of an assured part in a cosmic scheme.

These youngsters were of a generation that succeeded the foreign immi-
grants entering a land of promise. To them the promise would soon be tarnish.
Their stolid parents were too much driven to see or care much.

Don feared that he too might some day lose the right to care. His slight
hope lay in the youth who filled his classroom with more than sweet and garlic
stench. A growing mind separated from active stimulation requires goading
that it may not become lethargic, Don knew.
But nights brought a nearer fever than this to Don. His failure to his charges lost weight in the darkness of failure in himself, for he sought to hold by the ties that ran light rays from him—in trust to overpower those others whose affection he sought and needed.

The unsatisfactory letters he still exchanged brought out consolidated truths that had not been formulated when Don could make his physical presence a threat. Nights of sleepless blackness brought these truths. He read the lines seared in his mind by Tim's letters: "You not only wish to draw me to you in tender solicitude, but you wish to bind me there—helpless—made to act as you act—to think as you think—to see as you see. You wish to make all the fine you contact in those you care for your light and your right. Your individualism is a replete Donism that is vulture in its nature of absorption. You would leave me no soul of my own." And Don knew much of this was true.

His was a dominant nature, growing.

He lay in the night in senseless swelling waves of counter resentment and self-abuse. For all his yearning love for discerning interlocking of mind, soul, and body comprehension he defeated his motive by confusing the end to the ones he sought. He had no way of interpreting his full intention, and fell back upon accusing himself. Don said, "I am utterly selfish." His aching dry eyes closed in racked sleep at dawn when his body no longer resisted the opiate rest that is not rest but a dream torture. Don tried to refute by a "This is a dream, and I can wake to grin at it—something I cannot remember." But he did remember the nerve torture, the spirit unrest, that made his reactions to stimuli hazy as if the nerve ends had been teased out of contact and distress signals were the response of each stimulus.

The drive of this torment Don sought to appease in new effort.
The natural effort was that of seeking new pastures. And Don wondered that people could tell what was gambling and what was not. There had been the gamble with nature's rabid forces on the windswept plain. There was this gamble of selling oneself—and the blasting of the old theory that each man had a price. Of course there was a price: that of food for the belly and clothes for the body. He looked at ears and other evidence of cash lurking somewhere and said, "And what would you do if your total asset were yourself?" He had an answer once: "Try it on the dog." And this answer came from one who knew nothing of the ways of school, the higher education. It sufficed—for the purpose.

Try it on the dog. Don did. That is what he realized he'd been trying for some time. The stakes were high, the winnings commensurately low. But Don never thought of playing another game. In the matter of worldly advancement he was stupid—rather he gave no credence to the manner of winning, but must leave all to the darting pendulum of chance. And he sincerely tried to leave matters so far he had learned that in all things he sought too much.

When he could be indifferent he could win.

Don returned to his home, the slim peak of house that was now the weathered gray of the prairies. But the hill and the stretch of tree-ragged creek were much the same. He bent his body to the Letha lapping waters of this creek and again joyed in buoyance and the savers of warm wet loam-filtered waters that soothed tossed nerve ends to normal content. This soothing made the gamble a mere nothingness to the winds of chance that regulated living from the sun-baked, wind-strung loam.

When Don thought of Jack, it was with a warm pain that brought light shot red. Jack had carried him on wild rides even in winter when the treachery of
ice everywhere was so great as to deaden one's sense of the stinging wind. Don had never been able to hold Jack when he tore into the wind, and if snow flakes pelted his ears, Jack could not control himself. Then a race was on that became a blinding light streak shot into the wind. Shot until there seemed no ice-slick ground, no Jack, no Don—only the projectile split of air, that made body, clothes, and all one in a blood-chilled roar of flight.

But Jack was gone. Don's mother had written of his death on the snow-covered plain where he had been too old, too weak, to break a thaw-hardened snow crust to the stray grass blades beneath. It was with a tense dry throat that Don thought of Jack. He'd been pulled from Jack's back once by a stubborn slow-footed mare he was leading who wouldn't follow Jack into the creek water. He had stumbled on the slick rocks and fallen in the water beneath Jack, who also had trouble to keep his footing. When his hoofs had struck upon Don's thin thighs, he had jumped lightly, bearing his weight on hindlegs and never more than touching Don. Intelligence is much more than human, Don thought as he saw again the dark eyes of the pony that had been with the family since Don and Darcy could remember.

Don thought such associations had made his days simple.

Now, that the time might be more than frustration and also a relaxation, Don painted the slim peak of house its original gray. And this he did under the sun's deliberate rays which, reflected from the fresh painted, weathered pine, gave off a concentrate of heat and burned with an all-consuming intensity. Haunted from the paint fumes, and sweating from the heat, Don felt as a plastic something at the mercy of the sun. It was a plasticity which, once the blood had warmed to heat beyond the normal body temperature, swelled the veins until flesh was as one with atmosphere. The near lack of feeling compared to that of swimming when the relaxed body was flaccid in warm water. Now the
flaccidity was both without and within. It was like the steaming mass of a
table where no vegetable longer retains its identity. Don enjoyed
this over-heated condition. That sleep—or that wakefulness—jangling nerve
ends which are hallucination—had made Don's hands to cover his whole body
with a sentience that held him prone. Now his whole physical and mental being
was a plastic blend in the power of sentience that to Don became as ascendance
of spirit. Only the press of his feet on the ladder rung made him feel. But,
when under saves that required the tipping back of his head so the wet brush
might be slathered along pine cornice board, the tearing of muscle and tendon
was of the flesh. The galvanized tub Don had lain in when Darcy sat on his
neck was real again while Don painted under the saves. It was real for long
after.

As Don slathered wet paint brush to crumbly fibered pine boards, his
father handed him a card. This time Don was to teach in a mountainous
section.

Again, he was to attempt the mass transfusion of light—the untangling,
yet meshing, of his light rays that was his chief means of contact. The sym-
bol was necessity to his grasp of his problem.

He bathed in the creek. The water cool and sensate, as it brought normal
heat to the plastic flesh. It is in recurrent contact with natural forces that
one senses the why of sublimation.
CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Again Don's mind was to take a course of action. While bathing in the
creek he had met a tourist who wished someone to share expenses with him on
a trip—a ramble that might lead one way or another. Here was a gamble in
which no end was as positive as the gamble for a job. A coin was flipped.

And the land slipped past. But Don hadn't thought of its slipping so
fast. The city did not appeal to him. Beneath his window a streetcar motor
roared constantly. At each car's passing the clatter was deadening. The
air was so humid that Don was constantly aware of it. He sought the dry of
the clear sun-filled desert air his lungs had always known.

And then Don flipped another coin. The ocean air was not humid. That
he should be taking a sea trip had been far from any thought of his. But he
found that this was much as he wished it. Here one met people. Don saw an
Indian woman whose acquaintance he made but soon learned that she had no wish
to be known for her blood. When he told others of his ship-board acquaintance
that the woman was an Indian he sensed that she knew what he had said and her
glance thereafter was more than forbidding.

The Indians Don knew were proud of their blood. He had no thought of
their being other than proud of un tarnished blood.

There were the "elite" aboard. Some of them interested Don. The woman
who was in charge of the music in one of the nation's largest city's public
school systems amused him. But not as "elite". She was very real, a short,
solid two-hundred-pounds real. Her hair was mussily pugged. She wore very
old round Venetian lace collars. Don thought of his mother's neat tailored,
if worn, appearance. There had not been much chance for fat to gather round
his mother's frail bones.
and from Gray Manoeuvres, half of a manicha once, a doctor's
motivation.

sake. Pieces of her face from beneath Gray Manoeuvres' monogram
now form how

the length of which is covered everywhere. Don we most impressed with the
year-long fanned protection looking woman of Greek temperance knew extensively

travelling company was a phenomenon, a most meaningful then-observed and

But the "Mattesses" diary was not as much the nature of the word. Her

bottles, she'd expressed an unnecessary emotion

had not had, or bad not been able to record, a thought that would read one to

on the ship. she smiled, Don found her memories most amusing. Apparently the

had her pocketed short picture. "Well, there was another lady--about the

said her pocketed short picture. "Well, how did you manage?" Don nodded, in

was a presided light extinguished. she how did you manage?" Don nodded, in the

with down the aisle, when she had lost her bag and all her clothing, for the

spectator had been around the world many times. She read her memories of her

The passenger made a home of this boat. The public school was in

about another time, when passenger were on the weather deck.

don had been the marine's sprinkled grenade, but there were never any pictures

here, and where did they steer? Present, when on the weather deck floor,

awoke, broke. The small bridge that were wonder to do. How had they some

and there were wonderpieces--"The fish had been seen near land! there were

To lap against the enormous pick stock

practicable. the water was green and reflect in great waves that seemed

here, we had no great hurryly and often the same was in one with the

know the face and just as akin to the roll of windseam present. this wind

lose of the deck was a joy to don. he stood the deck with an empty smile that

the handbump and these ocean sights and sensation were wonder熔. The roll and

hope more of the narrow streetcars to the water lapping against it. To

Don wrote his mother in these papers. Of looking out the round port.
nose was a snorter, and her chief inspiration seemed to be the music di-
rector's reading of her memoirs for when there was a reading the Doctor
snorted her flat heels to a distant chair. The dumpy "little" reader
lifted her chin from its Venetian lace rest: "Oh," she smiled, "the Doctor
and I have lived together for years."

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Coming into port was experience—particularly through the Golden Gate,
past Alcatraz—a granite red pile that showed no shade of difference of rock
and building, but seemed rather to be carved out of the worn reddish rock pile
so centered just within the gateway to the great San Francisco Bay. Citizens
of the city stood with the crowd at the foredeck to explain each checkered
high or low—the shafts, and flats of roof that were character to the place.
Yet there were hushed voices, or none, as the shore line approached. The im-
pression of an impending something that would break the completeness of the
home at sea.

It was Chinatown that held Don's interest—the people—particularly
youngsters who jabbered in many tongues—who were so different in skin hue,
with kinky dark heads of hair next fair ones, and then dark straight-haired
heads. The semitic thin legs and arms, high cheek bones, flat cheeks, and
haunting dark eyes. The round-faced almond-eyed, and yellow skinned youngsters
of those from whom the section had its name. And it was the haunting eyes of
the thin-faced that held Don.

Fat short women complacently walked these streets—flat-footed—not at
all on the dainty torture-bound feet of traditional Chinese women. Dark clad
women whose features were much those of Indians except for their olive-smooth
texture and their easy manner of breeding. Their shining black hair was
smoothed back to flatly rounded pugs which were almost hidden beneath ornate
combs in black lacquer that blended with the hair gloss.

And Don wondered at the stories he had heard and read of Chinese opium addicts. A girl on the boat had told him she had lived among these people all her life, and had learned—once—that there was another Chinatown: one of which she had little accurate remembrance for she'd been frightened. "I tell you there is a Chinatown down under the ground, below sea level." She had said it calmly, convincingly.

And the beautiful shops were the ones Don found of interest. There young men, who were most courteous, asked your pleasure with no show of salesmanship. They drew forth articles as if it were their pleasure that you see. And Don sought the jewelry shops—the stones. He caught their glint in display windows and was lost. Slabs of almost foot length, and six inches wide, were uncut but polished living reflectors of the haunting eyes—the composure—all but the ugly hidden stories. Lapis lazuli—aquamarines—these held Don because of their imprisoned light—the stories never told. Don said of these stones, "They are the stuff from which souls are melted, that they may endure forever."

And guides who looked like salt of the dead sea rasped their wares—the hidden secret depths—the temples—the Chinatown of print repute. A San Franciscan said, "Better see it your own way. You can't go more wrong than these soul-duggery rats would lead you if they could. They live by their lurid imaginations." And Don put one weather-yellow skinned old Barker to route with a few simple direct questions. But Don wished to see as a child sees, honestly.

And the cheap, native shops in Chinatown showed discourtesy. It was young people who had the Oriental-American blend of nicety who gave and required respect. A perfected East meets West. No wonder these young people
The man who had known the star and was dependent upon the sun, now he sought a part in a theatre to be made by the hearer, and who were to answer the ways of those people—names of miserable and those that in the play, and to seek to end, and yet he sought Don and spoke with him freely. He spoke of more dark reasons of a stage that showed the faces beyond any recognition.

And the mote person was a friend, or rather to be more articulate. He meant of clean that the poet wrote like a great poet's verse. The verse—ever last time, and the kind in which the feet and another right to the end with the verse was not written, and speakers played in the way past the poetry of the earth in the sky or a gate that forms the bear and placed the camera of the face bear until you must seek the theatre. He sought in the face of a non-stop and the hunter to the purpose of a constant time person in dark drawings—to come to lay so coming the. The trees were hard to bear ate this, but you sought it and two roose.

Coming out from the bakery, emitted that curious mite of forty points.

The man at the microscope that submitted the example

and the height of those stones was the height of Don's experience.

The start from which the sound of men are altered.

On promise of the wind—to the purpose. Here is all that in connection—

Just as things in our known, or place we that the thought carried the sea—

To the unanswer'd, and in their own sense, that theidea—seemed

the great shape of Inezmol and augmented, portrayed as they were—thought of and weared and weathered—carried and changed—never manifested to Don white.

Story of course that I would write, Don thought.

Joved to show the ocean that told of mout. It is the express—jugged
upon her kindness for a part, but Don wondered that he always wore the dark glasses. He looked upon Don in sudden surprise when he learned that he had danced on deck, and it was a rolling deck. But Don knew the surprise was that he had been among those shipboard people—that he wished to be.

Yet this actor person sought Don.

And Don sought the joyance of sea air and sun for now sun was substance of such weight that Don felt its depth. Stars of phosphorescent light winked constantly upon the underlap of each wave crest until washed away in spray. There was an exuberance that gave off a light of its own—a star light that winked at the sun. A gently weaving surface of star-lit opaque green floored the blue bowl of cloudless sky in which a ball of sun was the only mark. This sun did not burn; it could burn if taken in too great doses. To Don this was realization of friendly light of which he was part. It was the symbol of prairie land and sea unity he was learning. Warmth met warmth in kindly unity.

The sea green was left behind. But Don stayed near enough to the beach that he bathed in these waters—and found them harsh. The tangled slimy kelp of surf waters was threatening sentence. Salt on the lips and in the eyes was not caressing as the loam filter of slow stream waters of the plains. Yet Don often bathed in the surf.

Palm trees were shabby things. Orange groves made sun-kissed landscapes in verdant and a very especial russet mix of hue. The bright oranges bobbed in waves of rolling green.

Magnolia blooms in the fresh desert-cool evening breeze carried vulgar scent of loathsome sweet. Don thought of the delicate wild rose scent; that was refinement. Here nature was garish—but man was at fault—water came to this rich land by aqueduct from mountain glaciers.
The natural growth of the dryland here was much that of the desert plains. "Left as it was this land would look like the rolling plains," Don told these people whose pride was the vulgar over-verdant. But crazy peaks slice landscapes here. From a craggy gray cliff top a dwelling would overhang. Miles of winding trail led to these mile-high homes—and the view made one of the world's largest cities but a muss on the majestic sweep of land and water.

Once as Don sat on a park bench on the cliff above a narrow strip of beach where a great hotel-like house sprawled; print rumor had it that the library alone housed over a million dollars in jade and other brik-a-brac—a fog wall crept upon the scene. To Don it was not fog nor mist. It was a dry shade drift. Its creeping was sudden but friendly. The feel of it was dust without substance. From the ocean had come a salt dry-swept prairie something—that spoke of the kinship of desert and sea. From the desert always came the evening cool breeze. A unity seemed evident.

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Don sought the desert. He had heard of Joshua trees. When they first bared their ghost lines of scarecrow grotesque through the night Don laughed. He was always to laugh at the desert's futile shoots that thrust stray arms to a sun-filled dome of sky. That they had first come to him in the night made them the more futile in their two or three armed travesty. Somehow Don felt sympathy for the Joshua trees. They too turned against the force of gravity to the sun. Even the most blighted of growth sought light.

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Don knew that here he rubbed shoulders with wealth, but he did not care. He saw happy old people walking miles in flabby ragged bathing suits, that made them as scarecrow as Joshua trees, to bathe in the salt, kelp-tangled
The exhibition grounds were a happy hunter's dream to navigate.

Arriving at the entrance one sought the warmth and luxury in food and drink.

The refreshment stand had not reached the absolute food level that one desired.

He saw that the Federal buildings were very old, and many of them more

while the food seemed

had nearly imprisoned sections. He sat where he might watch the fields. In fact
they formed some scenes written in their own language in the future that

saw so many nationalities--and heard them speak as

some of the city made it quite possible to be in the scene that he had seen on

he could not at all this booth over madrane, he remembered the father

that made such material things

world-over earth, no doubt, but one was certain that one who entered material

when they had reason to earn a

of efficiency and средства to live in the sun. The men had reason to explore a

there but the men, no one to hear, and you know that the sun

and existed in long-end ed studies of the once or since

but one may

In the sun

promised the absence of life and reality. People seeking to live forever

other streets forever were the sign board of some cut that

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Shops were everywhere open to the streets, even barber shops. These open markets were interesting, their stacks of peas and beans perfect geometric basket-weave blocks, sometimes five foot cubes, or cones of equal diameter. The Japs and Chinks who worked in these markets must work night and day, and for small wages.

A great mass of humanity struggled in units, but not in unison. The oriental sought to undermine. The fairest of the whites from the most vigorous climates sought office. Neither knew they sought other than personal aggrandizement.

They but waste their efforts because they have never known, or have forgotten, that the assurance they seek must come of winning over self. When man learns to live with himself, he knows the right to live with, and for, others, Don thought and knew he had thought it often.

Don remembered that the Indian took everything to be his own.
CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

One last look at the sea.

The bus rolled over mountains by devious roads that led through passes and somehow made Dan forget that there was more than rolling planes.

And the next job was in a mountainous section—a low rolling of foothills that suddenly become pine clad precipitation and rugged peaks. These were no great chain but out-cropping of an unrest that had not truly reached the height of concentrated rebellion.

Dan was happy among his pupils here. They were all older—he was doing work for which his schooling had helped to prepare him—the work he most liked. And youngsters responded readily to an enthusiasm that was too real to observe superficiality of accepted classroom demeanor.

And for many of these pupils each reading and discussion became a nebulous something that shaped up to focal point, and often became expression of observation based upon experience—or better yet—subconscious assimilation, realization.

"What's wrong with this? The kids said it sounds crazy."

"Let's see"—and Dan read pages that stumbled in spelling, construction, but revealed the soul beneath the blue shirt, over-all and heavy boots in light ecstasy of appreciation for the calves' wobbly legs, the lambs' fleecy wool—or more often the pony's warm eyes, and his fleet joy in serving boys whose hands lingered in slow caresses on sleek young hides.

"It's grand. Do more of it. We'll straighten out these awkward places. The thing is to say what you mean because you feel it—and say it so often you learn to say it well." The papers would be read in class with praise for the fellow whose paper showed a glimmer beneath and beyond the appearance of
The best in the majority was the eye and take. Youngsters were ever

proceed for

literature, because what the imagination brought a forest might base
meant for all. All the world's a stage contrived to seem more to each other

understandance was demeritless, and of what one had another prudence open

disturbing all so much with the glow was the stronger

and because the appreciation was greater--was yet wrong--the tendency to
more appreciation that is which supplies less more than it can't

Here can interlace the contrary with the communality walsentials.

shunting the warmth of the field is clear--

weight of the Great unanswer, don't questionad, yet be tried to studied thence--

from without. I take from myself what I would happen, with no added

worldish if there were advantage in this attempt to stimulate appreciation

communicative--haphazard which be so good communations with others? Don't

and wrote of this one boy what, there communates and elevations--but the

smartstone of ador. The youngsters saw what the matter repressed and spoke

matter of communication with other study--Propagated much estranged--sentent

than the spectacle and suggestive force. The periods of the science were a

interest, urgently enough, was most exposed for the generally rest

work.

Thus, the writing exposed beauty that he knew of only in the things

mores are right. But be cleared, have been better--and because don't,

more. One boy wrote of a picture or an instructor in a manner of reality that

not entitled to them. They could tell now to drive an instructor and make, much

another--with teachers. Boys who needed Nothing were doing things that were

the girls. Boys were astonished more. Children had a way of dealing with one
ill humor betrayed himself always at the mercy of their wish. They sensed Don's hovering compassionate desire as a natural impulse, and they responded. There was as much beauty as Don had yet known. Individual light rays did not tangle. The old desire to conquer was segregated in this attempt to meet so many individual needs—so many personality pulls. "You know I like you much more than I should," he often told his pupils—sometimes in the midst of an ardent lecturized bawling out. At such a time he often felt a light response that rayed back to him in an inverted arc. Don had been accustomed to sensing the light as going from him to those whom he liked. Now. . .

Don knew that a happiness must be paid for, but he had never known a positive and active enmity. "All God's chillun got wings," he said in dreamy refutation of his own fact.

And in this unconsciousness he offered philosophy in his classroom—offered of that in which his innate knowledge led him to accord with the masters. One of the most widely used texts, established for generations as a basic high school literature text, was almost astute in its critical analysis. Its introduction offered "Myself as Bell", and in contrast:

"Come trip it as we go
On the light fantastic toe."

This apparent triviality greatly amused Don, and he had opened his first class sessions with this paradox, giving, of course, something of the author's majestic conception—its childishness—yet its worth-while implications. He found it easy for youngsters to appreciate this puritanical concept—this faith in a necessity to kill much that was true to the finer sensibilities. And he found that their keenly perceptive, analytic minds cut to cores much more quickly and concisely than his own dust-feathered excrement of books in which the "great minds" had attempted to tease away their own borrowed haze from musty years. The inconsistency was the delight of the young mind as it seemed
was a frequent and earnest question.

"Do you mean that we do not have any honest and upright, solid, just,
and you cannot ignore the fact that our people are not
flinching a people who have made their human nature to know the
spiritual and various social elements in the order of human nature, and
and don't need with these growing unde the establishment of a
bestows

basic role of everybody to at least some extent to know the
institutions were ready in the minds of these younger to know the
...of the present, knowing the definition of the
...a home unit---family---and it might be an independent unit---

that there exist of economic necessity for determining social patterns

know who

in the abuse of that connection, what he knew for which he led others to
Here don't understand into the mind in the wake up for another's other's
and what is bad and separate that what we before did cause of those discussions.

the Chinese

but they did the same as the Chinese are doing in the

concept, same or a recognized line. don't ask, and who made a sin a time
what is the become paramount, don understand it. Therefore when we owe of
from "honest and naive" grow information. The important question of

GREAT PUNISHMENT TOOK ONLY ADDRESS TO INQUIRED.

the case, that the case of the young are sabbath the another.
unmotivated to have been of some other who had said, "the light nature"
"No. But honest people are lost in the hypocrisy that serves as the voice of a people. No more undemocratic society exists than that at Washington, D. C. Very few of our representatives are not blinded by the immediate. Terms of public office are short and are entirely dependent upon the most variable of variables, public favor. Perspective is that of the few who are lost in the great blast of petty whining that is pompously omitted in the hope that it may be mistaken for assurance.

"We must have poise before we can have perspective. America has little poise. The United States is the least poised of all nations."

"And is that why we are called a hustling nation?" was another question.

"Indeed it is. Each individual grasps madly for his own assurance. When we have that assurance—know we have a measure of it as individuals—we need not be rabidly striving to beat the Joneses.

"So you see, any dictatorship we have known is a misdirection because it in itself lacks assurance. When wealth learns that it is protected because it protects, then we may have a poised wealth. Poised dictatorship must come of wealth's consciousness of its responsibility, not only to public improvement in all its aspects of civic pride as today known, but to the general dependence upon wealth for the nation's assurance of daily comfort for each individual."

"That's a lot to expect," a bright-eyed boy was firm lipped.

"A lot to expect—but we will grow up some day, and wealth must act as the older brother."

At the time of Don's eager expression the world was ready for revolution. The United States barely escaped bloody revolution because a few of the wealthy led the wayward muddleheaded men lost in petty
back-slapping and hidebound conviction of the rightness of what has been
because they had no ability to plan a way out and refused to see what was
the inevitable.

Wealth was the only hand whose firm grip did not slap heartily but
guided—on the part of the few whose minds led their hearts.

"It is the heart that leads the mind when self-aggrandizement is the
aim," Don told these youngsters.

The mirror held up to life stimulated more reading: a what’s-at-the-
back-of-this-mirror attitude. Don learned with these pupils whom he felt
to be fellow explorers.

And the more they seemed to verify of Don’s instinctive appreciation,
the more Don grew to trust his knowledge in interpretation of generalization,
which pupils often found tangible, more so than the romantic and suggestive
detail.

Don did not realize that his own version of the general may have been a
great part of this realization. Nor did he know that here was a fertile field
for the quality that Tim had especially objected to in him. Don’s leadership
depended upon the inversions—the introspections—which lead to light. Few
were to think of him as one who definitely led.

When the further development of the social periods was mirrored, much
seemed inconsistent in man’s having created God in his own image. Apparently
man had made him a very shoddy God.

"If man were to dictate his own behavior—as he always has—he must in
consequence have a God who doesn’t look well under our microscopes," Don told
these youngsters. Their response was a kinship: one that Don found a very
bright, but tarnished, pretty girl to have no part in. She was a thinker, but
she had sat from time to time, for a period of months and had, by associations
of past generations of dictated thinking, inverted the statement every time it was made. Once again Don diagrammed man's theory of a divine being from his first idolatries through pantheism to monism--the most significant of creations being man--whose mind and soul was the light of creation.

Don's theorizing was quoted--and like all quoting was as misleading as any man's words are minus his presence. But Don was unconscious of any except his own world: as man creates God in his own image so Don became absorbed in the reflection of his own light.

That there must be the reaction did not concern him now. He had long since accepted the fact that each satisfaction had a price.
CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Minds highly localized feed on their own carrion.

The tiny town is absorbed by its own sense of sin; all those who contest it must be absorbed therein by its self-imposed law of compensation.

Next door to the house where Don lived was the home of the town's bank president. His wife found him in the basement—what was left of him. What there was of his head lolled in faceless butchered blood-dried horror. A shotgun lay in thick blood upon the cement floor while his body sat erect in a work chair, a cleaning rod across his knees.

There was only this question of a man who had lost face.

His wife fled from the town in terror.

The bank depositors lost their heads when the bank president lost face.

The bank failed then.

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Don lived in a new house that looked across treeless space toward another house at the other side of the block and facing the same direction. A church stood between and faced the house where Don lived, but it was on a large lot and did not block the view of the house across. The old couple with whom Don lived never tired of telling that while their house was being built they had been in the basement and had heard shots, the whizz from which came near. They found the rifle lead in the basement where they stood.

The man in the house beyond the church had shot his wife and then himself, and he had not spared shot.

And there were other such stories.

They had their interest.

The housewife where Don lived was intent upon them. Her brother
had committed suicide. She chose to scare her husband into the belief that she too must kill herself. After she had worn a bandage about her neck for days, Don learned that she had stood in the basement slowly pressing in sawing motion at her jugular vein with a razor blade—when she heard her husband's step on the stair.

These affectations were common town gossip, but Don had so much his own interest that he found such matters inconsequential, though he lived among them as closely as any besides the participants.

One night Don was awakened by a pounding on the door next his, the door to the room of the people of the house. A strange shook voice was calling, "Father just died. Father just died."

Don did not get up.

The next morning the girl who served the meals was red-eyed, but she was as impertinent as usual.

Her father had died during the night after having been at a lodge meeting with the rest of the town.

Shortly after this reminder of death the lady of the house was missed in the deep dark before dawn. A flurry and hurry disturbed Don's night. Again he did not get up.

She was found at the edge of a reservoir where she stood fingering a crucifix at her throat. She wore a heavy bathrobe against the early morning chill. The reservoir was over a mile from town. Don did not know the way there. Those who had searched for the missing woman had found her only after daylight. When Don met the man of the house, he was openly distraught. Don asked, "But why do you feel so badly now?"

"Oh the disgrace, the disgrace," the old man groaned brokenly.

"Nonsense. This is no disgrace. It is no more than I have
often wished to do—nor more than I would do if I could not realize that someone cared that I lived.

"I know you care. Others do too. It is merely that she cannot see it." And Don said all he would ever say where saying was of no use. Yet the remarks on the street were, "So the old girluffed it, eh?" "Yeah. Scared out." Yellow streak, huh?" "Boy, that's good."

Don turned to his pupils.

They were open to suggestion.

Don, too, must feel the scratch of lassivous tongues. There were always those who openly inquired, "Who they gonna fire this year?" Don always shrugged in answer, or said, "I suppose I'm as good candidate for that honor as another." And he was quoted.

But these were matters—like death—never realized till surfew knells. Don knew, of course, that parched minds seek refreshment from the substance most amusingly at hand. Every small community depends upon its tax-kept schools for its existence; a part of that existence must be entertainment. All men are taught their right to judge as essential to entertainment—the pleasure of living. Don was just too self-absorbed at the moment to be aware of himself as entertainer—to others than the youngsters of his classroom—and had these people not enough entertainment in their deaths, suicides, and murders?

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While he had lost much of the tranquillity of the light that was his in the force of daily routine, still he had not become absorbed. This little world of little defeats did not come within the horizon of his inner experience. Don even said, "Live and let live"—yet recalled his repugnance at the voicing of "live and learn" negligence that was so constantly on the lips of bright young people whom he knew to be caught in the stream of surface circumstance.
Such philosophy meant defeat of the inner consciousness.

There is much to be rejected in learning surface facts of existence, he knew.
CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

When Don learned he was without a job, his reaction was stupefaction: he didn't realize the fuller implications of this rejection. It was merely evidence to him that he had not been doing well in his work—according to these people who believed their taxes paid the servants in their schools.

This belief drove him to learn why he was not giving satisfactory service.

What he learned was interesting. It was that he did his work to the exclusion of much else that concerned many. Others rebelled at their youngsters meeting with what they considered a blunting of their time-ordered ideals. But most common of all was the attitude that Don was different. This at least Don knew only as tribute. He did not seek to be different, but he knew he must not be of this herd if he were to have any self-respect.

And Don knew he was judging—that he was born to judge. Here was the problem now ever with him. What was his right?

And a young minister, whom Don disliked for his attitude of superiority, said much that was true, "You are not living for others. You are merely absorbing all that comes your way." He should know Don thought, for he had certainly voiced Don's judgment of the minister himself.

Enmity became a living thing that dulled this quality that was Don's—and, he believed, his pupils. He determined to learn whether or not he had a legal right to a salary for another year. Don had so long been partially oblivious of others and their lives that he did not truly see what they now had to do with him while he did his work. When he learned that he not only had been reelected, but that the clerk's records showed that he had been reelected again at an increase in salary, he knew that he had legal claim to the job. "I have a job and intend to keep it," he said.
Then Don found that enmity is virulent and breeds revenge—yet he knew that these people, much like the mob, merely wished entertainment. Why did they have a school if it were not to supply them amusement? Factions started true embroilment. But Don half forgot this disturbance while his work went on much as usual.

Then he learned that so much had been said concerning his dismissal that the august body termed a School Board had deemed it necessary to justify a truly illegal action. They had no statement of insufficiency, or of indifference toward work, to make—but they could always appeal to lustful imaginations, vulture-like in their prey for food.

Don was charged with immoral relations with his pupils. Don became an object of distaste; and the distaste was so real that, even though he knew he had many friends, he felt a loathing. "The opinion a man's family has of him may become his own—well—it must be true," Don told his pupils.

Again nights became dry-eyed wakefulness. Torn between the justification of himself and the necessity to be honest in his self-evaluation, he chose the side of self-justification. He knew his mother's creed of pride a something not to be cast aside, an influence of generations' standing. "This cannot be happening to me," Don cried. His bewilderment was much that of one mistaken a criminal and hounded by a lynch-mad mob.

Yet he was much too stunned by the unreality of new experience to fully realize this. "If I had read this, how dramatic it would be," Don said again and again. And light came to him in gradual strength, as—turned out of his classroom—he sought out of door intimacy to replace that which his youngsters provided only in occasional meeting now.

The strength of light warmed in the spring—another spring—and Don thought that what one is and does matters only as he gains insight,
comprehension of a scheme of things that has a purpose greater than indi-
dual distress; as great as individual hope. Only humility makes one aware
of strength as a contribution—an infinitesimal necessity to wholeness—a
rhythmic vibration in time.

But the light had not enduring strength—not the strength that numbs
one to anguish. Sleepless nights were lurid with fact—yet Don's imagination
sought self-justification. When he found a pin in his washcloth, he tried to
believe that it was put there deliberately. When his desk was deranged and
his waste basket emptied, he did not think. He acted. His letters—those
he cherished most because they were written by friends whose cragings for
answers, whose love for the light, was as sincere as his own—were burned.
And because he magnified his own interests in this time when tribulation
multiplied without his aggravation, the letters seemed dearer to him. Don's
romantic nature was ascendant, but in no constructive sense. It was the
fact that ascended, though the inherent truth of his nature belied his attempt
to believe any self-justification that had no roots in the beliefs he had
nourished.

As one makes trouble an end, so does he make its influence ever....
When it is a means, spiritual growth becomes realization of new worlds to
conquer—forever, Don knew. But his inherent sense of good breeding stamped
him one of those to whom shock is insignificant when balanced with the bitter
berry left brewing.
draws around truth to a-shaped--for our drive to the dream.

The child knew

rotates under the bed. I, child, believe in the Betty under the bed--in a

what remained tangible when people thinking became fogged in the time during

to social perfection; caused the god exalted in man's image, to justify

symbolic hands--made their self of material expression holding gold and mind

before surmounted, and the ending spiritual of body sought the sentence of

the dark of night was strange to muster the corn substance of and that was

appropriate truth--propagated in case of these, very of fog--to be born again.

difficulties--the more necessary. I can analyze the thought of

paint in placed in some of people's minds of truth things expression in the more

the sentence of the hands as they grew to cover the body as symbolic a

the faces that must be somehow a way to be pestilently spreading persecution

Nor's black figures were but the more a trouble to truth and he fact

the men who have made men to fly

What philosophy do I hear from those who build of eternal truths?

Verily

banked mouth live. Assurance sold men what expressed within did no more than

under the bed of the words of the sentence. Let the blade sleep, touch, and

but does not spend too many tedious hours wandering the deep that tolle

which they did save, what the oceans and slight others know writer said.

"If you know you know, why any longer language gather somewed over distance?

the masters in philosophy were simply enough to satisfy--and don asked.

preponderant many of petty medications

presentation for the masters, and never one had been above exceed and the

is then people call a Christian. We had been among those who filled the

and don was brand with the Collins make here of questions--what

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH
truth and beauty. This is the nightmare," Don's struggle lived on.

"I am but conforming to their pattern when I seek to judge," Don sneered. But the sneer was assumption. He knew he did not wish to judge. He sought food for a soul sick—at the point of death—he sensed, without daring to admit it. This he did admit: "Here are dead souls. One does not judge the dead. But I do—I do. Why else do I judge the masters?"
And he knew it was fear of dust-fogged truth—that meant losing true beauty—that gripped him.

And he sought one ray of light for the soul of him—sought in sun-warmed spring—whose rooting and budding was simple as the beginning of time and man—sought a rebirth in sentient torture.

This—because he knew self-loathing; knew because he had become part of the animity and the complete absorption of vindictiveness.

"And these are the regulars—the good people," Don reminded himself.
"But their longing for entertainment has become a blood lust. What is a name to them when they do not respect persons?" Still Don's faith in a fineness of human nature held a balance in his faith in his youngsters. "I will always place my faith in youth despite all its vagary," he had told his classes often—and sometimes had added, "because they are without tarnish.
How can they know of the ugliness that the years must bring?" But when he said this he continued, "But have you noticed the deep-seated love of life—of youth—that old people have?" To the positive response Don asked, "And isn't that proof that truth is beauty? How else could the old be gentle—and smile?"

And it was this conviction now that made the moment's unreality lose face in the warmth of time—which bathes wounds in truth. Self-Justification must be sought, if not found, when the vindictive would conquer.
Don turned to the rolling foot hills that so unexpectedly became peaks and ragged etchings of pointed teeth. Little pines spotted these rolling slopes like laughing little gnomes. Don walked here and let the wind have its try at soothing jangled nerve ends. Once he climbed high and looked across the rolling plains that were marked here and there with home sites and grain fields. These were along the banks of little streams that were spring-fed by melting snow from the worn ravine slopes of mountain side. Don sat to rest by an old gold mine shaft, a lone hand-worked diggings of a prospector and his donkey. Here was evidence of defeat. The wind lifted damp sweated hair, and cooled blood that was hard-pumped by the climb in thinning air. Defeat was here in substance—but only in substance. "The lone prospector made history in refusing defeat," Don told the scraggled pine slope.

And down he started at a bound. The slope beneath these pines was deceitful. Of necessity he had zigzagged the height and now proposed to do a switchback downward. The deceit of this slope lay much in its hidden dead timber. The speed of Don's bound accelerated, and the height of logs across his path seemed insurmountable, but he leapt with doe speed over obstacles of five and seven feet diameter. This falling in gravity that required merciless pumping of legs, flagging of arms for balance, and thought-purred sensation in soaring was new, and—it was release. That it was winging in the grip of elemental force did not, in the fall of it, make impression.

Walls of narrowing height, rock-bare in their closeness, shut out light and breeze. There was a warm strip of air to cut—and below a trickle of water made a cool sweat trickle on the rock walls.

Then Don was suddenly wedged tight in rock crevice—the slit was so narrow now his ribs were rock-vised—breathing an inner palpitation lesser
CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

But for months Don was distracted. Frenzy of post-twenty-nine had swept everyone, and Don sought to keep abreast of this aimless drift of current. And expectation was misery. It had never been natural to him, and forcing himself as he did now only proved the more wearing. He knew the futility of this forcing, but despite the theory that knowing an evil uproots it, he sought to remedy what time must adjust.

He lacked neither friends nor enemies—in seeking a job, but he was bucking a situation in which few could win. "I know what winning over myself means," Don said. But he didn't win until he was whipped. Then there was nothing to try for other than that quality which is within—when ease came because nothing truly mattered—it came because Don knew that further desperate effort was useless. He had played his last card.

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Then a lethargy of peace that knew the light of wind and the caress of water was his. Hope lay dormant; and this was the general attitude. Don had been swept with a tide of human emotion. "I can say—some day—that I knew the lost soul praying of the post-twenty-nine."

Appreciation may come of arrested development.

But hope is. And Don knew that this was interlude: as all mortal life is. The dominance that was his now had to be surbed ever more severely. Any influence he now had was negative, as he saw it. Truly he walked cheerfully through days that would have been happy had there been a goal in sight. The strength of one's convictions was a thought recurrent to Don, for he had heard a rather frothy ferment of sermon on the subject once and realized that it must have come of bitter defeat—in the eyes of others.

The eyes of others.
"I don't care what anyone says of me provided I do not lose my bread and butter," Don said—and knew he didn't mean it.

Sour grapes—defense mechanisms. What a useful part they play.

The negative is necessary to the active positive, Don knew.

Don fell back upon the humorous, "Then I grow up," as he looked at the dry-crisp skin of his hands. This period of arrest made him to realize years.

When the man at whose house Don had lived while working at the job which had proved too much came to see him, Don did not know that he had been found hanging by a rope about his neck from the rafters in the garage—hanging but still breathing, if unconscious.

"My wife is now in the state hospital," he said with a genuine sadness of regret.

"You did what you could," Don answered, and when the man had left he remembered his own words, "It's no more than I would do if I could not realize that someone cared." And Don knew the man had come because he too remembered, and because he knew that Don too had lost in a strange game the highly localized mind plays for its entertainment.
CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

When Don received a letter requesting that he make personal application, from a superintendent who had written in answer to his inquiry, some time before, that the vacancy had been filled by one of better qualifications and greater experience—he blustered in simulated anger. The earlier rejection had cut deep. He knew that his own qualification was among the best in the state. A sensitive nature, meeting rejection again and again, must develop defense and Don had sworn, "I hope I never get a job." There was much truth in the statement—a dullness was desensitizing. When demands were not made upon him he could walk in dreamy indifference of mind and body. Veil upon veil clouded the live mind in restful dormance. Don would wake from a day dream of nothing to find himself at a task that must be done again and again in monotony of reflex that may be performed while the subconscious is working. And the task would then seem as nothing of worth, a mere routine conformity that is done without question because such routines have ever been done. But, while the subconscious was active, time was as little. Eyes lost in inversion lived over past experience seldom—not made that which was not of what had been, and such a state is happiness to the idealist.

But this tearing aside of veil to force a live mind that sought seclusion was torture.

Don tore the veils. He made himself to do—but not to be.

This personal application meant an effort to call forth all hidden resource. It meant leaving a cottage of the mind, beginning to be neat and quiet, for useless, meaningless turmoil or unregulated traffic junction
There was no equivalent, there was no art. The situation was too complex.

Just something to say.

I feel like a foreigner in the same circumstances. I am a stranger here.

The kindly understanding was marred and I knew a twisted here.

merochandised

And now do we feel to be understood like this when you are your own

A kind of men who was a doctor as well as a board of directors said.

plinking percent of right-being of their finances

there was a ride in the night—and looking back at a point that was

present, and the emotion of france. No more.

It's done—a part of me now in submission of submission because

the cream of the cream, of the cream, and the cream, cream. The cream has been a

the job—separating—separating in the night. And now there was another—another who sought

He was there—and he was led by the cream. Waves of cream

Embark analogy

And now we're on the last embankment hill. This such a senseless

no better face

where none rose needed another—one another—same skyline like none—and
Don know what the had this job.

Then had done been the great crowd.

Perked by this episode, for the emotion still was apparent. And expected.

Bended in shadow of circumstance, Don's intent had not truly been

No reassurance or reassilation to ward the other whose appearance but

Now defect was expected because it had been expected. There was
CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

He sank back into an existence of subconsciousness. The routine that kills time insidiously, for the mind lives under a curtain—a most welcome curtain.

But the boy who had driven Don to the town at which he had made the dream application in the bleak midnight light stirred this restful insensibility. He was an Indian, thin and shapely, dark of skin, of hair—with dark limpid eyes that mirrored an instinctive knowledge—a fine sensitivity. This boy was schooled—yet mystic and of Indian—staunch Catholic faith. Had it not been that here was one who had something in his faith, Don would have greatly wondered that such compliance could be in so finely attuned a nature. But there was also fear in the soul mirror of his dark eyes—fear of the incomprehensible.

But the knowing of this boy disturbed Don's seeking of tranquility, yet it also dulled his forcing himself to immediate hope of action. Here too was one who must wait. And here was one to share in a living death—but, "Can I share this—this something that cannot be named—this living nothingness that my mind makes for me?" And he knew that the slender dark-eyed youth shared his existence beyond questioning.

But the boy could resist and he objected to that quality in Don which would absorb those whom he liked. Yet his was a speechless objection.

Don knew that he had now met with new experience. Here was a boy whom no one would ever know well.

He could lie—but his lies were those of inflection. The Indian refutes analysis, and this one resented a knowledge of his own likeness to another
whom he sensed too wise to be of any known pattern.

Though he wished to know Don, his eyes alone told of this.

Don did not wish another in this near—neat, and quiet, cottage of his mind. "But I will have his there—I’ve always taken in those whom I know understand," Don sighed, "whether they will or not."

If there were resistance in him, it was his sublimation of reality in the subconscious life that was his—even with the boy.

Don smoothed the dry-crisp skin of the backs of his hands—the quirk of his right eyebrow a triangle—the tug of light tendrils was active again. But this time it was poignant acceptance.

Even in the eyes of others.

These two who lived in a dream world—oblivious.

To Don and the boy the reality of light was substance. And Don became quiet as another nature. He learned acquiescence a value. It was this drowse of an influence.

"He puts me to sleep—but my mind is alive—yet restful." It was Don’s first experience with the power of dark soul—expressive eyes.

And these dark soul mirrors were ever to hold for him the mystic somethingness that is the elusive story of innate experience—that experience beyond which there is no ascendance because all knowledge has been tapped.

"It is a gift that is the God in man—this eye mirroring of the most bitter sage, and yet sleep serenity in effect. Strong with our plains is this inherent knowledge of allness and oneness—complete in each individual who is near the primitive and alive in truth. The philosophy of the west plus the east is in this silence of knowing. If only the world and its
external ways would but leave me alone—expect none of the material conven-
tionalities—I might live without a weapon," Don reasoned to himself
in half dream thinking.

"Certainly this dark-eyed Indian knows the mystic something, yet he
wishes above all else to be left alone—alone." And Don knew that it was
his duty to keep this Indian quality of aloneness which nothing really
perturbed. Then he could be in rhythmic symphony with all nature.
CHAPTER THIRTY

They roamed the hills together. The boy carried a gun—Don smiled. The eyes sought to give themselves the lie. The Indian mother, who was typical tepee born in the middle west at the season of tapping for maple sap, had told of the bird he had killed. He ran in quivering horror, with the soft-feathered warm little huddle in tender hands, to his mother. His dark eyes suffered as he cried, "Mother I didn't mean it! I didn't mean it! It just happened." She had understood and remembered. "Indians kill only from need," she told her son of a white father. "It was a mistake,"—but the boy was not comforted.

Now he carried a gun. Other men carried guns—but they shot birds, pheasant, prairie chicken, sage hen—even hawks. When Don had at first, questioned about the gun, "I'll take a pot at some gophers," the boy had said; but his eyes didn't say it.

Once his dog had been stricken, much as if he had tried to swallow something that had caught in his windpipe. Don had found the little dog with its head under a pillow of a windowseat in the sun, its torso spasmodically swelling, growing lank from the groins upward as it fought. The boy had taken his dog to the Indian doctor. Everything; scratch, ache, pain, or semblance of such; went to the doctor—not always in faith—but because the Indian has a great watch dog in Uncle Sam.

A four year old Indian tot had said in answer to Don's absent murmur, when asked why he didn't buy a car, "I'm broke," "Why don't you go to Uncle Sam?"

"Uncle Sam doesn't care about me," Don smiled.
"Oh, yes he does; he takes care of everybody. Why don't you sell your land? Then you could buy a car."

"I haven't any land," and Don went automatically about another small task at which his mind might wander.

"Haven't you even got a forty?"

At Don's headshake the child's brow knitted in puzzlement while his eyes showed deepening color.

Don remembered another time when equally at wonder at the world of affairs he had asked two four year old youngsters, "What makes people happy?"

The little girl snapped, her bright eyes hard, and without the necessity of humor, "Money."

That was in the days of the drafty old dorm, and Don had laughed a laugh without humor—and echoing the great strain of the need for it. He had turned to the little boy, whose brow had knitted much as the little Indian's, though his eyes were not such intense darkening mirrors, "Work," he said slowly.

Don let the rug he was flapping in a breezless hot air drag on the porch rail. "Surely not only work," he said.

"Well, work—and—play."

"What kind of play?"

Now the hard-bright chatter of the little girl who knew, distracted the tot, but he hesitated again to say, "Play—play like fishing."

"Why not football?" Don asked, for the child's father coached athletics.

"Humph!" the little fellow ran after the girl's chatter, "That's not
play. It's breaking legs and arms. I'm never gonna play football."

And Don remembered that wisdom—if it were but preserved—is remaining a little child in understanding.

And when a child, Don himself had asked as he played at some forbidden attraction, "If God sees me—he's watching all the time? Why doesn't he stop me?" But Don had said this to himself.

Now there was this Indian boy who preserved childhood's wisdom, but tried to hide it while his eyes belied his lie. He carried a gun sometimes. But Don watched his dark eyes, he knew that man, the god in himself, understands, "Were there ones who truly let the god of him master—if he wished to live among us—he would have to carry a gun?" But he left this a question, for Don saw childhood's truth in creating god in man's image. He saw the forcing of man's patterns in youth that carried a gun when he could not kill if he tried.

And he did try. He tried to kill his dog. Don and the boy's mother both interfered. They knew that he would be killing too much of himself.

Later, when Don approached the back porch, the boy stepped from the door. "It's done," and Don knew—before he added, "The doctor did it." But the eyes were dark pools of quiet.

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Don knew the boy knew. There was much of power of light in his dark-eyed mirrors.

And Don sought the back of the mirror as he sought to reverse all living that he knew. He had once received a very low grade for an essay in which he had expressed his imp of the perverse obsession.
Here was the boy whose Indian blood told him that he knew. And Don looked at his eyes and said, "There's the fineness of truth in him because he's so near the so-called pagan. Even though his truth is not the truth of man-made social benefit—still his truth is that which is true of the beginning of things. But now we are all middle—and there is no beginning—no end. So what he says is often a lie because it has only been his convenience to think it. When his thinking does not accord with mine, I say he lies—when I do not deduct in accordance with man's adherence to age-old inductive thought grooves, I am in discord. Humanity needs to get into reverse if it is to be able to have faith in itself. We have had enough induction. We now must deduct—because there's nothing else left to do. We cannot yet fly back to the kinship with nature where and where no expression of frustration was necessary—when no god in man's image was. But we must—we must go back. It is the law—greater than man's patterns."

Then Don knew. He knew that his subconscious world had deserted him—he would know it now, transitorily, as he always had—but he could no longer live in it alone.

It was because of the power of dark soul-expressive eyes.

Now he must again brush at the dust rolls from pages that smothered his intuitive knowledge until he could no longer feel intensity of light. The near-neat cottage of his mind had closed its doors. He must move on restless tired feet as he brushed—brushed at dusty lint rolls to make a present and future more positive.

And with this advancement into the fields of consciousness, another
to be on earth as it is in heaven.

It must be preserved as a clear unclouded light through the
thought—and know that he must remain and preserve the thread of light, and
care of all that is—only to refer to some thought what I need. I
must use—
all things. I must learn to face every and others fully. I must ac-
step in a pitch momentarily.

169.
BOOK FOUR
Born
of disillusion
I'm glad
to walk
Alone
a path
Apart,
alien
to others.
Alone,
beleaguer,
illusion
steps aside
and all-wise
Orient's
disguise
of true
passion
finds expression
in simple,
guileless
frustration.
Unaffected
sublimation
tears the veil
of flesh
and lust.
Spirit rests.
CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

When Don received the telegram, he went—crossly rubbing listless near-sleep inertia from his eyes—to the door and barely suppressed a sudden desire to slap at the impertinent face of the grubby youngster whose hand held this summons. It was the symbol of a world of action speaking a timely urge. It was a job.

But before this call to action was to lead him among the minds of the young again, he was to tease through language lather and book dust to inner conviction of illness in fundamental truths. Again the college atmosphere absorbed his energies, sapped them.

Don sought, as he always would, the significance. "The worth of books lies in a crying voice—a voice of deep distress—in the throes of humanizing. Unless there is this voice I am but conforming to the forms cut—following the wide road. . . ."

But the great restless urge to impart was, of necessity, he now knew, to be curbed. One must live.

"But I will cut a path."

Now there were many older people in all Don's classes—people well fitted to patterns that were to be graciously accepted—but the right to judge made it necessary to know which might know a path. There were the grumpily middle-aged to whom growing old meant blind acceptance. All trace of living showed only in awkwardness of body—bulging waist lines, thickened thighs and slack-hung thinning breasts of women unrealized. Hair not only grayed; it grizzled from constant frizzing—the patterns were apparent docile acceptance. Where was a mind?

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Don found one—young—but it carried a body that years had somehow disfigured. The hands large-jointed, capable, and searching. And occasionally
Don found youth in more than the eyes of this strong figure—youth of mind uncertain—but full with its urge to learn. The wistful was not, for Mrs. Garden enjoyed what each moment brought—and sought to know what was of worth. Slowly she seemed to win. She glows with inner conviction of a right—her own, Don knew.

She had classes with Don, and did the same study from a great background of knowledge and conviction. Their discussion helped greatly to form thought funnels from chaotic language to tease away scholarly mannerisms and conventions to the bared bones of vital truth. When success was theirs, Don was a twanging discord of torn nerve ends. The search became his only life.

The physical was disturbance. Now that he saw those elderly bundles of inhibited mental inertia, he feared his own body. His hands had always been aware of age, but the body seemed to have grown more youthful as years rounded and added weight. But Don discovered his thinning hair in anger. All that was to be sought—all that must be carried out in this laboratory that was his body—must be found in a being as shabby as the god man had created in his own image. "I suppose body tarnish becomes as acceptable as the comfort of spectacles," Don said in wistfulness, his right eyebrow a triangle.

Mrs. Garden's truths came as a balm. "It is the mind that governs. Youth is only of mind and spirit when you know. There is a wheel of fire whose central heat lights us a path that we may live in gracious welcome of the fullness that years bring." She grew in youth. To the discerning eye age brought beauty.

There was Don's joy in dancing. He learned that his physical buoyance was too much an expression for those whose minds found their patterns a comfort—a comforting corner in which they might sit—and judge. But Don
learned a kinship with them. "They have lost in the struggle to consume all that comes their way. They still try to make others theirs in all things. So do I." He had to let it go at that. But Mrs. Garden saw fruition for him in these small recognitions of the small truths.

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There were others. Those who sought life as a mystery with the flame that is inexperience. These were as bright moths seeking light and scorching heat about a light bulb. Don remembered how the tall chimney of a wick lamp would gather moths about its flame—a bed of crisped worm-like bodies—blanketed in ash dust of their own wings.

He knew this search was his own—he with a recognized burden of body—they with natural joy in their own firm flesh. "Why must we do desire to destroy ourselves? We seek greater adventure------", and he had to let it go at that—for them. His own conviction of a light that is individual—yet cosmic—he would not forget. "There is a reason far greater than this moment," he told young enthusiasts who gaily cried, "Tomorrow we die"—and cried it with denial in tired eyes—old eyes.

They shrugged off Don's query. "What is it to die?"

One whom Don sought because he understood, when he was out of the group and saw clearly on his own, maintained, "Rest and nothingness—the richness of earth is our cosmic contribution, so we take now this richness fed by the dead souls of men." In this one's eyes Don saw the souls of those dead of whom he spoke. He tried to tell this. What he gained was a reputation for an uncanny influence. One dark-eyed boy who had a rest-inductive influence for Don really had fear of him. "He has a knowledge of something that leads him beyond us while with us. He often knows what we do when no normal person could," another told Don the dark-eyed one had said. Don laughed, "It is he
who tells me—he has told when I'd have given plenty that he might be quiet—then he puts me to sleep."

Don knew this talk of his insight into the mind of incident to be nonsense, but he did wish to know the recesses of a subconscious that was building patterns of these young lives.

Again the light rays of him, that had dimmed with enforced falter of his advancing mental and spiritual step, were tangled. Too many were in the line of ray. It was the same twanging discord of rasped and torn nerve torture that came of the realizing a truth by teasing away the weight of overripe verdance to the germ of books.

This highly chaotic existence was not for thinking and acting. It must be observed from the sidelines—or taken part in—one or the other.

Yet Don sought to observe these young people and be among them too. Mrs. Carlton knew this struggle. "Don't let all this confuse you. It's the same process of brushing away the inconsequential to find the significant elements that is in books. Only he succeeds who is calm," she warned.

Don could have been more nearly calm but for one—one who did understand when not of the crowd. One whom Don knew was yet to live significantly, yet who lived now as if he must tear away from earth what it yielded of the dead souls of men.

To these young people who lived in the moment—they maintained—Don said, "This is the vulgar over-American you accept—while you think you are too—too wise. Decadence is knowledge of one's living always—always having been and ever to be—and not as earth, but as something that hovers above it in spirit. This over-vulgarity of seed and growth is but socially fostered to preserve the most unnecessary of living. And were there never another
I think you'll take much of what I've been flatly.

But—once you've been flatly.

and you will.

become your other satisfaction from the room you've been flatly.

But—once you've been flatly.

You will take much of what I've been flatly.

and you will.

to open other doors they lead out from the room your much have occurred.

the Great Adventure—in Knowledge—because you know you're there—then those you are.

in a way and patient. For you can write and look upon the room as room.

have come to you is the greatest aspect. Then you can be beautiful—well

at that point not until then—and welcome it—then you can subliminate.

there will be until they can take of a trainee of experience all there is.

also.

Until you can take of a trainee of experience all there is.

you need to choose some people who needed to experience a trainee of

even me not nice.

Exceed superb one choice to inart all things that make work demanding pain

were done. But the head been exceed superb one that made people who liked

and they did not believe that theory—just as those who we have known so

related and remained.

As did not accord with the theory that took what it offered now as the only

There was much of post-experience. In this, so the manner and

a job.

The old escape answer me too easy. But you had another. It's just

as question—what is subject.

and to those minds we must think shorter reach into subcerebral this thought

important.

the subject that learn that we and our contribution to a material more are

What there is there which we all may take of—more we willing to share

the.

You and your sublimation. They learned in more—unimportant understood—

more important action—became an unfruitful paradigm.

from descending—presuming of sounds over a year—there—none from

human beings born the world would be born in this hour—there. They could be
It is often difficult to compare work methods that have been better described in print. For example, when a teacher has been especially effective, the results have been good. School boards often determine to whom they prefer to entrust the work of a teacher. By the same token, it is clear that a well-organized system must be formulated in order to make the best teacher more efficient. Your presentation of methods makes me think of expanded use of texts and books and the

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knowledge of attendance for all.

Of unknown association with spirit reason there must be born an enduring

that don't know, but don't care. They were "centennial"...sentimental of expediency who so passionately--sentimentally nothing less

From the moment at revelation of the truth--so these most

honest as don't care. They were material.

"Am I the only candidate?" was the little sensation. She was now answered were not to

were a common answer--better--better--better--better--better. She was there.

there he could speak with much easier and the man who boasted he could fly there

for this moment don know that better makes strength. For the man who be--

He had struck a chord--responsive.

Because you uncannily felt society--

of eternal social concern in a world of the miscellaneous social and the way one

each of you, in one of my rooms. Why I have one

- - - - - - - -

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But he was to learn that a sturdy flanked front opposed him. While others of much less qualification, and experience, got jobs such as he sought, he still sought.

"This opposition is more formidable than that I met from those who would have proved me immoral," he told Sid.

Determined, Don sought to learn the why of this refusal.

"Why am I turned down again and again when girls who smile sweetly are hired?" he asked the head of the placement bureau at this factory of educational frustration.

There was evasion from this one who sought to preserve his own position of popularity—yet to satisfy those whom he considered underlings as well, since they were great in number.

But one day Don was too irked to accept further evasion.

He deliberately goaded the man: "What is wrong with this institution that it disqualifies one for a good job?" he asked. "Why must teachers from out of the state be hired in preference to your graduates?"

The answer was circuitous: "Let me tell you something about myself," he spoke as if to be deferential.

"I can endure much," Don answered for he knew there was reason for his own irritation.

Then he listened to a braggart's tale much like that of the small town bully—one that carried him back to a lane behind the old government doctor's barn next the school yard when he and Darcy had run the gamut of abuse that the newcomer among school youngsters must take until he has been thoroughly anatomized by his fellows. It isn't much difference that the years make, Don thought. He'd often been new on the job.

And here was a Doctor of Education telling him a silly braggart's tale.

Don's imp of the perverse served him too well. Having listened
impatiently, Don told another tale and increased its magnitude of valor many fold. Of course he was himself the hero of the tale, but he knew this man lost the point because subtlety—even as pointed as this—was beyond his self-absorption.

The reason for evasion was disclosed.

"At least three men have been in my office in the last ten days who have refused to consider you for a job."

"Why?" Don asked.

"May I tell you something without creating hard feelings?"

"Tell me—let it create what it will," Don was goading seriously.

"They say you are effeminate."

"Anyone who teaches school—pants or no pants—is an old maid," Don answered—as he had so often told his pupils. They had never failed to respond, not always pleasanfly.

But the material mind does not enjoy attack upon its smugness: the conventional male mind cannot suffer mockery when its very superiority is attacked, least of all when it is attacked by another male.

There was no understanding here. "You are what you are—I am what I am. What of it?" Don queried.

He knew that this was just an excuse that had been used in response to his ungracious insistence. Too much had been his knowledge from experience to accept a childish attempt to attack his vulnerability as a reason for a failure at placement.

"I have placed myself when I made personal application. All that any employment agency has done for me is to mail my references. I have often informed an agency of vacancy that had not yet been officially reported, asking them to mail my papers to the superintendent or board. I have applied for
jobs with the most unimaginatively smug conventionalists among board members, and have worked for them and their communities. Indeed this is a pretext used to promote failure on the part of a Doctor who has no faith in one whom he does not understand," Don told Sid who listened only half-heartedly. Sid was too much concerned with his own problems to offer positive communion. Yet he too knew the smug defeatism of a west that rejected the sensitive nature.

There was a spirit association that meant release in this harangue to Sid, who need not speak a living spirit communion.

There was no help to be expected here. Don must go on alone.

"Why do I torment myself with this? It is independence that I must have. I come from a long line of tillers of the soil—of their own soil: there is no independence stronger than that nurtured by the soil; effeminate—effeminate as mother earth," and Don laughed wryly when articulation was comming with himself, as it ever was to him.

The chief solace came of his scribbling. The release of formed action was very real to Don: that this was very bad verse was not his concern now.

_I'll Lead Myself to Water_

I will give in service
the best that man has;
I will serve the public
in its schools or wars.
But I will not say again
"Will you please consider me?"
though I know you need a man
I'd rather fell life's limp tree
Than ever go again,
stand before another
man, jaws shut like a clam's,
as rapine glance quivers
Past me to the new wonder
of a girl's sheen sheathed slender
leg and thigh, lingers round her
hips where her girdle holds her
treasure (just as in Herrick's time)
and the breast with grace of line
quivers: making rat eyes blind—
to me.

Out from this quandary of books and of bother, of those who tore at
the tendrils of his sorely sensitive convictions—as all growing convictions
must be, Don walked with Sid. He could and did understand—as Don knew when
alone with him.

Together Sid and he sought assurance, and again Don knew resistance to
his will to dominate, to absorb, and to lead. He knew this as blind emotion
that had no quality of true compassion. It was selfishness. To this Don sub-
mitted. No matter if the standards of judgment were those of others' patterns
—still he knew this driving force he wished to conquer as selfish. Yet he
would give....

And he wished to give in no sense of condonament—his giving he knew to
be purely the instinct to sacrifice. But he did not see his sacrifice as an
offering—a payment.

"I must sacrifice of the powers because I am of them. When each of us
realizes that, terminology will not be necessary." And terms had grown ugly
to Don, particularly in the harsh light of these young people's reasoning, and his too recent awakening from the neat, quiet cottage of subconsciously from which awakening had been too casual.

It was a resentment, but it was enduring. Like all of his being Don knew it must be kept in reserve. He would learn to live among accepted patterns and yet follow his own path.

Into their own Don and Sid walked, and Don knew now that here was but fleeting assurance that could carry flesh and blood warmth, yet he knew Sid was one who could preserve mental and spiritual warmth. That was what mattered.

Sid talked the doctrine of patterns—and talked it sincerely. He had his own planned in advance of the years—with an unusually reasonable allowance for unaccountables. At least Sid would not teach long. On was amused at this—yet reassured. Sid helped one to realize a strength reserve—both physical and spiritual—a take it and leave it strength.

Here was comfort too of no talk, of a mutual communion in nothingness, a place and a being where terms were not. Words, even, did not matter. There was the sense of being in touch of hands, and whole flood of life that swam in growing assurance of light—at the enveloping warmth of arms. A nearness to that which is beyond bodies and swine into a consciousness of past-present-futureness. Being always. But to Sid Don knew that this was not the fruition that it was to him: it was the present, and Sid wanted something of it to keep, "That someone may always understand," he said.

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Don watched for Sid among the many tall and liths of limb—often as they stalked alone—a slight slump in shoulders, arms hanging to a long sweep-swing, and legs a flow of symphonie movement. Always he was troubled when he watched for there had been this confusion of rays that became anguish when crossed.
Now the fusion seemed to have centered everywhere—nowhere—"Persons may be losing identity," Don thought. "At any rate Sid looks like them all to me, until I have his eyes." This troubled him greatly. The longing to know each apart, and now to have found that bodies seemed so alike—there was no real differentiation. So may the allness be a oneness.

"It is another part of sublimation," Don told himself as he lay in dream-filtered night, his hands covering his body in growing sweep of sentience—the hands that spoke of dry-crisp age, body that could grasp a soul. Don had learned that bodies are not assurance—and souls must have a way.

"They don't stay in boxes. They must have a path—and, I believe, they have to go alone—really untouched, for they'll still be seeking." He was stopped again by terms.

The dark-haired girl who truly was different—dressed her dark hair and her body differently—was matter-of-fact, honest—often rather terrifying—asked, "Why isn't a spade a spade?"

There would be language later in the answer. But surely anyone could see a spade helped build, or unbuild lives and lasting somethings.

"A spade digs a grave," Don told her.

"Don't we all?"

"Yes," Don told her, "That's why terms are so unsatisfactory. You are a spade. I am a spade. What is there in calling a spade a spade?"

"Or a soul a soul," she answered.

Much as there was of distinction in Sid for Don, he could not tell him from another of his height—at any appreciable distance that made individual features uncertain. There was much in this Don didn't know yet.
There is much to be let alone in life. And much of this is knowing others. Don knew now that he had known others too well: Tim and--maybe--the Indian boy of dark and soulful eyes. But Sid he would not know fully. Sid resented his knowing--in a way--yet wished also to be known as the beacon light out of dark--but there was his likeness to so much and so many. He was even like Don's brother, Darcy, in a vague way that was a stoop of shoulders and lean-lithe lankness. He was more honest than Darcy could ever be for Darcy had sought so earnestly when a small boy to be what a man was--what was the pattern of all men.

And Sid wished only to conform externally that there might be comfort. The soul of him was to go on its own adventures. He was so like all others in appearance and yet had such a magnet of light for Don: the incomprehensible power to draw that was not to be understood because he so very like them all. And this power of his was of the flesh too: his slim deftness in movement, lank flatness of thigh, and hard strength of lean arm that could send surging blood and nerve assurance of light through and beyond Don into that something of all and ever.

"Am I beginning to see more clearly, or is it that the difference has been--and now I'm changing?" Sid wouldn't answer for he did not wish to show how much he knew. He did not wish to be too well known.

Don thought of Mrs. Garden's belief in fruition in a recognition of the small truths.

He knew that this kinship for Sid was flesh, blood, and spirit craving--partial satisfaction--one in which hands could cling together in assurance, but yet one in which the greater significance, as of a single hair was lost. And Sid physically seemed like all those whom he saw, and had seen, ever since he could remember.
"But there must be this difference in spirit--this individual and especial comprehension. There must be--or there couldn't be an especial right". . . .

And all this was as nothing when Don was with Sid. Then there was a very especial something. That each is all and all is each is the story of man.
CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

And the Puritan is us—just another long accepted form of perversion. "America", Don laughed. "It was founded on an urge for release of libido. America, whose virgin New England became a cesspool of the European strangle knots of inhibition, has established a vast of wide open spaces where people are all that they ever were. Where the indecency of forbidding fruits is the greatest virtue. Here knowledge is prescribed in anti-doses. To say what you know—when you know—is suicide for the body. Not to say is suicide for the soul—to many. I'm going to save my soul. I'll save it in spite of the Puritan, the west, and virtue." But he knew he would walk his path alone.

Sid talked of fear. "I'm conquering it now." But what he had feared was the very backbone of the social order.

"What you fear is what you must forget—must taboo—unless you want to take the yoke of all mankind."

Don chose to walk alone now. He knew that many believed as he did, but knew that they crept in fear. He had joyed in the fierce flight with nature at her wildest when wind and hail were the gunfire. Now he'd joy in the battle with himself—nature again—and he would find this joy in battling against the inhibited nature that was his own.

"I have learned that others must be graciously accepted—patterns and all, but I can be another. I can have a path. And I will serve—and in the schools. I shall be in the very heart of the local-sociocrate—-but I will be one who knows."

"And what of all that you have learned?" Sid asked. "What of the knowledge that is becoming a further means of persecution in the hands of the 'God-fearing' wise men?"
"Knowledge is not to be an interference. Despite the fact that our wise men say that "every state, whatever its form, will educate its citizens in its own image." When you know that you know, why say it? It is to be my job to help others to learn—but everyone makes of what he learns what he pleases. I will not consciously interfere."

"What is your own explanation of sin?" Sid, who preached an anti-God doctrine, wanted to know. But he knew. The asking was formality of defense.

"In the light of his own nature, experience, and encumbering knowledge man must have his own conscience—a path—from which to stray is sin."

"You believe in God." Sid made it an almost terrible accusation. He seemed very young to Don.

"I believe in the divine in all that is part of the scheme of things. Man is the nearest the power beyond all that is—he is possessed of God. God is man—vice versa. But what does it matter? Man has said these simple things since he formed a means of communication with his fellows. When you know you know, why bother?"

"And what is decency?" Sid was reviewing Don's analogy as a ceremonial—and he sought a braverio in defense of his own narrowed preference.

"To be decent, if we must suffer an abomination of errors, is to accept of the beauty in all truth—and to live in honest accordance with one's own nature."

The game had been fun and an exhilaration in that Don had had another chance to say what he maintained needn't be said. But the maintenance was evidence of his own respect, forced though it might be, for an established social doctrine—basis of an order that robust America must endure.

"When will an essence of the spiritual ever be genuine to people here?" Don asked—and knew nausea for the rolling gray of wind-swept plains—apart
from books, futile theorists, and all that was nonsense. But all that was
of the elements might tear at him, and—in the wakeful dreams of night—did.

Analyzing oneself brings the cry for mothering from the innermost self.
Don sought rough tenderness of wind and dust. Here was a mother who would
justify the defense in one. His hands grew in sentences and held his body
apart, but in his half sleep of dream the soul crept out and played in the
wind, and he felt a breeze lift his hair, sigh as it nestled in the lobe of
his ear—and sleeping—forgot the soul of him that vagrantly played in the
wind.

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With Mrs. Jordan Don agreed somewhat. At least the path one chose was
destiny, both foreordained in the nature of the individual and developed by
the will to be. 'Man makes his fate in his first steps here, as he walks in-
to the infinite. There must be terms if one is to speak—but the lines of
definition are hazy. We do become a part of all we meet—and we progress as
this has value for us. To put it briefly; the man about town is his own ideal
and so he becomes in the all enduring—almost static. It is the static we
must here avoid that we may progress eternally. "The God in man is without
compass," Don told these young people who assumed that brittle attitude of
the glass that is shattering.

"Time is always—and man becomes a part of all he meets—is one with time
in spirit. That his belief is he is. The politician is ever politician, and—
if he has an ideal—may ever work toward it."

"And what of the bridge expert?" asked the girl who dressed her hair
differently.

"If the next most intricate play is his aim, and that is all, he will no
doubt be ever working out intricacies of the game."
"And aren't we all?" she countered.

"Even as you and I," Don smiled.

There is always test for the inquesting mind.
CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

The job took Don back to his pupils, but this time to the high hills—to the mountains that reared snow-capped heads in a white insistence. And this insistence took food from the air. Energy must be supplied from without for the body requires oxygen. Don learned that he required it in great quantity. Palpitation was necessity to pump blood. And always there was a teased physical wistfulness. The body seemed not to be fed—to be offered promise after promise and never to realize fulfillment.

There were week-ends in the mountains, trips in exploration of canyons wild in appearance as they were in the days when known men first looked upon them. And to Don these were experiences. But always there was a negative pull. The mystery of the plains was part of him, but here he was a stranger and found himself surprisingly unmoved. Once in heights that from distant view were majestic the folded ridges were still a taunt to man's achievement—but they were closed. There was the rejection of closed doors in the silent blankness of constant columned, sometimes fluted, endless rock. There was the insistence of the not to be sought in the enduring sweep of old and weathered pines. No individual tree was.

The forces of nature in alliance are forbidding. One man may be a friend. One tree is great comfort. The universe is far too great for comprehension. The whole of pine-clad majesty is not inviting. It was not to Don.

But one experience became a dream consciousness. Don had rambled from the party with which he had come down a canyon to get the feel of descending through clouds. He had been above them to look upon a rolling ocean that left him on top of a lost world. It was a surprise to find that he came through that cloud cover without knowing it—that the sun shone on him and on all he saw—until he reached the depth of the canyon where it was necessary to keep
...even though I had a solid schedule now.

as of this time I am still going and want down the outside of the

Eldora of the day...--at least a home's worth, in January of white

you--an accomplishment to the Great during, yet smaller, orders of mind in hours.

together they watched on. the Greek soon grew upon them as an obsession--

hope. i'm on my vacation.

you're not used to this. don't mean to the temporarily

enjoyed the chance to talk and laugh at himself.

I just to time getting up that bank. the laugh shook, but he expounded.

what did you do.

right.

the eyes of a black bear whose paws were on the other end of the log. he

just stepped on a log to cross the creek back there and looked into

the meadow round the theme. any wild game in those hills? don't know.

he opened the lid of the bucket to display the layer of trout, went but

any thing.

beau.

the man had a fish basket and looked pleased at sight of another human

to be different.

for he looked like any other--yet to don this was a new world where all other

need, but still a trout. shortly a man appeared, the seemed a strange man.

dance in the depths of the canyon he came upon a certain small. little

the need to

obtained entrance for the other tossed red or some entangled with stitch beside

stood for the need to the innovation which formed a

bed of arms of the need to the innovation which formed a

to observe a point come or a fall then some impossible here since all men a

to the other opposite the em's camp if he wished to be in the warmth of light.
Then don't say the full bottle of an old-fashioned right away. Then there were
They were sympathetic because they acknowledged their attempt at youth—but

younger ones knew it for a  sheer impossibility, the sheer jaded fiction. There

would be a defeat—a recognition that despite some corn of melon, and these

boils which come not partake of emotion—and the consciousness of

en garde. The mood was born of irresponsibility. There is no expression in the eyes—

light enough to be its own glory. The mood seems quite the expression. I could see

the reaction was personal, and I found the end and felt of emotion

"And to control," he said then.

But the reaction in place of all consciousness—yet make that self one observer are

the eye. No resort in spite of all consciousness—yet make that self one observer are

indistinguishable, and prove that if good and exposed and lustful with personal sen-

there was reaction, participation in the written word, sense this that man

now composed a mental and spiritual entity the total of this essence.

From our own experience, what we feel that we have known already—do we

remember? Only we can dear them in reaction to those who are

what they offered—who the masses—and another reaction the glibly enough

Tell of all youth on the great adventure

and offered their own fresh physical presence—the present that is the most hope—

there were those younger sets again, these pulsating who shouted so much of Don

---

attest that we have known already

Do this was the partner...

appeciation that could answer questions
was a living comfort needed.
CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Don made no mention of the knowledge that was growing—knowledge of a path in the west. Not in this atmosphere of no true youth, Don knew it was not the mountains that prevented a growth; it was a transplanted puritanism that held the reins. Here was another corn-fed-belt—from which one could not see out. Youngsters who sought knowledge must take what was dished out—corn on the cob—corn in the ear. How was one to help these fertile minds to find even a single seed?

There was the usual horseplay of boy and girl. And this was beam upon—a wide beam that shone red-faced above double chins—coruscated bosoms of deep-bedded depths of compassion—compassion for the flesh of the bearer. "I must not judge—but if these beams don't carry the scent of lascivious leer, I don't know people," Don told his mirrored reflection—and noted that his waist line needed compassion. "It is a vicious right," he nodded as he turned for a side view, deliberately exhaling and tightening abdominal muscles.

But there was true sympathy and it flowered in the dull light of the classroom. Sunlight at a premium—too great. This is the west. "Why can't we appreciate the splendor of sunlight enough to soak in all of it we can get?" Yet Don knew he didn't seek light as he should. "All growing things should turn to the sun; I long for light and don't seek its all." And he spurred himself to make of the mind a spirit—synthetic light.

"We will have light—how many centuries hence?" The loss of those to whom he could talk was a force.

There was one whose charm led to evasions. Don soon was much in her company and there began a whole science of evasions. Yet a warmth was in this. Human companionship is essential in the gracious acceptance of what is, whether it is a west that is but a reflection of New England or whatever.
Don knew himself to be slipping into acceptance, church-mock willing to be.
"I come to your young people's meeting because I wish—because I wish to be
with you. It is in no way a requirement I make of myself as a duty, it's
pure selfishness", Don told these over-active youngsters. And to her whose
charm was evasion this was sacrilege.

"One should make it a duty to these youngsters—to oneself—that one
come to them as a better example," she beamed. Don looked at her cre-magnon
forehead with a strong sense of repulsion. And these were times when he had
to hold his own reins to get the "easy now" surface essential. He remembered
his mother's sly look of bared teeth, which she gritted at once with the sly
look, and said, "We all have to be hypocrites, but we don't have to preach
hypocrisy." What must be remembered was that thinking about accepted patterns
was sin to the weak.

And the girl of evasions was everywhere spoken of as rarely charming,
sweet, and nice. She had a following of old and young. She was a force in
this shut-in community that was just large enough and old enough to be posi-
tive of its righteousness in all things. "Well," Don thought, "they do have
a good police system. But I shouldn't grin. Police are as essential as I—and
I'm supposed to be policing—only I don't. I'm suggesting in every
thought that present thought ruts must be broken."

That he had to be careful of his attitude that he might seem ever gracious
he knew. Yet there was much—too much that was galling. He sincerely wished
to feel kindly toward all. But the growing conviction of the sin in ignorance
that refused to accept a pattern other than generations of familiarity had
made comfortable was ever with Don. He was more than between two fires for
there were complications.

This one whose charm was evasion. She was of fine character. She did
think—but not as those who get beneath the root of life to learn how blood infuses being with fire.

She was a check to reasoning—and often a welcome one for unalloyed reasoning is the eternal merry-go-round and even makes the spirit dizzy. "Why bother about living if all has been said and done, and nothing is for the individual?" Don asked.

"Why bother at all?" she asked, and Don knew that this was what people wanted—wanted when they were corn-fed for their own slaughter: slaughter which would stop in the whetting of a knife for its own extinction to leer at the horseplay of what they considered legitimate libido release.

And to himself Don smouldered with wrath at this licentiousness that even as economic necessity these people didn't consider: merely what had always been, what always would be. "Until there is decadence there can be no spirituality," Don wanted to shout to all. He knew that the girl of evasions was his immediate cause of anger. Instinct led her in a rut. All men were male animals to be treated as such—whose physical urges, play upon play would make to respond. Then there would be another home unit, the social equivocation of a oneness, and to Don a spiritual reality—there could be children.

Don had endured much of this game which seemed to constitute ringside seats at a horseplay of youngsters whose curiosity led them—but whom he cared too much about ever to make the harsh criticism he saw in these leers, and often heard these leering ones to say. And to sweet totters, hardly more than walking, old crones who beamed sweetly would say, "My, my, such a big girl, and have you got a beau?" The manner of social graciousness was enough to bear then. "If there must be terms, then let decency lead them all—because there is no decency."
Nights after such durance were a writhing hiss of flame that no sentiment of hands could protect a burning body from. Overworked heart fought in frenzied effort to pump oxygen to blood—when no sufficient oxygen was to feed this heat. His bed became the steam wet of press, and his flesh the humid-plastic mass that it had been when the sun seared him against the fresh-painted wall while he plopped the brush along the withering clapboards of the slim peak of house at home. Even the strained vertebrae of his neck caused a near catalepsy that made thrashing about impossible. Only opiate sleep deadened nerve torture.

And Don knew he was losing his fight with himself. Light could not be his until this commonplace became the truth no one could resist. "To resist is to try to be the only god," he knew, but found no path except that of resistance.

This overstrained resistance was much due to the girl whose charm was evasion. And while there was the battle of absorbing possessiveness, of a tired-tight flushed passion's bitterly fought defeat, there was also the whole battle of man to make against the conventions of all time: a personal battle of inaction—one of mental and spiritual protest against the scheme of things.

There was so much of the individual protest as to make Don's protest that of all man who sought matrimonial bonds in recognition of their great part in strength. The protest of every man against woman's all absorbing ways—woman who by nature is matriarch, yet demands man's whole being, his creative gifts in every sense, his formed and unformed thought. The protest of every man against demands upon his every tenderness, the blind reading of his every action as performed with especial thought of her. There was in Don's relations with the girl whose charm was evasions a whole history of
male and female incompatibility.

"And still I wish to accord. I wish to appreciate—and want appreciation. But I do definitely desire to be allowed my own pattern—my own path. Am I not to have human companionship to know this?" Evidently not that of this girl—though she desired him—and there was another side to argument there. She had the right to desire—according to all she knew. A girl sought a man in a seemly manner, and in most cases she got him—or got something from him. Something better than compassion. And Don did offer that, and could not offer more.

Not if he were to follow his path. Then he knew that each deviation must be paid for, even though it might not be a happiness that is balanced—still a payment must be made.

"I have committed the very sin I declared against. I am not following my own path."

Don knew now that despite the fear he had known of the loss of a job that meant the means to a right to survive, he must break these ties that had been made loathsome. When he had been turned from his classroom—in that black time once before—he had learned that a teacher lost certification definitely if he were charged a moral danger to the youth of the classroom. Map's lust for the licentious had then been his enlightenment. Had he fought for his job at that time he would have been proved immoral and would have lost his certificate. That the proof would be false meant only that every man has a price. He had known before that man will fight for his pattern—when he likes it and does not wish to be more than that which is ever acceptable. "But man will fight for war," Don had told his pupils.

Now he must lose again—to win. "Success comes through failure—if it is a wholly realized success," Don had told the pupils who struggled with
badly mangled construction of papers and much worse oral language murder. There was not much promise in this statement, but Don knew that for him it was the only hope of light.

And the thought of leaving these youngsters came to him often, the nostalgic longing for them and their warmth came also. The bright interest that shines out from a motley of faces and variegated gangliness of figure was life to Don. It was home and family—everything. He often grasped a youngster in play when one more reverent of established patterns would have been thinking of classroom decorum. His favorite pet message remained, "And I could chew your ear."

Turning from the immediate warmth and light of these inundations of communication was not a happy thing to do.

But Don sought not to think of this. And what precisely he did seek to think of he didn't know.

There was this girl whose charm was evasion—not for Don. It was those who were satisfied with themselves who found her charming. She qualified too for the work Don did. "Leave her to the closed hills," Don thought. "I'll seek the open plains. No they won't be plains—they'll just be open. And the justification to this girl will be my job. I hold it dearest—let her have it, for she's entitled to it in many ways. She can give these people what they want to know. She belongs to the closed hills with frozen heights for locked lids. I'm going where the sky of light is not locked—where sun warms my window pane."

There is the growth that comes of remuneration; material remuneration may mean spirit gained.
CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

But the light on the pane was not of human warmth.

Habit had its way.

Again Don sought the language lather that was books.

And the masters became unsendurable because they were the only right.

They were praised, overhauled for criticism's sake, and praised again. "They have only said what we all know. Let them say a different thing once—even though beauty—art—may be sacrificed in the saying."

The brittle-wise young who maintained a life of the moment—and belied their maintenance with mirror eyes—eyes that were the islands of men—Islands where the soul keeps a lighthouse. They were now Don's torment and his warmth.

A midsummer madness had struck these lightning bugs of youth. They proved Don's saving grace. They chose to become artists themselves. "We'll try a hand at this game that is subjected to so much bosh by our elders. We'll be mimics too and mock at the muses," cried the girl whose hair dress was different. "I'll bet the muses will hand us something for mocking 'em. But they haven't been mocked—properly—oh well, who knows what a man thinketh?"

And it was war.

The muses must have been delighted. They were belabored with a maudlin mundane of ardor that had its chief asset in that—its ardor.

All institutions were thoroughly riddled with a religious fanaticism. The one rule was: work on what you know. The group chose to know what all mankind has known from the origin of an institution to its present. A denuded corn-fed west was much of its aim.

It was a lusty denuding.

"One thing we have in our favor: our language lather has little froth. We have too little water—or we don't use much soap. We don't leave much
meat on a carcass we strip," Don said in strained humor.

Their brittle glass attitude was temporal. "The hour glass doesn't hold its sand," the crackling dry-humored girl with the dark different hair dress said.

"We attack the marriage institution and have the unadulterated crust to call ourselves modern." Don laughed in mirthless crackle that revealed the strain of need for humor.

They had substitutes. The girl spent many nights, without removing a hairpin, at a typewriter that jogged off words crazily. These words had virtue in that they carried the strong bitter-sweet of youth in revolt--and spoke of sad need for understanding among the youngsters Don so often missed. "I could chew an ear off." remained his frequent release from intensity expression. She also wrote of the old teacher whose years of service left her turned out of the classroom--too old to teach and penniless from whole-hearted service.

"Suicide is the common end of the social servant--Oh I know it is frequently disguised, for even in death a servant remembers his people," and so she wrote it--bent over a typewriter well wetted with salt tears of youth's vigor in release against the enforced crime in a well known haven of the freedom of will--of speech--of plenty--for all--who are artful enough to tramp over their fellows to get it. "No haven here for the old age of service--unstinted emotional outpour of that which leaves a mark on growing minds. Without them we'd be the same deep-bitted corn-fed compassion, for ourselves only, that they fought--the indigent old of service, the school teachers who leave thousands carrying the brand from their wombs of trifling knowledge with which they strive to provoke minds into living."

Like all idealists she overdid her ideal. The dark brown taste of overcoming stereotyped pattern without stint--always crowded by the one theme--she
expressed by a drybrtillke laugh. "I feel like the Russian army had tramped
through my mouth in its stocking feet," or "Each of my teeth is wearing a
puisy hood," she said wearily, her eyes a blar, as she made the daily class
rounds after an all night vigil at her typewriter.

One of her stories was so bitter, and so interlined with hard impact of
compassion, that reading it became an internal emotional hemorrhage. "It
leaves one heavy with child—and seeking an abortion," Don told her.

"I've had my abortion of the moment. All I'm not drained of is nerves,"
she offered tartly. But her hair remained as intact as though just sleeked
and coiled. Don had never seen her touch her hair.

And there were the others who wrote, who composed music, painted.
Poetry had its place—but it was much more an immediate emotional outlet—
like Don's dancing. One might have a cat and canary release in a verse jag.
But long hours of prose drill was not only release—it was near-complete
drain of emotional resource.

These young people were younger than Don—but he shared—or sought to
share the more thoroughly because of that increase in years. "I am a part of
all that I have met," was as much reality as he could make it.

Spiritual gain must find release.

There came a welding of this tie to those of the immediate group Don knew.
It served as a consecration to a cause—the cause of the pen they had chosen.
The girl whose dark-coiled braid of hair dress was different sat at her type-
writer during long night hours of which she had said, "The hour glass doesn't
hold its sand."

These hours were ones of burning truth recorded in type. Now she was
working on a story of which she said nothing. But her eyes were the tired
blear of attestation. Don knew she was giving herself in a greater consecration
The old teacher

that should be my life of a baby at ease. The girl-souled

there was more than the life of a baby at ease. The girl-souled

of the necessary education. Now the students plod to school at her feet.

even though opportunity for work and wages were no longer compromised to the cost

hold another. The new her mantissa had gone to yonder in need of schoolings--

is meant the tone of her job. The new mantissar far too old to get and

The patient old teacher shouldered this as a burden of love. She knew

without the social environment of a youth.

part of not escape a baby born to earthy parents--and above all one born

was playing the role assigned the Ethernet. The education of which she was

scheme of men that make the God to seem it above all virtues. Yes one

high school yonder? With the least necessity, played a role so won in the

second case a girl had played that lead of the play, so wanted in the little of

those yonder? Lead to a baby. But the play had gone one from the

Grat who had presented the lead opposite him was in an interrelated chamber shop.

but the softly school teacher learned the boy's story and after the last

The play went on.

burden of hidden maturity.

their pedagogues did--in the many ways in which woman escape and express the

reach a stratification in the closed motion. She knew those patterns better than

because of this, but the teacher was too much aware of the patterns not to

summed the corded motion and these were superior to the practical instruction

the joy of the school--honesty. But the boy who was playing the lead seemed

teacher was describing a play--a play--in which high school yonder were gay.

One day the story was read in class. At the opening of the last school

than she had done. as yet.
had no time to berate herself—or anyone else—that this situation had been created. She felt the additional weight of the occurrence under her play supervision. She had known there was something wrong. Was she as blindly trusting as the stupid parents? No—she was more so, but she had far greater understanding. She had fought the "suppressed old maid's" wild desire. She knew it for fact—and had made a compensation in beauty—the beauty of unstinted love in service to youngsters.

They drove over the old weed-grown trail that zigzagged down the narrow gorge.

The girl was there at the shack by the creek, in a brush hidden old home brewer's still, in the dugout hole behind the shack with the vats, boilers, siphon pipes. She was alone and had just gained semi-consciousness when they found her.

How the teacher knew young heart's grief in fact—also her burden. The child had not thus been deserted without good reason.

They carried the girl out to the car where the boy held her on his lap in the back seat. And with these two whom she found to have a claim on her that she could not deny—did not wish to deny—the teacher drove back toward town—up and down the crazy high trail that had seemed endless when they had driven out. Now it was short. What could be done with these youngsters now—to save them from the lasciviousness of the righteous she knew too well as her patrons?

A moan from the back seat warned her. She drove to the most ridiculous angle of the high narrow trail above the bullberry thicket tangle of the gorge below.

The girl was dead. The boy lay as lifeless—the handle of a jackknife protruded from his neck below the jaw while his blood drenched the breast of
the girl his arms still clung to.

A few days later the tangle of the car and the three dead bodies were found in the flow of water over a hundred feet below. The break in the bull berry thicket at the height of the trail had shown the way to discovery.

Details of the story were easily woven among those who knew—ready imagination filled the gaps. Both the boy and the girl had had a few fellow-pupil confidants. Loyalty to their teacher had prompted these youngsters in defending her, for she had been found with the driver’s wheel driven through her chest.

But righteousness stayed on.

And so the girl with the dark-soiled hair dress had written it. Her eyes were a humid bleer. When asked for class criticism, Don said, "If she writes any more like that she’ll lose ten years of her life with each." He didn’t know the strength of his own statement.

"I did bawl so much I had to retype many of the wet-streaked pages," she admitted to Don when they were alone.

"But now to revision", she sighed as she rubbed at her bleared eyes.

And other nights were spent at the typewriter. The revision progressed bitterly.

Then one morning Don found her at her desk in an outer office of the library—her body twisted forward and sidewise over the chair arm. The swivel chair had turned with the shift of her weight—away from the desk. The heavy old machine—of the eighteen inch bar variety—was on the floor back of her chair. One corner was, while the other tipped toward the girl’s head. Her hair was as ever in perfect order, but the carriage release, left hand release, was neatly hooked through a coil of her hair—into the loop of a braid near the scalp. Evidently she had drowsed, her head drooping forward on the machine,
and the weight of her body had pushed with the left shoulder until the machine had slipped from the desk—swinging the swivel chair quickly.

Her neck was broken. She had been dead for at least four hours, the doctors said.

And here a greater tie was welded. Those of her group felt the need to preserve not only her now perfected story, "Abortion"—the last sheet of which was still on the roller when Don found her—but to preserve the unconquerable spirit that she lived.

To Don a far greater bond was building. He must go on in an unromanticized vision of love. Here he might find reason in going alone—not that he needed reason—but to be socially acceptable reason became paramount. And there was only sincerity in Don's grasp of this. The girl with the dark-braid-coiled different hair dress had held for him a fascination. They had entertained the idea of a bond—much in a mystic manner. Now Don felt the bond a seal. She was part of his life forever. One eisireres of light rays—the greatest Don believed—was now paralleled.

Don did not forget that she had told him of his coming to her in a dream. He had noted an unusual degree of turmoil in her suppressed violence of work in the days before she told him—and the dream was as old as the fever of which she had told it. She truly had thought of him seriously.

She has a chair, always, in my most cluttered, and cherished room, Don knew.

There was comfort. In his aloneness there was supporting spirit. That their frequent equivocations were part of this made the oneness the more valued to Don.

This thing called Death is but a final chisel stroke in the memory of the oneness that is allness.
and still we know

CHAPTER THIRTY-SECOND

and still we know
protect their mental and spiritual virginity may be their saving grace.

Ugh!—terminology again. But how can we expect a people as satisfied as this to know the real thing—the biblical history must be repeated in the west that there may be youth permitted to lead out from this aridity to a land of promise—where souls can seek—seek light. A thousand years—well a beginning must be."

And Don scribbled again, as he now did frequently. He knew he had written something that was verse this time.

ARID

Even a delicate cactus bloom
holds one in a desert until life's noon
and far thereafter.
Even a dry clay loam
draws its moisture of the moon
forever after.

Even a gray sagebrush
keeps alive the slow sly blush
of youth and laughter.

But this urge to language latter, which Don had to admit was but the recurrence of age-old book stuff, was not enough release. It was not—because it was proof of the necessity to express what had not found outlet elsewhere. "The urge to create is so essential a part of nature that no man wholly escapes it," Don told Sid.

No need to tell Sid who had other phases of creative urge than mere language latter to consider.

Sid was developing proletarian pains. These young people knew the outline of humanism. They knew its vagaries of development as they knew history in shady outline. And more than that they did not care to know. Theirs was the life of the moment they had said, and now each was building futures—and yet burning each moment for all it was worth.
The result of a war... That's the answer to the power of communism

But now is the time of which that hope and optimism are the

background. The background, whatever it is, must be

embraced and fostered. Attentiveness is the only answer to the

question of the people, and so our

proposition is that we can

read our popular magazines. See our mother. Propaganda's

end is to be so easily discarded.

The result is that the society of

laborious emigrants will remain

unchanged. The result is that

the question of the population's

propagation is in favor of an enormous communism.

Communism

without investment, the present investment interest may be used to the advantage of

the society. It is a fact that they don't want a propaganda. They don't

want a propaganda. They don't want a propaganda. They don't want a propaganda.

They don't want a propaganda. They don't want a propaganda. They don't want a propaganda. They don't want a propaganda. They don't want a propaganda.
And Don laughed at his own turbulence over a nature so thoroughly imbued in human beings as to be unalterable. But—was his whole fight such?

"Yes, much of the satisfaction of those who seek culture is the height they see themselves to have attained when they look upon the masses.

"Yes, I know there are exceptions. Time will heal the wound of the proletariat. In fact it is healing it. Many of them can browbeat us now. I've worked for their schools, their local school district dignitaries. The rugged immigrants from vigorous climates delight in getting their heels on the necks of those who instinct tells them are their mental superiors.

"No. I'm not worrying about anything so simple—but rather that which is more simple—man's oneness with the powers that are—always."

And Don considered material advancement—science—all that was evidence of man's oneness with power.

"But will not all this that you name lead to an eventual better man?" Sid asked.

"You know that's not what I mean," and Don's eyes said the understanding that was Sid's. "The interest that is ours is the scene of our lives, our instinctive home, our west. Always, it is said, we are called west—or back to our west. Now that we have a certain character that is west we have people with all the attributes people have always had. We have aspects as a people of which one never hears. It is time for a west to speak of those, now. Someone who is centuries ahead of the herd must speak. Ahead of and behind the herd. All growth has a cycle. Our west has its beginning in the native, the Indian, and it has its end of the cycle in the appreciation of that indigenous quality which is the Indian's—"
I:

Don spoke of the enthusiasm the young people have for democracy.

"Until I certainly desire to speak, but you know I'm not understood."

Yet not without consideration.

And may don't you speak for the word. Did you read presentation.

that is beauty.

And the means synonymous—synonymous with mean the proposition.

"So I have done. I intended.

there were the speeches"

And you have mentions representing the history of all nations of all.

indeed that the first free verse in America was Indian.

verses for example. From it and other illustrations has grown the known.

the len that is so much desired by the congratulation. Just take the free

back to the nation. We with amount much of time by the shape of learn

may know dependence and we will see a founded science that have scattered us

folded participation as men have yielded justice, when we can see, then we

not of all to come out of the west—our west. The greatest achievement

freedoms or qualities that are native to America. The greatest achievement

of important or recent writers in America. Correspondence are contested. The

most interesting of the wind against most the equipped. The most
married women who clung to the fringe of youth and greatly enjoyed a handsome young man's attention.

Often he had driven such a woman about in her car. The entertainment was usually but inflected word play that has that especial flattery for women, particularly the woman who knows her youth to be affectation.

But for Sid there were several women—each amusement soon dulling.

Then he had found a woman who was unmarried—at that uncertain age—yet an independent business woman who played Sid's game with honest amusement. There was no question that her satisfaction was what Sid's had been in his merry-go-round of former associates.

Sid liked this woman.

She was no longer young, but Sid almost worshipped his mother.

The game became complicated.

Sid had often used a car borrowed from one of his married friends.

Strangely enough, he did now, with a feeling that it somehow made him independent. Independent women either ruin men—or cause them to attempt independence. But Sid was not thinking of any influence this woman might have.

He liked her. She enjoyed the novelty of the situation as a woman who has been in business, has broken the chains of housewife convention, will.

One night Sid had the car. They drove later than he expected when darkness, the car lights, and his watch led him to seek the first available turn for home. Wives had husbands who could be nasty about who might borrow the car and when.

Sid was driving and the woman had her head on his shoulder where it still unromantically met with her day's problems. But she was too wise to speak of these.

Sid was driving a lonely trail up a gulley, a wagon trail that seemed to have no turning in this deep rock crevice. Then suddenly they were on a
lookout point with a pine railing. Here Sid could turn. But the gully had
as suddenly dropped beside them as they had climbed. Five hundred feet
must have been the depth of the sharp incline at one side—perhaps as much
rise was perpendicularly above them on the other side.

But Sid made the turn and in the exhilaration of the moment stepped on
the gas.

When Sid knew consciousness again the sharp scream—like the yelp of
a suddenly hard hit pup—still rang in his ears.

He could not move, but he knew the woman was beside him, that she seemed
thrust against him as by a great weight. He felt the blood on his chest and
quivered as it ran in slow drops down his belly.

Sid remained conscious throughout the long night, and how much of the
day he sat in the hot glare of the sun on the metal of the car he did not
know. All that time he stiffened, unable to move a finger.

When searchers found the wreck, they removed the pine rail that had
gone through the windshield, through the woman’s chest—piercing her ribs
and her right lung—pinning her against Sid beneath the steering wheel—
and protruding several feet beyond the rumble seat cover which it had torn
open by the force of the car’s fall.

And all the while her blood had soaked Sid’s clothes and gradually
covered his motionless body until it formed a dried blood cast.

Sid had remembered the scream that pierced his eardrums when he became
conscious—remembered and spoke to the rescue party of it; he jocularly
asked them to take him to the morgue too since he could hardly be more dead.

No doubt he was not aware of horror, having sat for many hours east
in the blood of a woman for whom he had felt affection, whose dead body lay
heavily pinned against his own slow struggling heart beat while he could not
move.
He had joked.

He lay for a few days in the hospital. Then he went about attempting to assure those whom he owed that he would pay all expenses of the accident and funeral. Sid felt the coldness of attitude toward him. He knew positive vindictiveness for he had been formally sued for damages on the day that he had been found. Now he knew those most concerned to be dubious of his ability to pay.

His reaction lay in action.

He had the car repaired and drove about town sitting on the very obvious blood stains of his companion of that night. That no one would ride with him while the stains were on the cushions did not prevent his swinging the door open to call to passers-by. Sid knew them all.

They decided that they did not know Sid.

Here was a school teacher in a bad way. Friends of the deceased could not look him in the eye.

This was another instance of the wrong ending for the story—the unforgiveable. Had Sid been a murderer he might have won favor, at least sympathy.

Sid knew his place, but he did not resign until the end of the school term, although everyone knew he would—must.

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As Don thought of Sid's right to be provocative in speaking of the herd—much as he might wish to accord externally—he knew reason for the understanding that was his and Sid's.

This urge to finer creation does some of deep distress—a bitterness of the berry left brewing.
CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Don still fought to keep individual strands of relationship apart. The more there was of fascination in personalities the more there was of torment. Pulls—tugs and twists. And the futility of their scribblings—their wranglings—their language lather. But they all had a common sense attribute. They all sought to speak of what was complex—of cause and effect—of being—simply, very simply. It was not that they wished the greater to appeal. It was that they knew themselves simple.

"We are of a once simple native west—what remains of that natural west has made us simple. We should speak of it simply. What is great truth but simplicity—humility?"

But life was not simple. The jerk-jar of thought process was as bumping grind and worn iron crunch-crash of a stalling and starting freight train. Nerve ends struck with snake coil and hiss, waving tenuously in raw red vulnerability.

Surrease from this was physical action—and here too were ties, binding, tug and twist.

Sid and Don found outlet in long night-light rambles and Don listened while Sid talked on—to himself—or another self—for he chose to think of Don—of his childhood—of fears—awakening. And it all was interest because it was Sid—a personality blending with his own.

After one of these day terms of tempestuous torment the boys rambled away—rambled in a oneness their own. And the night came with the mood.

Sid sat on a hill that overlooked the spread—of lights—and looked to the stars. "I'd like to reach a star for me and eat it," and he fell back with a light sigh—a sigh that wafted up in the night light to become a part of all Sid reached for. He had said what Don felt of this oneness..."
with power we seek—to be a part of all that is in winging-rhythmic beat.
Fulsomeness of night caught the two, and their creed became as one with all
they knew—all they sought—all that makes true comprehension. The body was
there in lithe-limbed roundness—winging-rhythmic heartbeat and blood surge—
and the moon and stars in inverted bowl above closed down on its truth—its
understanding.

There were lights below—and it was these that beckoned. Don would have
clapped that moment—have been it and nothing more—forever. But the lights
below beckoned, and Sid accepted their pattern—his duality was what Don had
known—before. But strength is in acceptance of all that we have met—and
beauty is appreciation of each gift bestowed. Fruit is in this,

Stars above—light below
your light and my light
wrapped—wrapped
oh so tenderly
in your vulnerable soul

seemed the key for Don to this treasure-locked moment—and it was tucked away
with his scribblings. Sid too chose to remember—but for each sweet a bitter—
for each bright a blight—’twas part of the creed that seeks the greatest
truth of all—it was cosmic right, and humility accepts of offering gladly—
and walks on steadily in the path that remains.

Neither all nor allness need be lost in frustration.

Don remembered that living graciously means understanding—that im-
patience is a negative value. Youth builds on impatience—but wisdom grows
of a search for serenity. Mrs. Garden saw Don’s mellowing and spoke of it.
"You’re gaining ground," she commended.

There was in this a knowledge of man’s dependence upon woman. There is
in a wise woman commendation for man. Without bolster for ego man fades in years. When youth goes out from him, he seeks a hearth warmth, Don knew. His path was one that required woman strength; he looked within himself for this.

And he knew what he looked for was not there. His was the dream conscious—subconscious knowing, and this otherness he sought was not to be realized within.

Deliberately Don sought to create the ideal of woman. And his seeking was of the naivete of all young men plus the discernment that has been attributed women. The mind of his creation was the romantic echo—the carbon copy of the mind he would make his own. The will was yet another thing.

The will of a wise woman is stay to man—stay for substance—order for chaos. Knowing his weakness Don sought the will of direction and form.

But the physical—there was less of the nebulous here. The slim litheness of figure that was but the medium for the dark eye-mirrors of soul—that must be perfect. Don wished for the gift of a sculptor and painter to create this perfect medium of the divine. The limbs that were molded to straight thighs of fluid musculature clothed in health-glow of fine skin-smooth reality. And there was no accentuated line from waist to hip, but the clean, straight, supple sweep of boy vigour. Flat torso rose to firm slight breasts that were not at all the cupped promise known as female fatality. They were as the smooth rippling rise of an indrawn breath—the nipples the pink firm of warm blood. Don felt actual hate for the pimpled dark of wasting blood, that spreads nauseatingly in soft breasts of inviting female voluptuousness. Yet this perfection he created knew the beauty of passion—feet free to swift rhythmic beat in a constance of cosmic orchestration—free to trip, swing, and glide in swaying unison with
his own cry for youth that now seemed so transient. And hands—there must
be comradeship, of which he had known only the promise, in these slender
hands—hands whose strength could also sense and mother a torn and worn
substance of soul—hands whose warmth could guide without exhibiting the
strength of will with which they might pull.

And there must be sentence of more enduring passion—the passion that
is peace.

There was always the girl of the dark braid-coiled hairdress as a stand-
ard of judgment—much that was she, Don knew—spoke in this creation.

Don could create perfection with all dreaming youth—he could do more.
He could wait—wait alone.

But there were times when he longed to run the tired crisp of his hands
into long waves of dark uncoiled hair and to bury there his quizzical quirk
of lifted eyebrow that revealed a still torn and twisted soul substance.

"One can judge others only by himself. That is his right to judge."
Don knew that dark-eye-soul-mirrors would always hold fascination for him.
His eyes might not ever be as expressive—surely not ever so dark—but always
he would understand the soul distress that breed strength.

No perfect creation could come from his mind which had not this appre-
ciation of mystic allness without which there can be no true knowledge of
beauty.

The girl of the dark braid-coiled hairdress had seemed suppressed and
excited for days before she had told him that he had come to her in a dream.
She came to Don, now, in many dreams of day as well as night.

His hands still had something of the maternal in their tender dry-crisp.
"I must nurture this strength that is mild," he warned his imperious youth-will
to conquer. "I must spread a simplicity of light that is the basis of spiritual growth. As a woman leads indirectly, so must I ever try to lead. My pen can spell thoughts, less of stone and steel, and more of the heat that has melted their confluence to distillate—now accepted as play-things with which to kill all that is left of the spirit—best.

"Our west must know beauty of lapis-lasuli and aquamarine as its own sky, prairie sweep of wind, and its heritage of the sea. There is the voice of all soul crying in the wind, and the promise in the green of the earth—in all the simplicity of nature is the answer for these wasted souls that over-stuffed bodies disguise in sullied minds." And Mrs. Garden gave discerning attention to these limpid vagaries of romantic mind that had caught some thing of cosmos—made of the stuff man is made of—which only decadence, Don insisted, could bring him back to in true cadenced rhythm.

"The man against the sky in a plane should know—but he lets the wonder of the material he's helped to create testify alone. That is not recognition of the god in man. It is the shoddy god creation man has made in his own image as compared with the rays of light that each of us is in the order of things man leaves to his unvoiced dreams. Musicians and artists cry it—children are it—man is, generally, lost.

"Out of the west we know may come the voice."

"And which swing of the pendulum am I on now?" Don asked himself—and laughed at his own consistent inconsistancy in the fight to win himself.

"Where in this pendulum swing comes pause, comes poise?" There was Mrs. Garden's secret of living alive. She had an interest in all youth because she had arrested youth; somewhere the pendulum had paused.

"Can one will this pause?" Don asked.

"It comes of growth—the recognition of a likeness and a fitness of
things—all has a place in a wheel of fire.

"A wheel of fire around the rim of which is a path. But only those who know the flame find the light that carries on." Mrs. Garden could be specific—but such limitation was not for Don. From generalization came his greater realization.

And did still was like them all—he was the generalization of much that Don had met—strangely, of all that he had not realized too. His proletarian-ism was a symbol. Don's mellowing was yet to be realized through his rhythmic light rays winging out to all—for when they truly reached for all, then they were not the tangle-tug-twist of torture that writhed in his soul when he sought individuals in the group. A quiet was enclosing Don.

But it had a deadening effect—the cry from deep distress must continue hungering if the creative is to find fruition.

There was truth in the youth is the poem idea—and poetry is not when hungering leaves the soul at rest.

But Mrs. Garden had preserved this cry of youth, this living cadenced rhythmic beat that was cosmic.

So Don walked alone, knowing that his harshness would come again and again to possess him, but never wholly forfutness in living is in knowing all things in their place. Decadence would come in its turn of the wheel. One who walked ahead must be gentle—must know a soul-seared calm that would be caught in flames of joyance.

But joy is weak.

Not ecstasy but sentient peace—dreaming soul that has an eye open is wisdom.

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Only as man thinks is he. He doesn't see through blinding varicolored
flames ever. The mystery of things is never wholly his—else he would be wholly god. Yet by the path that is around the wheel of flies—that knows what is not prescribed—that resists the consuming sordid commonplace and ascribes to the greater whole—by the path that is of all time—of all men—of all that man has known—is the light of man.

"A man is yet to be that knows and grants a right to live. Out of the sublimation of lapis-lazuli—aquamarine—wind-swept plains—land and men—the wholesome unity may yet prove man's right to be—apart from patterns man preserves as all life, the idol, the only, the all—will come the first light of wheel lathed path that is cosmic assurance, and Don shrugged the weight aside.

His eyes on the hands that were dry-crisp of maternal molding, Don walked down the path.

Echos—echoes—of all that Don had met—echoes that went out from him in strong winging rhythmic beat—and back to him—all recurrently came. Apart with the cosmos only could he bear it all. One man in his—his time— all time—space—dimension—to carry the load down his path.

And when there came the cross of ties that bind and out, there was an answering cry; He had written

There is in faces deeply chiselled Pain
wrought there of despair.
There is in final depth of cut
the art of passion spent—
spent but not truly vanquished.
Deeply chiselled lines
disclose the suffering there—
and much more in the same vein. Then—"There is a Cord"—
There is a cord that binds us tightly
You and I
Thigh to Thigh
Breast to Breast
Cheek to Cheek--
There is a cord that binds us tightly
binds until it cuts--
cuts and makes heart bleed
and if the cord grew tighter?

In this bleak soul-taut vein he wrote.

But now he sought to pen the answer within himself:

Round Body Beautiful and my symmetry
each with soul light discerning
still every yearning--yearning
for bodies cannot quite
stretch the cords taut enough
for one last loop about tangible.
Give me Round Body Beautiful one last loop
break this uncertainty
clothe my symmetry
in your vulnerable soul.

Here was the cry of a soul in creative urge--and alone.

Part of yours his life may be
Blood of Blood
Heart of Heart!
Yet if his is not to be
satire on the art of living
each unto himself apart
must create his own existence.
But Don did not wholly believe this—for being alone meant more to him—it meant an apartness with the whole of being—with all time and space—a further dimension.

And in this west he knew was the sprouting of the decadence of further dimension.  

Success comes through failure. Don wrote—

For days we've had a fog
friendly blanket sent of god
in commiseration for fumbling souls
who in protective mists
may venture out to wonder-sea
in gallant-vagrant ships.
Today the sun beats strong
Upon my window pane—
I draw the shade.

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Don walked the path clothed in the substance of enduring light.

What is one man's virtue may well be what has been another man's sin.

But—in the aleness is a oneness, man's own limit to his divinity.