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# Geneva Thorne : A Narrative Poem and A Picture of Pioneer Life Revealing The Grave Foundations of Culture In Kansas and The Slight Structure Built Thereupon

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GENEVA THORNE, A NARRATIVE POEM AND A PICTURE OF PIONEER  
LIFE REVEALING THE GRAVE FOUNDATIONS OF CULTURE IN  
KANSAS AND THE SLIGHT STRUCTURE BUILT THEREUPON

FOREWORD.

This thesis is not written being in the thought that it  
will add one jot to the known facts of Kansas history.

A Thesis presented to the Graduate Faculty in  
partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the Degree of Master of Science

of Kansas. This type has always, in the telling of old  
tales, been left unused; the still and even tenor of  
their lives does not attract attention. Yet they were

here, and they contributed the richest blood that Kansas  
boasts today. To the youngest generation of their blood

OLIVE VAN METRE

I owe great thanks to Dr. R. K. Macgregor, who encour-  
aged me to undertake a thesis of this nature.

Approved \_\_\_\_\_  
Major Department.

*Myrtle E. McGinnis*

*H. B. Reed*

*Acting* Chairman Graduate Council.

Date: May 21, 1936



FOREWORD.

This thesis is not submitted with the thought that it will add one jot to the known facts of Kansas history; but it is offered in the hope of stirring appreciation for a type of pioneer who helped to lay the corner stone of Kansas. This type has always, in the telling of old tales, been left unsung; the still and even tenor of their lives does not attract attention. Yet they were here, and they contributed the richest blood that Kansas boasts today. To the youngest generation of their blood this story is particularly addressed.

I owe great thanks to Dr. R. R. Macgreggor, who encouraged me to undertake a work that I had always wished to do, without whose help it never would have been done; to Dr. Mc McGinnis for her aid and sympathy; to Dr. Floyd B. Streeter whose own work I was allowed to use in getting timber for my tale, and to Doctor Wiest for the sheer inspiration of his life, and clear philosophy.

*gift*

*Oliver Van Matre*

*7/9/36*

Storm and the night blowing clear  
And the prairie all unshaken and free,  
With a pale-sky, crystalline, hollow, stark, and  
Clasped in its silver rim.

### STORM AND THE NIGHT.

As upward through morning-white fair  
The grave shadows rise, light as life,  
So Faith rises out of disaster,  
And Hope out of darkness and death.

Gray, savage wreaths of storm hurled, wave on wave  
Across the plain,  
And every creature, blind and cowering,  
Clung to the sheltering earth; the wild winds raved  
With many voices, rising high and shrill,  
Or sinking down again with shuddering sighs.

Storm and the night blowing clear  
And the prairie all chastened and dim,  
With a pale-azure, crystalline, bubble-blown sphere  
Clasped in its silver rim.

As upward through morning-shine fair  
The grave shadows rise, light as breath,  
So Faith rises out of despair,  
And Hope out of darkness and death.

With now and then a savory hint of pine;  
The stove looked jocund, bulging out its rosy sides,  
It tattered the singing kettle playfully.

The night was coming, still George Thomas  
Sat quietly and waited.  
He felt the grisly-gray, lean-bellied shade  
Steep 'em above the roof,  
And quivered a little when the sunset spelt

-1-

Gray, savage wreaths of storm hurled, wave on wave  
Across the plain,  
And every creature, blind and cowering,  
Clung to the sheltering earth; the wild winds raved  
With many voices, rising high and shrill,  
Or sinking down again with shuddering sighs.

The settler's low-browed cabin, lonely, lost  
In miles of roaring whiteness,  
Hugged its mother sod,  
Allowed the wind to rail in senseless fury,  
And shielded in its stoic, earthy walls  
A tiny realm of warmth and cheerrul light.

A bright fire crackled,  
Relishing its feast of oily hay  
With now and then a savory knot of pine;  
The stove looked jocund, bulging out its rosy sides.  
It teetered the singing kettle playfully.

The night was coming; still Geneva Thorne  
Sat quietly and waited.  
She felt the grisly-gray, lean-bellied snade  
Stoop low above the roof,  
And snivered a little when the unseen sprite

Waved death-white hands before the window's eyes,  
Or breathed in through the crevices  
Low whining threats of hunger and despair.

And yet she smiled to see her silly stove  
And gurgling kettle, and the lazy yellow cat  
So cozy on the green baize cushion of her husband's chair.  
She sewed, and smiled reflectively,  
And thought how Andy would appreciate  
The juicy roast, the crusty new-baked bread  
And wild plum butter  
That filled the cabin with their fragrances.

Sometimes an apprehensive shadow dimmed her eyes.  
She glanced too often at the fat, determined clock  
Tick-tocking minutes- now the hours- away  
Upon its wooden shelf.

Sometimes the door latch rattled; then an eager light  
Suffused her face, but ebbd away again  
As the deceitful gust of wind passed by.

That girlish, olive-clear, and mobile face  
Was growing pinched and pale, when came, at last,  
A heavy fumbling sound outside the door.  
She flew to draw the latch; her Andy staggered in

Beaten and breathless, his face dull crimson  
To the bushy, frozen brows, his forehead glazed with ice,  
His cap, his mittens, and his shaggy coat  
All gray with clinging frost.  
She pushed against the fury of the gale with all her might  
Until the slab was safe in place again,  
And bolted fast.

Anxious, she watched him as he leaned against the wall  
Brushing his hand across his blinded eyes;  
But when their bright, undaunted, kindly blue appeared  
Resumed her breath, and monstrous busy all at once  
Pulled off his mittens, and unwound his scarf,  
Ran to the stove and took the kettle up,  
And set it down again, and poked the fire,  
And dumped the drowsy and astonished cat upon the floor;  
Who, rising up with wounded dignity,  
Stalked off, sat down behind the stove,  
Then, philosophically,  
Began to lick his paws.

When Andy was seated comfortably with "stocking feet"  
Upon the hearth, Geneva thought to ask:  
"How are the cattle? You were gone so long!"  
And busy with the spreading of their savory meal



She did not see his face, but, after a pause, she said again:

"What, Andrew?"

"Why, they're---- all right. Yes, they're all right. Ho-hum!  
I'm hungry as six wolves, Geneva. Let's eat."

"The third day since the sun," she said, "I wish we knew  
How Swansons are. It seems so funny not to see their light."

"It's not so 'funny'," Andy growled, "for you.

With Hell turned loose a-howling at your door all day and night!  
Geneva, are you sick of Kansas yet?"

She stared. "But, Andy! You're the one who likes it!"

"Oh, sure I like it; sure I do, and I-----"

"But drink your coffee now, dear, while it's hot.  
I'll light the lamp."

Later that evening only dancing light

Thrown out in circles by the little grinning stove  
Was in the room.

Geneva sat near it, thoughtful chin in hand,

Watching the blue flames scamper through the coals,

And Andy sat in shadow. Melchizedek,

Deigning to leave his ease behind the stove,

Strolled over, put up asking paws, then leaped

And settled down on Andy's knee.  
Rubbing his furry neck against Geneva's arm,  
He purred, and blinked with emerald eyes against the light.  
All three saw changing pictures in the flame.

Geneva saw lamplight falling on the snow  
Through cottage windows where the Christmas holly hung,  
And glimpses of tinsel gaiety within;  
Saw cutters racing through the blue still night  
While singing voices rang back from the hills,  
And sleds like arrows on a silver path  
That glittered in the moon.

And then she saw the icy cottage eaves  
A-shining in the amber hush of evening time,  
And people moving through the quiet streets  
Toward the chapel door. Saw vesper candles,  
Orange flames against the gray of solemn windows,  
Or, at the long Aisle's end,  
Still, lovely stars.

The scene changed suddenly; through doors that framed  
The laughing, limpid skies of sunny May,  
A lilac-scented breeze stole playfully,  
Stirring an old man's hair,  
The lace on a dainty lady's gown,  
And blossoms on the altar.

-6-

She seemed to walk down the long aisle, to see  
The little flower-like figure tripping on ahead,  
To hear the rustle of her bridesmaid's gowns,  
To smell sweet roses.

Then she saw the sober clergyman  
And Andrew- such a different Andrew then  
From this one, so familiar and her own,  
Holding pretended wrangle with Melchizedek  
While she was dreaming absently of scenes  
Far, far beyond the plain, beyond the river,  
Beyond the land of blistering wind and storms.

Her thoughts slipped back again unto the parting hour  
At home. Her Aunt Cordelia's face!  
Stony and silent with the grissled hair  
Held back by steely combs,  
The wry mouth puckered,  
And the dull eyes wet with tears.  
Above the hill tops all the dawn gray sky  
Was swiftly mottling into fleecy rose.  
"Red in the morning----" quoted Eli, set his milk pail down  
And hobbled to their wagon wheel; she saw his eyes  
Twinkling and misty, bidding her farewell.

When she looked, afterward, the little house lay  
In shafts of ruddy light;

-7-

And still the two stood by their gate,  
Forlorn, with rounded shoulders, dark against the dawn.  
The mist and sugar. The slow and the swift.  
Geneva had not found the westward wayfaring  
A drab monotony of bumping wheels  
And dipping grass. Old rivers that had been  
But rambling tracings in her school geography  
Flowed blue, and wide, and far. Her spirit moved along  
With the slow majesty of sunlit streams.  
And cities that had once been dots upon a page  
Were foci of a life, huge and impersonal,  
That sought subsistence from the prairie soil.  
The universal life seemed magnified  
Within these spots of intense color, till she saw  
The individual lives,  
Their pride, and courage, love, and greed, and fear,  
In true relation to each other and to all.  
They were to her a million motes of sand  
That floated in a stream, clear and untroubled; no one knew  
Its rising, and none knew  
The ocean of its destiny.  
Each corner, every gathered knot of men,  
Provided drama for her thirsty eyes.  
Or, if she missed it, Andrew pointed out  
Some bit of farce, or roaring comedy, or even high adventure,

-8-

For Andrew's was a quick and eager soul.  
 All life that gravitated westward in those days  
 Was quick and eager. The sleepy and the cynical  
 Alike, were left behind.

Then in Geneva's hours of loneliness  
 Voices would bubble up out of the babbling  
 And strange confusion of these well-remembered scenes.  
 Often she wondered how these comrades of the day, the hour,  
 Had fared; if under some wide sky  
 Lonely as theirs, they, too, were striving,  
 Not for the means to live, alone,  
 But to be happy, brave, and well-content.

That woman that they met "from Ole Ve'mont"  
 A-headin' to Nubrasky", who despised the wild Norwegians,  
 Said: "It's jest been r-o-oll BUMP, and R-r-o-o-ll BUMP  
 The hull way to I-owe-ey.  
 And the good land only knows how fur 'tis yit!  
 To see them critters! Land O' Love, you calcalate  
 That they're a-goin' to Nubrasky too?"

No doubt by now she lived beside some good Norwegian soul  
 Exchanging gifts of steamed brown bread for coffee cake.  
 Just as she did with Emma, Erick Swanson's wife.

-9-

How vivid that first evening in the heart  
Of Kansas plain!

After a day of burning heat,  
The coolness found them in a shallow bowl  
Filled full with twilight glory.

On either side of two long ribbon rails  
That shone with sun, were weathered shacks,  
And way-worn schooners drowsed apart  
Like humps of scattered shade,  
While vast and whispering silence closed them in.

And all that night, a wide mysterious night  
Under a low-hung vault, serenely wheeling,  
Were red lights burning, whoops and echoing hooves,  
And jangling footfalls on the wooden walks.

When clear pale green and russet morning came,  
They set out, all alone, into the wilderness.

All morning-silvered with the dewy song  
Of meadow larks,  
The world lay smiling in an hundred hues of green  
Washed here and yonder with Pentstemon's blue,  
Or flushed with radiant banners of wild rose  
Hung on some sandy white-cap.

-10-

Geneva, with her chin uplifted to the sky  
Breathed in the sweetness, while the pulsing rhythm  
Of empty spaces thrilled her like a song.

HER first home was a tent  
Set in an ocean where the ripples ran  
And dipped incessantly.  
Their stakes were driven, their fires were lighted,  
And the Lares and Penates from Vermont  
Had found a home.

Geneva knew the prairie gods were not at all pleased.  
The night winds blowing in from the wide loneliness  
Touched the intruders' tents with ghostly fingers.

How often as the summer days went by,  
And dawning poured new wine on upturned sod  
She stood before their low-roofed shanty's door  
And saw the handles of the plow set in the furrow.  
Against the dull red strip of sky  
They loomed symbolic.  
Sometimes their lengthened shadow chilled her heart.  
And sometimes as she watched her Andy plowing,  
Urging his team along the emerald slope,  
Some far off threat seemed hovering on the hills.  
But Andy loved the challenge of the wild,

-11-

His uncurbed freedom, and his sense of conquering;  
He loved the cattle pasturing the plain.

And yet his zest tonight  
Seemed somewhat tempered. She recalled, at suppertime,  
How tired, how very tired, he looked.  
The thought came freighted with compunction,  
And reverie lay shattered in the flames.

She looked up quickly. Unaware his face  
Wore a deep line across the forehead,  
And in his eyes shone some dull, anxious dread.

Startled she caught his hand in both her own  
Holding it gently. "Andy, tell me what is wrong!"  
He looked at her quite darkly  
And his harsh, despairing mood  
Was trembling on his lips.  
Just then a frightened drift surged by the window  
And a wail that seemed to voice  
Some dreadful human pain  
Drew round the house, and shudderingly died down  
Outside the door.

The girl's dark eyes grew wide, her cheek turned pale,-  
But Andrew laughed. "The wind is going down."



-12-

Brushing Melchizedek aside, he placed Geneva in his stead  
And held her close.

"There'll be a moon," he muttered to himself. His eyes  
Were wet with boyish tears.  
She did not see them.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, the clock upon the shelf  
Raced on. The fire grew dim.  
Then with a start, Geneva realized  
The storm was still.  
One feeble beam was creeping through the pane  
Above the snow.  
Andrew was sleeping.

Wondering if she should rouse the fire again,  
Or go to bed, she gently slid out of his arms  
And stole toward the window.  
There she stretched her height up in the window niche  
And tried to see the strange, unearthly earth  
She felt outside. There rose before her eyes  
Only a wall of whiteness.  
She must see out! By light of dying fire  
She crept about to bring a coverlet  
For Andrew's listless body, to find his coat, and boots,  
To put them on, to draw the bolt,-

-13-

Then, cautiously, she swung the door just far enough  
To squeeze outside. Waves of dismay assailed her!  
There was nothing there!  
No earth, no sky, no stars,  
No trace of fence or building,  
Only the eerie- half-light reflected from endless and endless  
Drifted wastes of snow.

All over head the gray swift clouds  
Were fleeting toward the rim where blackness hung.  
Vaguely the ravished looking moon stared at her,  
Dark behind the veil.  
She drew the cruel air into her lungs,  
Hugged Andy's coat about her tight,  
And ran upon the first high drift before the door.

Sudden the silver moon broke out  
And showed far down the wastes,  
Blue, filmlike, racing whirligigs of snow  
Borne by the bitter wind  
An object, furry, quivering and warm,  
Pressed close against her shin. Melchizedek!  
How did he get there? And what ailed him? How his eyes  
Gleamed strange and golden underneath the moon.

She shivered when he raised his forepaws, trembling,

-14-

And clinging to her coat.

"Let's go, old fellow." Then she turned and saw

A woman's body lying in the snow

Quiet as death, and fallen upon her face

Not fifty feet away from her own door.

Geneva stood there. Every limb was numb

With dread and sorrow.

She saw the shawl

Fluttering a little in the fitful wind

And knew its wearer.

"Oh, Andy, come," she tried to utter, but her voice

Clung to her aching throat.

At last she summoned all her will,

Ran to the bank and stooped above the form.

With tugging hands she tried to lift, to turn the body over.

The stiff arms clasped a bundle to the icy breast.

Geneva knelt upon the snow, and gently as she could,

She took her burden.

Then fled across the bank, across the yard,

And falling against the door,

Sobbed "Andy! Andy!"

She heard a startled thud inside;

-15-

The door sprang open. "Geneva, My God, what are you doing--!"

"Get a light," she whispered.

How long, how long she listened to Andrew's stumbling steps  
And fumbling fingers. She senses, at last,

The bundle that she held was warm against her.

While Andrew held the flickering light

Above the cot, some how her hands that shook with haste

Unwound the blankets. The child, death white and drowsy,

Roused and moaned a little.

Above it, Andrew's mazed and pitying eyes

Met her wide, sad ones.

She looked toward the open door.

Melchizedek still crouched upon the drift

Outlined against night sky-

Now blue with far, dim stars.

Together they brought Emma to their bed. Both saw

Her life was gone away, beyond restoring.

While Andrew was reviving the low fire

And bringing fuel in from the shed that first

Had to be shoveled from the snow,

Geneva held the child; its limbs were limp,

And eye-lids waxen.

-16-

"What must I do?" What can I do? she muttered.

He answered while he slowly brushed the clinging wisps  
From off his coat; "I'll fetch some help, Geneva.

But can you stay alone?"

She looked at the unconscious baby face  
Upon her arm, and swallowed a choking sob.

"Of course I can. Only--you won't be lost  
And-- is it safe now, Andy?"

"Oh, yes. The storm is over.

I'll be back, at most, by sun-up."

The longest night Geneva Thorne had ever known  
Crept round the clock.

In all her twenty years  
With childhood loved and free, and youth  
Made up of sweet star-light, star-bright  
Wild apple-blossom charm,

She had not witnessed of the two and only  
Stark realities, either birth or death.

And now she was alone,--all, all alone--  
With That, a remnant of the living flesh  
That had once been her friend,

-17-

And some dread spirit, formless, nearly palpable,  
That hung above the baby's cot  
Watching, and waiting.

Outside for miles and miles and miles  
Was only whiteness; but somewhere, far away,  
Andrew was riding, leaving a trail of hoofmarks,  
Dim and solitary,  
Under a chastened moon.

The child had fallen into a stupor  
With tender lashes veiling half closed eyes,  
And still lips parted.  
She knew her Aunt Cordelia's remedy for fever,  
And every quarter hour the slow hands told,  
She bathed its limbs in tepid soda water.  
Trudging from cot to stove, from stove to cot,  
She seemed a tireless shuttle.  
The coal-oil lamp burned low; her shadow hunched  
And hovered on the plastered wall.

At three she first began  
To slip outside a moment at a time,  
Searching the hazy slope, listening with all her ears  
For crunching hoof-beats on the distant drifts,

-18-

Or squealing wagon wheels.

The moon looked wan above the western rim,

While in the east, the palpitating star

Of morning shone with purer beams.

Melchizedek was striding up a glimmering ridge.

He paused a moment, too, with listening ears

Pricked out to the far silence,

Then moved on.

And save for that dark, moving silhouette

No form or motion shattered anywhere

The cold blue shine that hung above the snow.

She crept back to the cot. Untiringly

She bathed the tiny body. How grieved she was remembering

Her evening reverie of idle dreams

While grisly death lurked just outside her door.

Unknown to her, a luminescent band

Was widening in the east.

The lamp burned sicklier, and a grim, gray light

Stole in above the drift beyond the pane.

The girl was hurrying from the stove

Back to her post,

When she beheld the little face that lately burned

Dull crimson in the obscure light,

-19-

Lying like wax, with blue-tinged shadows hovering  
Under the quiet lids.

How tenderly the shell pink fingers of the dawn  
Played with the tumbled hair.

Geneva's heart went out of her. At last,  
Her fruitless toil was done!  
She crouched beside the cot despairingly  
And hid her tired eyes. The little clock had stopped.  
A burned-out brand fell down  
In the dead stillness.

But presently her muted sense began to thrill  
To spirit harmonies that often come  
Stealing from somewhere far beyond the morning star  
To comfort weary watchers; and the kindly beam  
Upon the pillow, somehow, brought  
Faint sweet remembered breaths  
Of April odors. Strange to feel upwelling now  
The lissom tides of Spring.

She raised her eyes to see the baby rosy in the dawn  
With dewy moisture underneath the clustering curls.

A snout rang through the echoing atmosphere  
Outside her walls;



-20-

She heard the sound of trampled snow and harness jingling,  
And hurried to the door.

Andy was there, dismounting;  
Two strangers, in a pung,  
Drove up the slope through wild, prismatic light.

She had confused impressions of the morning air  
And huge fur coats, and virile power  
That filled the little room;  
Of Doctor Jonas' head, snow-white,  
Bent in the golden stream,  
His black case lying by him on the floor-  
Of Andy, clement mountain of dependability,  
Holding her fingers with his firm, cold, hands.  
And of a dark, full-bearded stranger in a machinaw  
Drinking the scene with brown, cognizing eyes.

The doctor lifted up his ruddy face,  
And boomed out: "So we had a storm,  
"Eh, Mrs. Thorne, You think so?"  
Old Jonas rumbled: "He's all right."  
And his kind eyes twinkled at her.  
He'll soon be playing round here now. Well, now then?"  
"Here," said Andy, and they walked toward the curtained room.

-21-

The stranger lingered. Awkwardly he wrung  
His black toquet between his nervous fingers.

"How come you find her, ma'am?" Geneva saw  
More fear than casual sympathy could claim.

And wrung that foolish cap of his.

"She tried to come to us," she answered. "I don't understand  
Why she should try to come in such a storm!

And where is Erick? Is he safe?

Did Andy go that way?

When Andy went to carry in some wood.

The muzhik shook his head. "Erick was in town  
Three days ago. He pulled out two-three hours before the storm  
Came whooping up. He hass a jag o' wood, some whisky, and  
some grub.

He make it home-- I think-- but Gaw-- a'mighty-- he hass  
had too much!

Geneva cried, "Had he been drinking?"

That little Jane is ours.

"Well, purty tight. Me too.

How come I let him go? I wisht-----"

He clamped his bristly jaw to still its spasm.

Geneva turned away from him and shook the fire.

And considered. "There's no one here to help."

"Erick, his team it is at home," his voice rang on,

"Up yonder with the harness on- no wagon there.

But we'll do as you say, Geneva said.

-22-

Veilicht she find 'em,- that's the reason why  
She try to come."

Geneva put the kettle on. He stood there by the bed  
And wrung that foolish cap of his.

"No dad, no mother either, lkeines kind!"

"Will you please draw some water up?" she said,

"We all must eat."

When Andy went to carry in some wood,  
She threw her woolen shawl about her head  
And followed him, and caught him by the arm.  
"It's true? Is Erick lost?" she whispered. "Yes.  
Perhaps we'll find him yet, Geneva, but-----"

But if we don't?-----"  
"Well, if we don't, he answered slowly, "in that case---  
Then little Jone is ours."

She blinked her tears. "I knew you'd say it; -still  
How can we care for two?"

Andrew considered. "There's no one here" he said,  
"Can do it any better- or so well;  
We're all as poor as old Job's turkey here.  
But we'll do as you say, Geneva Girl."

-23-

"Then he is ours."

"Old Doc has got another call out yonder.

We'll warm him up right good before he goes."

With that he slugged the axe through splintering wood:

"Watch out! Don't let me hit you."

As she ran back across the snow, he called:

"Tom Gilbert said his wife would come right over

Soon as they could."

The day was endless and bewildering.

After the doctor went away the neighbors came,

Packed in their sleds with hay, and heated rocks, and comforters,

They'd picked their way across the open plains

To offer help.

The women helped Geneva with the care of Little Jone

And with the household duties, each at home

As though she were in her own house.

They dressed poor Emma in a decent gown-

One of Geneva's own.

At one o'clock, the undertaker came

Bringing a rude, pine casket.

Meanwhile the men had ridden out to other homes;

-24-

And when the amber sun of afternoon  
Shone through their western window,  
A dozen more had gathered in the quiet room.  
There were no flowers, no clergy man, no hymns.  
Large, kindly, Mrs. Thompson whispered wistfully,  
"Ask Mrs. Hahn if she will read the Bible."

Susanah Hahn had parted graying hair  
Beneath a Quaker bonnet.  
She wore a white lace collar and a shawl.  
Her voice was thin, and quavered as she read  
Saint Paul's address to the Corinthians;-  
The one in which he urged that after all and in the end,  
Death shall be swallowed up in victory.

But all her neighbors listened; in some pairs of eyes  
Geneva read surprise, as though they heard  
These oft-repeated words for the first time.  
How different in the face of fierce, hard poverty,  
And sordid death,  
And savage struggle to survive the elements,  
Are words that play polite accompaniment  
To drowsy reverie in cushioned pews!

"Therefore, beloved bretheren," read the voice,  
"Be steadfast; - and unmoveable;--

-25

Abounding in the work, --for---- as ye know--  
Your labor is not vain.-----

Geneva thought about it as they rode  
Behind the casket to the hill upon the Swanson claim.

"Our labor will not be in vain; and some day there will be  
Good homes and many happy people here."

The earth was heaped upon the lonely grave  
Out on the prairie,  
And all had parted for their several journeys home.  
The sun was sinking in magnificent display  
Of ruby shafts, and purple lengthened shadows  
O'er all the rolling, foam-white wilderness.

Geneva spoke impulsively; "Oh, Andy, let's not miss  
One drop of this. Let's drive around the ridge  
Where we can feel the light long as it lasts,  
And see the other valley where the cattle are.  
Mary can wait a little longer,- they'll not mind  
A moonlit sleigh-ride. Andy! Why?"  
Are you too tired?

"Not tired."

-26-

"I only felt- just to be free a little while-  
It's been so dark, you know; I need the light----  
I need the freshness----" Andrew leaned  
And tucked her in, and drew her awkward collar  
Closer round her chin.

His sleepless night and weary day were telling, too,  
His face was pale.

"Let's don't go that way, honey, not tonight."

"But, Andy, why?" "I want to."

"Well, if you must."

He set his lips, and swerved his team aside  
And soundlessly and swift the runners flew  
Along the crust toward the thin edged hill  
That jutted in the blue.

Eastward a shallow valley ended in a winding stream  
And dark, low trees, half shrouded in the snow;  
Beyond another pale pink summit rose,  
But in the vale between  
The atmosphere was blue, and still, and cold.

Andrew swerved down again into the shade  
Towards the sheds, mere humps, half down the hill.

-27-

And then Geneva saw a sight that long, long years  
 Could not erase or make less terrible.  
 The horns, the glaring eyes, the gruesome heads,  
 Of frozen cattle- borne above the snow,  
 Thick as the summer slope bears yucca weed.

She bit her trembling lip and kept her eyes from tears,  
 As swiftly they circled back up to the glow  
 Of dying sun.

And no word passed between the two until once more  
 They neared their low, sod shanty.

Seeing candle light  
 Already shining from the darkened room,  
 Geneva said: "I hope that Mary made some tea for us."

Then Andrew spoke: "Geneva, I was a fool  
 To bring you out here; this life is hard for me-  
 No place for you or any other woman.  
 I thought that I could shelter you-  
 And see what you've gone through  
 The last few days. And now I'm broke.  
 The worst is yet to come- your baby coming-here-  
 Out here, in this forsaken hole  
 With no one near but that old doddery Doc, and he---



-28-

"Andrew! A doddery Doc! He's not a doddery Doc."

--"And he so far away and always gone  
On some fool trip or other."

"We'll go back. You were far better off with Uncle Eli,-  
And I'll try something else--"

"Andrew, we won't go back!

We wouldn't if we could; besides

We couldn't if we would. It's much too far,

And what a nuisance I would be with little Jon-

And Andrew coming."

"I know. But now I feel so low--"

"Of course. But we still have our place.

And there's another year.

Andy, there's nothing back there now for us.

I know what I've been through just this last day--

I'm different.

I think that I shall never be so childish or so unaware

Of real, true things again."

"You want to stay, Geneva."

-29-

"I don't want to go! This house is mine. I tell you, Andy, Mary is going to stand by me. I'll stand by her. Besides this afternoon while Mrs. Hahn was reading I thought of something."

"You thought of what?"

"I thought of how our great grandsons perhaps  
Would almost see new heaven and new earth  
If we are faithful."

"Great Scott! Well, who could ever guess  
What can go round in my Geneva's head?"

"But don't you feel like that?"

"No-o, not exactly. But I've been thinking, too;  
All day. I thought- if you can stand it-- Well--  
Next year we might try wheat."

"Perhaps so. Put your team up in a hurry, Andy dear;  
I'll run and see how Jon is.  
There's old Melchizedek upon a pole!  
Always philosophizing! Goodness me!  
No one has fed him anything today."

WHERE GRASS BLOWS

Wings of the wind that flee across  
 This shoreless, tideless, ocean—  
 Where bending grasses dip and toss,  
 Incessantly in motion,

Beat in the ears of pioneers  
 A reveille resounding,—

To the exiled in waste and wild  
**WHERE GRASS BLOWS**  
 The call of life abounding.

Still billows roll here on the knoll  
 As the winged winds go sweeping;  
 But can you hear, oh pioneer,  
 Their requiem, where you're sleeping?

WHERE GRASS BLOWS

Wings of the wind that flee across  
 This shoreless, tideless, ocean---  
 Where bending grasses dip and toss,  
 Incessantly in motion,

Beat in the ears of pioneers  
 A reveille resounding,---  
 To the exiled in waste and wild  
 The call of life abounding.

Still billows roll here on the knoll  
 As the winged winds go sweeping;  
 But can you hear, oh pioneer,  
 Their requiem, where you're sleeping?

-1-

The winsome spring in modest lavender  
And pussy-willow, or in filmiest leafy brown,  
Full of faint sighs, and half-breathed promises,  
Is seldom seen upon the Kansas plain.

Instead, the summer, lusty-blooded, bold,  
Strides in a night across it;  
Pitching his camp upon the sunstruck hills,  
He flings his gaudy banner to the wind.  
Almost before the rauctous clamoring  
Of winter's voice has fully died away  
Begins his song.

What a tremendous song!  
What voiceless paeans of wild harmony  
Burst with this resurrection forth from life  
So lately swooning in the arms of death!  
Drums beat and banners float! how the keen wind  
Sweeps the vast murmuring green!  
How it lifts and blows the poppy petals  
Glimmering and frail upon the tossing sea!  
The pasture pools are ruffled, and galardia  
Burns scarlet on the slopes;

-2-

Low wine-cups crowd and glisten on the moister sward  
And Canterbury bells peal joyously  
Along the borders of the clean-gray ribbon roads.  
To travel is to live a thousand lives  
Within an hour; participant in all the sprightly rhythms,  
The hues, the essences,  
Of life new-burgeoning.

And then when twilight comes,  
Twilight that melts the blue and gold and scarlet into gray,  
When evening primroses with infant eyes,  
Sweet bits of lemon-yellow loveliness,  
Peer from the quiet dusk,-  
Then the rhapsodic music gently falls  
Into the full, contented flow of peace.

Through such a twilight,  
Cool and glimmering,  
An open touring car slid soundlessly  
Beside the wheat.

The three who sat in it loomed dark and grave  
Against the glassy amber of the west.

-3-

Full fifty years before, on this same slope,  
While cold, blue twilight sprinkled golden stars  
Above the snow, ~~always suited like these~~  
Two of the three had pledged enduring faith  
In Kansas land,- in land that threatened  
Drought, and Death, and Storm,  
And grisly Loss, and pallid Loneliness.  
Unmindful of forebodings, or of threats,  
The two had loosed their ties. Both chose  
To risk the rolling years in the Unknown  
Unsheltered,- save only for those palaces of light  
That their own dreams reared on the wind-swept plain.  
And, now, in fading day-shine glimmering for miles  
Across the wheat,  
These two could see their dream had taken form;  
Their rainbow had become reality!

Yet not, Geneva thought, in all its charm and beauty.  
Save in sweet hours like these,  
The dusty winds of earth will keep our dreams  
Forever marred;  
Forever short of seeming wholly true.

Young Andrew stopped the car; then the two men  
Got out, and walked away into the field.

-4-

Geneva watched; a smile half wry, half tender,  
 Crept over her thin face;  
 Her Andy had not always walked like that!

That day of Emma's funeral, - now many years ago-  
 That time he worked all day and rode all night,  
 And took great loss upon the chin  
 Almost without a whimper,  
 That day she watched him walk among the men,  
 And tell them what to do--  
 Taller and straighter than any of them there.

With what great, warm, strong-fingered hands  
 He held her own that night  
 When they resolved to stay;---  
 Let come what would  
 This Kansas was their home!

Geneva lifted her own hands, all work-worn, to the light  
 And laughed again at how the years can change--  
 So little!  
 For Andy, young, and full of grace and ease,  
 Or Andy ripe in power and dignity,  
 Was not so dear to her- no, not by half-  
 As this old plodding man beside his son!



-5-

Below her was the farmstead.

There the hazy afternoon had slipped away,

And hills cast smoke-tone shadows.

A light gleamed out through pansy-hollowed dusk.

A frontier cabin long had stood upon that slope

There by the elm;

Now it was sod the yellow wheat grew over.

The elm, Geneva thought, looked old and lone,

And half-bewildered in the rustling sea.--

It must as well be gone.

But this Young Andrew,

Just because his Dad had left the elm,

Still plowed around it.

Echoes of farmstead noises,

Voices calling----- answering----

The barnyard bustle at the feeding time--

A gate slammed to---

A laugh that rang like silver on the wind---

These stirred in her a pain for evenings gone.

Again the day's-end color trembled on her kitchen floor,

And on the faces at her table,

Bright and sweet and young.

-6-

Blond-headed, husky little Jon,  
 Andrew the "sober-sides",  
 And Edna dark and dimpled-  
 She who would play "Peek-a-boo"  
 Until her porridge was all cold,  
 And both the boys were tired.  
 Behind them there was Andy's face  
 Always---- his merry eyes-----

The neat old lady waiting in the car  
 Dabbed with her handkerchief at tears, then smiled;  
 Almost her hands could feel the little feet she washed  
 Out on the clean-scrubbed doorstep;  
 Almost the drowsy heads that leaned against her as they sat  
 In snuggling wonder while she crooned this tale:

"Saw the fire-fly. Wa-wa-tay-see,  
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
 With the flicker of his candle,  
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
 Whispered, 'What is that, Nokomis?'"

The men were coming, slowly, all absorbed  
 In sober talk about the filling grain.  
 Her husband came on to the car, but Andrew stopped--  
 Stood looking out beyond them where the field  
 Ran up and clothed the summit of a hill.

-7-

With what a shock the mother saw him there-  
 Bronzed and still strong, what though his shoulders  
 So had the wide-flung stooped;  
 His fifty years had known no life at all  
 But drought and wind and wheat; all  
 Brown as he was, with yellow acres round him, at his feet,  
 He seemed the finished product of the field.  
 But nothing changed the tenor of his purposes;  
 Geneva choked; what she and Andy had  
 To show of purpose realized,  
 Was standing there. looked at him again. His life was made.  
 All, all. He for the wheat, she for her son done;  
 Had made resolve that cold, blue, winter night.  
 The others they had cared for-- Little Jon  
 Had thought he wanted more out of his life  
 Than dull monotony of dust and wheat,  
 And left them early; The wheat will be here yet another  
 And little Edna typhoid fever snatched  
 Just when the rough and downy-coated bud boys.  
 Began unfolding petals.  
 The quiet night breathed soft-- a wistful breath;  
 And, strangely, now at last she saw her son  
 Was part and parcel of the Kansas land.  
 The brooding nights, the blistering sun and storm,  
 The drought unquenched, the liness, the wind,

-8-

Had shaped his fiber;  
So had the wide-flung dawns--  
The twilight calm.  
Nor was there ever other life at all  
Than this, for Andrew.  
Year after year he sowed; sometimes he reaped--  
But nothing changed the tenor of his purposes;  
Defeat brought only: "There's another year."

The gray old lady looked at him again, his life was made.  
Then hers and Andy's purpose in the world was done;  
And, so far,--- only strength unused, unrealized,  
Incalculable-- and vague--  
"There is another year," she muttered,  
"And, what then?"-----  
"Come, Andrew, come. The wheat will be here yet another  
day.

It seems so long since we have seen your boys."

The quiet night breathed soft-- a wistful breath;  
It smelled of dewy wheat that on the hill  
Was golden crested by the rising moon.

Geneva gently opened the back door,

-9-

And feeling for each step, she made her way  
 Beyond the shadow of the cement wall  
 And breathless cedars;  
 Out to the open where she used to drown her cares  
 In autumn sun  
 Or sweet May morning wind;  
 Or where, far on the curving hill  
 Against a sapphire sky,  
 She watched the brown snocks marching.

The barn and lots were farther down the hill;  
 This narrow plateau ended with a pasture slope  
 Illumined now and dotted with the yucca weed  
 In yellow bloom.  
 Stretched to far north, and east, and south of it  
 Was Andrew's grain.

And everything she saw seemed charmed and dumb-  
 Held dreaming in the splendor.

One ancient "tie-post" was still standing there-  
 The hickory rail had vanished.

One night a young Geneva lingered there

-10-

By her young husband;  
Her dusky blowing hair  
Fell on her tender shoulders.  
She watched a dark-rimmed moon  
That spirit-like, through hazy purple clouds  
Was drifting upward!  
How like a silver bubble  
Floating free,  
And gravely luminous,  
It gazed upon them!  
The silent rim flowed on in deep contentment;  
A breath of night wind whispered to the yucca.

"Oh, moon, sweet moon!

Give me this silent rapture of the hills!

I would be still, and strong

As they are."

But now a little old Geneva stood  
Like a gray question mark  
Beside the gate post.

With eagerness she let her eyes once more  
Roam the horizon;  
That well known rim--perpetual mystery--  
Like ever and never, - always flowing on,  
Both soothed and pained her.

-11-

"Is that you, mother?" Andrew's wife  
Was bearing down upon her.

"Not sick? Not homesick? - Oh-- I see.

You want to watch the moon!

Well, it is nice and cool out here

After a roasting day.

Let's sit down then and talk a while-

There's a bench here by the corner."

"The children gone?"

"Yes, grandma. Law, they don't stay home much now days!

They ought to visit with you more-

You get out here so seldom.

But--- they just had to have this party on-

And now, tomorrow-----"

"But, never mind" Geneva said, a trifle flurried.

She raised her hand and stroked her parted hair.

Your father's busy; Gilbert's here.

They always talk things over.

And I--"

"Roberta worries me," said Nell. "And so does Robert.

But, any way, it won't be long,

-12-

Till they're of age, and maybe-  
They'll learn-- when they are 'on their own'."

Geneva murmured dubiously, "I wonder, though,  
What will they----"

"Where are you, Nell?" rang Andrew's voice,  
And he stepped out from the shadow,  
"So you're here, Mom? Well, shall I bring  
My dad and Gilbert out here? They're both asleep-  
At least dad is- of course Gil still is talking.  
You're not too chilly, are you, Mom? Here you!  
You bozos scram now!"

This to two younger Thornes who charged  
Like wildcats down upon them.

"I've got to get him," Harley panted, "He just ranned  
a chump."

"You fan your chumps some other where!" said Andrew-  
And they vanished.

Geneva marvelled: "Fanned -a - what?" Nell sighed,  
"They're playing gangster. I don't know what it means  
myself,

Or where they learn the language!"



-13-

The old men came and then a boy  
Who followed slyly after,  
And on a rough old chopping log, sprawled out,  
Lay still to listen.  
The moon shone on his face, his fine dark hair;  
And no one but Geneva seemed to see him.

Andy was not loquacious,  
But his ancient friend had tales.  
Tales that reminded Andrew of the voice  
Of some old cedar, on the gravelly edge  
Of lonely badlands,  
When sunset and the creeping evening breeze-  
Fill it with ruby light and ghostly whispers.

Tales of the old, old days, told by the wind,---  
Of the billowing sea with monsters in its deep  
And of sighing forests, darkling, on its shore,  
Of the withering, slow withering, till the world  
Lay stark and bare.

Then the resigned hills, the loneliness,  
The wind warped trees, and thorny yucca weed-  
The brooding spirit ever threatening-  
Somber and jealous to preserve its own.

-15

Oil loved to tell the -14- of ruthlessness

As Gilbert told them he sat smoking hard  
 With eyes like two deep smouldering pits of flame  
 Fixed on the dim horizon.

The others yielded to his mood- tonight-  
 And listened, though they'd heard it all before.

So was the strategy, licentiousness, and murder-

And then there came kaleidoscopes of color  
 Through which the bison lumbered, and wild bands  
 Of Kaw and Ogalala roamed the plains.

Bold, mounted troops rode glittering in the sun,  
 And wolves went yelping through a silver night.

Then lightning slit a gloomy sky apart  
 From rim to zenith

And danced with ghostly lights  
 Upon tumultuous horns in mad stampede.

We heard of Indians, but never saw any.

The horse thieves lurked,  
 The cow boys banged their guns,  
 And drank, and yipped, and whooped,  
 And shot the town-  
 And ever and anon some one was packed,  
 With his regalia on,  
 Up to Boot Hill.

\*No man can be a hero to his wife.

Not after fifty-

-15

Gil loved to tell the tales of ruthlessness  
 In those old days with grim sangfroid  
 And devil-may-take-it humor.

Geneva listened. All these tales she knew.  
 The lawlessness and drunkenness were true,  
 So was the savagry, licentiousness, and murder-  
 All but the glamor, could it be the years  
 Had added that?

The sprawling boy was twisting on his log  
 To listen. She said, "Well, Gilbert,  
 We lived upon the plains  
 Before the eighties.  
 We were not shot at-  
 Neither by Indians nor any other.  
 We heard of fracas, but never saw one.  
 Andy did not get drunk-  
 He didn't beat me;  
 He didn't even own a gun  
 Save an old rifle  
 He used to aim at coyotes with  
 And always missed them."  
 Old Andrew chuckled.  
 "No man can be a hero to his wife,  
 Not after fifty-----"

-16-

Now tell me, Gil, did we not live at all?  
 Not add one tiny pebble to the mound of Kansas fame?  
 Missed everything? the thrill? the toil? the danger?  
 Then we old neighbors, those of us who found  
 That common toil was sweet, and poverty  
 Another kindly tie- all, all-, in vain--  
 Nor our good life worth anything!  
 We seemed to draw the warm simplicity  
 Fresh from the broken sod,--  
 Oh, tell me, Gilbert, does that light and sweetness live  
 At all, today, in Kansas?

Old Gil puffed thoughtfully, and then, at last,  
 Young Andrew broke the silence:

"No man could buy my memories of that home  
 With bags of money!"

Again the hush,- a white cloud floated over  
 And a fitful breeze sent ripples through the wheat  
 Stirring the old elm's placid pool of shadow.

The boy who listened rose upon his elbow.

"Why don't you tell them, then?" he blurted out,

"If they're so precious?"

-17-

"Carl!" Nell interposed,

"I've told you not to shout like that! Well, Andrew,  
Why don't you talk to him? I'll have to go  
And round these young chaps in;  
It's past their bed time."

Andrew was seated in a cedar's lengthened shadow;  
His elbows on his knees,  
His head and shoulders  
Were softly outlined in the moon's thin light.  
He turned his face toward the boy, and answered clearly,  
"No, son, I guess I won't tell tales tonight."  
Then straightening up, was sheltered by the dark.

When fingers touch the heart strings  
And wake sweet trembling dreams-  
How strange, how mellow golden,  
The clear light of childhood seems;  
Old memories come drifting  
All steeped in fairy sheen,  
And harsh winds cease, and bitterness,  
And weary years between.

Oh, to see the sun come shouting  
Thrilling all the earth and sky,

-18-

On some bustling, glad, triumphant  
Early morning in July!  
Blazing glory on the prairie  
Rolls about us as we ride;  
And our two old nags with their jaunty flags  
Seem brave, and dignified!

Oh, to smell the prairie greenness  
Through the long, cool, evening gloom,  
As we come back to the homestead!  
There the roses are in bloom,  
And petunias in the twilight  
Lift their still libations up,  
While the eerie white moths, hovering,  
Steal the sweetness from the cup,  
And when the silver, silent,  
Thin-veiled moon begins to shine,  
Then our young hearts thrill to bursting  
With some rhapsody divine;  
And we leave our elders, racing  
Up the hill, and through the trees-  
Drunk with blossom-scented moonlight,  
Mad with dreaming ecstasies.-----

-19-

Andrew was startled as his bright-hued reverie  
Fell in a million pieces. The voice was Carl's.

"Aw, grandma, 'good', you always say. 'be good'  
That's not a gunna get you any where  
In these days."

Four pairs of eyes turned toward the boy.

"No, Carl?" Young Andrew questioned.

"Why everywhere you look, the rotten guy's  
The one that gets there."

"Git's where?" asked Gil, and suddenly the bowl  
Of his old pipe glowed red.

"Git's where, young feller?

If you see what yer grandad's seen,

An' git where he is,

With all yer years behind you full of good,

Yer settin's perty!"

Carl marvelled: "Settin' perty? Do you mean---?"

"This world aint all of it, you kid;

Not by a long shot!"

-20-

"How do you know?" Carl cried, this with a gesture  
As old as Job, and scanned the winking heaven.

"We don't, " Old Andy's quiet voice  
Poulticed the aching silence.

"We don't, but we believe it.  
And if this life is all, my boy,  
It's worth the living."

Carl didn't answer. Andy spoke again; this to Geneva:

"I think the Kansas weather only seemed  
To be against us, mother;  
For, as you say, in spite of poverty and toil-  
We have been happy."

Geneva breathed: "If only those we lived  
Our lives for could be happy!"

Carl lay still.

Old Gilbert smoked and gazed at the horizon;

Young Andrew sat

Protected by his shadow.

Slowly the aspect of the summer night  
Was changing. Moister winds  
Stirred glistening moon-shine to a streaming haze.  
Far, far away in pale gray distances



-21-

Vague lightnings flashed.

They heard Nell calling; Andrew slowly rose  
And left them. Gil took leave.

Then Andy, pausing at the cedar's shade, spoke mildly,  
"Coming, mother?"

"I think our boy's asleep. I'll have to see.  
Go on in, Andy."

Instead she sat behind him, and she laid  
Her hand on his forehead,

"Sleepy, Carl?"

"Naw, I'm just- just a layin' here."

"What ails you, sonny?"

"Nothing. I'm all right."

She gently stroked his hair; he raised his head.

"There's things I've got to think," he blurted out,  
Not like you talk of."

Geneva trembled. In her woman's heart  
Presentiment, that grim automaton,

-22-

Began to gather like the threat of storm  
Far, far, away.

A look, a subtle coloring of the voice,  
A shadow on the face,- we know not what,  
Betrays to mothers' hearts the secret blame  
Their loyal eyes will never look upon.

She cupped her grandson's chin in both her hands.  
"Carl, Carl!" she said, "You're young, and I am old;  
I want to tell you something. Will you hear?"  
"What, gram?" his voice was quiet.

"When I was young I had such lovely dreams  
About this home, this Kansas home of ours.  
Grandpa would build it up and make it fine  
With fields and orchards,-  
I'd make it fine in other ways- within;  
Honey, you know the lamp up in the store room  
That grandpa got for me because he knew  
I liked fine lamps? I'd set it in the window  
When we lived up there by the elm,  
And it would shine  
Oh, far, far out!  
Grandpa could always see it coming home.  
My neighbors told me that they watched my light,

-23-

And---Carl, you listening?"

"Okey." What is okey, Carl?"

"It's okey-doke. Go on".

"I thought our home would always be like that.

Our children's lives would always be to others

As clean, clear light.

But people are not so lonely any more,

They're busy, and don't ever seem to mind

The lights of home.

They did mean much once, dear,

Out on the prairie."

She paused, then in a weary tone of voice:

"The wheat was more than grandpa ever dreamed-

And our house has more things in it."

He put his long boy's arms around her waist.

"Gram, I know what you mean."

"So many things it's hard. It's very hard

To make the many simple.

But that is what you'll learn, my Carl,

If you are ever happy!"

-24-

"Grandma, will I raise wheat?" Carl sighed,  
"I don't know, I suppose so,  
But I'd like to go away  
And not be- just a farmer."

"But Carl," she cried, "It isn't done!  
At all. It isn't finished!"

"What isn't done?"

"Why this, - our dream; we're only getting started;  
The Thornes should always finish up  
A thing they set their hands to."

"Yeah, grandma?, Aint there wheat enought?"

"Too much, for your poor daddy.  
You use it, Carl. You go to school  
And learn what there's to finish."

"Yeah, Bob he went to school. Un- huh.  
A lot of good that's done us."

"Carl, you will learn to use it,  
And we'll count on you, you hear me?  
We'll count on you when we are gone, sonny;  
It won't be long now."

-25-

He sat up, digging with his toe  
 At little humps of grasses.

Then from the house Nell's fretful voice  
 Called out: "Carl, where's the clock key?"

"By jinks, I've got it! Well, good night:  
 I'll-- shall I help you grandma?"

"No, goodness, no. Good night, dear boy."

"Good night. I'll see you later."

He raced toward the gate, and turned-

"Good night!" And then he vanished.

Geneva came on to the house reluctantly,  
 Pottering and lingering out there all alone-  
 The dim familiar world reached arms to her.  
 She would have waited, listening, would have know  
 A benediction that could soothe her weariness  
 And sad misgiving- how that strife and pain  
 Undid the peace, unmade the competence,  
 That two had striven all their lives to gain;  
 Out- under this high bejeweled dome of heaven  
 A pain-oppressed and lonely spirit goes

-26-

By instinct, to some billowing hillock's crest  
To drink, of vast repose.

Geneva was a mystic, and though fate  
Had crowned her life with happiness in love  
She sought her truest Life in solitude.

That world, that void eternal whose clear light  
"e long for, we draw near alone.  
Not one whose hand we hold in dearest confidence  
Know when the spirit beats its seeking wings  
Through lucid ether.

But in the midst of shadowy events  
That flicker here,  
Is it vain striving to perfect an earthly joy  
That draws to us that fleetingly held fragment  
Of Life divine?

And then she thought of Andy, standing where  
The moon-drenched breeze blew shadows in their room-  
An humble-shouldered Andy- old tonight-  
And sighing as he fumble with his tie;  
Had he not spent his whole life for this son?  
Slowly she crept back through the cedars' gloom  
Feeling the steps before her.

-27-

So one by one the family entered in;  
The night wore on alone;  
The roof that Andy made  
Bent down above them.

One room was light-  
Carl tossed upon his pillow  
Nursing the protests and the questionings.  
In furious mood he sometimes made resolve  
To get up, go into his father's room-  
Accuse, defy, him; vent his scorn and bitter wrath  
Upon the--coward and hypocrite  
Who had betrayed and shamed them!  
Almost at once another mood,  
Wracking his body with its yearning tenderness,  
Would rise up in him;  
He'd beg his father- hold his hand-  
And beg him to explain;  
Young Andrew would, then he and Carl  
Would be good friends again.  
Oh, the delicious healing in the thought!

He'd throw the cover, draw his knees up to his arms,  
Deciding what to say,- how to begin;  
Then certain knowledge would sweep down again  
Like black and bitter waves upon his soul,

-28-

And crowd him to the pillow.

Thoughts iron-shod, malicious, murdering,

Clanked on and on within his suffering brain.

For to some youths, ideals their elders teach

Are clear and bright and beautiful within;

Not blurred, half wistful shadows

As in later years.

Then come these shocks, these spectacles

Of dark reality,

Untempered by the philosophic mind.

Across the hall, Nell saw the light beneath his door,

But was too tired to enter.

She'd let him go this once.

Carl was a problem.

Sometimes she found he's taken a childish toy to bed!

Tired, oh, so tired.

And mother downstairs, now, no doubt, enjoying

Sleep of the just. Who were the just?

Why did they always laud the pioneers?

Brag of their hardships? Hardships? God Above!

What did Young Andrew's folks know of her hardships!

Grandma was always sheltered and adored.-

That fond old man- and then her tiny family-



-28-

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That fond old man- and then her tiny family-

-29-

Not like Nell's brawling, selfish, uncontrolled,  
Ungrateful youngsters.

Roberta now- where was Roberta now?

She couldn't stay at home, - no not one night  
Out of her week end.

If she could only share her mother's load-

"No, no,!" thought Nell. "I wouldn't have her know it."

Somewhere a door squeaked. Nell sat up in bed.  
Bob's footsteps, fumbling up the kitchen stair.  
Her plump feet hit the floor, she padded out,  
Stood in the carpeted, dim-lighted hallway.

Poor Nell! So rat, with scanty wisps of hair  
Against a muslin night gown.

Bob glanced at her, and mumbling, hurried on;  
She stopped him. "Where's Roberta?"

"How'd I know- well, she stayed with Kate,"  
He muttered, half relenting.

"Robert!"

"Well, what?"

"Is she-- was she---?"

He teetered in the doorway.

-30-

"Answer me, Robert !"

"Well", he said, "She was.

She's two seas under----"

Here, Mom, I say! Go back to bed.

Don't do that. Darn, I'm sorry."

Nell didn't speak. She turned away

And went back to her bedroom;

Sat down. An half an hour went by;

She fell back on her pillow-

"Oh, God, I'm tired!"

The night was calm on Andrew's sleeping porch;

In his thoughts was still the beauty

Of old, remembered things.

He gazed across the window ledge. The grain

Was spread like water,

Now the moon was pale.

Then memory like a faint and sickening odor crept

Across his senses.

His- no not his- these acres- any more-

If this crop failed.

It couldn't fail. It couldn't. Providence-

He caught himself and laughed. Bah!- none of that!

-31-

If Providence were just, what would it give him?  
"Good Lord, my dad-- and this old place is his--  
His place--his life," He panted to his pillow.  
"And Gil, the poor old devil-pinned, they say,  
Is really **pinched**, and yet he keeps his tongue  
Between his teeth, because-----he likes my dad.  
He came tonight for something. I know that--  
He changed his mind because the folks were here,  
Oh, Lord, why did I risk that? But I thought  
He'd spend his three years out there on the coast  
And by that time--Why argue that again?  
It failed. I failed. And I betrayed a trust--  
Dad couldn't stick that!"

Andrew rose and sat  
Hunched on the bed,  
With heavy listless hands,  
With anxious eyes that peered out through the night  
With ears that strained to hear the- was it sad  
And yet half-mocking--eerie--conscious, whispering?  
But after while he slept, with weary lids  
Pressed on his eyeballs.

Geneva woke, wide eyed.  
How still the night was!  
The moon blown breeze no longer stirred

-32-

The curtains in their room.  
 Outside was darkness, and a low, hushed sighing.  
 The house was drowned in sleep.

She lay still, listening to her husband's breathing,  
 And the ghostly echo of the kitchen clock.  
 Then came a quiet, dark, surreptitious rustling,  
 As a fitful breeze stole by the open door.

This we call life is a mist  
 Arising above a dark river;  
 It moves itself, undulates,  
 Sparkles sometimes,  
 It aspires to live forever!  
 Swift in the meantime the river flows--  
 Swift and with ruthless certainty--  
 In the hush, in the night time,  
 We hear it distinctly,  
 Falling into the abyss.

The gust of wind came by again; this time it rapped.  
 "Who's there?" Geneva whispered.  
 She waited; then she breathed, "I know.  
 I'll come. You needn't call me."  
 A silence. Then a loud and angry slamming  
 Roused her--- from a dream--  
 She groped across the room; she found the doorway,

-33-

Pulled to the door, and pushed the iron bar.

Then she came fumbling back, and Andy stirred  
But did not waken.

The heavy sighing sound  
Drew on and on.

At last it seemed to cease. The darkness thickened.  
"It's going to storm", she thought, "I'll close the blinds."  
And by the sudden green-metallic lightning  
That brightened every object in the room,  
She started toward them.

The brightness did not fade;  
In sharp succession the dazzling flashes came.  
Outside the slope was all a livid green.

Geneva glanced at Andy, hesitated;  
She would not wake him yet.  
To go out through the bath room,  
Through the kitchen- to the door-  
To see what the northern sky looked like-- then come.  
She made her way.

Outside the silent fury of the clouds  
O'er awed her.

-34-

"Behold He spreadeth lightning round about Him  
And covereth the bottom of the sea!  
He covereth his lands with light, and giveth--  
And giveth charge that it shall strike the mark!"

She staggered back; a clap of thunder came  
Tore through the ghastly cloud  
And loosed the winds.

She watched them come; gray rain came riding after--  
She watched them riding through the cowering wheat.  
The roar of waters rose,  
With hands a-tremble, she shut the door  
And shivered in the dark.

Some muffled sounds came from the rooms above her--  
A shout-- a slamming door--- then Andy's voice  
Rang out: "Where are you, mother?"

She answered back, "All right. I'm coming, dear.  
Don't you come stumbling out here now. I'll come."

And yet she lingered, turned toward her room;  
The torrents beat the windows, oceans poured  
Upon the stout old roof. Carl's frightened dog  
Crept up to her. She stooped to stroke him.

-35-

Young Andrew called: "All safe, you folks down there?"  
She screamed above the roar. "Yes, we are here."

As at a sharp command, the storm grew still;  
Yet brooded darkly, leashed and threatening.-  
Till a bolt of light that numbed Geneva's brain  
And laid the poor dog quivering at her feet,  
Released a deluge.

Then they stood and waited  
Till the kitchen windows glimmered vague and gray.

Geneva, sighing, blundered through the gloom  
And pressed her lined old face against the pane.  
The freakish storm was fleeing--rolling by,  
It's ragged skirts still livid, wild with wind--  
And baleful flashes struggled with the dawn.

That strange, impassive dawn came on and on;  
All torn with clouds, illumined with greenish light.  
It peered upon a ruin. Andrew's grain  
Was flat upon the slope.  
The elm was gone.

With tears Geneva turned back to the room,  
And quiet certainty embraced her heart.--



-36-

Answer the knocking, but see Andy first---

To reel his arms,

To hear his well-loved voice.

The air was breathless- there was something wrong-

She struggled to the door, into the hall,

And found it dim with smoke. Confusion was above her,

And the cruel, sickening crackle of the flames.

She felt along the hall, confused and blind,

And found the door at last.

It would not open.

"Andy! the door is locked! The house is burning!

Andy! Why don't you answer? Andy!

Oh, Andy, Come. Why don't you come?

There's a fire. Go out the window!

Can you hear? Go out the window."

There was no sound, while crouched and strangling

She beat upon the door with thin old hands.

The thought came slowly; "I must go around,

Back through the bath room."

All down the hall, a light shone there before her-

A light that led to safety-- to the air!

-37-

But she saw Andy sleeping- she must wake him.  
 The dog was whining there- she let it out,  
 Then staggering and bowed half to the floor  
 She fought the long, long way into their room.

She could not call him, she must find and wake him;  
 She lurched through smoke and flame; she reached the bed;  
 She felt across the pillow,- it was empty.  
 Geneva slid down, slowly, to the floor.

-----  
 This is the reason why you'll hear her name-  
Geneva Thorne,- still spoken quietly,  
 And always the voice suggesting in its tone  
 The echo of amen sung by a choir;  
 This is the reason often you will see  
 Faces grow still, eyes turn away  
 Beyond you, all alight  
 With some sweet inward glowing suddenly.

Young Andrew got his family down the stairs  
 Through the front door and safe into the yard.  
 He ran along the east; he saw the rent  
 The lightning's gash had made from floor to eve-  
 He seized the window screen with both his hands

-38-

And tore it from the wall; he clambered in.  
His father lay unconscious on the floor  
Beside the window where he must have stood  
Before the lightning's stroke had mowed him down.  
With Robert's help they lifted him across  
The window sill, and Robert dragged his body to the yard.  
Andrew went in again- the room was all in flame.  
He searched upon the bed- he searched the floor-  
He tried to call out, "Mother!" Had she heard-  
Who knows? She might have reached him!  
He looked out, gasping to them? "Did she come?"  
"The entry," Nell cried out, "She would have gone  
Down the north hall way!"

They ran together- there a sea of flame  
Filled all the space between the kitchen walls;  
Nell pulled him back with her. "There is no use.  
Andrew, you can't go in. You can't."  
And when they reached the other side again  
The roof was falling.

Men boast that they control the elements;  
Then, in a night, the labor of a life  
Is made as nothing.

-39-

All summer long the acres of the Thornes  
Showed no more culture than the prairie sod  
Where fifty years before the winds were blowing.  
Young Andrew sold the buildings that remained  
And moved into the oil town. He would wait--  
Would get his bearings. Quit? No. In the fall  
He started plowing.

And poor old Andy lived; he walked about  
Among the people of the little town  
Smiling his kindly smile. He never talked--  
He hardly ever spoke to any one;  
And if he trudged out on some prairie road  
To roam about there wandering and lost  
Some one would find him- bring him back again.  
This for a year, and, then, one summer day  
In his own home, he quietly lay down  
And never awakened.

The homestead still is but a weedy heap  
Where, twilight-pale, the lonely poppies blow;  
But amber hillsides wave again and keep  
Their murmured sighing, as the sun sinks low.

Perhaps strange light upon the waves at play  
 Lured you too far one day;  
 You're in beyond your depth, the helpless sport  
 Of waters, clutching vainly for support  
 At yielding and elusive light that mocks  
 Your ardor. Ah, there's no foot-hold on the grassy

rock!

But he is more unworthy, then, who dies  
 Without adventure. Swim whence the beam is sent  
**THE SHORELESS RIPPLE**  
 Gilding the shoreless ripple, waste and wide,  
 Once your strength is spent,  
 Sink with the dawning morning in your eyes!  
 Or would you, drifting shoreward with the tide,  
 Hope in the dusky caves along the shore,  
 Hopeless, forevermore!

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 Sink with the dawning morning in your eyes!  
 Or would you, drifting shoreward with the tide,  
 Hope in the dusky caves along the shore,  
 Hopeless, forevermore?

-1-

At ten of eight a gong upon the wall  
 Pealed long and loud,- and Carl set down his broom.  
 He hurries to the window.  
 Yes, the morning light  
 Was clinging to the tree tops, and below  
 Was gray. A foot-step echoed on the walk  
 Beneath him,-then another-then a stream.  
 The echoes poured along the campus walks  
 In loud crescendo, and as moments passed  
 In slow diminuendo through the trees.

The rhythmic thud was cold, mechanical,  
 And blind- flowing in answer to the gong upon the wall.  
 The stream of life was gray this morning---  
 Darker gray than chilly fog;  
 Yet here and there a co-ed's bright beret  
 Still flamed defiance.

Carl closed his eyes and listened; tramp, tramp, tramp, --  
 Mindless and will-less--in a moment more  
 The blatant signal;  
 Then the echoes died.  
 No, here it came; belated hustling  
 High-heeled and frantic.

-2-

Carl's young mouth twisted; heavily he sighed:

"So many foolish virgins! Oh, deah me!

Inside the boys are all asleep by now

Getting their beauty slumber-

The girls applying beauty by the gram,

Ogling the prof, or writing note, I bet ye!"

He gave his broom a flirt. "By now the prof

Had told his joke, -repaid by cackling-

Now he gets to work;

Slugging along--pronouncing all the words

Accumulated once in some dim room

From evil-smelling volumes while he strove

To be dubbed "doctor."

Poor Carl! if only he had realized

How bad-- how very dangerous he looked!

His feet apart, his hair awry, his nose all smudged,

Gripping his broom, with fierce and sullen eyes

Fixed on the window:

"This is what I work for! Why my dad ekes out

From paying back to poor old Gil's estate-

A bill or two to help me now and then!

They think I, too, would like to learn to be



-3-

A nincompoop, a nilly-shilly flab!

A hot-foot lady-chaser! No, by God-----"

The door was open. Rand was standing there;

A clean-cut looking man of forty-five or older.

"Well, what's the fracas, Carl?" he asked, and laughed,

Carl started, looking sheepish. Rand came in.

You're bellicose, I see, but I can risk it.

I thought I'd find Doc Condon here this hour."

"Moved up. Third floor," Carl answered. He began

To shove the chairs in order.

"Working, eh?"

Carl flushed. "Yes, sir, I'm working-

I do not aim to loaf, and as I heard you--"

"Oh, tut", said Rand, and moved toward the door,

Stood lost in thought a moment, then he turned-

"I thought I'd seen you somewhere! English Lit!

You don't get to the class so very often?"

The earth looked red to Carl; his eyes were wet.

"I'd chuck the whole damn thing", he said, "if only---

"I wanted to find out what it's about-

"Look, look" thought Rand, the sudden tenderness

Of Lancelot to Gareth welling in him.

"Sir Fine-Hands- He here too! I didn't think it!"

Amazed Carl saw the other's beaming face;

He could not even dream what Rand was thinking.

-4-

"Why don't we talk it over, Mr. Thorne?

My office? Five, this evening?" - - - -

At five o'clock Carl waited in a room

All bare and red, whose windows opened westward.

Then Doctor Rand came in; they faced each other.

"Sit down. First tell me this one thing", said Rand,

"Why would you chuck it?"

"What do I want to stay for? I could be

A snob, a flab, a lizard, or a fool

Without an education!

"But not so soon," said Rand, his gray eyes gleaming.

"I'm not a nit-wit or a softie," muttered Carl.

"I know just why I came here!"

"Tell me why."

"I wanted to find out what it's about-

This world we live in- find which way to go

To make the most of it. When grandad came

To Kansas in the eighties, all was plain-

-5-

He had a goal, a thing that he could strive for--  
But if I cling to those same acres now--

"What's in the future?"

Rand's eyelids fluttered; otherwise his face  
Was fixed and steady. Far beyond  
The skyline loomed, blood-red.

Carl spoke, "I am a lubber, and the land  
Seems safe to me. I dread to join a mob  
That has no anchor, -no abiding place."

"Then don't," said Rand- "the merest animals  
Provide themselves a refuge, and a man  
Has no less need to live by nature's law."

"But faith in land is like my faith in God--  
And at this hour, I'm sure I couldn't say  
I think He's in his Heaven, and the world ----  
All fair."

Rand looked at him.

"Not even that He's in His Heaven, eh?"

-6-

Carl shook his head. Rand thought. "We loathe the air  
 We have to breathe, and yet, somehow, it get's us.  
 You don't believe, my boy, because the crowd ---  
 That has not eyes, nor ears, nor taste, nor sense of any kind-  
 To pick truth out of the invisible----  
 Ignores Him."

"But I am not of that crowd," said Carl  
 "I go to church."

"Oh, well," Rand moved his chair.

"The church and faith

Keep seldom company now-a-days."

"Their proofs of God," Carl muttered wearily, "are frail-  
 They don't convince me." .

"Proof!" Rand exploded- "Carl, there is no proof  
 Of anything! We only take for granted  
 The earth- the world of sense. Why, we invent  
 This 'bank and shoal of Time!'  
 And if we took the Non-Sense simply too -  
 Since science can discover neither one-  
 We'd have a richer, truer, happier world!"

"I don't quite get you, Doctor Rand", said Carl.

"I mean" Rand stated, "God is just as sure

-7-

As that you're sitting there, and I am here.  
Go on. Believe it. Trust him. Live in Him.  
We waste our lives by doubting."

"Then I must trust a thing I can not see?"

"Of course, trust is imperative--"

"An element of living.

You trust your senses, do you not?

And yet you do not know

That they can teach you truth."

"So much seems simple," Carl replied at last.

"But then the trouble really comes in living  
According to that creed.

I see myself a dummy, shoved aside,

And dressed in rags, and trodden underfoot

By those sophisticated ones, who've learned to ride.

We call this life:- that we must run about

And see, and touch and taste. Experiment.

And then we buy a book

Go to the class room so the prof can see us there

And talk his hour. He must not throw a wrench

Into the smooth machinery of our days,

And so we do not hear him. We get by---

-8-

Earn a degree for paying room and board,  
 Attending parties, seeing that our marks  
 Are all recorded with the registrar.  
 But, Doctor Rand, this is the only hour  
 In three long years that I've had help at all  
 About what ails me."

Rand thought: "I've only missed  
 The Men's Club dinner. Was to give a talk."  
 He said, "They seldom ask me. No, they come  
 To see if I'll excuse them from exams-  
 Or if I'll recommend them- or if I-----"  
 He broke off. "Carl, I asked you here!

"I know" Carl answered humbly, I'm ashamed  
 I've been so boorish.  
 But I'm so aimless still, or else my aim  
 Seems so unfitting, and the goal I chose  
 So far removed from possibility,  
 That I'm upset and bitter."

"What's your aim?"

Carl blushed: "Just merely to succeed in living well  
 Upon the land my grand dad left for me."

-9-

"So,--you came here to learn-----" you speak of--

"How to live well." "You're heaven!"

Rand gulped: "Well, Carl, what you see here

Is the reflection of society

At large-- not merely Kansas.

For all the world is living half a life; back you?

Just to exist between eternities and feared his voice

Play with its toys awhile, then- pouf! the end!

And now the ghastly toys begin to play

"ith man. His fault. He has denied all else

Reality. Unless he gets his feet upon the rock-

Unless he opens the door of heaven again--

There's only mechanism on ahead

And nothing human". "astute."

Fish stood and watched the light fall on

Carl's face was white. "You think it's that important

A man should keep his faith and his ideals?"

He gazed the window.

"If you are going to live, it's that important.

It's good you came here, Carl. If you are able

To live in both these worlds, it's time you learned

To do it here and now."

-10-

"I see it is, but, sir, this heaven you speak of---  
Is that---The Christian's heaven?"

"Oh, no. But it was Christ's.  
Read him, and you will see it."

Carl got up. "I will. Good-night, and thank you."  
"And mind you come again," said Rand, and feared his voice  
Showed he was wistful.

"I will", the young man said again,  
His shy eyes rimmed with moisture.

Rand listened while the corridor  
Re-echoed his firm footsteps.  
Then stood and watched the light fade out  
Above the thin horizon.  
When all the rim was dark,  
He closed the window.



SHAWNEE LEGEND

Where now there lies an empire glittering  
With city splendors that beguile the night-  
With highways traced from far by streams of light;  
Where on the hillsides lanterns flickering  
Through homestead hedges, sparks far and bright,  
Hulle over all the beacon's searching ray  
Circles its cosmic path from dark to day-

There once on Autumn evenings, years long past,  
The twinkling starshine wore a silver dress  
and Kansas prairie floated in its stream,  
And all the world was shadowed and vast.

TALES GIL TOLD

Then mingling heavy shadows were wont to seem  
in hoary jewel-sprinkled mystery,  
and more was felt than eye could ever see.

One night a lonely trader- a mere jot  
In cold insensivity of sky and plain  
Hod a forsaken trail with winckoned rain  
With wary eye for any glimmering spot  
That would reveal the Shoshone in dim domain.  
Boldly he left the river ransoling down  
To choose the prairie path at Uniontown.

## SHAWNEE LEGEND

Where now there lies an empire glittering  
With city splendors that begem the night-  
With highways traced from far by streams of light;  
Where on the hillsides lanterns flickering  
Through homestead hedges, sparkle far and bright,  
While over all the beacon's searching ray  
Circles its eerie path from dark to day--

There once on Autumn evenings, years long past,  
The twinkling starshine wove a silver dream  
And Kansas prairie floated in its stream,  
And all the world was shadowless and vast.  
Then mingling heaven and earth were wont to seem  
An hoary jewel-sprinkled mystery,  
And more was felt than eye could ever see.

One night a lonely trade- a mere jot  
In cold immensity of sky and plain  
Rode a forsaken trail with slackened rein  
With wary eye for any glimmering spot  
That would reveal the Shawnees in dim domain.  
Boldly he left the river rambling down  
To choose the prairie path at Uniontown.

-2-

The night, secretive, void of human kind  
Grew lonelier as the lone man onward bore-  
A gray eternity stretched on before,  
A gray eternity closed in behind.  
Now anxious as a swimmer far from shore  
And spent with toil, he strained his eyes to see  
Some cheering flicker of reality.

And as he rode and strove to lull his fear  
Sudden his horse stood, quivering with fright;  
Out of the far, dim spaces of the night  
A brooding Terror seemed approaching near.  
Some startled bird flopped by with heavy flight-  
And calm was deathlike. Then a shriek of pain  
Shattered the crystal starlight on the plain.

The trader seized his gun and whirled to see  
The ghastly Thing- behind him as before  
Lay glimmering prairie star-shine- nothing more.  
Then rose a wailing echoing drearily  
From distant hills; pale cloud wreaths floated o'er;  
He pricked his spurs, but scarcely there was need-  
The brown cayuse fled forth at topmost speed.

Fleeter and faster, down the starlit trail  
Flying the phantom's vast remorseless wing,  
From horizon the zenith shuddering ring  
The echoes of that far unearthly wail.  
The scrubby bushes bend low, cowering,  
As presently the ghostly wind sweeps by  
Shivering with plaintive voices, thin and high.

At last they neared a dusky, damp ravine.  
Beside its winding way the trader spied  
A flame! A watch fire's blaze! He turned aside,  
Praying the Terror would not rise between,  
And rode as wild crests on the breakers ride  
Toward the shore. Then, sudden as it rose,  
The tumult left the plain- in bland repose.

-----  
Like some bronze image, motionless and grave,  
Within the watch-fire's smoke-and-amber glow,  
While faint blue shadows flickered to and fro  
Upon the canyon's rim, the Shawnee brave  
Heard all the tale; then spoke: "No Shawnee go  
Upon that trail at night, and this is why-  
The gods make all the men who do to die!"

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Valuable for the study of the different forms of verse that may be introduced into narrative poetry.

Bennet, Arnold. Literary taste and how to form it. New York, Geo. H. Doran. 138 p.

Interesting chiefly for the chapter on style, in which the author sets forth that style is a revelation of personality and can not be achieved apart from it.

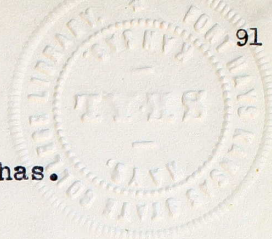
Canby, Henry Seidel. The short story in English. New York, Henry Holt and Co., 1909. 273 p.

Traces the broader movements in the development of the short story and furnishes eleven stories valuable in the study of technique.

Downey, June E. Creative Imagination. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1929. 228 p.

The attempt of a psychologist to analyze the human activities that lead to art-creation.

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Eastman, Max. The enjoyment of poetry. New York, Chas.

Scribner's Sons, 1932. 200 p.

Chiefly interesting for the theory set forth in Chapter VII. (p 89-97). "Whatever things occupy our attention, events, objects, emotions, etc.-our consciousness of them is heightened by rhythm, as though it consisted of waves."

Erskine, John. The kinds of poetry. New York, Duffield and Co., 1920. 200 p.

This book develops the idea that the new poetry is not new, and that the imagists have simply attempted to apply the methods of prose realism to verse.

Joseph, Michael. How to write a short story. New York, Henry Holt and Co., 1926. 116 p.

This is a hand book of writing, and tells how to find and develop plots, write dialogue, portray character, and achieve style.

Matthews, Brander. The philosophy of the short story. New York, Peter Smith, 1931. 83 p.

Furnishes a clear conception of what the short story is by contrasting it with the novel.

Nielson, William Allen. Essentials of poetry. Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1912. 275 pages.

Deals with the elements which have gone to make up poetry in the past and points out modern tendencies in poetry.

Lewiston, Ludwig. The creative life. New York, Boni and Liverright, 1924. 211 p.

Asserts that a work of art is not to be judged by formal standards. "Each authentic work of art is that work of art. It has grown in its author's mind and soul as a child grows in its mother's womb." Derends the moral purpose in art. "The greatest art has always sought to lessen the evils that are under the sun."

Sherman, L.A. How to describe and narrate visually. New York, George H. Doran and Co., 1925. 356 p.

The most valuable book I have had access to for supplying practical instruction in the art of visual writing. The book trains one to look for the visual elements in action, in portraiture, and in scene.

Spingarn, Joel Elias. Creative criticism, New York, Henry Holt and Co., 1917. 138 p.

Interesting for the author's exposition of Croce's theory of art as intuition. The book evaluates the chief critical methods used since Plato, and throws them all aside as though he were shovelling coal out of a wagon. "We are done mimesis, with kinds, with the comic, the tragic, the sublime, with technique as separate from art, etc. -"He defends the judgment of art as an expression.

Untermeyer, Louis and Davidson, Carter. Poetry, its appreciation and enjoyment. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1934, 400-500 p.

Particularly useful material from pages 329 to 492, inclusive, on the rhythms and forms of cadenced verse.

Saintsbury, Geo. Edward. History of criticism. Edinburg  
and London, William Blackwood and Sons, Ltd.,  
1928. Three Vols. 1500 p.

This work contains a history of the ways of judging creative art in western literature since the time of the early Greek period.

Winchester, Caleb Thomas. Principle of literary criticism.  
New York, Macmillan Co., 1908. 350 p.

This book furnishes a discussion (pages 226-282) of the elements of poetry; time, accent, pitch, and quality.

#### Books and parts of Books on Philosophy and Education.

Butler, N.M. Education after the war. (In Butler, N.M. Is  
America worth saving? New York, Columbia University  
press, 1928).

Suggests the changes in education that are necessary to save the world from destruction, through war.

Frank, Glenn. America's hour of decision. New York and London,  
McGraw- Hill Book Co., inc. 1934, 350 p.

This book deals with "science betrayed" "religion exiled", "education hamstrung." Suggests that something must be done immediately to cure the "social lag."



Rand, Benjamin. Modern Classical philosophers. New York,  
Houghton Mifflin Co., 1908, 740 p.

Selections illustrating modern philosophy from  
Bruno to Spencer. Particularly impressed by  
work of Immanuel Kant.

Articles in Magazines. Used for their view of the history and ideals  
of the Fort Hays Kansas State College.

Brooks, C. H. Kansas education since 1914. (In The Aerend,  
vol. IV, p. 113-116. Spring, 1933.)

Lewis, William A. Depression and the college. (In The Aerend,  
vol. II, p. 213-216. Spring, 1931.)

Parker, Robert L. Fort Hays and the college. (In The Aerend,  
vol II, p. 67-76. Spring, 1931.)

Stuart, James R. From Bivouac to campus. (In The Aerend,  
vol II, p. 2-5 Winter, 1931.)

Newspaper Files. Used for the same purpose as magazine articles  
above.

Western normal leader. Hays, Kansas. The western normal pub.  
ass'n. 1908-1915.

The Leader. Hays, Kansas. State college press. 1915-1926.

Kansas state teachers' college leader. Hays, Kansas. State  
college press, 1926-1931.

State college leader. Hays, Kansas. State college press.  
1931-34.

The republican. Hays City, Kansas, 1890-1909.