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THE
FRONTIER

MAY, 1933

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST



BLACK
MOTHER

A Story by Elma Godchaux

RING-TAILED ROARERS

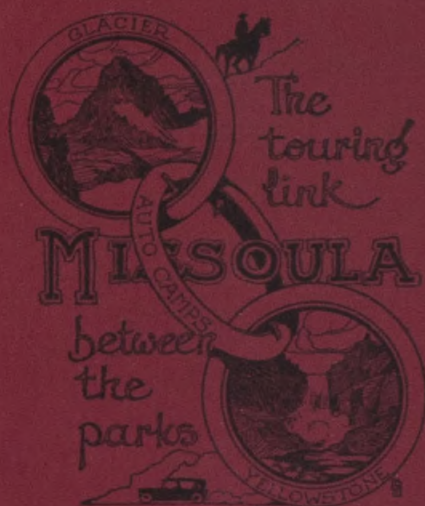
V. L. O. Chittick

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NORTH, EAST, SOUTH, AND WEST
Ben A. Botkin

FORTY CENTS

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Muse and Mirror, Seattle, merged with *The Frontier*, April, 1932

Volume Thirteen

MAY, 1933

Number 4

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V. L. O. CHITTICK (Portland), who sends this introduction, *Ring-Tailed Roarers*, to his collection of "Tall Tales," is an editor of the Folklore section of *The Frontier*. From Portland, Oregon, also come the poems by ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN, an editor of *The Outlander*, and MERLE BEYNON, and HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING's fourth story to appear in *The Frontier* this year.

From Spokane, Washington, come poems from JANE MORRILL and ORPAH GARDNER. Other Northwest writers are DONALD PART- RIDGE (Malta, Mont.), and PAUL C. PHILLIPS (Missoula, Mont.). JOHN VAN MALE is a seller of rare books in Denver, Colo. ALBERT B. REAGAN (Ouray, Utah) is well known to *Frontier* readers.

BEN A. BOTKIN (University of Oklahoma) is perhaps the foremost student of literary regionalism in the United States. He edits the excellent volume, *Folk-Say*.

JOHN C. FROHLICHER (Kalispell, Mont.) is now editor of publications for Brown and Bigelow, St. Paul. DON STEVENS (originally from Pony, Mont.) is a newspaper man on the *San Francisco Examiner*. Both were formerly students at the State University of Montana.

GWENDOLEN HASTE (formerly of Billings, Mont., but now living in New York City) is the author of *Young Land*, a volume of poems. ELMA GODCHAUX contributes (from Conn.) her second story to *The Frontier*. JOSE GARCIA VILLA, who for a while edited *Clay*, left New York this month for England. HOWARD NUTT is a Middle Western writer whose verse has recently been appearing in several magazines. MAUD MAPLE MILES (Oak Park, Ill.) was for some years a friend of Ezra Meeker. F. A. HARDMAN (San Antonio) contributes his first story to *The Frontier*.

This second installment of *Adam Cargo* completes the novel by UPTON TERRELL, Chicago newspaper man.

The next issue of *The Frontier* will come off the press on October 20.

A Review of GRACE STONE COATES' latest book **Portulacas in the Wheat**

"Any new book by this author deserves careful attention. She has built up so fair a reputation, both as poet and essayist, that to be ignorant of her work and repute is to confess one's provincialism at once. In the Northwest, where she lives, writes and helps edit a magazine, THE FRONTIER, she towers well up amongst the tallest literary timber. Several previous books, and inclusion in many of the best magazines, have established her name as a writer.

"In this book she is neither at her unvarying best nor at her worst. She varies. But her worst here, let it be said, is far superior to a mediocre writer's best. And let it also be said that she, when at her frequent best, is surpassed by few women lyric writers in America.

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LITERARY NEWS

FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN, EDNA KENTON, ELMA LEVINGER, and CAPT. E. PRYCE MITCHELL are authors of the March selections of The Junior Literary Guild. Mr. Linderman's *Stumpy*, a chipmunk's story, has received enthusiastic comment in both eastern and western press. May Lamberton Becker finds it devoid of the pernicious sentimentality sometimes found in animal stories for children, and says, in part: "Man looks before and after, makes comparisons, and grieves; and sometimes goes to war. But a chipmunk cannot put two and two together to make a grudge." One of the editors of the Junior Guild is Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Idaho Digest and Blue Book will go to press November, 1933. It is a 600-page statistical reference, a book of facts about Idaho, for Idaho people; it will contain a new, complete *Who's Who* of writers, officials, and persons otherwise of prominence in the state. It is edited by G. C. HOBSON, Boise, Idaho, and published by *The Caxton Printers, Ltd.*, at \$10.

A good many projected anthologies of verse whose editors had hoped to finance them through pre-publication subscription from contributors are failing to come through. Certain of the editors have found it easier to take money than to return it or supply the purchased books. In contradistinction to the incompetent and dishonest, A. G. KINGSLAD of St. Louis, failing to assemble the verse he wanted, has returned all material and collections to subscribers.

BRASSIL FITZGERALD, assistant editor of *The Frontier*, has been hitting *Collier's* market with a series of stories. JASON BOLLES of Bozeman, Montana, will make his first appearance in a forthcoming issue of *Harper's*. His wife, MAZIE MAXIE BOLLES, has completed an historical novel for entry in one of the national contests. Mr. and Mrs. JAMES WILLARD SHULTZ have spent the winter in Bozeman, in literary work. Mrs. Shultz (Grace Donaldson) is completing a series of Indian stories for children.

In its "News from the States" a recent *Saturday Review of Literature* characterizes S. G. Phillips Book Store as an outpost of the book trade in Bozeman, Montana, and cites its sale of over seventy copies of CHARLES M. RUSSELL'S *Good Medicine*, edited by Mrs. Russell, with foreword by Will James (Doubleday, Doran & Co.). The Bozeman correspondent of the *Review*, Polly Robertson, identifies ROGER SCARLETT (*Murder Among the Angels*) as Dorothy Blair, daughter of a Bozeman pioneer. Miss Blair admits to only half that identity, since EVELYN PAGE of Philadelphia is co-author with her

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of the mystery novels appearing under that signature. Both were formerly on the editorial staff of Houghton Mifflin & Co. Miss EDNA COBBAN, of Phillips Book Store, reports continued sale of Linderman's *Red Mother* Lomax's *Cowboy Ballads*—which she commends—and other westerns.

CAROLINE LOCKHART'S *Old West— and New*, issued by Doubleday, Doran & Co. Miss Lockhart runs her own ranch in Montana, and knows her West. Her first success was *The Dude Wrangler*. CLARENCE E. MULFORD'S *The Roundup*, serialized in western papers, also bears the imprint of Doubleday, Doran & Co.

WILLIAM R. LEIGH, nationally known painter of Western subjects, has written and illustrated in color and in black-and-white his first book dealing with the West, *The Western Pony*. The foreword is by James L. Clark, vice-director of the Museum of American History. This monograph is the result of twenty-five years of study. The color prints are by the house of Max Jaffe, Vienna. Limited edition, \$10.

The Spring issue of *The Melting Pot*, an anthology of verse edited by Olive Scott Stainsby, box 178, Placentia, Calif., is ready for mailing. The summer issue is being compiled.

A group of artists, habitual patrons of a certain Seattle restaurant, stirred by the possibilities of the expanse of blank wall, appeared one noon with step ladders and buckets of paint. While other patrons gaped, they splurged the wall with avenues of color and entrancing designs. Many things can be born of infectious enthusiasm—for instance Seattle artists' dream of a monolithic peace memorial and airplane beacon revolving 1,050 feet above the waters of Elliott Bay. The design for this monolith is the architects' contribution to Seattle's dream of tomorrow. Many of the group of designers belong to the *Pacific Northwest Academy of Arts*. Recent gay discussions, in their meetings, have circled round the location of a Utopia for all arts.

The Outlander (Wetjen, Lee, and Lull) is considering a hook-up with the Metropolitan Press. Once the Northwest publishers master the problem of distribution, the Northwest will be on the road toward doing its own publishing. Oregon writers and illustrators are starting a new fortnightly, *The Rainbow*.

The Driftwood Chapbook No. 1 under editorship of SEYMOUR G. LINK and KENNETH W. PORTER, describes itself as humorous but merciless satire—A *Bible Handbook for Young Babbits*. *Christ in the Breadline*, by PORTER, LINK, and HARRY ELMORE HURD is another *Driftwind* brochure.

Black Feather, a story of the pigmy Shep-eater Indians of Yellowstone Park, an extinct tribe, is a first book by LA VERNE HARRIET FITZGERALD of Great Falls, Mont. *The Caz-*

Continued on page 331

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THE FRONTIER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."
—THOREAU.

RING-TAILED ROARERS

V. L. O. CHITTICK

LIKE Autolycus of *The Winter's Tale* the ring-tailed roarer, that pioneer creation who enlivens the record of the American frontier, in both fact and fiction, throughout the eighteen thirties and forties, was, when of authentic horse-alligator stock, "a tall fellow of his hands." He was an even taller fellow of his tongue. When an imposter he was tall in respect of his tongue only. In other words, the westerner indubitably "touched with the airthquake," in spite of his "all-fired" claims to fistic, and other prowess, would rather fight than eat. But the loud-mouthed imitator of his ranting, or at most besides, of his rampant pose, was a chicken-hearted braggart, known to everybody as just that and nothing else, who would rather talk fight than fight.

A faithful presentation of the latter type of roarer is to be found in the pair of raftsmen overheard by Huck Finn, in Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*. Readers of that classic of early days on the Great River will recall that the first of these sorry windbags, after jumping into the air and cracking his heels together, which with neighing like a stallion or crowing like a game-cock, was the roarer's way of indicating that he was spoiling for trouble, shouted, "Whoo-ooop," and then continued:

"I'm the original iron-jawed, brass-mounted, copper-bellied, corpse-maker from the wilds of Arkansas! Look at me! I'm the man they call Sudden Death and General Desolation! Sired by a hurricane, dam'd by an earthquake,

half-brother to the cholera, nearly related to the small-pox on the mother's side! Look at me! I take nineteen alligators and a bar'l of whiskey for breakfast when I'm in robust health, and a bushel of rattlesnakes and a dead body when I'm ailing! I split the everlasting rocks with my glance, and I quench the thunder when I speak! Whoo-ooop! Stand back and give me room according to my strength! Blood's my natural drink, and the wails of the dying is music to my ear! . . ."

To which the second, after jumping into the air and cracking his heels together also, responded with:

"Whoo-ooop! bow your neck and spread for the kingdom of sorrow's a-coming! Hold me down to earth, for I feel my powers a-working! Whoo-ooop! Whoo-ooop! I'm a child of sin, *don't* let me get a start! Smoked glass, here, for all! Don't attempt to look at me with the naked eye, gentlemen! When I'm playful I use the meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude for a seine, and drag the Atlantic Ocean for whales! I scratch my head with lightning and purr myself to sleep with thunder! When I'm cold I bite the Gulf of Mexico and bathe in it; when I'm thirsty I reach up and suck a cloud dry like a sponge; when I range the earth hungry, famine follows in my tracks! . . . I'm the man with a petrified heart and biler-iron bowels! The massacre of isolated communities is the pastime of my idle moments, the destruction of nationalities the serlous business of my life! The boundless vastness of the great American desert is my enclosed property, and I bury my dead on my own premises!"

And the upshot of all this lurid tall talk

was that the smallest man on board the raft, seeing that the pretending antagonists were never going to engage in more serious combat, soundly thrashed the two of them at once.

An example of the roarer who was ever ready, and more, to sustain his boast is provided in the titular hero of the *Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett of West Tennessee*, who, though a palpable creation of legend, derived from as close to reality as any other tall tale character.

"I had taken old Betsy [his rifle]," he is recorded as saying, "and straggled off to the banks of the Mississippi river; and meeting with no game, I didn't like it. I felt mighty wolfish about the head and ears, and thought I would spile if I wasn't kivered up in salt, for I hadn't had a fight in ten days; and I cum across a fellur floatin' down stream settin' in the stern of his boat fast asleep. Said I, 'Hello, stranger! If you don't take keer your boat will run away with you'—and he looked up; and said he, 'I don't value you.' He looked at me slantendicular, and I looked down upon him slantendicular; and he took out a chaw of tobaccur, and said he, 'I don't value you that.' Said I, 'Cum ashore, I can whip you—I've been trying to get a fight all the mornin';' and the varmint flapped his wings and crowed like a chicken. I ris up, shook my mane, and neighed like a horse. He run his boat plump head foremost ashore. I stood still und set my triggurs, that is took off my shurt, and tied my galluses tight around my waist—and at it we went. He was a right smart coon, but hardly a bait for such a fellur as me. I put it to him mighty droll. In ten minutes he yelled enough, and swore I was a rip-stavur. Said I, 'Ain't I the yaller flower of the forest? And I am all brimstone but the head and ears, and that's aqua-fortis.' Said he, 'Stranger, you are a beauty; and if I knowed your name I'd vote for you next election.'

Said I, 'I'm that same David Crockett. You know what I'm made of. I've got the closest shootin' rifle, the best coon dog, the biggest tielur, and the ruffest racking horse in the district. I can kill more lickur, fool more varmints, and cool out more men than any man you can find in all Kentucky.' Said he, 'Good mornin', stranger—I'm satisfied.' Said I, 'Good mornin', sir; I feel much better since our meetin'; . . . don't forget that vote.' "

I

The ring-tailed roarer seems to have made his entry into print by way of verse, and to have been in the beginning anything but a reckless spouter of empty vaunt. Early in the eighteenth century Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," published his long since forgotten song, "The Hunters of Kentucky," celebrating the deeds of the Kentucky riflemen who had fought valiantly under Jackson in the defense of New Orleans. A typical four lines, referring to the inadequate breastwork furnished the American troops, are these:

Behind it stood our little force,
None wished to be greater,
For every man was half a horse
And half an alligator.

Shortly after its publication Woodworth's song came under the notice of Noah Ludlow, a well known comedy actor of the time, who was then playing in the old French theatre in New Orleans. Seeing a chance to make himself popular with that riotous part of his audience composed of lately paid-off rivermen, he appeared on the stage in the costume of a Kentucky hunter, including the inevitable "squirrel" rifle and coon-skin cap, and sang the words, so timely lighted on, set to a rousing air that was already a favorite. The applause that greeted

We are a hardy, freeborn race,
 Each man to fear a stranger;
 Whate'er the game, we join the chase.
 Despising toll and danger;
 And if a daring foe annoys
 No matter what his force is,
 We'll show him that Kentucky boys
 Are alligator-horses,

was tumultuous. The place of the ring-tailed roarer in the—not so very—fine arts was thus definitely established.

A similarly motivated alteration of the tall talk sort is credited to an actor playing the part of Frank Heartall in a frontier performance of *The Soldier's Daughter* (c. 1820), who replaced the original lines expressing the joy of a suitor on discovering that his supposed rival for a widow's hand is her brother with, "I am so happy that I could jump over the Ohio, wade up the Mississippi, and tow two steam-boats over the falls at Louisville." From the time of James H. Hackett's impersonation of Colonel Nimrod Wildfire in Paulding's *The Lion of the West* (1831) down to the introduction of cow-boys and Indians in the Buffalo Bill shows of recent years the ring-tailed roarers were fairly common in plays dealing with frontier themes. Emmon's *Tecumseh* (1836) and Bernard's *The Kentuckian* (1833) contain characters that are representative of the type.

Probably owing to Woodworth's having named Kentucky as the native state of his "alligator-horses" the ring-tailed roarers were frequently referred to as Kentuckians, but the association of the two was by no means general. At least one contemporary authority, G. W. Kendall of the New Orleans *Picayune*, attempted to identify the manners of the true-bred Hoosiers with those of the roarers, though the Indianians could hardly have felt complimented with the sampling of their stock utilized in the

effort. As a matter of fact the "half horse, half alligator" men had no fixed place of area or origin, for they sprang into being, both real and fictive, out of the desperate conditions attending employment on the various kinds of transport engaged in the commerce of the inland waterways until the advent of the steamboat. (Thereafter negro roustabouts supplanted all other labor in the handling of river freights.) Like old Ben Snaggletree of tall tales memory the Mississippi boat- and raftsmen were "as native to the *element* as if . . . born in a *broad horn*" and they "knew a *snappin' turtle* from a *snag*, without larnin'." Their work was cruelly rough, and hazardous in the extreme. If they survived it for a voyage, the whip-cord muscles and calloused minds it developed made almost certain their indulgence, during the ensuing periods of enforced idleness, in the coarsest and most brutal kinds of recreation. Not content with the consequences of drunken roystering among themselves, that is, as Carl Sandburg lists them in his *Abraham Lincoln*, with the "gouging of eyes, thumb-chewing, knee-lifting, head-butting, the biting off of noses and ears, and tearing loose of underlips with the teeth," they terrorized the citizenry up and down the river districts wherever nerve and brawn to resist them were lacking. And having given their calling a thoroughly evil repute, they traded on the power of its spell to frighten the objects of their raw-hide jests into abject submission.

With all that made him a good deal of a curse, however, the riverman is often agreeably recalled not only as a highly colorful figure in the life of his day but as a necessary factor in the carrying on of trade throughout the length and

breadth of the Great Valley. His essential usefulness and romantic fascination have never been more discerningly stated than in the words of A. B. Hulbert in *The Paths of Inland Commerce*:

"Yet the man himself remains a legend grotesque and mysterious, one of the shadowy figures of a time when history was being made too rapidly to be written. If we ask him how he loaded his flatboat or barge, we are told that 'one squint of his eye would blister a bull's heel.' When we inquire how he found the channel amid the shifting bars and floating islands of that tortuous two thousand mile journey to New Orleans, we are informed that he was, 'the very infant that turned from his mother's breast and called out for a bottle of old rye.' When we ask how he overcame the natural difficulties of trade—lack of commission houses, varying standards of money, want of systems of credit and low prices due to the glutting of the market when hundreds of flatboats arrived in the South simultaneously on the same freset—we are informed that 'Billy Earthquake is the geniwine, double-acting engine, and can out-run, out-swim, chaw more tobacco and spit less, drink more whiskey and keep soberer than any other man in these localities.'"

In the novel the ring-tailed roarers made but one appearance, that of roaring Ralph Stackpole in William Bird's *Nick of the Woods* (1837), but they tended to dominate the shorter forms of western story which were written so freely a little later, especially the tall tale. The prototype of the species in fiction may well have been the flesh-and-blood hero of many a flatboat yarn, the notorious Mike Fink, known as "the Snag" on the Mississippi and as the "Snapping Turtle" on the Ohio. Certain it is that he fixed the speech-pattern of his successors in the horse-alligator line with his reiterated, "I can out-run, out-hop,

out-jump, throw down, drag out and lick any man in the country. I'm a Salt River roarer; I love the wimming and I'm chock full of fight." The tall talk claims of those of his kind who came after him show no more variation from the original formula than that reported in one of T. B. Thorpe's sketches of the southwest as, "I am a roaring earthquake in fight, a real snorter of the universe. I can strike as hard as fourth proof lightning, and keep it up, rough and tumble, as long as a wild cat;" or that used to describe one Tom Bengall, engineer of the *Arkansas-Thunder*, as "a rearing, tearing, bar state scrouger, [who] could chaw up any single specimen of the human race—any quantity of tobacco, and drink steam without flinching."

II

Not all tall tales are about ring-tailed roarers, of course. But all tales about ring-tailed roarers are tall. Both varieties of story, like the roarers themselves, arose out of the unusually difficult circumstances of life on the frontier. "The humorist," as Van Wyck Brooks rightly states in his *Ordeal of Mark Twain*, "was a type that pioneer society required to maintain its psychic equilibrium." And of western humor in general Albert Bigelow Paine, whom Brooks quotes with approval, has observed with equal insight, "It grew out of a distinct condition—the battle with the frontier. The fight was so desperate, to take it seriously was to surrender. Women laughed that they might not weep; men, when they could no longer swear . . . It is the freshest, wildest, humor in the world, but there is tragedy behind it." Frontier barbecues, elections, log-rollings, and "frolics" of all kinds, the settings for much of the pio-

neers' story-telling, must have been the hilarious occasions they were mainly because those who attended them came, as likely as not, emotionally wrought up by nerve-shaking, even if triumphant, encounters with hostile red-skins or savage animals or capricious nature. And the states of mind resulting from the reaction to such adventures recounted in surroundings of temporary comfort and security regularly colored the yarns exchanged there. Commentators virtually contemporary with the scenes and events about which they wrote seldom failed to speak of the indigenous humor of the west, if not of its tragic background. Writing in 1843, John S. Robb of St. Louis remarked that, ". . . the observer must lack an eye for the comic who can look on the panorama of western life without being tempted to laugh. . . . That it here abounds as plentiful as the minerals within its [the west's] bosom, there is no question, for every step of the pioneer's progress has been marked with incidents, humorous and thrilling, which wait but the wizard spell of a bright mind and able pen to call them from misty tradition, and clothe them with speaking life." Though the "wizard spell" was consistently denied him, Robb's implied wish had already been in large part granted, if we may trust the word of J. M. Field, his colleague on the St. Louis *Reveille*, who only four years later reported that, "certain scatterlings have been, for some time back, scribbling queer things for the amusement of the queer people. . . . They are called eccentric, to be sure, but then they are tolerated as being such, and satisfied with their reception, they are constantly multiplying their numbers—we will not presume to say their influence—day by day."

The tall tales, of the increase in the writing and reading of which Field had taken cognizance, after having long been part of the oral tradition of the frontier, finally made their appearance between the covers of a book in 1833, coincidentally with that of a closely related, almost identical, form of entertainment, the comic Yankee stories from the outlying regions of the northeastern seaboard. Seba Smith's *Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing, of Downingville, Away Down East in the State of Maine*, discloses the locale of its origin in its title. That the anonymous *Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett of West Tennessee* emanated ultimately from the southwest, wherever it may have been written, is quite as obvious. Interestingly enough the contents of both books were devoted in part to the objects of political satire, Smith's relating the futilities of Maine's state legislature, and the *Sketches and Eccentricities* making occasional mention of President Jackson and his greatly mistrusted state "bank deposits," and to his, in some sections, unpopular Indian lands bill. Later tall tales show comparatively little influence of the politics of the period, though they all afford conscious or unconscious evidence that the backwoods brand of democracy which insists that "one man is as good as another, or a damned sight better" was becoming articulate. From the mid-thirties on through the forties the printing of uproarious yarns dealing with frontier characters and happenings was widespread and continuous. First featured in the newspapers and sporting weeklies, they were almost immediately collected into volumes, and eventually most of the volumes were brought together in Carey and Hart's (afterwards T. B. Peter-

son's) once avidly read "Library of Humorous American Works." Former favorites among the titles included were W. T. Thompson's *Major Jones's Courtship*, J. J. Hooper's *The Adventures of Captain Simon Suggs* and *The Widow Rugby's Husband*, T. B. Thorpe's *The Mysteries of the Backwoods*, J. S. Robb's *Western Scenes*, J. M. Field's *The Drama in Pokerville*, and Sol Smith's *Theatrical Apprenticeship*.

Of the various sporting weeklies purveying frontier laughter throughout the tall tale era unquestionably the most famous was the New York *Spirit of the Times*. Founded in 1831, it was edited and managed by William T. Porter until 1853, and by Porter in joint-control with others down to 1858, during which time its preeminence in tall tale dissemination was unchallenged, unless possibly for a brief period by *The Constellation*, another New York weekly. Previous to the eighteen-thirties the American sporting journals had justified their right to be called such chiefly by reprinting from trans-Atlantic sources the records of the British turf and field. Porter was quick to perceive the superior possibilities of diversion latent in the home-made humor of the west, the transcription of which from word-of-mouth repetition into print was just beginning. In pursuing his determination to specialize solely in frontier amusement features he searched the country far and wide for talent in tall tale telling and secured for his paper at a number of points in the southwest the services of what he called "correspondents," though he used the term indifferently to designate both those who submitted their contributions directly to his scrutiny and those who wrote the sketches which he clipped from the columns of his contemporaries

ad lib. The result of his tireless activity in rounding up every sort of wilderness and prairie adventure story was to make the *Spirit of the Times* the outstanding tall tale repository of the years in which it flourished, and for that above anything else its files are valued today.

Justly proud of his services in preserving the humorous record of the frontier Porter was naturally eager to urge the claims of the tall tale to recognition as a respectable branch of letters. But his statement that those who distinguished themselves "in this novel and original walk of literature" were highly educated "country gentlemen, planters, lawyers, etc.," hardly makes his case. It does, however, confirm the impression which any extended reading of tall tales creates, namely that in rare instances only were their authors the persons, or the kind of persons, whose exploits and mishaps they relate. Doubtless most of them were told, and retold, at gatherings of the bench and bar during the periodic sessions of the frontier courts, and were finally written down by members of the legal fraternity or their friends among the border states journalists, the majority of whom must have known sufficiently at first hand the conditions out of which such yarnings grew to ensure their being, for all their tallness, revelations of the essential truth involved. And in consequence their writings must be accepted as belonging in a deeply real sense among the more trustworthy memorials of the ring-tailed roarers of the west, the poor whites of the south, and the hard-bargaining tradesmen from "down east." Their portraits of all-night rioters who preferred being "licked" to not fighting, quick-on-the-trigger marksmen, expert lynching "sweeteners," card-

sharper and thimble-riggers, ultimate consumers with insatiable thirsts, and bad men in general, are on the whole probably dependable. So are their descriptions of bullet-, snake-, and claw-proof hunters, explorers, guides, and trappers, as well as of the equally amusing, if milder mannered, circuit lawyers, village gossips, travelling tin-men, and country greenhorns once common along the fringes of western settlement. Relatively little of deliberate over-drawing falsifies their depiction of such scenes as shooting-matches and reckless killings, hair-raising escapades and "tight fixes" of all sorts, bee hunts, coon hunts, and "b'ar" hunts, gander pullings and quarter-races, Mississippi river-boat rivalries, timber-jams and log-runnings, and prairie fires and cattle stampedes; or their accounts of hinterland quiltings, picnics, and barn-raising, or of horse swappings and other varieties of keen-witted rustic trading; or even their recital of conventional fish-stories.

III

Though Porter compiled two volumes of at one time familiar tall tales, *The Big Bear of Arkansas* (1845) and *A Quarter Race in Kentucky* (1846), and his friend T. A. Burke another, *Polly Peablossom's Wedding* (1851), neither editor could have had any other purpose in mind than to profit by the widespread demand for divertissement of this order on the part of the reading public, for their collections were much too limited in range to be the work of connoisseurs interested in collecting for collecting's sake. It is a surprising fact that none of the fellow countrymen of the tall tale writers seems ever to have been impelled by the desire to bring together a thoroughly representative assortment of their productions while their vogue

still lasted. It is an even more surprising fact that such a desire was felt, and acted upon, by a person who was not only not a citizen or a resident of the United States but a Nova Scotian Supreme Court judge, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who published two three volume sets of tall tales, the most complete array of them ever assembled by one editor, *Traits of American Humor* (1852) and *The Americans at Home* (1854). And yet as surprising as it is that an alien, and one of pronounced anti-republican sympathies, should have conceived of and carried out this particular enterprise, for Haliburton it was not an altogether extraordinary undertaking, since before engaging in it he had achieved international fame as the creator of the best known character in the field of ludicrous "down east" sayings and doings, the Connecticut clock-pedlar, Sam Slick. Anyone with a flair for Yankee humor, and Haliburton's was indeed most marked, might reasonably be expected to have a flair for western humor also. For the fundamental difference, if any, between such typically Yankee jests (or what passed current for such) as describing a man so tall that he had to climb a ladder to shave himself, or a clipper ship as so "tarnation fast" that she left her shadow three and a half miles behind her, and the common reports from "out west" of hunters being able to *grin* the bark off a tree or run a bear so hard that its "inards" would turn to grease, is not easy to detect. Even more difficult is it to perceive the distinction in comedy values between declaring of a certain New England "ornament to creation" that he "Chaws chain cables for 'bakey,' takes gunpowder for snuff, blows his nose with a tin pocket handker-

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AFTER APPOMATTOX

GWENDOLEN HASTE

Let there be heavier fruit large among leaves,
 A golden heaping of sun on earth.
 This will be a year of reaping,
 When the warm body soft under leaf shadow
 Will tremble beneath urging hands.
 Let no cloud hide this fire of summer.

Forget that which has been lived
 And was called girlhood.
 Girl days should flutter with hidden loves—
 Happiness of early arbutus and birds among the evening trees.
 That which is over
 Has been terrible with enduring,
 Loverless, noisy with the names of the dead.
 Thrust the years of drouth away.
 Remember only childhood with apples and sunlight.
 Tears are not good to remember.

Girlhood lived with death ;
 But now there is no death,
 Only the sweet wild plum ripening,
 The corn tasseling in the steamy heat.
 Now there is a seeping into the land,
 A return of that which has been gone.
 There will be thin leaping men in farmhouses,
 Voices that burn.
 No longer the blurred notes of old men nor the clatter of women.
 There will be shouts and whistling in the fields.

It is a summer for ripeness.
 Put aside the close dress,
 Smooth the hid ribbon.
 This is a summer for glancing and laughter.
 Remember the ways of dancing,
 The words of bright songs.
 Quicken your tongue to answer.
 There will be questions.

It is for this that the live breast pulls the bodice,
 For this flesh is cool and honey-pale.
 Take the flecked sun on cheek and lip—
 A woman is passive before the intruder.
 Listen for a foot on the roadway,
 A voice at the wide door.

TWO HEADS

F. A. HARDMAN

"I 'LL let you know tomorrow," said Matthews to the salesman, "I've got to talk it over with the wife first." His brown eyes, flanked with smile wrinkles, squinted pleasantly from under the wide brim of his straw hat.

The salesman put one foot on the bumper of his Ford, parked in Matthews' front yard.

"And remember, if you take the tractor, we give you a big reduction on the mower and binder. I sure hope for your own good you won't go on using this antique stuff." He waved his hand in the general direction of the barn, from which they had just come, after looking at the old implements. The sale was as good as closed, he thought. He was pretty good on sales psychology, and could tell when a man was getting ready to sign up. Well, it was about time. They'd been arguing off and on for months.

"I'll think it over and see you tomorrow." It was a dismissal. Matthews walked away toward the house.

The salesman got into his car and started down the driveway. The radiator of his shiny '32 model gleamed like a miniature sun. He glanced back at the prospective buyer, who had reached the gallery and was wiping his face with a handkerchief. He smiled. It'd be the third one he'd sold this month, if only the wife didn't ball things up . . . He'd be able to make the payment on the car after all.

John Matthews changed his mind about going in the house, and sat down on the porch. He cupped his chin in his hands and gazed reflectively into

the distance, where a single buzzard was floating and tacking above the jack-oaks. It was five o'clock, but the sun still burned his face with the heat of midday. He searched the sky from horizon to horizon for a cloud, but there was not the tiniest break in the blue. If it didn't rain pretty soon, the June corn would be ruined. Anyway, the cane and oats were already raked and stacked. He wouldn't do so bad, even if the June corn didn't make. There were about a hundred frying-size chickens, and eleven hogs that he could sell in July . . .

About this machinery. There was still a little doubt left in his mind. The salesman said it would pay for itself. Maybe it would. He didn't know. But there were other things to be considered. The land, their second seventy-five acres, was not clear yet, and he must make sure he could take care of the payments on that before thinking of anything else . . . Of course, they weren't in any danger. Everything had gone fine so far. Perhaps . . . Anyhow, he'd have to talk it over with Jen. Pretty good head on her, the old girl had.

But there was something else, something concerned with himself alone. It was probably foolish of him to think about it in that way, but he did. No doubt it *was* better to keep up with modern progress . . . One man couldn't fight against a "universal movement," as the salesman said. But that didn't change his feelings.

Each summer, he made ten or twenty trips to Floresville, to market the hogs, and the grain. Having no truck, he

always went in his big three-ton wagon, the only one like it in the county. On the road, the automobiles would whirl by him, filling the air with their sickening stench, and their racket. He despised the sly, inhuman whistle of motors. The good, clopping jolt of a horse's hooves suited him much better. It seemed to re-echo inside him, with a kind of music. From the high seat of the wagon, he would look down on the racing cars contemptuously, feeling himself above them in more ways than one. But the people in the cars never noticed him. They usually had a tense, strained look on their faces, as if something were paining them, and kept their eyes glued to the center of the road. He wondered where they could all be going, and why they were in such a hurry. If he blocked the way for a second or two, the drivers would glare at him. Some would even curse. Could it be they all had important engagements they were rushing to fulfill?

Of course, it didn't make much difference to him who they were, or where they were going. But it made him think. He had plenty of time for thinking up there on the wagon. A vague enmity toward these people had taken root in his heart. And now, with the tractor salesman trying to sell him a new set of machinery, he had the same antagonistic feeling. All his life he had been used to slow things, a wagon, a horse plow. The acrid, sweaty smell of the animals, the slick leather between his fingers . . . He liked it. When harvest time came, the clatter of the mowing machine was even more pleasant to his ears than the strange "sonater" records Genevieve played on the phonograph. If he bought the tractor, these sounds that he had come to love, and the sweet, pure

smell of the cane, would be drowned in the roar and stink of a motor.

He got up and walked toward the barn. Steely heat-waves were rising from the corrugated iron roof. He mopped his forehead with a checkered handkerchief that smelled of sweat as it passed his nose. Two little pigs ran across the yard in front of him. Each had an intent vacuity in its eyes. Putting out his foot, he pushed one of the pigs over on its back. It gave a frantic squeak, righted itself, and see-sawed through the yard and out the gate. Matthews shook with silent laughter.

The barn was like a furnace. The roof, instead of keeping out heat, seemed to draw it. The dirt floor was covered with old hay and manure, tramped hard by generations of horses. Last year he had built a new shed for the animals, and the barn now housed his machinery. There were two double-disk plows, a mower, a planter, a baler, and a turning plow. The rake was in the field; Henry was using that.

Somehow he didn't like to part with these old implements. His father had helped him buy them sixteen years before, right after he got married. He looked affectionately at the mower, over whose blade he had seen so many weary acres of cane flatten to the ground. He knew all its good qualities, and its failings, as well as if it were part of himself. Every nut and bolt and spring from the shaft to the tip of the cutter was familiar to him. It wasn't pleasant to think of it being junked by some dealer, who might consider it useless because he didn't know how to remedy its little peculiarities . . .

He sighed heavily, and started on his usual round, to feed the stock.

The pigs came first. Their squealing,

audible for miles around at this time of evening, indicated that they knew it as well as he did. Their wild commotion often called him home to supper. He filled a bucket with shelled corn, and another with slop, and walked sturdily toward the pen. The squeals became deafening. He watched their eager, senseless eyes in amusement. The gleam of hunger gave them a human look. There was a kind of relation between him and the stock he raised. His horses, the brood sows, the setting hens, and the cows, those that lived a long time, and made a place for themselves in the farm routine, were like friends. Old Muley, Old Dominick, Grunter . . . And, farther in the past, Nell, the mother of their line of horses, Potrack, the first guinea . . . He didn't think of it often; but when he did, it was a little horrible to imagine these hogs of his being shoved down a long, bloody runway, with a knife waiting at the end . . .

He poured the slop into the trough and stood a while watching them eat. Their yellowish white snouts sucked voraciously at the milk. Others crunched corn with a solid gusto. After all, what more could beasts want . . . ?

He was in an unusual mood today. Such thoughts as these seldom occurred to him. It must be the prospect of having to make an important decision before tomorrow.

Maybe the salesman was right. Maybe all those new contrivances he'd seen in town, radios, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, were not "finery for softies" as he had once believed, but absolute necessities.

Henry said he thought they should have them all, if other people did. Henry was fifteen now, and had finished school. He knew quite a bit, and

was doing almost as much work as his father. Last week somebody had said he was in love with the Terrell girl . . . He'd be getting married soon.

But Henry's opinion didn't count for much. He was too young yet. Genevieve was the one to help him decide. She would naturally consider first the interests of Jack and Maisie, who were much younger than Henry. Jack was in the fourth grade, but Maisie was just beginning school this season. After Henry was born, Genevieve had made up her mind she wasn't going to have another baby for several years. He'd never heard of such a thing, and had argued with her. But in some matters Genevieve simply couldn't be changed. It had taken her five years. And then another five to decide she wanted a girl. Maisie was a sort of "afterthought," as Genevieve sometimes said, jokingly, as she patted the child's curls. A strange woman, Genevieve. He didn't understand her thoroughly even now. Anyway, he could always depend upon her for a good sound word of advice.

He fed the chickens and cows less reflectively, and then headed for the house. He was hungry.

The odor of frying bacon hung in the air as he entered. Genevieve stood over the wood-stove, pushing at the bacon with a fork. When she heard him come in, she turned.

"You're a little earlier than usual."

"Yes, I left Henry in the field to finish up."

"How's the oats?"

"Pretty good." He glanced around, soaping his hands over the sink. "Where's Maisie and Jack?"

"Sent 'em down to pick strawberries. There's a few left down by the river." She broke the eggs on the rim

of the skillet, and dropped them into the bacon fat with upward motions of her wrists. Her face was shiny with perspiration. She smoothed her hair with a tired gesture. Matthews had seated himself at the table and was watching her. She sensed something a little out of the ordinary in his gaze.

"Hot in here, ain't it?"

"Kinda. But I'm used to it."

"Guess I ought to buy you a new oil-stove. See where they're havin' a sale at Sears Roebuck in San Antonio. You and Henry could go up and get one any time, or order one sent. Won't be much work from now on till plantin' time."

"I like a wood-stove. It's only a couple of hours a day I'm in the kitchen, you know."

His eyes went the length of her body. She certainly didn't look run down, or weak. Her figure was still solidly handsome, and her hair showed only a strand or two of grey. Her eyes, also, had retained some of their youthful charm. Their heavy lashes and dark brows gave a lazy look to her otherwise energetic face.

As he sat there by the table, watching her take the eight eggs out of the skillet one by one, he let his thoughts wander into the past.

Sixteen years ago, they had been married at a little church in Floresville. Her family was more prosperous than his, and she had just been graduated from a high school in San Antonio. All her people were against the marriage, but she had overruled their objections and married him anyhow. He was only a farmer, her family had told her, and would never amount to anything. But Genevieve loved him, and loved the farm. Too, she was eighteen and could

do as she pleased. He had been twenty-two, and had already worked several years on his father's farm in Wilson County. His father had seen that he was pretty sensible and not afraid of work, so he had taken a chance and helped him buy a place of his own.

Genevieve had been quite beautiful when he married her. At first he could hardly believe she was his wife. Not that he considered himself undeserving of her, exactly. But it was a little . . . a little . . . For one thing, she was half Italian, and the Latin side of her often puzzled him. When she was younger, she had been changeable and flighty, and had a way of saying things he couldn't understand when she became angry.

As a housekeeper, she was a bit untidy and careless, but he laid that to her easy-going Latin blood. For months, sometimes, the house would shine like a new pin. Then she would change, and have a sleepy spell, neglecting everything but the most necessary work. It was during these spells that she read the books she borrowed from a friend of hers, who worked in the Carnegie library.

Her favorite book was one that she had bought, and always kept handy, so she could read from it whenever she wanted. He couldn't make head or tail of it himself, although when she read him some of the pieces, they sounded fine. It was deep stuff. Across the cover was written "LEAVES OF GRASS," in an unsteady scrawl. At first he had imagined it was about how to grow a lawn, or maybe Sudan. But there was nothing at all in the book about grass, and he did not try to read it.

Although he considered these things

childish and not the proper amusements for a woman of her age, he really had little to complain of.

They still loved each other almost as they had during the first years of their married life. He often thought it peculiar that a middle-aged couple, with three children, should continue acting toward each other as if they were very young. It was not his doing, though. Periodically, without any reason that he could see, Genevieve would become suddenly loving, and insist that they were missing a lot of pleasures. He got used to the whims after a while, and asked her what made her that way. She laughed, and pointed to a book on the table. "Bo-cottehy-o, perhaps," she said.

His reflections were disturbed by a shout in the front yard. He turned toward the window. Jack and Maisie were coming up the walk. Jack had dropped his basket of strawberries, and Maisie was scolding him.

They opened the screen and came in. Maisie put her basket of strawberries on the table with an air of duty done. She took off her sunbonnet, and a head of curly golden hair fell around her shoulders.

"Mama, Jack dropped his basket on the dirty ground and got his strawbees all messy."

"I didn't!" cried Jack. "They're not dirty! Look, Papa, and see if they are!"

"You did, you did so! Um-mm, storyteller!" She raked one index finger over the other.

"All right, children. Quit arguing and wash the strawberries for mother." Mrs. Matthews tried to be severe, but she could scarcely keep the amusement out of her voice.

When the children had gone to the well for water, still arguing about the strawberries, Matthews turned to his wife.

"Jen," he said, "I want to talk to you about a business matter tonight. Henry's going to town, and you can put the children to bed early . . . So we'll be alone; I want us to be alone."

"All right, John."

Henry came in late, after the others had already eaten. He was in a frightful hurry. The rake had given him some trouble, and it had taken him half an hour longer to finish the last patch. He bathed noisily, splashing water on the walls of the bathroom and leaving his clothes on the floor. Then he put on his best suit.

His mother came to the door of his room and looked in. Henry was her favorite of the three children, perhaps because he looked so much like John when she first met him.

"Where you goin', Hen?"

"Town." He stood before the mirror, giving the finishing pulls to his bright necktie.

"Got a date with Mary?"

"Uh-uh."

"No need of saying 'uh-uh' because you have!"

"Naw!"

"Yes!"

In pretended anger, Henry chased his mother through the hall and into the kitchen, where he sat down at the table.

Matthews, in his accustomed chair, was propped against the wall smoking his pipe.

"Dad," said Henry, "that rake gave me the devil this evening. The lever wouldn't work, and I was in a hurry.

I'm glad you weren't there to hear me."

"Did you push it over to the left right hard?"

"Sure. I pushed and pushed till I was black in the face . . . I tell you what, Dad, that thing's just too old. It's worn out. The prongs are loose, and the points worn slick."

Matthews sighed. He knew Henry. If everything didn't go to suit him, he got mad and was liable to break something. No use telling him, of course. He'd been the same way when he was young. If a boy had any sense he'd find out those things for himself.

Henry ate a great deal, but gulped his food, and was done in a few minutes.

"Well, give her a kiss for me," his mother laughed, as he snatched his hat from the rack.

When the children had gone to bed, Matthews and his wife went out to sit on the gallery. A strong south breeze was blowing now. The sun had gone down, and the first stars were appearing.

Matthews had a sudden feeling of quiet security. He lit his pipe and puffed white clouds of smoke toward the rising moon.

"Jen," he said, "I guess you know what I want to say. It's that new set of machinery the salesman from San Antonio has been trying to sell me. I promised to let him know tomorrow evening whether I want it or not. I thought I'd ask you—what you think."

He paused for a moment. Crickets began to scrape on the night stillness. The moon an amber arc bulging the horizon.

"The salesman says everybody's got

machinery these days. Nobody uses a horse plow anymore, or carries their stuff to town in a wagon. And a tractor and a Ford is what—is necessary. If you want to stay up with the times." He stopped to draw at his pipe. His lips made little popping sounds as he let out the smoke. "It's not myself so much. It's you and the children. I've been thinking how hard you work. Maybe we could get a washing machine, and a vacuum cleaner . . . 'Course that would take electricity. But the salesman says all those things'll pay for themselves . . . You know, Jen, we really are awful backward out here, so far from town. The new things don't reach us like they do the city folks."

Mrs. Matthews was listening quietly, her head on one side.

"I kinda thought we might get that machinery. We still owe some on the place, but we could manage, I think . . . If the crops are good."

"How much would a tractor and a truck cost, John?"

"About fifteen hundred, the salesman says."

"Fifteen hundred."

"About."

"How long would it take to pay for them, if we had good crops every year?"

Matthews struck a match to his pipe. "Well, I figger we could do it in four years, and carry the debt on the land, too."

"That's the main thing. We can't miss a single payment on that."

"Yes . . ."

"And the crops aren't always good, are they?"

"I reckon we know that's so by this time, don't we?" He laughed ruefully at the memory of nineteen twenty-two,

and nineteen thirty. "Oh, there's two sides to the question all right. An' another thing, a car burns gasoline, and so does a tractor. Sometimes they get out of order, and it costs money to have them fixed. You can't raise gasoline on a farm. An' I ain't no mechanic."

"I thought of that, too."

"I knew you would." He leaned back against his wife's knees. "Only somehow I didn't reckon on it myself, that is while the salesman was here. You know, I can't think straight when that fellow's around. He comes when I'm busy as the devil, and talks and talks . . . As if he knew more about my farm than I do. Then as soon as he's gone, I begin to recollect a thousand things he didn't consider."

"If it were myself, I'd tell him to stay away," Mrs. Matthews put in.

"A man can't do that, Jen. The fellow's just trying to make a living, like us, an' I was pretty interested."

"I wonder if you remember the Carsons?"

Matthews turned sidewise so he could see his wife's face. He knew by her tone that she was going to tell him what she really thought about it.

"Yes, sure."

"They bought five thousand dollars worth of new stuff, tractor, car, lights, all that. And where are they now?"

"Moved to town, didn't they?"

"Yes, but not because they wanted to . . . It almost killed poor Mrs. Carson to leave. They had a farm as good as ours when Mr. Carson died, but the boys got messed up with some salesman, and he sold them the whole line. Said it would enable them to live better. They couldn't meet the payments, and Mrs. Carson got scared

they'd lose everything, and sold out. The boys helped persuade her, I think."

"Where did you say they was?"

"They're in San Antonio. Been there two years. I saw Mrs. Carson last time I was in town. Things are high there, and you have to buy so much more . . . And the boys got a car. She didn't want them to have it—none of them has got a cent. It's an awful thing to be in a fix like that, John."

Matthews listened to every word. It was not often Genevieve became so wound up over anything. Her talk brought back to him with a new clarity his own first arguments with the salesman . . . When everything was going so well, why begin to make changes? There was no real need for more money. To him, the farm was a success in more ways than just financially . . . If there hadn't been any such thing as money, for example, his feeling of satisfaction wouldn't have altered a bit. And as for speed, where was the necessity of it? He might not be able to plow a hundred and fifty acres in ten days, but he plowed them, didn't he? And raised some of the best crops in the county on them, didn't he?

The full moon had crawled slowly up from the horizon, shedding a purer brilliance as it rose. Now it seemed to be hanging on the eaves of the barn, like a globe of quicksilver. Its light, refracted from the white floor of the porch, illumined their faces. He looked at his wife from the corners of his eyes. Her cheeks were smooth and almost beautiful in the moonlight. Her arms, reposing on her lap, were round and strong.

Tired, yes he could see she was tired. But she didn't complain, for she knew, as he did, that it was good to be tired.

What was better than to go to bed at night and sink into the peaceful sleep of exhaustion?

A mocking bird whistled its tune somewhere in the corn fields—plain-tive, various, rich.

John Matthews felt inspired to talk. He could seldom put things as he wanted to, but this time there was something he had to say, something he had to know before he could make the decision.

"Jen, I wonder if you've—if you've ever got tired of the farm? If you've got tired of working, day in and day out? And not seeming to get anywhere?"

"Have I ever complained, John?"

"No. But there are a lot of things we feel and don't talk about. I thought . . . I sometimes think you and the children have a pretty tough time of it . . . I want us to have all those things we mentioned . . . But going into debt for them, without knowing we can pay—it's dangerous. What if I should get sick, or die? Everything would fall to pieces. All those years of labor wasted . . . Perhaps, some day . . . But why talk of some day? Aren't we getting along all right? Tomorrow never comes, Jen. Unless we can say right now, today, this minute, 'I am happy' or at least 'I am not miserable,' there is no hope" He had put it clumsily. He leaned over and looked into his wife's eyes.

"Of course you know all that. Those books you read, I reckon they tell you

more'n I ever could . . . But aren't you happy?"

There was a long silence. He was about to speak again when they both heard a dim sound from inside the house. Mrs. Matthews turned her head and listened. One of the children was crying. She got up quickly and went in.

After a few moments she returned to her chair on the porch.

"Maisie wanted a drink," she said.

Matthews nodded. "I've been thinking about that machinery business while you were in there," he said. "And I've decided what to do."

His tone was so resolute and independent that a sudden fear shot through his wife's heart. After all, it was up to him to say the last word.

"What is it?"

"I'm going to tell the salesman he can keep his machinery in town, where it belongs." He rose, knocked out his pipe, and prepared to go in.

"Night, Jen."

"Night, John." She understood. There was nothing else to be said.

Mrs. Matthews went to her bed in the children's room thinking what a fine husband she had. There was a kind of music inside her, a high, clear aria resembling the song of the mower on a cool spring morning.

John Matthews stood a while on the porch looking at his moonlit yard, hearing the noises of the night—horses stirring out back, and a whisper of wind in the live oaks . . . Then he went quietly in.

BLACK MOTHER

ELMA GODCHAUX

“ALL yuh niggers is trash!” yelled Ludie as she stood on the edge of her gallery, tall, skinny, her black skin showing through her thin calico dress. She raised her long arms and her hands looked like dark spread wings in the moonlight. “Yuh is all trash. What yuh all got to do wid white folks’ business?”

It was summer in Louisiana and war was drafting negroes. Negroes had already gone off into the unknown leaving others full of consternation. They held meetings after their work was done. Every cabin in the two long rows that formed the quarters spawned its quota of negroes. They listened to Ludie’s high-pitched voice that seemed to poise on the still air and pervade all distances. “Yuh is all trash!”

Fanny snuggled closer to Atee. The pressure of his arm across her shoulder was almost more than she could bear. That and her mother’s words. An enormous moon lit the earth and under the heat like a weight it was hard to breathe. Most of the niggers sprawling on the crowded galleries were half-naked like Ludie, but Fanny wasn’t. She was laced in her high corset and arrayed like on Sundays in her long-sleeved black taffeta dress.

“Trash!” cried Ludie. “Mistah Kaiser ain’t done nuthin’ to us niggers.”

“Dat so,” someone called out.

And from other galleries, “Yas, Hunh-huh.” People bowed their heads and clapped their hands like in church.

“Dat’s right. Dat’s right.”

“We needs de white folks, ain’t dat’s right?” pressed Ludie.

“Dat’s right. Dat’s right.”

“But dey doan need us niggers.” Ludie laughed tauntingly as she sat down on a sagging rocker too low for her. She crossed her long legs; one knee nearly touched her chin and one big bare foot stuck out making a funny black splotch on the whiteness of the night. She sat much higher than the negroes about her and looked like a god surrounded by prostrate worshippers. The negroes below her whispered together and looked up at her, but she sat indifferent to them pulling on her pipe. Her head was full of thoughts. White folks were so proud. Why did they need niggers to help fight? Niggers ought to mind their own business. It didn’t pay niggers to mix with white folks, to do what white folks did. Niggers ought to do like niggers. She did her stint of work for the white folks and earned her money. Making her living as a field digger she held no truck with the whites. She was like the river, going her way, paying the white folks no mind. She was like the river and could understand it the way no white folks could. When her lips relaxed on her pipe stem to form words the people raised their heads to try to hear what she said. But she talked to herself or the river; their ears were not attuned to such talk; they could hear nothing, but they could see her little head against the lighter sky outlined exactly, the strong jaw thin like a man’s, the high cheek bones and the long tapering negro fingers busy at her pipe bowl.

At last Fanny moved as if in protest against the self-abnegation of the others. She stepped over the half-reclining forms. And Atee followed her. She

was trying to get away from the sight of her mother and the sound of her voice. "Trash!" It rang in Fanny's ears, followed her as she walked toward the levee. Talk, talk, black folks always talking, and most of the time their talk didn't mean nothing, but her ma was different. Her talk bit, bit into Fanny's desire for respectability. Fanny hated the sight of the black people lounging around half-naked and her mother's big black foot and her skin tight as a man's showing through her wrapper. Fanny laced herself into her high corset every single day like the rich white folks. When Atee was drafted she encouraged him with tales of khakied grandeur to come. He was alarmed by his fate, but he loved her and tried to meet it as she wished him to. They sat close together now on top of the levee. Kissed and slapped at the mosquitoes. The silk of her dress damp with sweat gave out a peculiar heavy smell in the heat. He was oppressed by his trouble. He was going away. He didn't know where, but far away from home, far away. He slouched forward staring at the quick brown river.

"Oh, Gawd!" he cried at last. "When Ah'm comin' back?" With their arms around each other they rocked their bodies back and forth in rhythm with his fears. "Ah hears Kaiser's far from here."

"Lissen, chere," she spoke quietly as if to soothe him, patiently as if she had not told it before. "We all gotta have patience. De white folks, too. They knows how to wait quiet an' easy. They writes lovely letters like de kind Ah'm gonna write. Yuh can't marry a sojer dat's gone away, they say." She leaned closer to him. "Ain't Ah gotta have patience, too?"

But he didn't want patience. "Le's go!" he cried. "We kin run away to mah Mamma down to Bayou Teche. Guv'ment can't never find me 'mongst all de niggers they got down there. Le's go!"

A black shadow stood above them, between the moon's bright light and them like a heavy storm cloud. It was Ludie with bare feet spread apart, thin head high, pipe between her teeth. She had to watch Fanny. Fanny, her daughter, would go against her to shame her before her people. But Ludie did not doubt her strength. It was like the river's; it carried all before it. So she stood looking down with disdain upon her daughter and her lover. Niggers lost their strength when they got too near white folks, she thought, studying them. Then her gaze shifted to the busy waters of the Mississippi rushing by just at her feet. The September rise was on and the river carried off with it logs, pieces of houses, green branches of trees, all kinds of truck. "More trash than usual," Ludie muttered. "Maybe hit gonna take trash like yuh all is, niggers dat doan act like niggers." Her voice rose, a thin voice, but strong. "Yuh is fool to go after dis here Kaiser. Yuh hear me, fool nigger? Yuh take yuh woman 'cause Ah done tole yuh Fanny mah chile an' mah chile doan act like no white woman. Not no long time. Nigger, yuh hear me!" When he didn't speak she despised him for a coward. She bent her long back low to sneer in his face. "Yuh ain't no man. What Fanny want wid yuh?" Then she turned away sticking her cold pipe between her straight lips; thinner than negro lips they were, but blue black, so black. A moment longer she stood looking at the river, grinned, mumbled a few words as

though communing with it. She reckoned she knew how to teach her own daughter that white folks' business and niggers' business was different. She turned to them as Fanny and Atee watched her furtively. "Yuh all ain't got no strength to fight river an' me," she told them. "Yuh all ain't nuttin'!" And to show her disgust she spit straight in front of her with power and precision. And so she also did when she passed a free looking high yellow on the road. Blood like business—it was no good to mix it.

The next morning dauntless Fanny walked with Atee down the railroad ties to the little yellow station in the midst of the cane fields. Walking with Atee her mother's threats meant nothing to her; she went sedate as she saw fit. She felt proud. Was she not respectable in high corset and black taffeta? But the dust that lay thick on the cane leaves soon covered her, too, greying the fine black taffeta. When she came walking slowly back alone she could see Ludie, head a pin point on its high column of a neck, long hands active the way they were in church, and she could hear Ludie's voice just as plain. "Mah chile ain't gonna act like no white woman. Not no long time!" The voice followed her all the way home, pervaded her; she could but listen in fear; her breath seemed actually to wait on that commanding voice.

But she wrote her letters as she had dreamed she would, like a white girl. She wrote them over at "de residence" where she worked for the white folks, and she seemed well hidden from her mother. Nights she walked on top of the levee to the post office down the road and often took with her letter one of the white lady's. She looked quiet

and respectable. She was happy. But when least expecting it she'd meet Ludie. Ludie would come out of the darkness walking toward her in great swinging strides. Then likely as not next morning somebody would tell Fanny he had seen Ludie walking in the fields at just that time, scaring poor Fanny to death as though her mother could be in two places at once like a witch. That was what Ludie loved, to have folks in wide-eyed speculation over her. Their wonder fed her power. It was true Ludie had a lot of business at night. Often a negro returning from a late shift at the sugar house would see a dark blurred figure, but tall, moving along the furrows. He would know it for Ludie. Only at night did she visit her old mother, part Indian, who lived all alone in that tumble down shanty way off yonder by the drainage machine. When folks saw Ludie scrambling around alone so late at night they said it was her Indian blood that made her so brave. That and her knowledge of things they couldn't understand—old river, for instance. Also they believed she knew more about hoo-dooin' than her silence told. Any other nigger but Ludie, they said, would be afraid to cross the fields alone so late at night, it was so lonesome out there and the buzzards and owls were busy in the dead trees at God knows what. But, they explained, Ludie was so strong she didn't have to be afraid and when she got mad, God! she was strong then, strong as a sumpter mule. Fanny considered her mother's goings and comings at night evil. Nobody went behind to the drainage machine unless they had to or were fishing for crayfish, the mosquitoes and snakes were that bad. And nobody went at night. Fanny thought her grandmother a bad old woman living where

snakes and owls lived. Fanny never went to see her. Neither did Ludie's other children. And all of them were frightened of their ma. None of them would have dared to stand up against her, only Fanny who was fat and seemed easy-going like her dad. Her sisters wondered how Fanny found so much courage. Fanny wondered, too; but she had been house servant to the whites a long time now and she was sure the Lord was white. She wanted to have the same chance with Him as a white woman had. Why couldn't Ludie leave her alone? Why couldn't she be like the other negro mothers who never bothered much about their children? But Ludie wasn't so easy-going. The good Lord had made her a mother, she said, and thanks to Him she knew how to use her power. Ludie halted Fanny on the levee bumping into her heavily. "What yuh doin' now?" she demanded stooping low over Fanny's chunky figure. "What yuh doin'? Studyin' 'bout white folks' business?" She gave Fanny a shove. "Go on home now." She closed in on Fanny's rear mumbling as she went, "Done raised me up a fool apein' white ways." Fanny's ways were an insult to her mother. "Fool not to take yuh man!" Ludie laughed in that mimicking derisive way of hers. "Dat Atee done give yuh all de promises, but somebody else gittin' de shoah 'nough."

Poor Fanny could only march in silently at the cabin door. She never talked back to her mother. In her bed she called to God and cried. If her sister, who lay beside her, heard she never stirred nor made a sound. Fanny sobbed aloud, hopelessly, but she did not intend to give in to her mother. Her desire for respectability—to be respectable the way the white folks were—was as great

as her mother's love of power. Also Fanny had a fathomless faith in the Lord. He would surely be on her side if she followed the white folks, because He was on their side. It did not matter if her mother and the river were old friends. They could not prevail against Him. And Fanny did not believe in such friendship. River minded its own business. But what was it that made her mother afraid of nothing, nothing in the swamps or on the river bank? She could see her mother now, tall, skinny, strong and dominant above the heavy brown flood of the Mississippi in a gesture at once of appeal and command as though making the river's power her power. But Fanny knew river minded its own business.

Of all things Ludie loved church nights when she could stand up before her people. Not even the preacher had more power as a healer than she had. The people all stretched their necks to look at her as she stood erect and exalted and with her long thin hands moving above her head, moving, moving in never ceasing motion as though she wove a spell. She knew she wove a spell with her long hands moving and her body moving. All the people moved when she did, moaned and cried to God when she did. "Mah Father. Oh, mah Father." Fanny moved and groaned against her will. She knew she was being hoo-dooed; her beliefs were losing ground. She always felt that way in church; but never so much as now. She made quiet prayers to her Lord within herself, within the clatter Ludie made. Sobs shook her; her heavy breasts rose and fell. She couldn't see Him; only her mother standing high above them all. Her mother's face shone like polished ebony and her small erect head

was encircled by a high peaked crown trimmed with spangles from a Christmas tree. Her strength was crowned. In the white gown she wore her height was infinite. She was long and thin, thin as any starving friar, but so straight, and Fanny could feel the hard glint of her strong body through the folds of her white robe. The musty smell of the sweating negroes pressed down. Fanny couldn't breathe and could only see her mother's black hands thin and fine and waving like reeds in a breeze. "Mah Father! Mah Father!" All moaned as if all felt the whip across their backs. But Ludie's moans were dominant, and her black sensitive hands weaving, weaving spells. Fanny hid her face. Those hands would never touch her, never, oh mah Father. Fanny pressed her eyes shut. She didn't want to see the black folks writhing in joy, in pain. But how could she shut out the sound of Ludie's wails? They came from everywhere, rose above all other sounds like cries from on high. "Follow me! Oh, follow me!" People got up and pushed toward her, stumbling, shoving, stampeding to Ludie. And as they came she went on crying. "Follow me! Oh, follow me. Yuh ain't gonna be alone. Gawd gonna be here, too. Follow me. Follow me!" They fell upon her, grabbing her hands. And she let them have her hands and the hands were laid down on breasts and thighs and legs. "Ah'm bathin' in de blood of de Lamb. Follow me." Her hands went sweeping in long strokes down breasts and backs and legs. "Oh-h, Lawd. Oh-h-h, Lawd." Ludie knew that this was Power. The people saw it; they knew it, too. Nobody thought of Fanny. And there she was pressing through the circle with all the strength of her stout body. She faced

her mother, heaving breasts stretching the black taffeta. "Ain't dat's a shame," she cried. "De Lawd doan give nobody His Power!" Consternation took everybody's breath. Ludie's little head on its long thin neck darted forward and she made a noise in her throat as though anger struck her dumb. But the others hardly breathed. Then Ludie raised those strong thin hands. For a second they seemed to menace Fanny like an axe while she stood stranded there, trembling beneath her mother's wrath. She didn't seem able to move under the awful threat of that wrath. Then she broke the spell, turned and ran, her silk rustling in the now funereal quiet. Ludie went after her in long strides with back bent and outreaching hands. Fanny screamed and pulled her skirts away from those hands. Rushed out into the night bright with moon and stars. She stumbled up the levee. She knew a place where a boat was tied: could row out on the river safe from her mother. Ludie was coming up the levee swiftly on long legs. Fanny's corset squeezed her breath. She ran on panting. The two women running down the narrow path were silhouetted darkly against a passive sky, Ludie close to Fanny. Poor Fanny was never a match for her ma, who was swift and strong like most field niggers. The two women met with a sudden impact like a blow.

Struggling they made a strange dark shape like the shadow of a contortionist against the light summer sky. But Fanny hardly fought; her mother's assault felled her. Terror and her mother's hands strong as steel overwhelmed her. Her mother's hard thin body shut out the sky. Where was the Lord of the white folks? All her body ached for

Him. Ludie's quick little bullet head rammed her belly. Now Fanny lay still, felt nothing. Ludie arose stiff and tall, hands on the long arms hanging inert by her sides. She watched the river (like herself) black in the moonlight. Her ally. Who could stand up against river and her? Stooping quickly she gave Fanny a shove and again was a tall quiet shape against the sky. Tiny head high and motionless, she watched her stubborn daughter roll over, on the cow-kicked unevenness of the levee, into the river; she saw fast flowing river accept Fanny with scarcely a new ripple and take her along. Then Ludie without a sound turned and went majestically in those long strides of hers down the levee.

HANDS

HOWARD NUTT

Today I was frightened by a waving of hands . . .

All day the wind blew west on Illinois
 All day the sky was ribbed with blue and grey
 And met the prairie like a folding arch,
 But in the tall grey prairie grass
 There was a sad waving of hands.
 Hands there were in a wistful mist
 Red hand, brown hand, hand of the white man
 A history

a legend of hands

in the tall grey prairie grass.

The prairie has you now,
 You men who swept her like a wind
 You men who darkened her like a cloud shadow
 Your hands are soft with mold.
 The prairie has you now . . .

So let me know when you have come to stay
 You strong and eager people, let me know.
 All day the wind blows west on Illinois.

Today I was frightened by a waving of hands.
 Into the grass and under the grass they waved me
 Beckoned me—a mist of fingers over a thousand years:
 "Not you, you shadow-caster,
 You of the lean white nervous hands, not yet;
 We, too, are the hands of men who came, who conquered,
 We are the hands of men gone down
 In a wilderness of sunshine
 A heartache of sunshine
 A cataract of wind in this here-to-sky of grass."

DOLORES

JOSE GARCIA VILLA

I Dolores
have loved to love's death,
have been slain
lovelily,
fingers to my breast,
clutching my love's red wound:
a red camellia;

this
my lover should kiss,
should kiss with gentleness
love's red camellia:
he has gifted it to me;

if you see him come
tell him this,
tell my lover this,
that I Dolores
have loved to love's death,
have been slain
lovelily;
tell him to kiss gently
(for I keep it gently)
his red camellia.

"I ONLY KNOW"

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

I only know her reverent hair was spun
By singing fairies working in the sun;

While from the sea-left, azure pools they drew
The limpid deeps to make her eyes of blue;

And gathered from the distant mountain crest
The faint and blue-veined whiteness for her breast.

I care not if all men say thus and so,
With rule and rhyme, with book and logic meet,
Holding that fairies never lived—I know
They fashioned almond blossoms for her feet!

ROADHOUSE

DONALD STEVENS

I.

You see the highway—fierce eyes rushing near
 And glaring, plunging past you with a leer.
 Then, flashing, darking, winking evermore,
 You see a lure that guides you to a door.
 And entering you come upon a din
 Of rhythms and a reek of flesh and gin—
 And give your fevered soul up to a quest
 Of madness as a substitute for rest.

II.

I see a done-in dogteam and a moon,
 That listen to a wolfpack's moaning tune.
 I see a dimming trail—and hungry death—
 And paw-prints red—and steam of panting breath—
 And, oh, at last, I see a steady light!
 A little cabin's heart against the night!
 And now I hear a shout and grip the hand
 Of one whose place is sacred in that land.

GOD-POEMS

To Carl Sandburg

DONALD PARTRIDGE

Sandburg is a writer of poems, of he-poems and steel poems;
 he makes poems that stand with the skyscrapers, and
 poems that sink with the coal-shaft.

Always his poems are strong like the iron and brave like the
 working man.

None of his poems are frail and fit only for fancy.

Doing his bit in each poem, he makes of it strength and
 endurance.

Building each word as it were a large spike that girders
 together the framework.

Ugly, like men that work on the railroad, his poems for
 that are reality.

Rough as the rough-hewn timber, his poems are tough and
 substantial.

God speaks in the poems of Sandburg, and the poems of Sandburg
 are God!

STONE BREAKER

MERLE BEYNON

The thunder of dreams
Lifts against the sky in a gray smoke—
Laughter of countless voices,
And I hear but one—
The strain of the cropped bird,
A half-tremolo,
Swording the majesty of a gaunt world
In vain;
Tearing its frowned silence
But a little way,
And washing back the cleaved parts
With the tears of its despair;
Crying out as an entity
Of miniature wrath,
With blind eyes to the rock
Of its opponent,
With blind eyes to the beauty
Of unapproachable strength.

This wing-clipped bird
Will some day feel itself,
And the renewal of its jagged pinions,
Will some day gain the vision
To see its own smallness of powers—
Then it will sit at this Gibraltar
And never move a stone!

A LULLABY FOR TRAVELERS

JANE MORRILL

Night and the green curtains of pullman cells . . .
Sleep . . .
From the car's end the last loud talker boasts again,
While rhythms bright as crickets cheer the brain
To wakefulness . . .
Sleep softly, children of speed;
Dream to the gentle rumble of moonlit rails;
Dream while hurtling to another state,
Passing green trees marching, sky-pointed and black.
While, panting, the train throws itself
Onto the knees of a girl hill,
Passing between her breasts softly, in dreamy speed . . .
Sleep . . .

A MAN IS NAMED

JOHN C. FROHLICHER

Young Frank Brown, on a bright spring morning,
 Rode up the trail toward the big gold strike
 In Alder Gulch. He laughed at the warning
 Of the mountain men: "They're all alike,
 These un-named kids," said Bighorn Mike,
 "That boy will wish he had died a-borning
 When the Blackfeet catch him." Across the dyke
 Of hills Frank rode, all caution scorning.

Where the river splits on a white sand bar
 He made his camp in the sunlight's fading;
 He smoked his pipe as the first green star
 Gave signal for the moon's parading.
 And five young Blackfeet bucks, out raiding,
 Grinned as they sized Frank up from afar;
 They planned right then to make some spading
 For the next white man who would cross that bar!

The boy awoke in the river mist;
 His rifle talked as the braves came sneaking
 Up to his bed. Two arrows hissed
 A short reply to the powder's speaking;
 Two braves dragged off, the bright blood leaking.
 The others lay where the lead had kissed
 Their buckskin shirts and set them reeking,
 And young Frank walked with a trifling list.

The sun was centered when he came to town—
 His gun held high and his pony running—
 He tossed three limp, wet scalplocks down;
 "I reckon," he said, "Mike wasn't funning."
 And the old man, getting his daily sunning,
 Looked at the boy with a grim, hard frown.
 "Young man," said Mike, "that's right good gunning,
 You've earned a name, young Sandbar Brown!"

KETTLE CACHE

An Episode at Sixes

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

A T first I thought it was Pap comin' home. He's got enough dust, I sez, an' now we can go away, like he said. But if it was Pap he'd brung someone with him, for I heard their steps an' their voices talkin' an' next they hammered on the door, hard like. Then when I was openin' the door I thought about the kettle: if it was Pap comin' he'd have enough to fill it . . . But it was too late—

* * *

"Come on, Gaff, shove in. That's right, sister; let a couple fellas in; darn cold, this rain."

"Where'll I—"

"Oh, sling it, Gaff. My God! let the duffle slump down anywhere. Be aw'-right."

"Well. Lord! that's some easier! Wet! Look at me!"

"Aw, ease up. Sure, we're wet. But ain't it jes' what we want—this rain? Poke up the fire, girl. Here, Gaff, shut the door. That's right, poke up. Get a bit dry."

* * *

I kept thinkin' about the kettle. They mustn't see it. It hung sort of in the corner, in the shadow like. I looked at it some. I guess I hadn't ought of. The big fella—the one who was doin' most of the talkin'—saw me. I wondered 'bout Pap. I was scared. Right away I knowed I shouldn't have let 'em in.

* * *

"Listen, sister, how's for a snack apiece? Been trampin' in the rain. Goin' on down valley an' a bite a food'll make us feel right smart more comf't-

able. Maybe yuh could stir sumpen up quick like. Think so?"

* * *

He was big an' shockheaded an' his eyes kep' lookin' at ever-thin'. The young fella didn't watch me much. I guess I slunk over by the stove right away. I shivered, but I wasn't cold none. Then the big fella come up closer, rubbin' his hands. I had to look at him, but I wanted most to look at the one he called Gaff. He looked sort of pale. But I was 'fraid and kep' watchin' the big one. They was both wet an' their shoes sucked as they walked. I knew they was cold so I slunk back by the stove. Pretty soon the big one picked up the poker.

* * *

"Got a have more fire if we're goin' do any eatin'. Where's your wood? . . . 'At's a mite better. Give 'er a draft. Now fetch to, sister, we ain't got all night. Drag out the skillet an' slice up some spuds. That's it, some a them. An' some bacon or jerkie—all the same. Powerful hungry! Here—"

* * *

He was doin' as much lookin' as talkin'. Pretty soon I figgered they must of knowed I was here alone. The little chap kep' watchin' of the duffle he'd dropped at the door. He turned his baek on the stove, like he was warmin'. I went to work then.

* * *

"Some taters, that's it. An' some bacon. You're doin' jake. Now le's see—"

* * *

I thought of the kettle on the wall.

* * *

"Le's see; them there onions hangin' in them twists. A few a them onions would taste 'bout right. What say, Gaff?"

"Sure. Aw'right here."

"Some a them onions. Yessir. Keep the blood pure. Better eat right when we can, sez I. Bile 'em, too. Huh?"

"Sure. Aw'right here."

"Well, now sister, what'll we bile 'em in? Didn't I see—"

* * *

I thought of the kettle.

* * *

"We'll use that 'ere kettle."

* * *

He pointed at it. I was shakin' like a leaf. Right away I figgered he knowed. But how could he of? They was both strangers; I hadn't never seen 'em afore, either of 'em.

* * *

"That 'ere kettle. We'll bile these here onions in that."

* * *

I was shakin' too much to move.

* * *

"Here—"

* * *

He took down a twist a onions. They fell apart when he handed 'em to me. "Let's fry 'em," I sez; "let's fry 'em with the taters. They're healthier. Warm yuh up better. Or with the bacon." He stood there, big like, lookin' at me. He had a kind a knowin' smile at the corners of his mouth. His big eyes was kinda squintin'.

* * *

"Aw'right. Aw'right. Jes' so we get some onions. Huh, Gaff?"

"Aw'right 'ith me."

"Sure. Jes' so we have some."

* * *

But he kep' that funny look on his

face. He sat down then. He watched me peel and put 'em to fry. He jes' sat by an' watched. I guess the onions got in my eyes, sorta. I kep' thinkin' 'bout Pap an' tryin' not to cry. He had oughta come. I tried not to look at the kettle any more, but I guess I did some. Then I'd look at the big fella an' he was lookin' at me. The young fella kep' warmin' his back an' not lookin' 'round much. I cooked things as fas' as I could. After while they got done an' I said they could eat. They pushed up. I could see their faces better in the light. The young fella was gettin' some nervous. He didn't wanta talk. I guess I wasn't feelin' 'fraid of him much now. But it was the big fella. He was so sorta bluff and brutal when he smiled his hard, knowin' way. Now if it was jes' the young fella—

* * *

"Ain't yuh hungry, sister? Better eat."

* * *

I pushed back by the stove where I could be near the kettle. I wanted 'em to go. I was thinkin' 'bout Pap; I knowed he oughta be comin—

* * *

"That's good food, girl. Darn cold out—that rain. This'll warm us up right smart."

"Yeah, this is good food aw'right. Them onions—"

* * *

They both ate a lot. But the little fella got through first. He looked at me some. His face was kinda pale. Then he got to his feet. He didn't feel right, the way he acted.

* * *

"Come on, Shadduck; better get goin'."

“Take it easy, Gaff. Let them onions settle some. We got quite a piece to go; all that duffle to carry. Besides—Well, maybe we had better.”

* * *

They was both standin’. I tried to ’pear easy like, hopin’ they’d go right off. Then the big one come up to the stove.

* * *

“Thanks a lot, sister. An’ now, le’s have that kettle.”

* * *

I knowed right away they knowed all along. I guess I gasped. I was tremblin’ terrible. Why hadn’t Pap come?

* * *

“Your Pap told us ’bout it two days back. We met him comin’ over from Gold Hill. He had a right sizable poke on him an’ he let us have it. We got him t’ understand.”

* * *

He laughed in a hard, leerin’ way. The little fella was hangin’ back. I knew then somethin’ musta happened to Pap. I tried to speak, but the big fella cut in.

* * *

“—let us have it. Then he sez t’ tell you there was more in the kettle. Didn’t say who it was for, but I reckon since he let us have t’other he must a meant us to have this here, too, or he wouldn’t a told us. Ain’t that the way of it, Gaff?”

“Aw, hell! let ’er keep it. Come on.”

“Say, you gettin’ yella?”

“Well, she fed us—poor kid! An’ her Pap—”

“So, you’re turnin’ soft, are yuh? Well, see, we’re goin’ to take it. Yessir. This here, with what we’ve got. An’ by the way, the poke yer Pap was bringin’ home is over there in that ’er duffle.”

“Come on, Shaddock; le’s go.”

“Aw’right, Gaff.”

* * *

When he swung the kettle down I screamed. He looked in it an’ laughed. Then he carried it over an’ stowed it in his pack. The young fella had pulled the door open an’ the rain was beatin’ in. They picked up the duffle. They was goin’. I wanted to call out to the younger fella but the big fella was smilin’, hard like and with a kinda leer. Then he drew a pistol from his coat. I saw it was Pap’s. He flung it on the floor. I knowed then . . . I was tremblin’ and gettin’ angry an’ forgettin’ to feel afraid. Pap wouldn’t be comin’.

* * *

“Yer Pap was dreamin’ when he told us ’bout the kettle. He said, what with the dust he had—this here in his poke—it would jus’ fill it. I reckon he never had that kind a dream afore.”

* * *

I sprung for’ard an’ picked up the gun. I could of killed ’im! But it was all fired out . . .

WE TALK ABOUT REGIONALISM—NORTH, EAST, SOUTH, AND WEST

B. A. BOTKIN

I

REGIONALISM is an inclusive term for a variety of movements to relate the artist to his region. The region includes an environment—the physical and social scene, the cultural landscape—and, arising in reciprocal relation to environment, a body of experience and thought known to some as culture and to others as tradition. The difference between one regional movement and another is a difference in attitude and emphasis—the difference between environment and tradition or between one and another of the elements composing them. The emphasis may be laid on place or the spirit of place or on the metaphysical, ethical, aesthetic, or social values through which the individual or the community seeks to wrest a significance from and beyond place.

From these divergent attitudes four distinct types of regionalism and regionalists emerge. The Localist is the empiric, matter-of-fact regionalist, interested in developing local or native materials rooted in a specific soil. The Naturist is the mystical, cosmic regionalist, with a philosophy of the land and the folk, of the Good Life and the indigenous, interested in developing native modes of expression mediating between man and the universe. The Traditionalist is the humanist, creative regionalist, interested in a usable past as the source of personal symbols and values, aesthetic and ethical. The Culturist, finally, is the social, cosmopolitan regionalist, combining and transcending the other approaches, interested in shap-

ing life as well as literature according to the needs and resources of interrelated regions.

The conscious or unconscious basis of all regionalism is the geographical concept of the natural region as a complex unity of physical features favoring distinctive types of utilization of the land. And correlated with each attitude are a certain area and type of culture in the United States, the Localist being strong in the frontier-conscious Northwest, the Naturist in the aboriginal Southwest, the Traditionalist in the agrarian South, and the Culturist in the metropolitan and cosmopolitan East.

II

With the aims and methods of the Localist group of the Northwest *The Frontier, A Magazine of the Northwest*, is closely identified. The program and policy of the magazine, as outlined in 1931, may be said to constitute the platform of the Localist party. According to an editorial circular:

This magazine is presenting the life of the Northwest in authentic pictures. In its pages you see the people of the West as they are and not as dressed-up figures of impossible romance. In its verse and stories are the atmosphere of this spacious region with its great mountain ranges, prairies, rivers; with its timber and vegetation and animals; with its mines and railroads and ranches; with its people building a civilization and a culture. There is no other magazine devoted to just such portrayal. The editors demand not only that its contributions carry interest but that they be written with sincerity out of knowledge of the life they present.

As a "definitely regional" medium, *The Frontier* conceives its "unique" function to be fourfold: that of a "register of what is being written in the Northwest" (through book reviews and "Literary News" as well as original contributions), a "repository of hitherto unpublished historical source material" (in a "Historical Section," devoted to "some authentic account, diary or journal or reminiscence, preferably of early days in this region of the country"), a "carrier of reminiscences of old-timers told in their own language" (in the "Open Range," consisting of "actual" "accounts of personal outdoor experiences"), and a "publisher of folklore of the Northwest" (chiefly Indian ethnology and mythology).

The actual and factual tone of all this is significant. To the Localist the native is the local; the natural is the outdoor; the personal is the objective and first-hand; and the field of literature is life and people, its aim is presentation, picture and portrayal, its requirements are knowledge and atmosphere, and its tests are the authentic, sincere, and interesting. In his emphasis on realistic treatment and the heroic note the Localist finds himself at odds with both the Naturist and the Traditionalist, to whom regionalism is a mode of expression or a quality of experience conceived in terms of revelation or judgment.

At the round table on regional publications held at the University of Montana Writers' Conference in July, 1932, Mary Austin, speaking for the *Laughing Horse*, wanted to know why *The Frontier* had not similarly developed native modes of expression instead of conventional ones. Her argument ran something like this: We need our own forms

as well as materials. It is good to preserve local documents but we must also find local instead of derivative methods. We in New Mexico are all getting ourselves reborn New Mexicans. What brings us together is the failure of old methods, the conviction that everything is sawdust. In rejoinder Mr. Merriam admitted that *The Frontier* does not have the same impulse; that it is difficult to get the Northwest regionally conscious; that the Northwest is backward-looking. Brassil Fitzgerald went a little further and gave as reasons, not only the lack of homogeneous culture in the Northwest, but the danger of becoming artificial and the need of representing the educated as well as the illiterate—"all voices." Or, as he put it in the January, 1933, *Frontier*, regionalism "is more than preoccupation with dialect, the collecting of folk tales, and the searching for primitive rhythms, though it is concerned with these matters."

Native modes of expression, it is true, have their roots in the unwritten tradition of the folk, but the tendency to identify the folk with the primitive and illiterate is responsible for much of the misunderstanding of regionalism and for many of the errors and limitations on the part of regionalists. By the "danger of becoming artificial" is probably meant what Carey McWilliams has called the "will to be naive." But the naive is frequently only another name for the integral and organic, a quality of intuitive sophistication which the modern mystical artist may sense and evoke as naturally as the primitive. It is the cosmic sense of the whole that makes such art integral and organic, and although the Naturist like Mary Austin may come to the cosmic along the paths

of the aboriginal, it is superficial to damn Naturism with an adjective—as “neo-primitive” or “sentimental,” as “going native.”

It would be equally unjust to assume that the Localist is wholly indifferent to the indigenous, though by him this much-abused term is more often than not apt to be associated with the frontier and translated into terms of heroic action and “bold untrammelled handling of material”—the pioneer heritage. Thus, in his preface to *Northwest Verse*, while complaining of the “lack of originality” in the “imitative rather than indigenous” forms and rhythms of Northwest poets, Mr. Merriam takes obvious pride in the fact that

There is truly not much inclination among these writers to use sophisticated verse forms, and that is good, for life in the Northwest, happily, has yet little commerce with smart or light sophistication . . . A regard for things as they are, and audacious directness in expression should yield our poets stunning imagery.

All regionalists oppose false sophistication as they oppose the false cosmopolitanism that goes hand in hand with it, but unless he is careful the Localist, in his conservative provincial bias, is apt to confuse true and false sophistication and throw both overboard. Especially is it true that in veering from the subjective and intellectualist tendencies of modern literature he swings toward the opposite extreme and embraces whole-heartedly the “strongly narrative inclination,” “to write of people and events rather than of states of emotion,” which Mr. Merriam finds and approves among Northwest poets. The same “regard for things as they are” underlies and explains Mr. Fitz-

gerald’s definition of regionalism in the January *Frontier* as

fundamentally a new awareness of the power of environment in life and literature: a realization that the artist is inescapably molded by his people and his place, and is most himself when his people and place speak through him . . . an acceptance of life . . . the deeper realism, realism gladly aware of the flesh and of the spirit imprisoned within it, sensitive alike to ugliness and beauty, to the amusing, heartbreaking mysterious business of living.

This would be all right if it did not lead to a glorification of the healthily “energetic,” “epic-like” qualities of “gusto,” “sympathy and relish” (the terms are Mr. Merriam’s in the January *Frontier*) and a condemnation of the “rank weeds” of a more disillusioned and depressing regionalism, radical and critical. For all his inveighing against “impossible romance” and his avowed interest in the common man, the Localist remains an idealist, and life to him is the “cultured life” (what Mary Austin would call “being cultured” rather than “creating cultures”), for failing to take sufficient account of which Mr. Merriam scores the proletarian and expressionistic regionalists who seem to him to say: “‘Self-expression and the reader be damned; see what a hard life I have led.’” It is important to draw the line between originality and decadence, but it is also important to distinguish between literature that reveals a decadent society and literature that glosses it over. A regionalist may thus feel himself at the end of a tradition as well as at the beginning of one. It is important, in other words, not to cut regionalism off at the source from the thoroughgoing radicalism which not only takes root but grows and flowers in

personality and freedom, enjoying what Emerson calls "an original relation to the universe . . . a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition." And this radicalism includes those who, refusing to accept a heritage that leaves the individual in economic and cultural bondage, ask, not only "Where did we come from?" but also "Where do we go from here?"—who are interested not only in submerged culture but also in submerged society; who, posing the past of their regional childhood and ancient mythologies against the present of America's "pessimism of defeat" and "exasperation of progress," seek a way out.

That in their preoccupation with the "business of living" the Northwest writers who are "observing life accurately and eagerly and in most instances, lovingly, and recording it with sincerity" are "still in the descriptive stage" is admitted in the preface to *Northwest Verse*. It is not hard to infer, then, that the Northwest is still in the stage of "frontier literature," which, according to Mr. Merriam in his 1929 address on "Regional Literature" before the National Council of Teachers of English (as reported in the January, 1930, *English Journal*), "foreruns regional literature," inasmuch as "Writers of a new country gradually pass through the stage of description to understanding and interpretation of regional life." In fact, in his talk on "Northwest Regional Literature" at the University of Montana Writers' Conference last summer, Mr. Merriam began by declaring that it is non-existent, like the sidehill gouger, and closed with the following summary of the state of regionalism in the Northwest (I quote from my notes): that the writers of the Northwest are not region-conscious, all in all; that they know lit-

tle about regionalism and are very skittish about it; that they do not see the possibilities in using the life about them and few show the possibilities; that save for the Portland group there is no vital group in the Northwest to compare with the Southwest group; and that what regional writing is being done in the North is in the descriptive stage—there is little interpretation.

It is a good sign, however, that Mr. Merriam distinguishes carefully between regionalism and that local color which simply exploits the picturesque qualities of a region, as in the "pulp" (prompting his observation that the Western story magazines would go out of business if the Northwest stopped writing) and to offset which *The Frontier* was founded; and between *regional writing*, which is "simply a way of writing, a kind of presentation of material," and *regional literature*, which requires "universal appeal and shaped contents." It is a sign that the Northwest Localist may go beyond his fundamentally sound (from the pragmatist point of view) conception of regionalism, so well defined by Mr. Merriam in his University of Montana talk on "Recent Regional Fiction," as "the expression of a way of life characteristic of a region, affected by a soil, a geographical location, types of society, and the ideals and ideas resulting," to a theory of regionalism (now disclaimed by Mr. Merriam) as a "philosophy of society or government or a salvation from the depression."

III

If to the Naturist like Mary Austin (writing in *Contempo* for December 15, 1931) regionalism is, more than the expression of a way of life, "an attempt to express through the lives of the people who live in it, the meaning of environ-

ment," then the Localist objects that she attaches too much meaning to environment, even going so far as to identify it with expression. Mrs. Austin is enough of a Localist to admit that her Southwestern environment and her study of its effect on the Indian are largely responsible for her theory of environment. And in her books on the Southwest she fulfills admirably the Localist's requirements of the regionalist (stated by Mr. Merriam in his talk on "Recent Regional Fiction") that "he know the region and write of it with love or hate and write through the region." But Mrs. Austin asks and gives more than knowledge and love. As a mystic she wants to get inside her environment, and that means getting above and beyond it. So, she writes in *Contempo*:

I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't let myself go in that environment and show something of its working upon the individual spirit. Because that is what happens between man and his natural environment, its rhythms, progressions, colors, its structure and plot. They do something to a man inside, by which it comes about that when he makes a decorative design, a musical melody, a drama, or an elegy, it has always something in it which the land taught him.

This sort of thing is a little incomprehensible to the Localist and naturally puts him out of patience. He sees plenty of reasons why Mrs. Austin shouldn't let herself go. In the first place, he is too much interested in the "people of the West" and in the "civilization" they are building, in the community and its "atmosphere," to bother much with what is happening to the "individual spirit." And in the second place, rhythm and structure, progression and plot, belong to art, and to maintain that

one is taught these things by Nature sounds a bit romantic.

For the Localist, as we have seen, is willing to admit the "power of environment" and even its inescapable molding influence on the artist; but he is not willing for that reason to attribute omnipotence to the environment and to admit that it molds even the artist's way of expressing himself. The Localist restricts environment to locality; he sees no need of extending it to include the cosmos and the infinite. Least of all does he appreciate the Blake-like madness that inspires the hero of *Starry Adventure* to see God in the aspens of New Mexico, paralleling Mrs. Austin's childhood experience of God under an Illinois walnut tree. In fact, why drag God into it at all? He looks askance at such phrases as the "feel of the purposeful earth," "transmitted experiences," "conscious unity in all things," and the "affective relation" between man and the universe. "Man's immemorial gesture of getting inside the universe by imitating it" doesn't appeal to the Localist: he finds it more comfortable to stay outside.

It must be admitted, of course, that Mrs. Austin does as much to the environment as it does to her, and that man's gesture of imitating the universe is also the American's gesture of imitating the Indian—in terms of which some would explain the whole history of the frontier. And although her principle of the reciprocal relation between man and his environment is the principle of modern human geography, frankly she is more interested in poetry than in science, preferring to cloak her philosophy in such cloudy symbols as *Earth Horizon* ("that subtle sense of relationship to the earth horizon which is the nurture

of the spiritual life") and the Friend-of-the-Soul-of-Man ("a responsive activity in the world about you," which is the source of art and the goal of prayer). But whatever the intrinsic merits or ultimate value of her thought, there can be no doubt of its importance as a stimulus and an influence, creative and critical, in American art and culture. Stripping regionalism of all "sentimental romanticism for the local area or for the historical period," Howard W. Odum penetrates to the heart of Mrs. Austin's contribution by accepting, as "part and parcel of the basic materials of regional social phenomena," her concept of the folk as "to be shaped in mind and social reaction, and to some extent in character, and so finally in expression, by one given environment." And her Naturism may even hold a lesson for the Localist in his pragmatic desire to know what the environment can do for him in the "business of living."

In the long run, the land wins. If the people does not adapt itself willingly and efficiently, the land destroys it and makes room for another tribe.

IV

We talk about regionalism, and by this time it should be evident that the region colors the regionalist's views.

The way people write about regionalism interests me; their reactions to such words as "regionalism," "sectionalism," and "local color" often suggest the very regions from which they come!

Thus Carey McWilliams wrote me on reading Allen Tate's "Regionalism and Sectionalism" in the *New Republic* for December 23, 1932. Mr. Tate's Traditionalist view is colored by a note of disappointed resignation that stands in sharp contrast to the optimism of both the Localist and the Naturist, comfortably rooted in time and place or released

from them. For although Mr. Tate insists that tradition is not a "defense of tradition" and is "the liberator, not the confiner," one cannot help feeling that all the time he is talking about tradition he is thinking of, and faintly apologizing for, the Southern heritage; and that for a tradition to be genuinely liberating and creative it must have more to seek and offer than

the writer's decorum in the widest sense, a powerful instinct of selection and arrangement . . . those ways of feeling, those convictions of propriety, those ways of speaking, of which the writer himself is hardly aware, and from which he cannot escape . . . the knowledge of life that we have not had to learn for ourselves, but have absorbed out of the life around us . . . fixed procedures that we can rely on in the larger pursuit of the good life.

True, tradition so conceived may give the writer "the kind of detachment, very rare at present," to make "not only perceptions of things, but judgments about them." But, while this may be a safeguard against "atrophy" of the "powers of contemplation," which Mr. Tate sees as "the plight of American fiction, the plight of Mr. Dreiser," it offers no guarantee against atrophy of the powers of perception, which indeed seems inevitable. This is the Southern dilemma. As the way out of the plight of Mr. Dreiser, we are asked to choose the plight of Mr. Tate.

If we reject the alternative, it is for the same reason that we are reluctant to accept Mr. Tate's substitutes for *regionalism and sectionalism*—the terms *tradition* and *politics*, which he finds "least confusing." His distinction between regionalism as private tradition and sectionalism as public tradition is a good one as far as it goes, but like his dichotomy between perception and judg-

ment, it rests on a "dualism of contemplation and action," on the basis of which he would erect a separation, if not of literature from life, at least of "fundamental human action" from "its conscious social significance." Concern with the former—"direct contemplation of character and emotion, of all the ideas and desires that sustain character, and not social structure in itself"—is to him the "normal literary attitude;" concern with the latter is "abnormal"—as if social structure does not sustain the ideas and desires which in turn sustain character and action. And after all, the problem for the artist is not whether he takes his world as (in Mr. Tate's unfortunate word) "final"—a matter of point of view—but whether he can feel and depict it as real—a matter of artistry.

One need not, however, underestimate the justice or value of Mr. Tate's stricture of local color, of the "provincial vice" of "antiquarianism" that besets writers who "naively set out to 'express' a community" by getting out the "documents, living and dead," and of his plea that the regionalist "approach the chosen subject matter with an instinct for its meaning, rather than with an abstract theory about it or with an air of contriving for oneself all the properties of the scene." As Mr. Tate acknowledges the "strategic value" of self-conscious and aggressive sectional groups, such as the Poetry Society of South Carolina, in clearing and preparing the ground for a "purer treatment" of the American scene, so regionalism is in debt to him for clearing the critical air, in spite of the further clarification which his shifting and all but confusing of the issue makes necessary.

On the whole, he was on much clearer

and surer ground in an earlier article on "American Poetry since 1920," in the January, 1929, *Bookman*, in which he viewed in perspective the tradition of the most considerable group of Southern regionalists, the Fugitives. In the bankruptcy of aggressive and abstract Americanism and industrialism, best typified by the Middle West, with its attempt to boom America "in terms of the West," these Tennessee poets, headed by John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, and Mr. Tate himself, "retired upon their private resources," took refuge in "more limited solidarities" than those afforded by the "all-destroying abstraction, America." These resources were to be "brought back to contact with the local cultures from which, in each instance, they originally sprang," for the intensification not of the local cultures but of the personal resources—a private as distinguished from a public tradition. In the history of American poetry, the Fugitives, as a group, have the importance of having led the way to a revival by a "return to the provinces." And in the history of regionalism they have the importance of Traditionalists whose "original approach to poetry was . . . pure—that of craftsmen," but whose ideal of pure literature is not free from aestheticism and prejudice—a taint of sterility approaching that which, in regionalism mixed with sectionalism, Mr. Tate finds "death to literature."

V

In their attempt to derive from their local culture only a set of personal symbols, "supported by the prejudices, feelings, values into which the poets were born" (suspiciously like what Glenway Wescott calls "A patrimony, an unearned inheritance, of knowledge of life, of skeletons in the closet;" a patrimony

haunted by ghosts—again quoting Mr. Wescott: “spirits so great, vain and tender as to resemble gods”), the Traditionalists stand clearly apart from the Localists, who cultivate and exploit a certain body of facts, and from the Naturists, who cultivate and exploit the symbols and values of the land and the folk.

The Localists, to quote Mrs. Fitzgerald, “as artists seek to understand and interpret the life that is around them and in them, and as readers seek to understand the culture of which they are a part”—within what limitations we have seen. The Naturists, to quote Mrs. Austin, “write imaginatively, not only of people, but of the scene, the totality which is called Nature” and give themselves “intransigently to the quality of experience called Folk, and to the frame of behavior known as Mystical”—with what temptations and dangers we have also seen. The Traditionalists, at their best, to quote Mr. Tate, conceive of regionalism as “only the immediate organic sense of life in which a fine artist works.” All three schools are interested in culture, but each means a different thing by it, envisaging it in terms of the “buried culture” of his respective region—the pioneer Northwest, the aboriginal Southwest, the agrarian South. None of them has quite grasped the social and broadly cultural significance and possibilities of regionalism as what Lewis Mumford calls a “contemporary fact that must be assimilated and consciously directed,” in terms of an integration and reciprocity of a “diversity of cultures.”

This ideal of a regionalism, not simply of the past but of the present and of the future, not simply of separate but of interrelated regions,

it has been left to the Culturist to glimpse, fashion, and champion. Its source and its goal are a broadly cosmopolitan culture, but it is not unknown to the enlightened South and Southwest. Thus Henry Smith proposes in the *Dallas Morning News* for January 3, 1932:

Why not regard such collecting of facts about the tremendously vital past and present of the West and South, as but one step toward a fundamental reorganization of American life? Our economic system ought to be arranged with more attention to geographical appropriateness; we should become acquainted with the treasures of legend and folklore which yet survive from a past richer in its diversity than most of us had imagined: our plants and animals should be described and painted so that we can see them through artists' eyes; our houses should be designed from some other motive than that of copying antiquated European styles or of submitting to the real estate promoter's taste.

And a similar folk ideal is shared by John Gould Fletcher, a native of Little Rock, Arkansas, on the border of the old South and the new Southwest, who, by his “study of culture in general,” through long European residence, has been led to two conclusions:

. . . first, that the wider and broader aspects of cosmopolitan culture can only rest on a basis of regional culture; second, that regional culture cannot exist and flourish in an atmosphere of intensive industrialism.

As an antidote to the latter he proposes decentralization and desystematization, chiefly through a reform of education, which, by placing its emphasis on folk arts and handicrafts and regional studies, will proceed “from below upwards rather than as at present, from above downwards.”

At the round table on Regionalism held at the University of Virginia in

July, 1931, two other Southerners took their stand with Mr. Fletcher for "cultural line-breeding" as against "cultural inbreeding." Stringfellow Barr, editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, issued this challenge to both the agrarian and the industrial South:

The best that can be said for an interest in the cultural aspects of regionalism is, perhaps, that it is only through the vigorous life of each separate community that anything like universal values are likely to be achieved.

. . . as the proper alternative both to blind traditionalism and blind progressivism . . . the only possible fashion in which any tradition can continue to live is through a constant and intelligent revision, just as the only means whereby an organism lives is through constant re-adaptation.

Howard W. Odum, editor of *Social Forces*, brings to the discussion the objectivity of the sociologist. Refusing to be identified with what is often called "the new regionalism in literature, which is little more than 'the infatuation of the regionalists for their land and folk,'" he visualizes (and in *An American Epoch*, achieves) a regional portraiture in the national picture.

Regionalism involves the local: but much more. It involves the past but not merely the past. The local becomes media for the understanding and characterization of the universal. The past becomes material for the study of the present and the future. Thus regionalism is of the essence of a group composite which gives both explanation and power to the whole social fabric as well as to the separate regional units.

Cultural regionalism, however, does not stop with theory but extends to practical programs of regional planning, to which Lewis Mumford brings a concrete sense of form and a critical grasp of values, free from the extremes of the

more abstract thinkers and partisan pleaders. In the *New Republic* for March 25, 1931, he sets forth, in the impartial light of criticism and history, the true nature of regionalism as a contemporary social reality and ideal.

Regionalism as a modern social reality does not mean the resurrection of a dead way of life or the mummification of local customs and institutions; nor is it dependent upon excessive interest in the primitive, the naive, the illiterate. It is, essentially, the effort to provide for the continuous cultivation and development of all the resources of the earth and of man: an effort which recognizes the existence of real groups and social configurations and geographic relationships that are ignored by the abstract culture of the metropolis, and which opposes to the aimless nomadism of modern commercial enterprise the conception of a stable and settled and balanced and cultivated life.

The Traditionalist, too, it will be remembered, seeks a settled way of life, the "good life," but this is for the liberation of the intellect, not for the liberation of society. Closer to the culturist in his social vision is the Naturist, although in his ideal of the "Good Life," achieved through the "mutual adaptations of a land and a people," the latter is apt to put the emphasis on a *distinctive* culture as expressed chiefly through creative activity, and like the agrarian he is apt to flout the metropolis, which the regional planner seeks to maintain in equilibrium with the indigenous areas. For, contrary to critics like Lowry C. Wimberly (in the Fall, 1932, *Prairie Schooner*) who look upon industrial standardization as death to regionalism (by which they mean the old provincial life, in the parochial sense) Mr. Mumford (like Henry Smith, in *Folk-Say: 1930*) sees modern inventions as making

The Frontier

a new regionalism possible by making the region independent of the metropolis, while in the reciprocity of indigenous and metropolitan areas the function of the latter becomes "that of incorporating, reconciling, and concentrating the diverse elements in the surrounding cultures." Seeking to mediate between the local and the universal as well as past and present, indigenous and metropolitan, Mr. Mumford states what might reasonably be the ideal of both literary and cultural regionalism:

The dangers of a sentimental and retrospective approach to regionalism should be obvious. Local dialects are interesting to the new regionalist because, like slang, they represent the living speech; local foods may be desirable because they represent a better adaptation to the actual conditions of life; local variants in architecture and costume are significant because they are a more living response to the total situation: the emphasis must not be upon the place, but upon what the place fosters, upon the quality of its life. It is precisely because no region can live to itself that each must have a firm center of its own, since intercourse and reciprocity can take place only between equals.

This is the newness of the "new regionalism," which many refuse to see as new save in name only. It is new in its refusal to fall back upon the old provincialism and sectionalism and in its insistence on an interregional life and literature in which "all that is legitimate in folklore, historical curiosity, and regional pride will thrive best when they are taken, not as escapes from contemporary fact, but as contributions to a living culture."

VI

The future of regionalism depends upon just such an integration of past and present, local and universal, in-

digenous and metropolitan, literature and society, as may best be accomplished by the integration of the four points of view described above, which is in effect an integration of the science and the art of regionalism.

The science of regionalism is the stage of collection and description (Mr. Merriam's "frontier literature") and even aggressive comparison of one region with another (Mr. Tate's "sectionalism")—a necessary stage on the way to interregional literature and culture, although the collector must not confuse conservation with creation nor, on the other hand, be intimidated by the charge of "propaganda." The science of regionalism, when directed toward the past, touches and utilizes folklore and history; when directed toward the present, it touches and utilizes sociology and journalism. And to its scientific matter it brings a wide range of literary manner, varying, in tone and value, from the primitive and provincial through the picturesque and quaint to the sentimental and sentimental-satiric—not even stopping at criticism and "debunking." But only when it passes beyond fact and document to symbol and significance does it become art. And the passage from one stage to another is dependent not, as some would make out, upon accident of birth or residence but upon power of assimilation and vision. In fact, the terms *regional* and *regionalism*, if they have any value, are relative, and, like regions themselves, indicate parts of the whole. Those who think of them in terms of kind rather than of degree of experience or expression, as ends in themselves instead of means to an end, would do well to bear in mind that there is a point at which the regional becomes the univer-

sal, just as—looking through the opposite end of the telescope—the universal appears as the regional. This is the point at which, as Haniel Long has astutely reminded me in a letter, “awareness of anything picturesque in the surroundings ceases,” at which the vision of the artist “goes to all the horizons,” and he utters the “speech of the spirit confronting destiny in particularized surroundings.”

The differences among the various stages and degrees of regionalism tend to be lost sight of under the blanket term “feeling for roots,” superficially taken to sum up all movements that oppose or resist the rootlessness of modern life. But under the common need of taking root, which all regionalists share,

are different needs and different roots, on the basis of which four main types of regionalism have been distinguished—the Localist, with roots in place; the Naturist, with roots in the land and the folk; the Traditionalist, with roots in personal heritage; and the Culturist, with roots in an interregional culture that is the combination and culmination of locality, folk, and tradition. The final lesson of regionalism for the future of literature, culture, and society in America, is that the individual, the artist, inhabits two worlds, seen now as local and universal, now as social and intellectual, now as public and private, now as past and present—and that in each case he can live more deeply, richly, and harmoniously in the one as he participates more fully in the other.

CHEESEMAN PARK

JOHN VAN MALE

The trees stand dim and single in this light of death
 Reflected from the planet of the dead,
 As though they held their random breath
 In tainted dread.

The stone Memorial glows, a livid, sentient ghost,
 And Denver's myriad dwellings, roofed with light,
 Protect a cataleptic host
 Against the night.

From Greenland to the Land of Flame the earth is calm;
 A timeless peace succeeds the crude tattoo
 Through one unnoticed drop of balm
 In the witches' brew.

ADAM CARGO

UPTON TERRELL

Continued from the March Issue

A great many things must have happened during the next few years of which he made no mention to me, but I believe he told me about the events of importance. The fact that he passed so quickly over a considerable period led me to believe he was omitting little I should know.

He left me troubled by his calm relation of the manner in which he became an outlaw, but I was troubled more when I endeavored to establish his attitude by the time he had been in Agua Blanca a few days. Was he regretful? He was definitely on the outside of established custom now and it was unlikely he could ever return.

But I got nowhere in my attempt, except to ascertain that he was pervaded with a greater restlessness than ever before. There was no question in my mind that so long as he was with the Texas Swede he would continue to be a bandit, not however, because the Swede exercised a great influence over him. No. I do not believe the Swede cared whether Adam continued as his partner. The Swede was a man who could have gone on alone. There was, to be sure, a certain bond of loyalty between them by this time, and they had learned that they were adaptable to each other (probably by force of contrast) sufficiently to enable them to continue together. The Swede's virtues lay in his uncanny instincts, his calmness and his fearlessness, and it was these qualities Adam most admired. The Swede lifted him at once, gave him courage, and continued to hold him aloft. I believed he actually idol-

ized him at times. He himself was small and insignificant, not without certain assets, of course, and the Swede was immense, not only grand to look upon, but the personification of strength, courage and determination.

Adam's restlessness, then, could hardly be attributed, even in part, to a lack of confidence in Omar or to remorse. And he was not a coward. It must have been idleness and superfluous money which made him discontented. He had all the money he needed and he did not know what to do with it. Drink? Women? Gambling? He grew weary of all these amusements.

It was then he struck upon the idea of building on the Island. He completed his mental plans and disclosed them to Omar. But the Swede was not interested. If they built a rancho on the Island it would be only a short time before they would be discovered, and every soldier in the country would start after them.

"Keep the valley a secret, a . . . what do you call it?" he said.

"A phantom?" Adam suggested.

"That's it. Some day we may be able to use it. There's lots of feed up there. But, anyway, what do we want a rancho in there for?"

But Adam was not ready to abandon his scheme. He thought about it more, and approached the Swede from a different angle. The success of his second attempt convinced me that he understood his partner very well. It was his idea to build and equip a rancho without expending money, by stealing

everything necessary to make it complete. And now Omar was interested.

Exactly how they went about their scheme I did not learn. The details were lacking. After they left Agua Blanca, however, they rode to the California trail and began a pillaging and plundering campaign. They stole a wagon loaded with household goods on one occasion, burnt the wagon and packed its contents off into the hills, eventually landing them in Phantom Valley. And as months passed they acquired more equipment in devious nefarious ways, finally inducing several Mexican families to emigrate to the Island. They gave the people every assistance materially . . . the rich parks were easily tillable and there was abundant feed . . . in so doing establishing the nucleus of a colony, a wilderness village, rather than a single rancho which would be subject to destruction by the military in the event they were discovered. There would be no reason to destroy the homes of humble Mexicans who asked nothing more than peace, indeed, who had no interest in the affairs of state and did not wish to be involved in them.

(I have told of this in a few words. It actually took considerable time.) They did not hurry, for they were not building with a purpose, only to amuse themselves. They could not derive a reward from their project, except its success. If this was all they wanted they should have been contented. And I thought that Omar was. There was doubt in my mind about Adam.

The Swede was clever and he seldom took unnecessary chances. The first time they stole horses and cattle, a mere handful, from a trail outfit, they held them for two weeks in a secluded

valley less than forty miles from the scene of the theft, although there was little chance of discovery. Then they took them north to the valley. It was the Swede's way.

Faced with danger, he met it unflinchingly, but he never invited it. He schemed before acting, listening attentively to Adam's suggestions, but always adopting his own plans when there was a difference of opinion.

While I was listening, I was haunted by the thought that establishing a rancho meant more to Adam than he permitted the Swede to believe. I thought he had a more profound purpose in building than he revealed, for his plans were extensive and he went to no end of trouble to acquire certain things he wanted. As outlaws a cabin anywhere in the wilderness might have served as a rendezvous. There was no need of an adobe house, exceptionally well furnished, corrals, stock, cultivated patches and people to care for them.

But at the end of a year they had all these things. Their house had been built by the people they imported at the south end of the Island in the shape of the letter U. The trees had been cleared only enough to make room for its erection. It was surrounded by majestic pines. At the other end of the Island was a pole corral and an adobe stable. Midway, close to the left creek, were three small houses for the Mexicans to live in. Across the right creek water had been diverted to irrigate a park in the forest.

The danger of apprehension was after all negligible. They were not exceptionally troublesome bandits, and the soldiers had many other problems with which to cope. Petty outlaws were numerous, but there were murderers,

there were Indian wars, economic and political tangles, as well. And most of the wagon trains, trading outfits and trappers were adequately protected. It was the work of the cavalry to maintain peace in the land and this work was far more important than the apprehension of individual badmen. I understood that Omar and Adam were not ignored. Quite the contrary. But attempts to take them were few, and only once were they actually in peril. At Bernalillo they clashed with a detachment of cavalry, six in number, and waged a running fight. When the unerring accuracy of the Swede's rifle sent the horses of two troopers down the others abandoned the chase. The Swede did not wish to kill, and for a very good reason.

"Never kill a man unless you have to," he told Adam. "If you kill a soldier, then the gover'mint begins to take you seriously."

The Mexican people despised the Americans, their manners, their customs and principles, but the two outlaws were welcomed in the small settlements they visited. Precisely this was because they were outlaws, hence enemies of the government. But I suspected, and I believed one who knew something of the nature of the Mexican people would agree with me, that their popularity was due also to the fact that they were good spenders. So they found havens of protection from the northern to the southern limits of the territory.

But at last the novelty of establishing a rancho wore away. They had sufficient equipment — indeed, more than was necessary. And they had no use for the place. They did not care to remain on it for more than a few

days at a time. And carrying off furnishings, utensils, even stealing stock was no longer amusing as a pastime. Adam made the suggestion they build a larger house, but a castle in the wilderness held no attraction for Omar.

They compromised on a journey to allay their increasing discontent, and they set out for Colorado. In their several acts of banditry on this sojourn they took only money, and finding the excursion profitable they continued it. They passed through New Mexico once more and visited Arizona, but there was not much money there. They went east as far as Kansas, cut back south and rode into Mexico, reaching the City before they stopped.

The great Swede seemed happy, but Adam's restlessness and discontent were unquenched.

* * *

I began to wonder about some historical facts when we had come to this point in the story. Certain events had occurred in New Mexico of which I had read, and they would have had a direct bearing upon his life. Still I did not ask questions. If the coming of the railroad, for instance, affected him, changed him. I thought he would eventually tell me.

He appeared at one time to be growing weary of my company, and I remained away from him for more than a week. At another time I did not see him for two weeks. I was fully prepared to hear of another great change in his life, for he had remained an itinerant badman too long! Suddenly, I felt, he would do something.

One evening on which a cold wind bringing flurries of snow swept over Santa Fe, I sat with him before his fire, warmed inwardly by his eternal nips

of whiskey (very good whiskey, for it was brought up from Mexico for him) and outwardly by the pinon coals, which seemed almost as eternal. What he told me that evening so astounded me that I was inclined to suspect him of leading me on. But I had long before learned to believe him implicitly . . . I had gone over all that.

They came back from Mexico City to the territory once more. Three years had passed since that night they had held up the Trail House in Santa Fe. Many things had changed in the country. Cattlemen were moving up the streams from the southeast; new settlements, trading posts had been established. There was talk of the railroad coming.

They reached Albuquerque one evening at sundown and stopped at a Mexican house on the edge of town. After eating Omar fell asleep, but Adam sat smoking before the house. If in my attempt to imagine his thoughts at this moment I was correct I did not know. I decided not to set them down and chance being wrong. But it was only just for me to say that I found them to be thoughts which aroused a certain sympathy in me for him.

He heard a bell toll. The moon was full and shed a blue light over the adobe walls about him. Some one strummed a guitar softly across a courtyard. He left the house and set out leisurely along the street, walking until he had come near the center of the town. Lights fell from the doorways of saloons. Indians wrapped in blankets lounged before dark houses. He did not know where the lane would take him. But he kept on, keeping in shadow as he passed the saloons in which he heard music, laughter, the

sound of dancing feet. Presently he turned a corner and entered a narrow street lined with small low houses. He came to a young woman sitting on a chair before a dark doorway. She lifted her head as he approached and the moonlight fell full on her face revealing its fine features. Her hair was combed straight backward to a silver clasp through which it burst like a spray of black, shining water. She leaned forward and smiled. Speaking in Spanish, she requested the time.

He took a watch from his pocket, a watch he had taken from the pocket of a freighter on the trail. "It is midnight."

"Thank you."

He started on, but she stopped him by speaking quickly.

"If you please . . ."

"Well?"

"Please sit down."

"Why?"

For an answer she smiled again. He sat down on the doorstep. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Rita."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen! And in this business!"

"Yes."

"Do you speak English?"

"Yes, like Spanish."

"Like that! How did you learn?"

"My mother was an American."

"Do you live with her?"

"She is dead."

"And your father?"

"He is dead."

"Then you are alone?"

She nodded, gazing up at the moonlit sky. He looked closely at her face. It was slender, young, finely molded.

"I came here to live only when the moon was young," she said quietly.

"There was no one, no lover, then?"

"He was killed."

He smoked. She sat looking away up the street. Then she turned to him. "Would you care to come inside?"

Before he had answered a door opened in the next house and two women came out. They were laughing noisily. When they came before Rita and Adam they stopped, staring at her. One of them swayed slightly with liquor.

"So this is the new girl who hides from us. Why don't you show your face to your neighbors?" one said.

"The new girl," said the other. "Well, Lopez will steal no more."

Both broke out in raucous laughter.

"And there was a lover. He will love no more."

"And you will not cling to his legs while they shoot him. But now you have other lovers."

"And they pay, too."

Adam had pulled his hat low over his eyes when the two women approached. He sat leaning back against the wall, his face in darkness.

Suddenly Rita leaped up. "Get out!" she cried.

The two women pushed each other gayly, amused at the defiance of the girl.

"Proud," said one.

"Little cat," the other cried.

Rita took a step toward them. "Get out!"

One of the women struck at her and she jumped back. A knife gleamed in her hand. She sprang forward and plunged the blade into the woman's throat. Adam stood up, keeping against the house wall. Rita screamed and

waved the knife. The other woman fled with wild cries.

On the ground before them a woman writhed like a snake in death agony. Blood covered her face.

"Drop the knife," he commanded, and she obeyed him. He took her arm. "Come on."

Cautiously they made their way through the city to the house at the edge where he had left Omar sleeping. He concealed Rita in a room. Then he went again to sit alone in the court.

It was at this juncture that the fortnight interval between our talks occurred, and by the time I saw him again I had prepared myself for the future. I thought I knew what to expect, for now I knew for a certainty what his thoughts were as he sat alone in the courtyard after concealing Rita in the house.

At first I had thought nothing of his pulling his hat over his face when the two women had approached Rita and him. I even was inclined to omit mention of the act. He would have done it under any circumstance, for he was not safe in Albuquerque. But later I grew suspicious, and suddenly I understood. The woman who fled when Rita drew a knife was Nina the nun.

But if I thought I had anticipated his story I was very much wrong.

He decided to tell Omar he had seen Nina, and the next morning took him aside and related the details of the experience. The Swede said nothing until he had finished. Then he spoke.

"I halfway expected to meet her again. We'll call on her this evening."

Adam tried to dissuade him. "It won't be safe after the killing. And, anyway, you don't want any more of her."

"Not with her," said the Swede, "but I've got a hunch. And I think it will be safe enough."

They left Rita in the house that evening, and made their way to the door out of which Adam had seen Nina come. Omar pushed it open, and they stepped inside. He closed it quietly behind them. Light fell into the room from beneath a curtain hanging in a partition door and they could make out a bed, two chairs and a table. They heard some one move in the next room.

"Who is there?" Nina asked.

"Two men," Omar answered.

"Wait."

She pushed the curtain aside, emitted a low cry and retreated. They followed her into the lighted room. She stood beside a table, pale and trembling.

"You ain't surprised, are you?" Omar asked her. He looked about the room. "Well, I declare . . ." In a corner a small child lay asleep on a couch. "I had an idea," he said as he moved toward it. He stood beside the couch. "Yours?"

"Whose do you think?" she replied viciously.

He raised the cover and replaced it gently. "Boy, too."

She sat down in a blanket-covered chair, her eyes fastened upon him.

"A stranger might say I was its papa," he mused. "Blue eyes. My hair. What do you think, Adam?"

Adam moved across the room and placed a finger in the child's mouth. "Old enough," he said.

She gasped and stood up, leaning against the wall, her hands behind her. "Don't you touch him again, either of you!" she said warningly.

They looked at her contorted, white face. Then Omar grunted.

"Raising it here ought to make it proud of its mammy," he spoke with malicious sarcasm.

"Get out!" she cried. "You get out and let me alone!"

"We will," he told her. "And we won't bother you no more. Unless . . . you'd like to go along?"

"I'd rather die," she said, and then she laughed without moving her eyes from his face.

"Then what would you do if I took the boy with me?"

She stiffened, and her face, hardened from her life of dissipation, grew cold. "I'd go to the government with a story they'd like to hear."

The Swede took a threatening step toward her. "After you tell your story," he said, his lips scarcely moving, "you get out of the country pronto. It won't be safe for you here. The boy goes with me."

He turned from her. She screamed. Her hands came from behind her back. In one was a small pistol which she had slipped from under the blanket on the chair. She fired, the ball striking Omar between the shoulders. He pitched forward, fell face downward, and lay still.

Adam had turned to face her when she screamed. He had drawn his pistol when he saw the weapon in her hand and fired with all the speed he possessed. But he was too late. The ball from his gun, however, struck her in the breast and she fell dead. But she had taken the Swede with her.

Adam bent over his fallen partner, ascertained that he was dead, and stood up. For a moment he seemed to have lost the power to move. Suddenly it

returned to him. The child was now screaming with fright, and he quickly took it up, covering it with a blanket. Then he knocked the lamp over and crawled out a window. Some one had entered the front and was calling, "What is wrong? What is wrong?" He ran down a narrow lane, smothering the cries of the child as he fled.

* * *

(In Santa Fe today the people know well Phantom Valley, the Mason Cattle Company, the Island Ranch. In summer they drive to the forests bordering Cargo Creek and Cargo Lake to camp and fish. They know the old man who first settled there with his great golden-haired partner. They know Jules Mason, who came along some years later and became the titular head of the company. They don't know how, and as I write this I don't know how, the Island kingdom fell under his command. But I know a good deal of the people who have lived all their lives in New Mexico and in Santa Fe don't know about the little dark man, the little old outlaw they see sunning himself like an old dog drowsing away his last days in the Plaza. And for some reason I hold a feeling of pride in my knowledge.)

I began to believe here that I was listening to a confession more than the story of a life, although I had not thought so before. But a man who has sinned does not sit up and tell about his wickedness for no reason at all. I remarked at the beginning that I thought he only wanted to talk. It sufficed as a reason. But I felt there must be another reason . . . now.

I wondered if he felt death creeping upon him and had a desire to free a secret he had carried with him all these

years. And then I wanted to apologize to our friendship for having such a thought. He was not one to crawlfish. To his dying day he would not backwater. Well, then, I had no other reason.

Time went on so easily with him, lost in the columns of words he uttered. He jumped years ahead, came back to go on where he had paused, and jumped ahead again. He made no effort to relate events in chronological order. Still he never went far enough ahead to give me a clue as to a conclusion or a hint as to what to expect. He surprised me continually, despite his literary incompetency. Time in itself was not counterpart to the facts of his story. I forgot it purposely, as he was unconsciously disregarding it. I set down all the things I knew which others did not know. I retained to myself nothing he told me.

This was the first secret: He took Rita and the child to the Island from Albuquerque and established them in the house. And that was all he said about them then.

Something had happened to him. It took him quite some time to understand the change. When he did reach an understanding, he left the Island.

This was it: Suddenly he had found himself alone, once more on the brink of time. Omar was gone, and he could hold no hope they would meet again as he had done that day in El Paso. While the Texas Swede had lived, had been his partner, he had never fully realized what such a loss would mean. I did not believe he mourned in the common manner. Good Lord, no. But all at once everything had stopped. He stood in a motionless world, not knowing which way to turn. Then finally

he understood. He could not continue alone the life he had lived with the great Swede. His outlaw days were completed.

And so he rode away from the Island. He went back, but he left again believing he would never return. He went to Arizona and let the seasons pass. He returned to the Island, left again, and went to Mexico City, remaining there the calendar round.

But something took him back to the wilderness ranch. Always some mysterious force drew him back. And each time he returned he found it unchanged, as he had left it. There was more stock on the ranges in the forests. There was little Omar, golden-haired, blue-eyed as his father had been. There was Rita. There were new Mexican babies, and some more Mexicans had drifted into the valley, built houses on the Island, and begun to till the bottomlands.

I wondered about Rita. He spoke of her so briefly that I concluded he really paid little attention to her, looking upon her as a necessity. She was Omar's mother now, but another might have served as well in the capacity. I didn't think he had an affection for her. Perhaps he even felt a little bitter toward her. If he had not met her that evening in Albuquerque . . . But he did tell me he noticed a favorable change in her at the end of a year. She seemed to be content, even to take pride in her position as mistress of his house, for after all he was a sort of wilderness baron. I thought the change was due in part to her renewed interest in life.

One afternoon she was crossing the stream on a log footbridge carrying

Omar in her arms when she slipped and fell into the water. A Mexican boy got Omar out. She could not swim and being overcome with fright and fighting madly she repulsed the boy's efforts to reach her. The swift water carried her into a hole and she was drowned.

But she was very happy during the three years she had lived on the Island. He told me this and I had no alternative but to believe him. It was as if he had granted her a reprieve from a living death for that length of time.

This tragedy took place one spring. He remained on the Island until the summer waned, wandering much of the time in the high country with Gomez, a Mexican vacquero. The cattle he saw (they were numerous on each range) started plans formulating in his mind for dispensing with them at a profit. It was a difficult problem to solve. They were the progeny of the critters he and Omar had stolen, and because of their prolonged freedom they were as wild as the native animals about them. Fat creatures who had never seen a rider, with the possible exception of wandering Indians; rangy, swift, vicious bulls; old cows acting more like deer than domestic animals; wide-eyed calves . . .

It would not have been safe for him to gather a herd and drive it through the country. At least, at first consideration he did not think it would have been a wise move. The only markets available were the military posts and Indian agencies. They received most of their meat supply from the ranches on the plains far east.

Then it appeared he abandoned the thought, for he stopped talking about it. He bowled me over once more,

without warning changing his course.

He went to Santa Fe!

It was, as one might expect, evening when he rode into town and dismounted before the Chavis house in Galesteo Road. He stood in the shadow of the patio gate watching a lighted door. When she came out, at last, with a jar to get water from the *acequia*, he spoke her name softly.

"Magdalena!"

She stood very still, the jar poised at the water's surface, and stared into the darkness in which he was standing. He stepped out into the moonlight.

"Mother of God!" she breathed.

"Be quiet."

She put the jar down and came hurriedly toward him. "How they have watched for you here!" she whispered. "And for the big Omar. Where is he? But wait! Come . . ."

She led the way into a room which had only a small window covered with a dark curtain.

"Wait!"

She went out, returning presently with a candle which she placed on a table.

"Now . . . Ah, senor, I knew you would come back some day. I am so happy to see you. But you are not safe here. They have not forgotten. And the big Omar?"

"He is dead."

"Jesus! He was killed?"

"By the woman who was the mother of his child."

"Jesus, the sister."

"They know then?"

"Si. They know. We all know . . . The child was killed, too?"

"I have the child. But Nina is dead."

"Jesus!" She signed herself quick-

ly. Then as if relieved of a burden she brightened and took his arm. "I am so happy. Why did you come?"

"To see you."

She smiled knowingly. "Am I not here?"

"I expected you would have a husband and children by this time and be gone away with them."

She drew away from him and covered her face with her hands. Suddenly she faced him, an expression of defiance on her olive face.

"You are disappointed then?"

"No, I am glad."

This confused her and she forgot her defiance. "Glad?"

"Yes. I have come to take you away with me."

Now she was astonished. Her midnight eyes grew wide. "To marry me?"

"If you wish."

She fell to her knees, and again covered her face. "Mother of God," she moaned. "I cannot marry you."

"Why not?" he asked calmly.

She looked up at him, hopelessness in her eyes. "I am worthless."

He laughed. "Get up," he said gruffly. "What do you mean?"

She rose slowly. "Six different men have I taken and I can have no child." She struck herself. "There is nothing in me. I am empty!"

He laughed again, and she became angry. She ran at him and beat on his chest. He pinned her arms to her sides.

"Listen to me," he said sternly. "You can live with me. The last thing I want is a child."

She relaxed in his arms. "I will go with you anywhere. What does it matter? I love you. By the Holy Virgin Mary, I have always loved you!"

He ignored her passionate outburst. "But you can have a child. You can have a son. I will give you one already growing fast. You can be his mother."

"The son of the big Omar?"

"The son of the big Omar."

"Jesus," she murmured.

When she was not with him, she kept to herself, for she was not accustomed to the respect the Island people at once accorded her, and she was shrewd enough to understand that familiarity with them might reveal this fact. Often she would cross the stream on the same log bridge from which Rita had fallen to her death, and with little Omar go to sit in a park in the forest.

She made no effort to hide the fact that at first she did not like the Island, nor altogether her situation upon it, although she enjoyed certain advantages over her previous environment. But she had a feeling of confinement, being surrounded by water, narrow as it was, which did not cease to trouble her. It seemed to her she was detached from the earth. And she wanted to return to it. On the Island one could go only so far, and then one had to go back, as a prisoner in a court. On the Island the end of everything was discernible . . . the world beyond was only a dream.

But the few steps across the bridge dispelled these unpleasant illusions, and after each trip she returned with her mind obviously relieved, with the encouraging knowledge that the world after all was accessible to her. Eventually, however, she began to look upon the question in a philosophical manner. She was a young woman with a vivid imagination, but she had experienced life to the extent that she was not to

be easily carried off. The Island was her world! The beyond belonged to all the others. She had her own space. She ruled her own tiny kingdom. Was she not more fortunate, then, than all the others whose paths crossed on the other side of the stream?

I had an idea other forces than her imagination and her homely philosophy played important roles in her adjustment. He did not tell me so. It was rare when he suggested to me that emotion entered into his life. But he did tell me that she had changed during the period he was away from her, that her olive face was less pointed, that there was a certain mature gracefulness in her that he had not noticed before and a certain becoming fullness to her figure. He mentioned that she became increasingly particular in her personal appearance and was never seen by the Island people in unfavorable dress. She spent hours oiling her hair in the sunshine, bathing, and countless days making dresses from goods he purchased for her. He was obliged on several occasions to take her to Albuquerque to buy jewelry, Mexican and Indian pieces, and not a few useless trinkets from the east, altogether too expensive for her kind.

I had the feeling, nevertheless, that it all had amused him a good deal, that he enjoyed it. It was at least diverting, something new. But I believed also that it awakened something in him which had been asleep a good many years.

He took a desperate chance the following fall. He gathered a hundred beef animals and drove them out of the valley. When he reached the wagon trail he placed Gomez in charge and

Continued on page 321

THE OPEN RANGE

Each issue will carry accounts of personal outdoor experiences. Only accounts of actual experiences are solicited.

OLD TIMER: EZRA MEEKER

MAUD MAPLE MILES

HE was Ezra Meeker—I knew it the minute I opened the door. Who else could he be in his homespun suit of gray, his wide sombrero and his pleasant face wreathed in white hair and beard? He wore knee-length boots—I could tell that, although his trousers covered them. His eyes were blue, with a merry twinkle as he spoke.

"Are you the young lady who made that Santa Fe Trail Marker out in Penn Valley Park?"

"Yes," I replied, "that is mine and I know you must be Ezra Meeker."

"Now how did you know that?" he inquired whimsically as he took off his sombrero and held out his hand in greeting.

He came into the studio and we talked about the old trails. Although no one living knew half so much about them as he, yet he was anxious to learn anything more that anyone could tell him.

Mr. Meeker had a slight "cast in one eye," which gave him a somewhat roguish expression when he joked or laughed. Indeed, he did have a sense of humor, and it kept him very much alive when he had reached an age of ninety-seven years.

My studio interested him. I invited him to sit for a picture. "Oh, let the women and the girls sit for their pictures; I don't think that's a man's job." In vain I urged him, but did not give up hoping, for I was determined to make a record of this unusual personality.

My high school art students were studying portraiture and, incidentally, facial characteristics. They invited Mr. Meeker to be their guest at a luncheon in my studio. I don't believe the old gentleman ever enjoyed anything more than he did that "Bohemian social affair." If we ran out of spoons we stirred our coffee with modelling tools—what

difference did it make? He noticed the several nationalities among the young people and was interested to find out the countries from which the foreign-born children had come. The one Chinese girl in the class told something of what she remembered of China, and others gave reminiscences of their foreign homes. Mr. Meeker rewarded them richly by telling, at length, of his pioneer experiences in the West.

One story that he told I think has never been published. When Mr. Meeker was twenty-one and his wife eighteen they started out over the Oregon trail. After stopping one winter in Iowa, where their first child was born, they went on with a wagon train over the seemingly unlimited area beyond. One day, when in the farthest region of the desert, their wagon-train found a lone prairie-schooner drawn up by the roadside. A little girl was dying in it and her parents, risking their own lives, had let their train go on without them, since the jolting of the wagon caused the child cruel suffering. Mr. Meeker's party was very nearly out of water and had no idea how much farther they might have to go before finding any. As it was a matter of life and death to keep going, the train went on; but the young Meekers stopped, even though their oxen were hanging out their tongues swollen from thirst. The Meekers had but little water for themselves. They remained with the parents of the dying child as long as she lived and then helped the sorrowing father bury her.

Mr. Meeker was seventy-eight years old when I finally induced him to sit for a portrait. Upon first sight that painting simply depicted an aged man napping in his chair—I called it the *Pioneer's Reverie*. However, if one were to sit and muse before the picture, out of the background the vision of his

dream would appear: oxen drawing a prairie schooner which was just emerging into view, mingled among the misty colors of the background. I think I need not tell why the angelic face of a little child was there, too, looking up into the face of the sleeping old man.

Mr. Meeker objected, at first, to sitting for a side view. "Now Mrs. Miles," he argued, "I have gone through life looking the world square in the face so far, and I want to go on the rest of my life just that way."

This is how I finally persuaded him to sit for a portrait. One day he came to my studio complaining that he was lonely between four and eight o'clock in the morning: "I never find anybody out of bed in Kansas City before eight o'clock and I simply can't stay in bed after four. As far as I am concerned, those four good hours are wasted every day."

"Why not pose for your portrait?" I urged. "It's daylight at five o'clock. You could be out here by then."

A look of amazement brightened his face. "Would you get up as early as that just to paint my picture?"

"Why, certainly I would."

"If you want to paint one enough to do that, I think I might just as well sit here as in some hotel lobby all alone."

One day when the painting was well on its way—he had insisted on looking over his shoulder and gazing fixedly at the back of my canvas—he fell sound asleep for some time; I hastily sketched in the side view of the head. I felt fearful that I would never again get a chance. He slept for an hour or two while my brushes flew over the canvas. Finally he began to stir and rub his neck, as though it pained him.

"I think I must have been asleep," he remarked.

"Yes, you have had quite a nap," I shouted, for he was very hard of hearing.

Mr. Meeker was keen to notice that there must be some reason why I had let him sleep so long and when he awakened was so feverishly at work. He stiffly climbed down off the rostrum and came around to the face of the canvas. I fairly held my breath while he took a look at the painting. It was his sense of humor that saved me. As soon as

I saw the old blue eyes beginning to twinkle I knew that the danger of rebellion was over.

"Why, it doesn't look so bad that way after all," he granted. "Any man who has lived as long as I have knows that a woman will have her way sometime, whether she has it at first or not."

The friendship that began then lasted more than twenty years.

He was well along in his nineties one time when I went to New York on business. He was then President of the Oregon Trail Memorial Association with headquarters there. New York was having her big jubilee, and Mr. Meeker invited me to attend one evening. I have never forgotten my feeling of amazement when I learned that he took a street car from his hotel to mine yet insisted that I, forty years his junior, must go to the jubilee in a taxicab. He returned me to my hotel in a taxi, dismissed it and took a street car back to his hotel. He fairly tired me out because he would not let me overlook a single detail of the exhibition.

Another interesting incident occurred on a subway platform. As we got out of our train at a transfer point, a young couple, evidently Yiddish, were sitting on a bench nearby. They arose at once and insisted upon our taking their seats. Protesting, we finally yielded and the young people stood aside, apparently studying Mr. Meeker's face.

The young woman approached me respectfully, saying, "I beg your pardon, but is that the Old American?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Ezra Meeker, a pioneer of the old Oregon Trail."

"We are so glad to see him! We have been in America two years and we have seen old people of every nationality, excepting American. We have read about the Old American in the newspapers, and I can't tell you how glad I am to see him."

His friends had us out to dinners and teas and showed me a flattering amount of attention. I learned that he had been praising me extravagantly, right and left, giving a marvelous account of the portrait I had painted and the bas-relief that I made of him.

One lady, a friend of his, thought she would entertain us by having a matinee party to see *So This Is London*. Mr. Meeker escorted us to the theatre, and to our seats,

with all the courtesy of a "gentleman of the old school."

When the curtain went up he excused himself and did not reappear until the curtain went down at the end of the last act. Then he came to escort us home. Everyone I knew in New York called him "Uncle Ezra," so our hostess exclaimed, "Uncle Ezra, where have you been; why didn't you tell me you didn't like *So This Is London?*"

"Certainly I like *So This Is London*," he replied. "I've read that it's an extremely good play and well worthwhile, but on a sunny day like this why should I sit in the house to look at a make-believe London while there is a real New York outside?"

His New York friends had enjoyed the motion picture, *The Covered Wagon*, and asked Mr. Meeker about it. He granted that it was a marvelous work of art but complained loudly of certain discrepancies between the story and the facts as he remembered them. Jim Bridger was represented as a drunkard; Mr. Meeker maintained that he was no such thing; that he was a man who could drink his liquor and "take it standing up." Drinking did not make him ridiculous, like the Jim Bridger in the play.

Mr. Meeker's friends determined that they would preserve the true story of the trail and photograph it while he was living. The plan was to have him go with an outfit and film the story as he told it, exact in every detail, with the true scenes as the backgrounds.

The first step had to be a scenario, so Mr. James Cruze undertook to write one. All went well until the author and his co-workers wanted to work a little of the magic hocus-pocus, considered so important by authors, into the true story of the trail.

The old gentleman was firm in protesting. "It didn't happen that way and I am not going to have it told that way."

The others argued, "But it will cost fortunes in money to make such a picture and no one will go to see it unless we have a story. The public demands a story with a hero who is brave, a heroine who is beautiful, and a villain who is a demon."

"But such are not the facts in the case," insisted Mr. Meeker stubbornly.

Nothing that could be said or done could induce him to make the hero more heroic

than he was, or convert the heroine into a baby-doll, or to defame any man's memory to supply a proper villain. I think he might have permitted some slight exaggeration of the heroine's charms, but as to the men he yielded not one iota.

They went so far as to photograph the prologue, which picture shows a young mother with her children walking along Broadway. The children stop before the old Trinity Church and go into the yard. They look at the old tomb-stones, reading the inscriptions as they wander about. The children express interest in the olden times. Then they see "Uncle Ezra," and call to him as he comes down the street. The children run to greet him and, with their mother, take him in an automobile to their apartment. "Daddy" comes home for dinner and after the meal they settle cozily before an open fire, begging "Uncle Ezra" for a story.

The story of the Oregon Trail was to follow, but it never was completed. These devoted friends of his tried every art and wile to overcome his prejudice. One gentleman, whose name I forget, overstepped the bounds of literal truth in trying to persuade Mr. Meeker; his old blue eyes that could twinkle so merrily became as cold as steel as he confided to me, "I caught him in a lie! I can overlook almost any other fault, but whenever I catch a man lying I never trust him in anything after that." That, as far as I know, ended the filming project.

Another incident comes to mind, which happened while I was in New York. Mr. Meeker and I had taken dinner in his favorite restaurant where they knew him and catered to his taste. After dining he said, "It's such a nice evening, why not take a ride?" So we did, on the front seat of the top of a Riverside Drive bus. As we rode he spoke of his New York friends and their "daily tubbing," then told of the experiences of the pioneers with baths. In the earliest days, he said, the proper procedure was to take a cedar, or oaken, bucket of warm water away from the cabin and, in a nice grassy nook behind bushes, apply soft soap and hot water with a brush, scrubbing thoroughly from head to foot, rinsing with a sponge or a cloth and, as a finish, pouring the entire contents of the bucket over the head.

I never saw Mr. Meeker after I left New York, but I heard from him frequently until a few weeks before his death.

Mr. Meeker lived a long life, indeed. Truly he lived until the end. He never reached the "chimney corner age," like some ancient sire who sits and mumbles of the deeds of his youth, forgotten by everyone other than himself. Mr. Meeker was as interested in what went on around him, in every day life, as he was in anything that happened in the years before. His experiences as pioneer,

author, re-discoverer of the old trails and as a traveler in ox-wagons, airplanes, or automobiles (to suit any occasion) are too well known for me to do more than refer to them. In the last twenty years of his life, beginning at an age that few ever attain, he achieved more important deeds and found more fun in life than most men ever accomplish.

There was nothing goody-goody about Mr. Meeker, but the habits of his youth—courage, fineness, and cleanliness of body, mind, and soul—had become the man himself.

WITH CUSTER
ORPHA M. GARDNER

Dust and murk, and everywhere
The sense of sickening despair—
Hell in the hot and stifling air!

Hell broke loose through the smoking ground;
Hell-hounds circling round and round
This God-forsaken, ghastly mound!

One hour—two—three at the most . . .
A soldier should know how to die at his post.
If help doesn't come, it's Death will boast.

Damnable demons, yell! It's your doom.
One more!—To hell and blacken its gloom!
Another, and another! Men, make room

Behind that horse! No time for wounds.
The heat, the stench—the growing mounds—
Closer and closer the circle . . . No sounds

Save those of the Indian ponies' retreat . . .
Alone! And life was sweet—sweet!
Death, old scout, . . . at . . . last . . . you beat!

HISTORICAL SECTION

*Each issue will carry some authentic account, diary or journal or reminiscence,
preferably of early days in this region of the country.*

UPHAM LETTERS FROM THE UPPER MISSOURI, 1865

EDITED BY P. C. PHILLIPS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Hiram D. Upham was one of the great stream of pioneers who came to the Northwest in the early sixties. Most of them were allured by the prospect of gold in the mountains. Upham left home apparently driven by disappointment in love. He was not drawn on by the hope of wealth but was willing to become a clerk for an agent of the savage Blackfoot Indians.

Hiram D. Upham was born in Madison county, New York, February 22, 1839, the son of Hiram and Delphia Upham. As a young man he went to Coldwater, Michigan, and became a collector of bounties, pensions, and back pay for soldiers. He was a tall and handsome man with an exuberance of humor, and was popular socially. Among his friends were Abner Wood and Miss Eugenia Coe, who were the recipients of the two letters here printed. Miss Coe and Wood were later married and their daughter, Miss Virginia Coe Wood, now lives in Tampa, Florida. Hiram Upham fell in love with a friend of theirs, who is known only as "Side" in the letters. They were apparently engaged to be married but something happened to break the engagement. Side became a Catholic and entered a convent. Upham sought a clerkship in the Indian bureau and went to St. Louis and embarked on the steamer Twilight for the Blackfoot country. He retained this position until 1871, when he resigned to become a clerk for the trading firm of T. C. Powers and Company. His life as a trader led him into Canada and through the mountains of the Northwest.

In 1878 he left the firm and in partnership with Joseph Kip, the famous Indian interpreter, engaged in the merchandise business at Fort Conrad on the Marias river. The partners later became interested in ranching and carried on extensive irrigation projects. In 1885 Upham was still actively engaged in business at Fort Conrad, and after that there is no record of him.

At the time when Upham went up the Missouri many small steamers were engaged in the Indian trade. The Twilight was a side-wheeler 180 feet long and 32 feet wide. She first ascended the Missouri in 1858 under the command of Captain John Shaw. She struck a snag in September, 1865, while descending the Missouri near Napoleon, Missouri, and sank. The Cora, which was the companion of the Twilight on the voyage up in 1865 and which Upham writes was sunk near Omaha, was later raised and continued the Missouri river trade for several years.

The headquarters of the Blackfoot agency was at Fort Benton, which had been built between 1848-1850 by Major Alexander Culbertson, for the fur-trading firm of Pierre Chouteau, Jr., and Company, generally known in the Northwest as the American Fur Company. Gad E. Upham had been appointed Blackfoot agent in 1863. He found the Indians turbulent, and in the fall of 1865 he with Upham's help negotiated a new treaty with them which superseded the Stevens treaty of 1865. By this treaty the Blackfeet agreed to cede to the United States all their lands south of the Missouri. He died at San Francisco in March, 1866, and Upham acted as Indian agent until the arrival of Upson's successor, George B. Wright, a year later.

Upham found many difficulties during his brief administration. The Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans soon after signing the treaty started war again. Upham wrote a report dated July 25, 1866, published in the Report of the Secretary of the Interior (House Ex. Docs. 2nd Sess. 39 Cong. II, No. 81) describing the Indian depredations, and the difficulties of his position.

The two letters written by Upham in the summer of 1865 to his friends, Ab and Jennie, are now printed for the first time. For years they remained in the possession of the recipients and from them passed to their daughter, Miss Virginia Coe Wood. They are now in the private collection of Mr. W. R. Coe of New York City, with whose permission they are printed.

On Board the Steamer Twilight—450 miles
below Fort Benton.

Sunday June 18th, 1865

Friend Ab—

On the 19th day of April last (2 months ago) I left St. Louis for Ft. Benton. During all that time I have been waiting for something of interest to happen before writing to you, but today being devilish dull on the Boat I concluded to let drive and give you a history of my journey as far as I have come. As I said

I left St. Louis April 19th. I took passage on the Steamer "Twilight" which was advertised to go in company with the Steamer "Cora" for the purpose of assisting each other in case of accident or Indians. The Cora however struck a snag and sunk a few miles above Omaha which was the last of her. We had to take all of her passengers, her freight was all lost. She sunk about 2 miles from where the Steamer Bertrand sunk a short time previous. It is devilish

slow work steamboating on the Missouri River. In the first place the current in the River is very strong, over 5 miles an hour. Next comes the sand bars, sometimes we are a whole day getting over a bar. There are 2 ways of doing it. 1st If the water on the bar is deep enough they "Spar" over by using span and ropes with the machinery. If however the water will not allow this they have to "doubletrip." The way they do it is this—They take off freight enough below the bar to lighten the boat so that she will pass over. Then go above the bar and take off as much more and then go back and get the first pile after which they can pass over. The ugliest things in the River however are Snags. In the lower River from Omaha down the bank is very soft and is continually falling into the River taking the trees with it. These trees make the snags and when a boat strikes a big one under water its rather certain death to her. We have been struck four times but luckily for us none of them went through the hull. The last one was the closest call. It went tearing through both the lower and upper decks and tore things generally but we got through it all right. When the wind blows very hard we have to lie up to shore and lay there until it goes down which was the case all day yesterday. We do not run at all nights. They have to cut wood and bring it on the boat and work it up. There is plenty of timber all along the River. Now for the game question. I can give you some Buffalo Stories which you might think rather large but which are true. I believe I have seen 50,000 Buffaloes within the last two weeks. They are continually swimming across the River in droves and very often they get caught in the current and carried right down by the boat so close that they are often struck by the wheels. The deck hands can take a lasso and catch them in the water any day. They often get up under a steep bank which they cannot climb and the boat passes so near that we can shoot them with Revolvers. Their hides are good for nothing this time of year. All the cows have

calves now, so you see we have all kinds of Buffalo—Old Bull, Young Bull, little Calf, Old Cow & hieffer but no steers. You would laugh to see the old mountain men cut the stones and tongue out of a Bull as soon as he is down. They are considered the choicest parts. Deer, Antelope, wolves, Bears and Elk are also very abundant on the shores. Indeed all kinds of game is so abundant that it has ceased to have any interest.

After the Cora sunk we fell in with the Steamer Lillie Martin bound for Fort Benton, since which time we have traveled in company and will continue to do so from here to Fort Benton. Having government goods aboard we are both armed with a 12 pound gun which throws grape & cannister, solid shot & shell. Besides this the passengers have rifles and Revolvers till you cant rest. So you see we are well prepared for any emergency. Now for the Indian subject. I would like to have "Onewanke" hear this part of the letter. The first fort of any size after we leave the settlements is fort Rice¹ (after Fort Randall)² When we got here they told us we must look out for Indians as the last boat that went up was fired into about 2 miles above the Fort. There was a large war party Sioux Indians on both sides of the River above. The night before we got to the Fort one of the Pickets had been shot by an Indian who crawled up on him in the grass and killed him within 200 yards of the Fort. The night that we lay at the Fort a Lieutenant died who had been shot through the breast with an arrow a few days before by an Indian while out with a party after wood. We wanted to get some beef at the Fort. They have plenty of cattle back on the hills—but having no cavalry they did not dare go after them. The fact of it is the soldiers in all these Forts on the River are kept penned up by the Indians like so many cattle. All the good they do is to keep the River open for Steamboats and protect traders and Indian Agents. The Government does not own any of them. They are built and owned by the American Fur Company. Fort Union³ being the only one owned by

¹ Fort Rice was a military post built in 1864, near the mouth of the Cannonball river.

² Fort Randall was originally the American Fur Company post of old Fort Pierre, built in 1830. The government purchased the fort in 1855 and in 1857 named it Fort Randall.

³ Fort Union was built by the American Fur Company probably in 1827. For many years it was the principal fur-trading post on the upper Missouri.

Uncle Sam and that was purchased this Spring. They are all garrisoned by paroled Rebel Soldiers. After we left Fort Rice we took extra precautions and kept a double guard on nights. Although we saw plenty of the Red Devils at a distance yet they dared not attack us, I think they are a little afraid of two boats. They are a cowardly set of whelps and never dare board a boat no matter how many there are of them. Their style is to lie in the bushes along the shore and shoot the Pilot or such passengers as may be exposed. A few days ago the Steamer Grant had five men out in a yawl sounding the water. They got too near the shore and were attacked by Indians, three were killed and the other two were badly wounded but succeeded in swimming to the Boat. The Yawl was lost and was picked up by the Steamer Benton coming down. When we arrived at Fort Sulley⁴ we received more news about Indians. We arrived there in the morning. The evening before about 800 Sioux Warriors made their appearance on the opposite bank from the Fort and made signs that they wanted to come over and trade. The Captain at the Fort however could not see it & ordered them to "get" They did not "get" lively enough to suit him and he opened on them with artillery—and killed several. At the Fort were about 600 friendly Indians and the morning we were there they were crossing the River for the purpose of going on the trail of the retreating Indians. You would have laughed to see the Redskins stripped almost to the skin, with their war paint on and their scalping locks all ready for the enemy to lift their hair, swimming the River with their ponies. They would strike in at the Fort and the current would take them down so that they would land on the opposite side about ½ mile below. The last we could see of them they would mount their ponies and give a war whoop and dash into the timber. At the Fort was one tribe (commanded by "Bear-Nose") who were going through a religious ceremony and consequently did not join the War party. I will give you a description as near as possible of their proceedings. We were at the Fort all day and a party of us

went out to where they were. About ½ mile from the Fort was the "Big Medicine House" This was made by sticking brush about 10 or 15 feet high into the ground in the shape of a circle about 75 feet in diameter with one opening for a door on one side into which we were allowed to look but forbidden to pass, by "Big Medicine" an ugly looking Indian blacker than any of Al Dickenson's niggers. These brush were hung on the outside with robes and skins. On the inside of this circle was another smaller circle about six feet from the outer one. This was composed of Brush but not so thick as the outer one. Upon these brush were hung all sorts of Indians trinkets such as shields, Bows and arrows, fancy bead work and every Indian notion ever invented. If you was to see it in a civilized community you would swear it was a Sanitary Fair or a Methodist festival or perhaps a Hope Hase Dance. Between these two circles lay a Row of Warriors and those young Braves who were to become Warriors. This was the 4th day they had fasted without tasting a mouthful of anything. Here is the way they make Warriors.

In the centre of the circle is a pole about 20 feet high with a raw hide string or rope hanging from the top. The candidate for the honor of becoming a Warrior is brought forth. A Knife is then run through the fleshy part of his breast on each side and a thong passed through. The thongs are then tied to the Rope and Mr. Indian begins to dance around the pole. He throws his whole weight back on the Rope a certain number of times and if the thongs do not tear out he will do to go on the War path.

All around outside of the Medicine House were laying those who had gone through the proofs and judging from their appearance they were as happy as a freshly made convert at a Methodist Revival. They lay all covered up with Robes with nothing but their faces visible and a Buffalo's skull for a pillow. During the war dance in the Medicine House the "Musicians" played on drums and pounded on dried hides. It made me think of a Circus as I stood on the outside and I wished for a good stock of ginger-

⁴Old Fort Sulley, built by Major General Alfred Sulley in 1863, was located about four miles southeast of the present Pierre, South Dakota.

bread and cider, for, between the Indians and Soldiers I could have done a devilish good stroke of business. These Indians raise & fatten dogs for food—I believe I saw 500 “purps” of all breeds, sizes & colours. At this fort they had an old Indian Trader in the Guard House for selling Powder & lead to the hostile Indians. I have since understood that he was taken prisoner by the Indians and in order to get off he had to give them the Articles. He had seventy five thousand Dollars worth of Robes at the Fort. One pile of Buffalo Robes half as big as your store. He was to be sent down the River for trial in the first boat.

Nothing more of Interest transpired until we arrived within about 50 miles of Fort Union. Here we met the Steamer Yellow Stone from Fort Benton bound down the River. All three boats lay together that night and here I learned of the Indian difficulties at Fort Benton. All of the tribes for which Maj. Upson is agent are at War with the whites. As near as I can learn some drunken whites shot some Indians near Fort Benton. The Indians went down to Sun River and murdered 10 white men and then declared War—The Governor of Montana⁵ has called for 500 mountaineers to fight them with and the prospects are that I shall see some warm times when I get there. I left Major Upson at St. Louis, he was expecting to go overland but had not arrived at Fort Benton when The Yellow Stone left the June 1st. It may be he started on the Fannie Ogden but I understand that she and another Mountain Boat have snagged and sunk in the lower River. The Lillie Martin (the boat in whose company we are travelling) had some of our Indian Goods aboard but they were all ordered off at Fort Union because the Indians above are at war. So you see the Devil is to pay all around I may have to go back to Fort Union as soon as I arrive at Benton.

While at Fort Union the Lillie Martin got a Guard of Soldiers to accompany her to Fort Benton and back. Night before last when we tied up we saw some Indians about half a mile off. The Lieutenant took his men and went out after them. The

Indians were mounted and the Soldiers could not get near enough to do any execution and after exchanging a few shots returned to the Boat. This is the nearest we have come to an Indian fight but as we are now fairly among them we shall probably have our fill of Indian fighting before many days. I am like the fellow that eat the skunk, I can stomach it but I am damned if I hanker after any. While at St. Joseph, Mo. I bought a Henry Rifle, a 17 shooter so you see I am prepared all around. I believe I have written everything of interest since we left St. Louis. I wish you would tell all the Boys that I will write to them just as soon as I get to Fort Benton. There is one little matter there which I forgot & wish you would attend to for me. I bought a ticket to Chicago of Al Eldridge and when I took it I did not have money enough into a Dollar to pay her. I came off and forgot it. I wish you would pay her and as soon as I get to Benton I will send the money to you. I would send it in this letter but I don't know how I shall send this letter and as soon as I get to Benton I shall send some money down the River by the clerk of this Boat and that will probably be the best time for me to send the money to you. Give my love to Alice and tell her I forgot it & that I will send her the first scalp I get. I wish you would tell Dick that I will write him from Benton as soon as I see how the land lays there. Give my love to Jennie if she has returned and tell her to write. Tell Sam, Doc, Big John Hase and all the boys that I will write them as soon as I get to Benton and I wish you would get them together the first Sunday after you receive this and have them go to work and write a joint letter. Do you boys have any “Fairy” now days. Tell Sam I will go 2 scalps open on the Jack.

I expect Side will be at home when this gets there. If so give her my love and tell her that I will write her as soon as I arrive at Benton which will be in about 8 days. I expect to find a letter there from her. Did you receive that letter which I sent to you for her. Please keep me posted as to how things are moving in that quarter. Tell

⁵ Sidney Edgerton was then governor of Montana. He left the territory in September, 1865, and Thomas Francis Meagher, secretary of the territory, became acting governor.

The Frontier

those Corbes that the bull frogs and whip-poorwills yell like the devil in this country.

There is a steamboat in sight coming down the River and I must close up and get this aboard.

Give my best respects to Book, John D. Toot & By. I will keep up a regular correspondence as soon as I get to Benton where I can mail my letters more regular. I would like almighty well to go around to Dave William and Patch [?] this afternoon. Ale is 25c a glass on this Boat. When I get to Benton I will write you a description of the fare on this boat also of some of the passengers. Tell Billy Foster that I will make Six thousand per cent on my "stock." I may wait to order some more match safes of him. I had my "stock" insured for 20 per cent above cost at St. Louis.

Col McLane the member of Congress from Montana is on the Boat returning from Washington. He weighs 320 pounds and is a gay old Boy. In his State Room he has a big trunk. In which he has 1 five gallon keg of whiskey—1 Demijohn of the same and 9 small bottles which are supposed to be filled with whiskey. He keeps his clothes on the foot of his bunk to make room for the whiskey in his trunk. In my next I will tell you how he & myself stole 16 cans of preserved oysters from the Boat and hid them in that same trunk, the grub being devilish poor and none but the officers and their families getting Oysters.

But here is the boat.

Write soon and oblige

Your Old Friend

II. D. Upham

Direct H. D. Upham

care of Major G. E. Upson

U. S. Agent for Blackfoot Ind

Fort Benton, Montana T.

Fort Benton, Montana Territory

August 1st 1865

Dear Jennie

Over three months ago I left the "Noble scenes of my childhood" to roam in this God-forsaken Country, and during that time I have received but two letters from any of my old comrades in Coldwater. One from Ab and one from John Parkhurst. These were written soon after I left there and di-

rected to me at St. Louis but I left there before they arrived and they were brought to me by Mr. Upson (who came up on a Boat which left St. Louis after I did) who arrived here about the middle of July. He also brought me a letter from Side. So you see my letters were three months old when I received them. I wrote a long letter to Side and also one to Ab while I was on the Boat. but as yet I have received no answer from either. I left St. Louis on the 19th of April and was 72 days on the way. This Fort is the last one of a chain of Forts owned by the "American Fur Company" and is Three Thousand and three hundred miles from St. Louis. One thousand miles takes us clear out of the settlements (which end at Sioux City) and the balance of the way lies through a country inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts. Several hundred miles of it lies through the Sioux Country. These Indians are the most hostile of any in the West, and being the most powerful and numerous Nation on the plains, they are giving Steamboats and emigrants over the plains a great deal of trouble. The Boat ahead of us had three men killed by them, who were out in a yawl sounding the River. A Mac-Kinaw Boat going down the River to the States which contained 19 men and 1 woman got in a Sand Bar and was attacked by the Sioux Indians who were in force on both banks, and every one of them murdered. So you see navigation on the Upper Missouri is attended with considerable danger. We travelled in Company with another Boat and having a large number of passengers well armed and each Boat carrying a 6 pound cannon, we were not troubled by the Gentlemen.

On the overland routes the passengers have, not only the Indlans to contend with, but are also receiving some attention from the Highway Robbers, or as they are more genteely called, the "Road Agents." You have probably ere this read the account of the attack on the Coach last week between Virginia City & Salt Lake where four passengers were killed and 3 wounded and the coach Robbed of \$60,000 in gold dust. Last year the Vigilance Committee hung up over 30 of these gentlemen for some of those same little tricks and this year some more of them

will swing. Last year the gang was headed by Henry Plummer Sheriff of Virginia City who was hung on the same gallows with 6 of his confederates.

The history of the Vigilance Committee of this Territory⁹ will soon be published and I will send home a copy. You should read it if you want to see what cold blooded murders men can commit. It will tell how these desperadoes murdered men before their own families for the purpose of robbery and how they murdered other men because they had no money. It also gives a history of the formation of the "Vigilantees" and how they took these Robbers and hung them up as fast as caught—hanging 16 at one time and on the same scaffold.

I will give you a little description of this place. Fort Benton is called the head of navigation of the Missouri. Yet of about 20 Boats which have left St. Louis this year for this place, only four have reached here. 3 have sunk and the balance have been compelled, on account of low water, to discharge their freight hundreds of miles below from whence it has to be hauled to this point by teams. Thousands of Tons of freight passes through here every year for the mines. One train of over 250 wagons left here yesterday to go down to Milk River after the freight of a couple of Boats that were compelled to discharge there. These Wagons are drawn by from 4 to 8 yoke of oxen, and such a train makes a big show. Fort Benton is built of "Dobies" or large, square unburned brick. It was built and is owned by the American Fur Company of St. Louis. There never have been nor are there now any troops stationed here. The Fort stands facing the River. Above the Fort (i. e. up the River a few hundred yards) stands the imposing collection of houses, designated by the inhabitants thereof as "Benton City." These edifices all face the River, between them & which runs the "Broadway of Benton City." We shall have six streets here as soon as we get 5 more. The city consists of 12 or 15 log houses. These are used as dwellings, stores, warehouses and saloons. When the trains are in here things are very lively indeed. The drivers then all get drunk and as they all carry a Revolver and knife and as fights

are a daily occurrence, it makes everything look lively. Four men have been shot since I have been here. As there are but few laws in force here, and no officers at all to execute them, these chaps have it pretty much their own way. The office of the Indian Agency stands in about the centre of the City. Over this Department at present I reign Supreme. The Mansion itself is built of logs, and the large crevices between the logs are stopped up with mud. The roof is made by laying down slabs and covering them over with about 6 inches of dirt. The following is the invoice of furniture which graces our one room. Office Desk, bureau, Lounge—2 chairs, wash stand—spring bed & matrass (only one in the City) 4 saddles & bridles, 6 pr. spurs, 4 Revolvers 2 Rifles—8 Shot-guns and a fish pole. The chief productions of Fort Benton are Frenchmen, Half breed Indians, Buffalo Robes and Dogs. The surrounding country abounds in Buffalo—Deer—Antelopes, Elk, Mountain Sheep—rattlesnakes Mountain Lions, Grizzly Bear & Hostile Indians. So you see you have a pretty good idea of my present situation. Maj. Upson is at present over the Mountains at Virginia City, looking for a place in the mines to locate his Quartz Mills of which he has two coming up the River. This Territory is going ahead of California in its mineral production. The quartz leads are the richest and most extensive that were ever discovered in the whole world. All it wants is machinery to crush the quartz. But 2 or 3 quartz Mills are now in operation in the Territory. 10 or 12 now on their way here and more will come next year. Green backs are not very plenty here, they are taken at 80c on the dollar. Gold dust is the "circulating medium" Every man carries his bag of Dust and when he purchases anything he passes in his bag and the required amount is weighed out.

The Indians that belong at this Agency are the following tribes. The Blackfoot, Bloods, Gros-Ventres & Piegans all of the Blackfoot Nation. For many years they have been in the habit of stealing horses from the Whites and committing other depredation. Whenever they came to the Fort to trade, there being but few Whites there, the Indians were

⁹ Thomas J. Dimsdale, *The Vigilantes of Montana*, published at Virginia City in 1866. This was the first book actually printed in Montana.

very overbearing and a white man was of no account. About 4 weeks ago however a couple of old Mountaineers were sitting at the corner of our office when some Indians approached and began as usual to tell how many white scalps they had taken, what big chiefs they were &c. The 2 white men pulled out their Revolvers and began to shoot. They killed 4 Indians and threw them into the River. Two Indians escaped and communicated with a Camp of Blood Warriors Numbering about 150 who were in Camp 50 Miles from here. Below here 12 Miles at the mouth of the Marias there were 10 young men laying out a town. The War party of Bloods proceeded to seek revenge. They surprised the young men while at work and killed every one of them. Since then not one Indian has shown himself at this point. They are camped an hundred miles from here. We have sent an Interpreter out to see whether they want Peace or War. If they wish for War they will get it as we are to have plenty of troops here before we do anything with them. The mails are very irregular here. There is no post office nearer this point than Virginia City over 300 miles, from here. All letters and papers after passing through the dangers of the overland route and reaching Virginia City in safety, are brought over here by the first responsible person who happens to be coming this way. In the same manner we send them from here home. I was very much pleased about two weeks ago at seeing Mr. A. Sytte of C. [oldwater] at this place. He & a party of Miners were on their way to the States. The Steamboats having all left, they built a couple of Boats at this place & started. I sent letters home by him. I sent one to Side. Sometimes we get papers from home about a month old. When we have such we read from the first column right through to the last, advertisements & all. I shall go over to the Mines as soon as we get the Indian affairs straightened up. I am in hopes to winter over there.

How I wondered what you were all doing the 4th of July. I must acknowledge I felt a little homesick on that day. It was very quiet here. Not a solitary firecracker announced that it was the "Glorious Fourth" and as I set around the office all alone my thoughts wandered back to former "Days we

Celebrated" and visions of ice cream, strawberries, Lemonades &c. crossed my memory. About a month ago I received a letter from Side dated in April soon after I left. She told me in it that she was soon to be received into the Catholic Church and seemed to think that it would cause all her friends to desert her. She had laid plans out for her future career based on the presumption of being left entirely friendless. I have written her since the receipt of her letter but have heard nothing from her since last April. You can imagine with what anxiety I am waiting for tidings from her so that I may know her present situation. I do not believe that any of her true friends will leave her because of her having joined that Church. It was all new and surprising to me when I heard what her intentions were but I know that Side is doing what she thinks to be her duty and I think none the less of her for it. I hope that she is in Coldwater now. I would give all the world for an hour or two with her just about this time. How well I remember the good old times down at your house. We can't fully appreciate those things until they are out of our reach. The happiest hours of my life have been those spent with Side & you & Ab. As soon as I can hear from Side and know where she is I shall write her a good long letter and keep up a regular correspondence. If she is in C. [oldwater] when this reaches there please give her my love (and a kiss for me) Give my love to all the girls and keep me well posted in local news. As soon as you receive this I want you & Side to both write me an awful long letter. Give me all that has happened since I left there—who has returned from the Wars—and everything else of interest.

Write me very soon and oblige

Your Old Friend

H. D. Upham

Direct to

Fort Benton, Montana T.

Give my regards to your father mother George & Mary. Ask George if he ever gets out that Hose cart without any hose in it now days.

Tell Side to send her picture when she writes.

Tell Ab to write to me soon.

Send me some local papers.

NORTHWEST FOLKLORE

SOME TRADITIONS OF THE WEST COAST INDIANS¹

ALBERT B. REAGAN

BATTLE OF CHINOOK

ONE morning after the misty clouds had rolled back to the horizon, the sun shone out in great and sparkling brilliancy on the forest covered land and the great ocean. Then one of our maidens, Nolabostub by name, stole out from the village of Lal'ush (Quileute), Washington, into the adjacent woodland of the Olympic Peninsula, going there to pray to her deities and to bathe in a certain little stream near a certain falls on the mainland.

Noon came and she did not return. Night also and no Nolabostub. All parties concerned began to be anxious about her. Everyone became convinced that her being absent was due to some outside agency. Possibly she was lost in the woods.

Twenty men were sent out to look for her, but they hurriedly returned, stating that an enemy was in the region, as many tracks had been seen on the beach and a moccasin of a pattern differing from that of the Quileutes had been discovered. Accordingly a scouting party was immediately sent out, but unfortunately no trace of the skulking enemy could be found, except the footprints. It was therefore concluded that she had fallen into the hands of hostiles. The moccasin was then carefully inspected and it was decided that the invaders were Quinaelts or Chinooks. So after a delay of three days, during which the maiden was not heard of, it was decided to send a war expedition against the Quinaelt tribes; and two days later forty ocean canoes started southward

from the bay of Quillayute past the Quillayute Needles on their mission of revenge.

They proceeded to Hoh, thence on down the coast to where Tahola now is, reaching the place under cover of the darkness of their first night out from Quileute. They then landed and surrounded the village, only to find it deserted, the Indians having gone southward to a great feast that was being held at Chinook; but the expedition was not to be abandoned without at least an attempt at revenge.

The day following the landing at Tahola, they proceeded on down the coast southward, having a Chinook slave with them who told them the lay of the country about his village home and directed their movements. Then on nearing their objective, they approached a head of land that projected out into the surging surf where the slave had them draw their canoes up on shore and wait for darkness to cover their movements, saying that the village was just on the other side of the point of land. They could even then hear the din of dancing and singing. The time for slaughter, however, was not at hand. So all concealed themselves in the woods and waited.

It was towards the middle of the night when the order to proceed was given. Then according to a well worked-out plan, they divided their forces into two divisions and advanced to the assault upon the village. By this plan, one division was to take the canoes around the promontory to the village landing and thus attack the place in front and also destroy the enemy's canoes. This di-

¹ Unless otherwise stated, my informants in obtaining the traditions of these Indians were Benjamin Hobucket and his brother Police Luke Hobucket, my assistant in the government school, Gordon B. Hobucket (Indian) being the interpreter.

The tradition relating to the Devil's Dance is here omitted, as it has already been given in the March, 1931, issue of THE FRONTIER, pages 274-276. However, it should be stated that the tradition goes farther than that article records it and has the Clallam Indians' fall upon the assembled Quileute-Chimakums and massacre the whole assemblage there and then, this massacre accounting for the Quileutes and Chimakums being so few in numbers when the white man arrived on the scene.

vision, furthermore, was to cut off the enemy's escape by water and also prevent a sea fight and chase, should the assailants be defeated. The other crawled over the land-projection and prepared to attack the place in the rear.

Within the village the feasting had ceased and all had stretched their bodies in front of the low fires in the respective lodges and were sleeping away the short, after-midnight hours peaceably, not even dreaming that an enemy was in the region. Then a cracking stick under a foot-tread suddenly woke a Chinook brave, and instantly his warhoop aroused every sleeping warrior. Forthwith the battle was on. The attacking parties fell upon the place simultaneously from front and rear. Many they killed in their beds. The houses they set ablaze. Then in the pent-up light they fought like demons; and the defenders fought like demons, as well. Some of them rushed to the waterfront and there by a hand-to-hand contest of the fiercest kind captured and destroyed many of the Quileute canoes; while those at the village routed the assaulting party and put out the flames.

Again and again the Quileute chief, whose name by some of the informants is said to have been Poorakon, charged the village under cover of the darkness; but was each time ejected from its entrance, each time with the loss of many braves. At sunup he made another desperate assault, and at this time his men even got on the house roofs and had possession of all the streets for a minute: but the Chinooks rallied. Poorakon himself was captured; his braves were driven in panic-order into the woods and to the waterfront, where they were rallied by Obixsonon and another desperate battle was fought. Obixsonon lost a hand but succeeded in getting a canoe of braves launched and out of harm's way for a moment's time. It, however, was soon pursued: all the other canoes that had made a landing at the village and all the other braves who had tried to leave the place by these same canoes fell into the enemy's hands, the braves to be slaughtered at once or kept for a worse fate.

Rounding the point, the fleeing canoe was

joined by many other canoes that had been left there at the first landing while the attack on the village was being made. These canoes were manned by braves who had fled from the village across the point to the landing. Consequently, they thought only of saving their lives; but a sea-fight could not be avoided, as the Chinooks were already in hot pursuit. So they turned about and engaged their pursuers. The battle raged furiously. The Chinooks were worsted. Their canoes were captured, and every Chinook brave sent to the bottom of the salty deep.

Obixsonon then prepared to re-attack the village, but on approaching it he found that it had been hastily abandoned, everyone having fled into the interior. So the expedition returned to Quileute, bringing as many of their dead as could be found and carrying as trophies the heads of their dead enemies. All, however, returned in sorrow, as their leader was with the enemy and many of their number had gone to the shades.

On the return they buried their dead the day they arrived at Quileute and performed the first death ceremonies over them. Then they had the war dance over the heads of their fallen foes, but without exclamations of joy. The enemy had been defeated, it was true, but the victory had been too costly. Moreover, the recapture of Nolubostub, the end sought, had not been attained; in fact, she had not been even heard of.

BATTLE OF NITTINAT

Days again came and went, but Nolabostub was not heard of and Poorakon did not return. It then began to be rumored that the Indians from the northland, from the west coast of Vancouver Island, as that island is now called, were fishing now and then on the grounds of the Quileutes at Cape Flattery and Tatoosh Island at the entrance of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Furthermore, it was also rumored that these northern people expressed a desire to take that part of the peninsula around the cape and Neah Bay as their own.² This, of course, aroused the jealous ire of the Quileutes.

Preparations for a raid into the Makah country on Vancouver Island was at once begun, and in a few days more than one

² At this time the Quileutes still had possession of all the northern and northwestern part of the Olympic Peninsula.

hundred war canoes set out for Nittinat, the old home of that tribe to the northward of the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Nearing the place, they went ashore and concealed themselves in the dense woods until night came on. Then leaving a strong force in protection of the canoes, to prevent a catastrophe like that which had befallen them at Chinook, the main body of the braves crawled noiselessly through the brush to the vicinity of the village. There in concealment they waited for the unsuspecting villagers to go to sleep, as they had been having a "potlatch" (give-away feast) and were still fasting and playing games. Moreover, it was near morning when they retired; when, feeling perfectly safe, they lay down to sleep wherever they were, some on the sand on the beach, some in their canoes, and some on mats and robes in their lodges.

The moment for action had come. With the hideous warwhoop the raiding Quileutes fell upon the sleeping victims. With whale-bone and stone clubs, clam shell knives, and yew wood daggers they dealt death on every side. So terrible was the onslaught that panic took possession of the village, most of the Makahs being killed right in their beds. Some, however, defended themselves with their bows, while others fled to the woods, and some also, trying to flee in their canoes, found that way of escape cut off. So most of them who were not killed were captured.

The Quileutes gained complete possession of the village, with but few men wounded and with the loss of none. Then after the battle was over, they cut off the heads of the fallen foes and returned to Quileute by way of Neah Bay, taking the captured heads with them as trophies.

On arriving at James Island (Ahkahlot at LaPush, near the present village of Quileute), the victorious raiders were given a great feast which lasted for many days, accompanied by the blood-curdling war dance. At its close many of the captives were burned alive and others were buried beneath newly erected totem poles. Moreover, the human heads and trophies captured in the expedition were thrown into the cave-burial place

near Ahkahlot to have rocks hurled at them by each passer-by.⁸

Things, however, were not going on so well for them in the Cape Flattery region; for while their feasting and war dancing was going on at Quileute, death was being met out to their kinsmen in that section.

BATTLES OF NEAH BAY, WARM HOUSE, AND OZETTE

When the Quileutes attacked the Makahs at Nittinat, most of the Nittinat braves were away on a marauding expedition up the coast to the northward; on their return, finding their village obliterated, their rage knew no bounds. Without stopping to camp they set out in hot haste in pursuit of the southern army, at the same time erecting at the front of each advancing canoe a board-shake on which were carved and painted certain symbolic designs which were understood to mean a declaration of war.

On arriving at Neah Bay they landed amid a shower of arrows from the shore and immediately laid that village in ashes, killing or capturing every living soul in the place. Then they hastily proceeded to Warm House, between Cape Flattery and Neah Bay, on the Strait side, at which place there was quite a settlement of Chimakum-Quileute Indians, and there another desperate battle was fought. They surrounded the village and dealt death or worse to those shut in it. Yet the defenders fought with desperation.

Here while his colleagues and friends were out in the streets trying to defend their homes, Katset, the chief medicine man of Warm House, was all alone in his medicine lodge incessantly calling upon his wolf "tomanawis" and praying to his deities to help him and his people at the very instant that the enemy was in the act of taking possession of the very street his house was on. As he was thus praying, a group of the enemy broke in the door of his lodge and rushed into the large hall. Again he called upon his wolf "tomanawis" to help him. He then seized a whalerib dagger; and, his "tomanawis" (witch-hypnotic-supernatural power) making him proof against any instrument of

⁸ The writer might add that he secured several of these skulls and probably skulls from other raids from this cave and sent them to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. They had had rocks thrown on them as stated in the tradition.

The Frontier

destruction that might be hurled against his body, he slashed right and left in every direction until he had cleared the hall, killing everyone who had entered it.

He then hastened to the street, only to find that the village was wholly in the hands of the enemy and the dead and dying covered the ground. Undaunted, he rushed forth with a dagger in one hand and a clam shell knife in the other; and every thrust of the dagger or slash of the knife sent an enemy to the land where the salmonberry bushes grow only six inches high and the fish are all hardwood knots.

By this time the enemy was becoming panicky, for Katset's wolf "tomanawis" had made him immune to their missiles. But his time had come. In his rushing about to slaughter, he unfortunately ran between two houses so built that the space between them wedged in in the direction in which he was running so that he could not pass through the small exit—for he was a very large, fleshy man. The enemy then closed in on him while he was in such close quarters that he could not use his weapon effectually. However, they could not kill him, as his "tomanawis" still protected his body; but as it did not protect the top of his head (he had not prayed to have it protect that

part of his person), they scaled the roof of one of the houses and drove a whaling harpoon through his head from above.

The victors then carried all the dead foes out to the sea beach at low tide and laid them in a long line so that the flow tide would take them out to sea—you know, all Indians whose bodies are claimed by the sea turn into owls, the worst thing that could happen to anyone. Katset's body, however, was not to become an owl. That night the wolf gods came and carried it into the dense woods, and later it became a rock at sea jutting above the stormy billows, now a landmark to warn the canoeer to keep away from the dangerous coast—made so because it is the place where that enemy made a landing in that long ago.

Following up the victory at Warm House, the Makahs rounded the Cape, captured the villages at the mouth of Tsuez and Waatch rivers and then proceeded down the coast to the village of Ozette, as it was noticed that in all their movements a woman occupied a position in the foremost canoe who was not allowed to land. Reaching Ozette, another fierce and terrible battle was fought, and the Chimakum-Quileutes were slaughtered till none were left.

To be continued in the November issue.

ADAM CARGO

Continued from page 306

rode as a ghost outrider himself, keeping to the hills, always concealed. He had coached his lieutenant well, told him under no circumstances to mention his name or tell where the cows came from. Gomez was to say the stock was from his own rancho and that he had raised it south of Albuquerque in the Rio Grande valley.

Looking at the old man before me on that evening he told me about the cattle drive, I tried hard to picture him haunting the hills, watching his cows crawling along the trail. It was his first attempt to come back into the world of law-abiding men. To be sure, he was making the attempt with stolen

goods, but that did not matter. It was his first fight for freedom from the shackles of outlawry. But, perhaps strangely enough, I was not impressed by my mental painting. I was not stirred as I should have been by what at first glance might have been construed as an heroic stand against the forces which surely would have destroyed him. There was something missing from the picture.

I searched it, analyzing its values, its shades and colors, its forms and lines, its individuals and its groups, and when I found that which had been omitted I was genuinely astonished. It was Magdalena! And in

that moment I thought of her the entire scene changed. She had taken Omar's place, even though she performed none of Omar's feats. She was behind him now. And then the picture became vivid, strong, and complete.

Gomez sold the cows . . . a feeble gesture. I know what it meant to Adam. I could understand. It brought to him a sense of security he had never experienced before, even when Omar was alive and with him. He had blasted the gateway to a new trail, and this gave him courage.

* * *

We went on swiftly now. It seemed to me we were on a new road travelling faster than ever before. More cows went to the military, the government, in time. He began to send men into the forest to drive them into grass valleys. He began to count noses and he ran the Island brand on every critter found.

The Island Brand ((O))

Then suddenly everything in the country was changed.

The railroad came, cutting a smooth swath across the desert and through the pinon hills, disturbing their peacefulness. The wagon trains vanished. A new era had come. New Mexico was no longer an isolated empire beyond the finger tips of civilization. Cows came and went on wheels. But more important than anything else as far as he was concerned was that the political and social complexion of the country was completely transformed. Although he still feared the forces of the law it was now a negligible fear. Civilization was conquering the country, and with civilization always comes a complicated system of government, an involved administration of law enforcement. The old order of things vanishes, the new sweeps in without memory, without tradition in such cases where the transformation is accomplished almost overnight . . . the road ahead is straight as wind blows . . . and men forget.

They came, the inevitable, two American ranchers to settle on government claims fifty miles southeast of the Valley. And one day two men rode into the Island and dismounted before the corral. Gomez talked with them,

and then brought them to the patio where Adam was sitting.

The men were Abe Spencer and Jay Swiggin. Spencer was a short, thick-bodied man with long brown moustaches and a scarlet face. He wore a loose buckskin jacket open to his stomach, the hair of his chest showing thick and curly on his sunburnt flesh; a small, round hat, worn and dirty; buckskin trousers and moccasins which tied over his insteps. Swiggin could not have been more the opposite physically. He was tall, very thin, and had remarkably green eyes, a long, sandy moustache and yellow hair. He walked with a slight limp; and wore a flat-topped hat, a denim shirt much too large for him, tight leather leggings bagged at the knees and tall boots.

The two had come recently from south Texas. It was merely by chance they had ridden into the valley. After reaching Santa Fe, they travelled north and west, carried on by their curiosity to see what lay beyond the blue mountains ahead of them, the range over which, they learned, few people had gone.

"We're really hard hit," Spencer said. "And we're looking for bed and board."

"You're the first to come in here," Adam told them. "In all the years I've been wandering around in here, no other American has come in."

I wondered how he felt in that moment. I would like to have known his thoughts. The coming of Spencer and Swiggin was of great import. They were the forerunners of a tremendous invasion, and certainly he must have understood it was coming.

But he did not pause to reflect upon such subjects. We were going ahead too swiftly. I had little time to consider a thing, except at the time he told me about it.

In a wide circle west, south, and east claims were taken, homesteaders erected cabins. The desert, that wide reach over which he and Omar and Nina had ridden so many years before when they were fleeing into the wilderness, was now a friendly barrier, for it halted most homeseekers. Only the very adventurous and the unattached such as Spencer and Swiggin traversed it. Some day, however, others would come . . . He sent beef animals to the railroad now

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each fall, to the booming cattle markets of the east, and because his investment was practically nil, his overhead small, he reaped handsome profits.

Faster we traveled to a conclusion . . . the years slipping by us . . . passed him once more . . .

Then came that terrible June which old residents of New Mexico have not forgotten, the Year of Desolation, it is called in books.

Since April there had been no rain west of the Jemez. The grass which had started with the melting of the high snows was burnt to powder and the ranges lay parched and bare. Cargo Creek was almost entirely consumed by the thirsty earth, only a trickle flowed in a red scar which marked its course through the valley and across the lower plain. The leaves of trees curled and fell, and the bare limbs, gray with blowing dust, pointed upward like the bare arms of gray ghosts uplifted in appeal to the sweep of azure sky and the merciless ball of fire traveling across it. The needles of the pines turned red and fell, the chinky pines were weaned, the pines were dying, shaggy and cracked like disreputable old men and women. The wild creatures were gone from the forests. The wilderness was empty, dead.

The cattle drifted. The vacqueros, still hoping, rode night and day turning them back, stopping them from wandering into country from which all water had gone. Cattle the men on the ranch had never seen came out of the forest, old bulls with ragged horns, cows wild as bears and swift as deer, aged critters, gaunt and rangy which never in their lives had been driven by man. The vacqueros constructed dams to form pools which might serve as reservoirs, but often embankments were trampled down by fighting animals and the precious liquid escaped.

It was a problem with which Adam had never been obliged to cope. There had been years when drouth had threatened. He had not worried. He had not cared! But each time the mountains had broken the clouds and the blue rain brooms had swept across the ranges in time to avert disaster.

Sitting in a chair before the house one evening, he looked through a fringe of dying pines at the sky. The stars were like silver

mist, slight in the low north, swelling to a dense sparkling fog directly overhead, and fading away over Antarctica. The outline of hills to the east was broken abruptly by vast unfriendly space where their lines ended and began, as if drawn with a wide brush on the shadowy canvas of the night.

He nodded, and fell into a light troubled sleep. He dreamed he was descending. Several times he took long steps unexpectedly. The ground under his feet was running down into a dark pit. He stopped and stood very still, filled with fear. He might walk off a cliff . . . If he had a long stick with which he might feel his way . . . He looked ahead and caught the outlines of the tops of tall pines in silhouette against the stars. He strained his ears to catch a sound, but heard only the slight breeze stirring the dry grass.

A hand touched his shoulder and he started.

"You've been sleeping," said Magdalena. "My poor Adam. I am so sad."

He sat very still, looking away at the stars . . . how many nights had he watched the stars? How many days had he stared at the speckless sky?

"Do not wait longer," she whispered as she sat down at his feet. "God has died."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Get them out, you mean?"

"Yes. To the railroad. Take the cows and calves southwest and pray for rain. Take the steers to the mountains."

"The mountains!" He sat up in his chair. "The mountains! The Jemez! There's always clouds over the Jemez. It must rain up there . . . even now. The mountains—I just dreamed I was walking in them."

"It is an omen!" she cried.

"The high country north is dry."

"The creeks tell us that. The snow behind us is gone. The Jemez is the only place. There the clouds are broken like egg shells."

"But I don't know whether we can get into them. There's only one canyon on this side that a herd could go up to high enough country. And there's only a little water in it. But it might be enough."

She was impatient. "Do not try to think. Have you not dreamed?"

"I dreamed I was walking in the dark. I could not see. Wait for day was all I could

do. Then you woke me up. I wish I had finished that dream."

"But I do not understand! You have dreamed . . ."

He placed a hand on her shoulder. "All right."

A youth golden-haired and blue-eyed, sitting straight in his saddle, rode at the head of the herd moving toward the railroad. His eyes, dust-burnt, scanned the empty land to the rim of the great blue bowl of sky. Behind him came the army of the strong from Phantom Valley, dust-coated, their tongues hanging white.

. . . All these days they marched with only the sound of the hawling stock, the rumble of hoofs on sand, to break the monotony of a perfect silence . . . all these nights when the stars of the high plains wheeled overhead in silver millions and the strong were held between vacuero chants.

From dawn until dusk the herd showed on the vast expanse as a mere dot, a dot that crawled slowly southward with the zenith moving above it. Only the sun changed, and the moon.

Far behind the army of the strong, in the blue rise at the edge of the north, men drove a mile of steers along a rising canyon floor. A dense, perfumed forest closed about them. Their calls and curses, the cracking of their whips, the bellowing, the rattle of hooves on rock, started the echoes and obliterated them in constancy. A tiny stream trickled along one side of the canyon, and in open places between willows the steers paused in little groups to dip hot muzzles in cool liquid. It was the trickle upon which Adam rested his hope of success.

In the afternoon a wind began to blow down the canyon, steadily increasing in force. The rider in the lead gazed with a frown at the sky ahead. It was growing dark, a great cloud sweeping across it. Then he began to smell smoke.

The men held the herd in a wide place in the canyon. The smoke was coming down on them, growing in volume. The steers were coughing, bellowing warnings of the danger they sensed. They milled nervously, broke out, and were returned to the herd by the riders. Then as if at a given signal they started down the canyon and the men were

powerless to stop them. They raced on madly, rumbling like thunder, and the sound gradually died away. The riders followed them moving cautiously through the smoke which had now become so thick that the rims of the canyon on each side were hidden from their view.

East of the mountains Adam rode with his cowboys pushing a ragged mass of cows and calves over an endless earth, holding them each night where a few pools of water remained.

Each dawn was like a silent explosion of coral and peach. The sore herd staggered to its feet. All day a great cloud of dust hung over it. Under the sunken sides of their mothers the calves stumbled over the powdery, burning ground. They dropped, struggled to rise, and fell back, and over their tortured bodies the hooves passed until the flesh and bones had become dust. The bed grounds were strewn with dead . . . each day the men at lead and drag rode closer to each other.

Throughout the day the herd passed through great orange heat waves which followed each other across the land like clouds of fire. The sun fell from an unmarred sky to a flaming death. Purple shadows crept over the ranges. The amber mesas became cobalt; the cobalt became garnet; the garnet became ruby; the ruby became pea; the pea became rose; the rose became lavender; and the chill of night left nothing for contemplation, except the noise of suffering cows calling calves that could not answer them.

The last of the railroad herd were abandoned in a short grass valley to fight death as best they could. Omar led the men back to the Island.

The steers which had been started toward the high Jemez had trampled each other to death, plunged over cliffs or become injured by rocks and trees in their mad stampede to escape the smoke. The vacueros returned empty-handed.

The little dark man had looked down on a few hundred dying animals from a hill-top, all that remained of the mass with which he had started out from the valley hoping to reach a living stream before they

perished. He waved an arm in signal, and the men turned about and started back.

There was nothing left. The valley had been abandoned to a scourge more powerful than man's cunning.

One morning he rode away from the Island alone. He went to sit on the brink of a high cliff and listen . . . and listen in tense stillness, awaiting the promising whisper of the wind. But it came to him wordless. The dry pines behind him stirred with the empty voices of dead limbs. He gazed out over the patchwork of brilliant colors as far as he could distinguish earth from sky, and he saw nothing but a beautiful desolation.

His shoebutton eyes became knife slits in his small wrinkled face. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, shook his hard little fist at the expanse of heaven and earth, and shouted: "By Christ!"

He sat down again, leaned on his knees, motionless.

On the way back to the Island, he met Omar and Spencer and Swiggin, who had come from the head of the valley where they had been building a reservoir to provide water for the horses. He spat words at them.

"Get everything ready. We leave in the morning for the east, for Kansas, to buy cows. We'll hold them down country until the fall rains. I ain't going to stop . . ."

Spencer shouted. "By God, by God, look there!"

Over the Jemez hung a great bank of blue clouds, and as they watched they saw long curved blue rain brooms sweeping dust from the peaks. The clouds ascended rapidly, moving toward them on a strong wind. And before they had reached the Island they were riding through a steady downpour.

That night he went to stand beside the creek and listen to it singing that song of life which a month before would have been so welcome to his ears, but which now was only a dirge.

* * *

He began again. He bought cows and brought them into the valley. He founded a new kingdom on the ruins of the old. The years were bountiful once more, and once more the people, held away from the country

by the terrible drouth, began to take homesteads, to build . . . to invade.

Ten miles west of the Island, the Buckskin Hills rise up before the skyline like bent red backbones. Cargo Creek in its course toward its destination on the great alkali flat to the south passes along the eastern edge of the hills in a miniature canyon in which the water can be reached in only one place . . . where an ancient landslide cut away the precipitous canyon walls and formed a slope to the stream's edge. The place is called the Crossing to the West.

Late one afternoon Omar rode toward the Crossing. He kept his horse at a trot, for he wished to reach it before sundown. He sat easily in his saddle, his lithe body scarcely moving, and even when his half-wild mount shied at a sage rabbit, as it did often, seeming never to learn that they were harmless, he did not raise himself at all from his seat, but simply tightened the reins and the pony fell back into a calm pace.

He wore a black hat with a wide curving brim, a band of tiny silver conchos strung on horse hair around the crown; a denim shirt of Navajo pink, the pink in the eyes of young rabbits; a pair of soft deerhide trousers shaped to the back of a horse and fringed on each leg; and tall boots.

His face with its finely molded features was copper colored. His eyes were blue as morning sky. His teeth gleamed in two even rows. His slender body moved as a tree branch dipping and rising with intermittent puffs of range wind . . . earth muscles playing with the playful forces of the vastness above them. His hair was sun color, and when he removed his hat it was blown into a golden spray.

He was on a serious mission, and he had been told by Adam to take another man with him, but he had chosen to go alone.

Two events had taken place which once more, as when the railroad had come, filled Adam's mind with startling thoughts.

These were the two events:

A young man had come into the country and built a cabin at the Water Hole of the Wolves, halfway between the valley and Santa Fe. He had brought with him a small herd and turned it loose on the range. Adam had gone with two of his men, Clem Bartell and

Henry Beebe, cowboys who had come to work for him when he had bought cows in the east, to visit the newcomer. They had met a quiet young man with sandy hair, clear gray eyes, and a ruddy face over which a smile was wont to spread quickly and as quickly disappear, as if he had no control over it. His name was Jules Mason, and he had migrated from the Panhandle, driving his cattle overland.

And at the Crossing to the West a homesteader had established himself. Adam had sent Omar to investigate.

Behind the Buckskin Hills the falling sun had set afire the western sky. A herd of cattle which had held throughout the hot afternoon to a grove of trees at the bottom of a long draw had altered its position little during all these hours. At the top of the slope leading down to the creek was a wagon and a white tent. Under a large iron kettle a campfire smouldered.

The cattle had come shortly after midday to the Crossing and had met with an insoluble situation. The wagon, the tent and the fire kept them from reaching the water, standing before them a thing incomprehensible, hence a thing to be feared.

Earlier in the afternoon they had proceeded to investigate cautiously, singly and in pairs, at first by a series of careful approaches with outstretched noses; but each time either a tent flap moved or a girl came out and shook a stick at them, and they retreated in disorder. When dusk approached, their thirst increased and their patience exhausted, they began to drift toward the open hillside. In single file they advanced until the leader saw a lone horseman on the crest ahead. It stopped and assumed a statuesque pose.

The rider, silhouetted against the red of the sunset sky, appeared like an image in bronze. He looked down upon the suspicious herd without visible motion, as if attempting to outstare the hundred curious eyes peering up at him like small luminous dials.

After scanning the country, he descended the hill slowly and rode along a fringe of trees in the draw, holding a rifle in readiness. The cattle, moved to a safe distance from the mysterious horseman who gave

them no call, stood as shadowy hulks on the hillside.

The rider stopped and levelled the rifle. At that instant a gun was fired on the other side of the draw and the rifle slipped from the rider's hands. He slumped in his saddle and leaned forward over the horn.

The cattle, stampeded by the sudden eruption of fire and noise, surged up the hillside in a rumbling mass and disappeared in the wall of darkness beyond; and the impressive silence, now amplified by its sudden resumption after the shattering interruption, settled again over the creek and the grove and the dark hills.

* * *

The summer night had wrapped the Island in a blanket of starlit serenity. Light and capricious airs from the creeks brought the odor of damp vegetation and the heavy perfume of the pines.

Before the black cavity of an open door to a low adobe building a man reposed in sleep, half covered in blankets thrown carelessly on the ground. At his feet a large dog was curled, one sharp ear erect like the spike of a warrior's helmet. At intervals it lifted its head and sniffed at the air to the west. Once it growled deep in the recesses of its heavy throat, low and menacing like far-off thunder. Suddenly it stood up, its nose pointed toward the western sky, and viciously snarled.

The man sat bolt upright in the blankets. He stared about him as if somewhat bewildered, then pushed the cover aside and in his bare feet stepped into the shadow of the building. The man was Clem Bartell. In the early evening he had been drinking too freely, and when he went to bed he moved his blankets outside where he might obtain fresher air.

He had not long to wait before a rider fallen forward on the horn of his saddle rode slowly down the opposite bank of the creek into the water and came out before the building. Bartell stepped from his hiding place, holding a revolver in readiness, for he suspected a trick. Then he stopped and stared, suddenly lunging forward. A curse burst from his lips.

He lifted Omar from the saddle to which his belt had held him during his ride home

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and placed him on the blankets. Then he ran toward Adam's house. When he returned with Adam Omar was dead.

* * *

No one came to disturb Adam that night. In the south window a lone star glistened as if hung there to light the dark room. He paced back and forth across the floor. The nicker of a horse sent him to the window to peer out, but seeing nothing, he turned away and paced the floor again, his hands in his pockets.

At last he took a chair and settled just outside the doorway. When the first streak of dawn had risen above the eastern hills, he saw the shadowy figure of a man moving up the path toward him, and he recognized the lumbering gait and bulk of Abe Spencer.

Spencer squatted down beside the doorway and smoked. Presently he spoke.

"Jay and me took old One Ear and went over to the Crossin'. The dog pulled Omar's hat out of the brush. We saw some one running for the tent, and we covered him. It was a she. She'd been waitin' in the trees to shoot some one else, but I reckon she lost her nerve when she saw two of us. We saddled her horse and brought her along."

Still Adam remained silent. Spencer waited for him to speak and when he did not, began to talk again.

"It seems her mother has fever. She's sick in the tent. Her old man has gone back to Santa Fe to get some things they left there. They figger to settle for good at the Crossin'. The old man told her before he left to watch out for greasers and badmen.

"Now, she tells us that Omar was about to shoot into the tent when she got him. The tent and wagon stand right on the trail to the water and no cows could go past it. I reckon it made Omar sore."

"What is her name?" Adam asked.

"Her name is Joella Rust, and she's about sixteen."

"That will be enough," said Adam with a finality, and Spencer rose and walked away slowly into the paling shadows.

It was mid-morning when Adam faced Joella in the room where he had spent the night. A wide strip of golden sunlight now fell through the window in which the lone

star had hung during the dark hours of his paeing and contemplation.

When he had come back into the room after having partaken of a cup of coffee prepared for him by Magdalena, he found her lying on the floor. He stood looking down at her and she made a motion as if to retreat.

"Get up," he said.

He was aware that she was making an effort to calm herself. He beckoned her to a chair, which, after a moment's hesitation, she accepted without removing her eyes from his face. She kept a hand to her throat, caressing it with nervous fingers, a throat smooth and palpitating with life, supporting a delicate face tanned by wind and sun. Her dark hair fell in disorder over her slender shoulders.

Looking down at her he wondered at her daring. He leaned toward her quivering to his finger tips, his face distorted; but this only brought from her a look of mingled fear and curiosity. Quickly her eyes fell and she drooped on the chair like a flower caught in a sudden withering blast.

"Did you do it?" he yelled at her.

She stiffened, trembled and leaped to her feet so suddenly that he took a step backward. She backed away and stood rigid against the wall.

"Why?" he demanded.

"He was going to shoot into our tent!"

She sank to her knees, shaken with convulsive sobs; and he went to stand beside the window.

There was nothing more to be done. He started to speak and stopped . . . Yet, there was much he could do . . .

He walked to the other side of the room and stood facing her. Across the few steps of that floor she seemed to have grown smaller in his eyes. An immense space stretched between them. She had become merely a distant speck under a sky that flung light and heat on an impassable desert separating them.

He, possessing all the physical power in the world, could do nothing to change matters. He could take her in his arms and crush her. He could be vengeful, savage. To what avail? He could ruin her life in a dozen ways. To whose satisfaction? Not

his own, for he was not that easily satisfied. He could wave his arms, shout and heap curses on the earth and its creator, and he could likewise dash his head against a stone wall. Only an imbecile gets a thrill out of killing a toad with his foot.

He knew well the truth of terror . . . and of affection. And although he did not entirely understand his attitude of the moment, he made no effort to analyze it. He only felt as if he wanted to spurn her as a lion hunter would spurn a rabbit.

There was nothing more to be done. Look at her steadily, in a warning voice, he murmured:

"You had better go back to your mother."

He turned and left the room, going to sit alone in the patio. There Spencer found him later in the morning.

"You sent her off?" he asked.

Adam nodded. Spencer scratched his head.

"Well, me and Jay met her on her way back to the Crossin'. She was ridin' fast."

"Well?" asked Adam.

"She won't find much left. We went back there at sunup and looked in the tent. The old lady was dead. We took her out in a blanket. Then we burnt up the wagon and tent and the rest of the stuff.

"Jay says to the girl when we met, he say, 'You'll find your maw asettin' out under the trees.' She didn't answer . . . just started to ride harder than ever."

"I don't care," Adam said as if with great effort, and Spencer left the patio.

* * *

During the last few times I talked with him I could see the end in sight, and if I had thought that his tale was shaping into a first-class tragedy, now I was somewhat horrified by the conclusion which formed in my mind. A girl named Joella Rust without warning had appeared and seemed to be holding his destiny in the palm of her hand. He must have seen his castle crumbling about him. He must have understood that no longer could murder and outlawry defy the law with impunity. That time had been long gone. He could not fight this situation as he would have done in the day when he rode with the Texas Swede. Yet, what could he do?

Several hours after she had left the Island to return to her dead mother, he rode alone to the Crossing. He did not know exactly the reason for his going, but neither did he know what else to do. He felt himself completely inundated by an avalanche of insoluble problems. I did not believe sentiment drew him toward the place where Omar the second had met his end. I would never believe that sentiment figured in his actions.

There was no one there. He stood beside the black ruins of the wagon and tent in the stillness of sun and shadow in the wilderness . . . the great silence he had known so many years, which after all had conquered his restlessness, had brought to him in its own way the few things he had desired, which had given him the courage he had needed, which had set him on the right trail . . . the wilderness which in the end had brought to him his greatest problem of life.

At last he turned and walked to where the body lay covered in blankets at the foot of a tree. He stood staring down at it. Presently he knelt down and lifted a corner of the covering, and as he gazed at her face, smooth and relaxed in the peacefulness of death, he slowly stiffened. His hands began to tremble. He swept his hat off with a quick motion and bent closer. He began to shake as if a miniature earthquake was passing over him. Then he cried out, a wordless, hoarse cry, and leaped up. He turned to right, to left, took up his hat and staggered toward his horse.

As he mounted, a wagon appeared on the slope across the stream. There were three Mexicans in it. They had come to take the body to the park in the forest near the Island in which Rita and several others had been buried, there to inter it. He rode madly past them, leaving them to stare after him in open-mouthed astonishment, and disappeared over a hill.

Now something happened which made me fear that I should never hear more of his story. He suddenly refused to see me and more than a month passed before I talked with him again. Meanwhile I had gone out to the Island Ranch and found the Masons there for the roundup. One evening Joella Mason and I sat in the patio of the old

house. It was a warm fall evening with scented airs wafting up from the creeks. The perfume of the pines was mingled with the sweetness of planted flowers in a garden before the house.

We sat looking off to the south, at the stars sweeping along the faint outline of hills. She was a woman with a young face, although her figure bespoke the quantity of her years. Her hair had grayed in keeping with her time of life, but her eyes were gay and her voice was full and pleasant.

She laughed when I told her Adam had refused to see me, and asked me where he had left his story. When I told her a shadow seemed to pass over her face.

Then she told me she would go on, for she thought she could tell me better than he about the particular episode which properly I should know at this point.

Reaching the Crossing after she had left the house on the Island that morning, she paused only long enough to kiss her mother's cold lips. To reach her father was the thought uppermost in her mind. She turned her horse toward Santa Fe.

She did not remember very clearly the trip, for her mind was numbed by the sudden disaster, and she rode mechanically, at times verging on complete hysteria, all the time filled with a terrifying fear. At dusk she stopped before the cabin of Jules Mason and dismounted with difficulty. He helped her into the house, to his bed, and gave her water. She drank and then collapsed in a state of complete exhaustion. She had ridden halfway to Santa Fe in a day, a distance saddle-hardened cowboys would not attempt to travel in that short time!

Mason covered her, wondering at her condition and at her mission, then went outside. He found her horse dead.

"She's not sick," he reasoned. "She's ridden to get some place quick."

The sun was higher than a man above the horizon when she awakened and sat up on the bed pale and trembling. He had food prepared for her.

"I must go on . . . at once," she told him.

"All right," said Mason. "I'll get you a horse. You eat."

He hurried out. Returning with a horse, he found her sitting at the table her head on one arm.

"You better eat, miss," he said. "You can't ride without food. Where are you going?"

"To Santa Fe."

"Well, you eat, or I won't let you go. I've got a horse here that will carry you in."

She drank some coffee, and he placed mush and biscuits before her.

"Eat or you can't go," he said laughing. She seemed to force some of the mush down her throat.

When they went outside he told her about the horse, a shaggy buckskin. "He'll take you to Santa Fe today, but you must let him set his own gait. If you don't, he'll fight you and wear himself out. After ten miles he'll settle down and really travel. You might spell him some on Turquoise Hill. Then he'll take you on into town without a stop."

The buckskin's white tail and mane trickled down the wind as she turned him toward town and rode away from the cabin. Jules watched her until she had crossed a wide flat and begun to climb the first hills. When she had disappeared into the sky beyond the crest, he turned toward the cabin. Then suddenly he swore and started running toward the corral.

He saddled a tall bay, which whirled as he mounted, danced and arched its back.

"Save it, save it," he said soothingly. "You'll need it before we get to town."

The bay danced like a great cat out across the flat, but presently it began to move with machine-like monotony, seldom breaking its stride.

This was the only time I set down a part of the story of Adam Cargo as it was told to me by another person. For the next day on returning to Santa Fe I learned that he had sent a boy to tell me to come to his room. I went at once, filled with expectation. He had never sent for me before.

He asked me bluntly as I walked in if I was honest. When I had assured him I considered myself honest, he told me just as bluntly that he would not tell me any more of his story unless I promised to keep it a secret until he was dead. He meant that

part he had not yet told me, and I promised. My disappointment must have been apparent to him, but he was not concerned.

He finished his tale that evening.

He told me then that on the morning after Omar the second had died, and before he had gone himself to the Crossing, he had sent Spencer and Swiggin to Santa Fe to warn Rust not to return to the Crossing, but to leave the country and take his daughter with him.

After he had ridden out to the Crossing ahead of the wagon which was to carry the body to its final resting place in the forest park and had looked at the dead woman, he had set out for Santa Fe himself.

For the woman he found wrapped in blankets at the Crossing was Mary Lunce.

Spencer and Swiggin sat at a table in the Trail House near a side entrance. It was dusk outside. The polished oil lamps cast fantastic shadows about the large bar room. The light glinted on glassware behind the bar, and in the pig eyes of a shaggy buffalo head above it. Shadows danced among boots and table legs.

Spencer appeared to be totally consumed with a game of solitaire, but in reality he watched the movements of the men about him. He played his cards methodically (and incorrectly), his hat brim low over his face. Occasionally he paused in his game to prepare a cigarette. He blew the smoke leisurely from a corner of his mouth.

Swiggin's hand touched his arm. Adam had come in the front door.

I knew what this meant to him. It was the first time he had ever entered the Trail House since that evening years before on which he and the Texas Swede had carried the money pouches out of it.

He stood near the door gazing about the room. Then he saw Spencer and Swiggin and he came toward them and sat down at their table.

"Well?" he said.

"We told him to get out as soon as he got his girl," said Swiggin quietly. "He laughed at us. He ain't a man easy scared. We told him what had happened at the Crossing, and that it wouldn't be healthy for him or his girl to stay in the country.

He only said he was going back in the morning."

"Where is he?" Adam asked.

"That's him, right there," said Spencer. "We been waitin' to see what he does. He's been hangin' against the bar all afternoon.

Adam looked at a great hulk of a man with rounded shoulders. He was unshaven and roughly clothed, and slouched against the bar. Underneath the sagging brim of his hat his face was long and thin, his cheek bones high. He seemed to be gazing at nothing, staring into space.

"I want to talk to him," said Adam.

He got up and made his way to the bar where he drank. Then he turned and walked slowly toward Rust.

The two men at the table were watching closely. They noticed that Rust's eyes followed Adam. Then they saw Rust slowly drawing a pistol in such a position that Adam could not see the movement.

Spencer waited until Rust's gun was clear of the holster before he shot. Swiggin fired only an instant later. Rust staggered against the bar and fell to the floor.

Adam stood over him staring down into his sightless eyes like a man looking down into a clear pool which reflected the sky, fascinated by the infinity of its false depth. He turned away. Spencer and Swiggin had moved to stand beside the door. No other man or woman in the crowd stirred.

Then behind Spencer and Swiggin sounded a wild weird scream. They turned to face Joella Rust. She screamed again and started forward, but Jules Mason sprang into the room behind her, swept her from her feet and carried her out.

Adam drew a pistol and fired into the ceiling.

"Everybody stand still!" he yelled.

The gun in his hand, he backed to the door. (It was the second time he had backed out of the Trail House.)

"Anybody who follows will die!" he said viciously, and disappeared.

He found Jules struggling with a horse. Joella had fainted and lay limp across his arm. He sprang into the saddle on the nearest horse, and Jules lifted Joella up to him.

"Bring an extra horse," he hissed, and dashed out into the road leading from the

The Frontier

plaza, Jules following with a horse on lead. When they reached the open country north of town they turned into an arroyo and emerged onto a sand flat. They rode until they had struck an Indian trail which would take them across the Rio Grande . . . to safety.

* * *

One day a little old man went to sit in the Plaza in Santa Fe. His face, covered with many layers of sun tan, was small and wrinkled. His hands were withered, knotted and hard. His eyes were two black shoe-buttons moving in narrow white slits. His beard and long hair were like white silk and contrasted beautifully with his corrugated umber skin. His shoulders were sharp and drooped. His boots, shorn of high heels, were soft and flat.

As he sat there on the bench beneath the locust tree, a multitude of tiny white clouds drifted across the blue expanse of sky. Like a great herd of cattle they moved eastward struck with the gold of the sun. They came out of the beyond beyond the Jemez blue . . . two abreast, four abreast, ten abreast, twenty abreast, a great mass, twenty abreast, ten abreast, four abreast, two abreast. And there were outriders moving along detached from the herd.

They passed from sight over the mountains eastward, lost in the infinity of nothingness.

The old man sat motionless on the bench. His head had fallen forward. His small, knotted, saddle-brown hands rested in his lap.

* * *

It was on an evening a fortnight later that I called at the Mason house in town. I found Joella sitting before a fire in the living room. Jules had gone east with a shipment of cattle. She poured me a nip of whiskey (it was a cold, blustery evening) and as I drank it I had a peculiar sensation in my throat.

"Do you know where Adam was born?" I asked her.

"Not exactly," she replied. "He always said 'just Texas' when anyone asked him."

"Did you ever hear of the Valley of Singing?" I said.

She shook her head. "Where is it?"

"It's the Valley of the Mississippi," I answered.

"The Mississippi . . ."

"Yes. That's where Adam was born."

"The Mississippi . . ." she repeated softly.

Then I told her that part of the story she did not know, that part which in all the years she had known Adam and Magdalena (before Magdalena died a wrinkled, bent old woman, and after he had come to live in her house in town) she had never heard. Who was there to tell her?

And when I went away that evening and left her sitting before her fire, I felt that a great weight had been lifted from my shoulders. And it was then, and only then, that I thought I knew why the little outlaw of Santa Fe had told me his story, but I shall never be sure.

(The End)

LITERARY NEWS

Continued from front advertising section

ton Printers, publishers, have given it an exceptionally attractive jacket and good format.

The current bulletin of the *American Fiction Guild*, 178-80 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., contains material of significance to many writers. It will be mailed on request, and speaks more competently for itself than a resume can speak for it.

New Verse, published by GEOFFREY GRIGSON at 4a Keats Grove, London, N. W. 3 and printed by W. Lewis, M.A. at the University Press, Cambridge, is of exceptional in-

terest and promise. It has been launched because "poets in this country [England], and in this period of the victory of the masses, aristocratic and bourgeois as much as proletarian, which have captured the instruments of access to the public and use them to convey their own once timid and silent vulgarity, vulgarizing all the arts, are allowed no longer periodical means of communicating their poems." Such names as NAOMI MITCHISON (*To Some Young Communists from an Older Socialist*), HERBERT READ (*Poetry and Belief in Gerald Manley Hopkins*), and I. A. RICHARDS (*D. H. Lawrence as a Poet*) are assurance of quality in the magazine. Bi-monthly. Vol. I issued January, 1933. 80c the year.

BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of Pat V. Morrissette

Los Angeles. Morrow Mayo. Knopf. 1933. \$3.00.

"Man's first conquest of California was simply a footrace, with England and Russia moving down the Pacific coast, and Spain moving up. Spain was faster on her feet."

It is in this familiar journalese that *Los Angeles* is written, informally but not flip-pantly. And it is with the quoted sentence that Morrow Mayo has begun his own conquest of El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles. Easily he has moved from the settlement and early growth, through the "Hell-Hole of the West," to the arrival of the Southern Pacific and the subsequent boom from which influx of Iowans the city has never quite recovered. In chronological order he treats upon the bombing of the *Times* in 1910, the Rape of Owens Valley (which is the finest single piece in the book), and finally the contemporary phenomena of Hollywood, Sister Aimee, Hickman and the results of the Cornbelt mind acting concertedly in the land of fruit and flowers.

Although its four hundred and forty-two square miles have made Los Angeles the largest city in the United States in point of area, the predominance of middle-western ideals has dwarfed it from a cultural standpoint. Lacking the metropolitan air of San Francisco, which has half the population, Angelites refer to a trip to the bay region as "going to the city." The All-Year Club of Southern California has issued more than ninety million separate advertisements over a four months' period, but to a painting of Aimee Semple McPherson hovering in a cloud over the Angelus Temple went the city's art awards.

The basis for this overgrown village attitude is logically presented. It is rooted in the spirit of Baptists on the loose—well-to-do farmers idling in the sun and selling this commodity, Los Angeles, to the folks back home. One sees through the author's eyes the largest Chamber of Commerce in America suckling and growing fat on the life it siphons from the wilting Owens Valley. It is easy to understand the trampling underfoot of a philanthropist's dream of Venice, the support given a movement to install bibles in public schools, the purchasing of liquor from taxicabs being considered more decorous than buying drinks over a speakeasy bar.

Mayo has written vividly of his subject

with a genuine understanding based on an intimate acquaintance. His early chapters are aware of incongruities and are interesting, though not elaborate, with details of pioneer life—the Chinese massacre, lynchings, the American seizure—but they are not keen with irony as are his chapters dealing with the recent scene. The author is fair. He is not ignorant of, nor blind to, the natural charms of Southern California smothered beneath the progressive spirit. Had he been less a writer and more an Iowan, he might have been fettered by the climate and reduced to "a booster, a cheer leader, and a confector of literary egg-kisses."

Brookings, Oregon

James Crissey

Mike Fink: King of the Mississippi Keelboatmen. Walter Blair and Franklin J. Meine. Henry Holt and Co. 1933. \$3.

From the day of his birth Mike Fink was faced with the alternative of developing the cunning of a weasel, the strength of a bull-moose, and the vitality of a catamount, or not surviving. Mike survived. He was born, it seems, about 1770 at Pittsburgh, Ohio, in a pioneer's cabin which in respect to house-keeping arrangements was nothing if not primitive. By the time he was thirteen he was so expert with his rifle that he was assigned a port-hole at the local fort, and even given a place in some of the expeditions against the redskins. At seventeen he won five out of the six "quarters" of beef offered as prizes at a shooting match—and four quarts of whiskey by betting on the side. The whiskey being consumed he boasted he could "outshoot and outfight any man in Pittsburgh, at the drop of a hat," and he made good his vaunt. Thereafter shooting-matches when he was around were announced as "for five prizes, with Mike Fink excluded." Having served as a scout against the Indians long enough (and it couldn't have been so very long, at that) to be recognized as sufficiently "ring-tailed" to qualify for the infinitely tougher life of a keelboatman, he signed on for his first trip along the river-ways to New Orleans and return. From then until the passing of the keelboats his career was of the violent sort imposed on him either by the arduous days of unending toil on their decks or by the riotous nights of hell-raising sprees at any one of their various landing-places. He became successively a head poleman, a steersman, and a patroon (captain). He earned the right to wear the red feather that marked him as the

best man of his boat's crew in a fist fight. Later he earned the title, too, of undefeated champion of the entire tribe of rivermen, no matter what the contest.

As the years went by tales of his prowess in marksmanship, of his daring hand-to-hand encounters with "varmints," and of the terrifying lengths to which he carried his practical jokes, multiplied and grew taller and taller. Even those told of the last phase of his life, that of a trapper on the upper reaches of the Missouri, when his powers might reasonably have been supposed to be failing, lost nothing in tallness. If in the growth of the cycle of stories about him he was never raised quite to the level of immortality accorded to other creations of mythology (such as his contemporary frontiersman, Davy Crockett, for instance), he at least came as near recognition as an undying figure of legend as to have his death reported in eleven different versions! And then, unlike no more authentic heroes of the western advance than, say, Daniel Boone, Jim Bridger, or Hugh Glass, he appears to have been forgotten completely. Mike Fink deserved a better fate than that. And now at long last he has come into the very kind of reward to which his deeds so fully entitled him. He has reappeared as the title character, and in every sense the leading character, in a volume of mingled history and folk-lore, the equal of which for informing and delightful entertainment the limitless stores of our frontier annals have not previously yielded.

Messrs. Blair and Meine in writing this book have done a good deal more than merely to collect and stitch together the numerous items of fact and fiction that make up the Mike Fink record. They have also hunted out, and woven skillfully into their narrative, an astounding amount of detail relevant to pioneering customs, and to regional color, settings, and conditions. And in consequence for the whole of their work must be claimed what they too modestly claim only for the tales upon which it is based: that it brings back "the strength, the exuberance, the roaring laughter of America in her glorious youth." More persons, by far, than the "king of the keelers" are recalled to life as the result of scholarly devotion to a task that has been carried on for years. Nor are they all river rowdies, wilderness hunters, and their like. What students of frontier letters will be grateful for above everything else are the brief sketches, interpolated here and there, characterizing those early writers who first set down on paper the credulity-straining and humorous accounts of their fellows who mastered the shifting mazes of the water-routes, endured the diseases and discomforts of the swamps, and cleared out the

terrors, along with the timber, of the forests. Particularly welcome are the tributes thus paid to the talents of Morgan Neville, Emerson Bennett, and J. M. Field.

For myself I could wish that the implied purpose of the authors of *Mike Fink* to promote the reprinting of Bennett's melodramatic novel about their hero might be deflected into a decision to render a similar service to the sketches of Field, which deserve it more. But this is no place for parading private opinions. Rather it is one for recording thanks. And among the many delights still unmentioned for which I am deeply in debt to this latest collection of frontier material I have space left for naming no more than the illustrations. To fall into the only idiom in which one could do them justice: "I'll be fly-blowed to a sartinty if they ain't the cap-sheaf of the hull book."

Portland, Oregon

V. L. O. Chittick

Yunini's Story of the Trail of Tears. Ada Loomis Barry. Fudge and Company. London, 1933.

The trail of tears is the sad path towards oblivion trod time and again by simple peoples conquered by superior numbers and equipment. Under the *vac victis* doctrine of classical antiquity, the trail to extermination was short. There was a certain fierce, stoical dignity about such death. One misses any kind of dignity in the attrition of the American Indian. It was accomplished more by promises broken, treaties ever violated, and the soft-spoken word of Christian brotherhood never put into practice than by military valor. Almost always the Indian believed, and almost always he paid the price of credulity. Our experience makes it hard to deny the Tonareg proverb, "With the plow enters in dishonor."

Yunini's Story of the Trail of Tears is an excellent presentation of the *via dolorosa* as walked by the civilized Cherokee nation. Miss Barry effectively uses the device of having one Yunini recount his people's traditions to encourage them to bear their last political injustice. It is a convincing story which one might easily believe the author heard from some such person. Both Yunini and Miss Barry are good story tellers. The book shows what an ideal continent this was, from the Indian's viewpoint, before the white man came. It shows how the red man was constantly betrayed by the British Crown and its lieges, and later by the United States of America. The author not only shows herself a good spinner of yarns, but also a sound historian.

An ethnographer, however, is always looking for a literary person or an historian who knows enough about Indian life to satisfy the critical requirements of their respective crafts. If one is interested in such things,

he will find this lack of knowledge the disappointing feature of the book. An ethnologist would hardly read beyond the opening. The first white shadow which fell across Cherokee land was made by De Soto's gold-grubbing Spaniards. That De Soto, as related in the first few pages, should have with him an Aztec princess is credible. But that she should have accompanied the expedition in the capacity of interpreter does not ring true. Would a Spaniard, speaking a language of the Indo-European linguistic family, take an interpreter from a nation speaking a Shoshone-Nahuatlan tongue, to communicate with tribes speaking languages and dialects within the Caddoan family? Would an Arab, receiving a letter from a Norwegian, hunt up a Japanese to act as translator?

Certainly, little is accurately known of the old life of the Cherokees, or any other tribe inhabiting the region known technically as the Southeast Woodland culture area. The best authority on these peoples was Brinton, and our author did not even cite his work in her bibliography. House types from all over America are made to sprout on Cherokee soil: tipi, wickiup, wigwam, and even the Navaho hogan, most of them as much at home there as Chartres cathedral would be in Peking. This same lack of study makes the illustrations in this handsomely fabricated volume somewhat less than meaningless. The agricultural Cherokees are shown dressed as hunting nomads from eastern Montana.

These are objections springing from the well-known crotchetyness of anthropologists. But aside from technicalities, it is too bad that this fine book perpetuates such terms as "squaw" and "papoose." From what Indian language are such opprobrious words taken? Are not "woman" and "child" understandable terms? The dubbing of the dignified Cherokee religious leaders, priests as genuinely so as Father O'Malley or the Flamen Dialis, as "conjurers," is the same kind of white man's scornful carelessness.

But pay no attention to scientists. This book is good reading, and it is essentially true. It also serves the healthful social purpose of showing the white man for what he can sometimes be.

Missoula, Montana Harry Turney-High

Sacajawea. By Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard. Arthur H. Clark Company. 1933. \$6.

Dr. Hebard has long been a tireless worker in the field of western history. The present volume is the culmination of thirty years of research into the tangled threads of the story of Sacajawea, Indian woman guide of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804-05, to whom tribute is paid in the *Journals* on more than one page. Sacaja-

wea's subsequent life had never found adequate treatment; indeed, as this volume shows, had never even been suspected in any detail.

Dr. Hebard's researches led her to a mass of documentary evidence, and to much carefully gathered Indian testimony, now no longer possible, since the older witnesses have passed away. It is but another reminder of the rapid passing of the old frontier. Many of these witnesses knew Sacajawea in person. Very few of such remain today. Perhaps most dramatic in the evidence was the unexpected proof that Baptiste, half-breed son of Sacajawea and the expedition's French-Canadian guide, Charbonneau, had spent seven years in Germany with Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, once famous North American traveller. He, like his mother, died on the Shoshone reservation of central Wyoming, where the passing era left him in slow degeneration after a reputation as one of the best guides and interpreters of the old West.

Sacajawea's story covers her years in St. Louis, her semi-exile among the Comanches of Oklahoma, and her painful trek to her own people in the Fort Bridger country of southwestern Wyoming. With them she moved to the reservation, sharing with her adopted son, Bazil, and with Chief Washakie a voice in the councils. The book is thus a glimpse of Indian and frontier life, as well as a definitive biography of Sacajawea. It is a definite contribution to the history of the older West. The volume is attractively prepared, and is furnished with a thoroughly annotated bibliography, as well as hitherto unprinted pictures.

Laramie, Wyoming

W. O. Clough

A CHILD'S BOOK SEEN BY A NINE-YEAR-OLD

Stumpy. Frank B. Linderman. John Day Co. 1933. \$2.00.

Stumpy is a wonderful book with all its narrow escapes. I have been wondering what happened to Stripes. I think all of Mr. Linderman's books are nice, especially *Stumpy*. Stumpy was a chipmunk. He was called Stumpy because his tail was so short. He was the oldest chipmunk on Goose Bay, too, so they called him Old Stumpy. This book is laughable, too. Some people may not think so because I mentioned thrills and narrow escapes. But it is. Stumpy's little friend, Fatty, will make you laugh. A jolly little fat fellow who got chased by a skunk and Stripes laughed at him, but Fatty got even with Stripes. I am telling too much of the story. I hope you all enjoy this book review and if you buy the book I am sure you will enjoy it. The pictures are cute, I think.

Missoula, Montana

Alan Merriam

The Frontier

How Could I Be Forgetting. Ben Hur Lampman. Metropolitan Press. 1933. \$1.50.

It is not to the people of Portland, Oregon, alone and to the readers of the *Oregonian*, with which newspaper the author of this volume has been identified for the past seventeen years, that the work of Ben Hur Lampman is appreciatively known. His essays and poems written over this period have found a wide audience through the pages of numerous American periodicals and magazines of verse.

The title is taken from one of the poems and is connotative of the things which Mr. Lampman finds good and beautiful. Although a journalist's miscellany, the collection has internal unity—a unity inherent in the mood of the writer as he contemplates his Oregon of mountains and seashore, of noble forests and of roaring streams.

They are not sentimental effusions, these poems and essays. The writer possesses the eye of an artist-naturalist and the passion of a lyric poet. It is, in truth, this lyricism, blending and unifying the objects in which his eye delights, that gives the work of Mr. Lampman its charm and its distinction. His eye is sensitive to color shades. For him the neck of the Mallard drake has "the sheen of such satin as the shops do not keep—a green so lustrous that it emits rays like an emerald;" the crow's feathers are "of black opal blazing with strange fire;" and witness this description of a spider's web in Marco Polos of the Wind—"a long and undulant cord of pliant nacre—" He can use words, this journalist—accurate words—and he is master of the magic phrase that projects the living image.

It is in certain of the poems scattered through this volume that Lampman's creative impulse reaches finest expression—in "To a Sea Bird Dying," in "Darkling She Strode to Westward," and in "If You Have Loved All These" there is passion and beauty. The artist eye wakens the spirit to song—a song in which mystical faith in nature wars with death and decay and achieves a victory.

Although the reader might wish Lampman's metrics less suggestive of Swinburne and Kipling, and his philosophy freer from a vague pantheistic deism, he cannot fail to feel in *How Could I Be Forgetting* that he is in the presence of a personality rich in the wisdom of human experience and attuned to the rhythms of nature.

Walla Walla, Washington Ray Lapham

The Death of Billy the Kid. John W. Poe. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. \$1.25.

This first-hand document puts to rest any mystery that may still cling about the death of the frontier outlaw, Billy the Kid. John W. Poe, who died in 1923, long a respected citizen of Roswell, New Mexico, was the

deputy sheriff who accompanied Sheriff Pat Garrett on the trip which ended in the death of the outlaw. Poe wrote down the true account somewhat reluctantly, to counteract false legends already under way.

Mr. M. G. Fulton, in an introduction about half the small volume, adequately tells the story of William H. Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, and his share in the outlaw '70's of Lincoln county, New Mexico. Billy the Kid gradually emerged as a "public nuisance," and, like most outlaws, flourished for a time on the fear and admiration of his public. His escape after his first capture by a posse headed by Garrett but added to his fame. But Garrett was a determined man, and, accompanied by his deputy, Poe, he trailed the outlaw to the Fort Sumner area, long a rendezvous of the gangs. Here the bad man of 21 was killed on the night of July 14, 1881.

This small volume details the incident as Poe witnessed it. It concludes with the Spanish document which reported the findings of the coroner's jury. The final words exonerating Garrett's act as justifiable homicide are proof of the general relief felt in the community, for the jury concluded that Garrett deserved the gratitude of the community, and that "es digno de ser recompensado," "he deserves to be rewarded."

Laramie, Wyoming W. O. Clough

China's Foreign Relations 1917-1931. Robert T. Pollard. pp. x, 416. The Macmillan Company. New York. 1933.

Dr. Robert T. Pollard, assistant professor of Oriental Studies at the University of Washington, has produced a most valuable study of China's recent foreign relations. At a time when observers anxiously search for the latest accounts of developments in Eastern Asia it is gratifying to have at hand a scholarly study of the fourteen year period before Sino-Japanese rivalries and antagonisms flamed into armed conflict. Although the movement of events since September, 1931, is unintelligible without an understanding of backgrounds, until the publication of Dr. Pollard's work none other had appeared which covered the extensive field so comprehensively. That information which otherwise must be sought in scattered documents or in varied secondary works is now presented in one study. Every student of modern Chinese problems must familiarize himself with Dr. Pollard's book.

Eugene, Oregon Harold J. Noble

Lucky Baldwin. C. B. Glascock. Bobbs-Merrill, 1933. \$3.50.

Every age of expansion seems to create for itself a number of personalities through which it finds expression. The expansion of England produced such men, who find their type and spirit in Sir Walter Raleigh. The

westward expansion of the United States. I believe, produced similar romantic figures touched with as much powerful and inexplicable glory as were any of the Elizabethans. In his personality Lucky Baldwin typifies our ravishing conquest of California. He plundered his way west by the shrewd bargaining of tea, coffee, wine, whiskey and horses. He battled to the top at San Francisco by the shrewd trading of hotels and by investments in real estate. He gathered the gold of California to his pockets by his shrewd buying of mining stocks. He made millions in gold. He built ranches, wineries, race tracks, theaters, hotels, towns, cities. He spent lavishly on wine, women and horses. He had four wives and many women claimed illegitimate children by him. Five judges of the supreme court agreed that in all the implications of the word he was a libertine. He won the big money on every big track in the nation. He took with equanimity a three-million-and-a-half loss when his hotel at Powell and Market in San Francisco burned. Yet the path of his glory did not lead to an early grave. He died an old, old man enjoying the bounty of the Southern California ranches which the national panics could not wipe away. His heirs divided twenty-five million. Glascock in his portrait has added to his reputation as a biographer of western characters, and E. J. Baldwin has found in it that monument which he could not construct for himself.

Man of Two Worlds. Ainsworth Morgan. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933. \$2.00.

This is a first novel of a Northwest writer which has for its central thesis the clash of an ancient native culture with a modern civilization. Aigo, the man of these two worlds, is an Eskimo of northernmost Greenland who is made painfully conscious of his race and habits by a visit to London. Morgan has not romanticized the situation, nor has he reduced the thesis to a banal sermon on the racial problem, but he has made his Eskimo actual, a bit conceited even, and a trifle dirty and crude, and above all does he present him as Aigo, a man of two bitterly real worlds. Although one grows conscious at times of the problem of the author, and realizes that his Eskimo, however sympathetically, is being dissected, the fascination which the reader has for the strange character does not subside. Morgan has caught the tragedy of the native in our modern civilization with more sympathy and art than many others who have been trying artistically to embody the same thesis for a number of years.

The Valley of Lost Men. Alice Henson Ernst. Row, Peterson and Company. 1933.

This is a one-act play in the Gateway series, especially edited for use in little

theaters. Here Mrs. Ernst has adapted the methods and material of regionalism to the theater. It is the second of her plays with an Alaskan background and one which aptly demonstrates her power to create a poignant atmosphere through the skilful presentation of character. It has been revised since its first publication in *Theater Arts Monthly*.

O Pioneers. Willa Cather. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. \$2.50.

This is the seventeenth impression of Miss Cather's first regional novel, and a complete new edition which should be studied for changes the author might have made. The continued popularity of the book is heartening to the thesis of regionalism.

Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox. Upton Sinclair. Published by the author, Los Angeles, West Branch. 1933. \$3.00.

In the United States senate in February Senator Borah remarked: "I think it (*Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox*) is one of the most remarkable stories in regard to such matters I have ever read." When one turns to the book to find out why the story has jarred the senators, he needs not to look for long. The recent crash of Wall street and the whole credit structure of the nation left Big Business stranded like a whale rotting on a dry beach. Sinclair has exposed this one stench from the great carcass with more vehemence and venom than he has used for some time. The materials which he uses are not his own, and much of the book is written in direct quotation to acknowledge the indebtedness to William Fox.

Adventures in a Man's World. Courtney Borden. Macmillan. 1933. \$2.00.

The man's world of which Mrs. Borden writes is the world of the hunter, the fisherman. She approaches her subject with such enthusiasm and appreciation for outdoor life that she creates a desire, in this reader at least, to be gone to the woods. Her narrative is fresh with a spirit bold enough to recall heroism, yet colored with a mood that can have no other adjective but feminine. Her adventures, however deliberate, are not lacking in thrills. She shoots the bears of Alaska, the grouse of Michigan, the canvasbacks of Saskatchewan, the quail of Mississippi. She casts for the steelhead in the Rogue river of Oregon, and for trout in the lakes of Wisconsin. She has covered the country, and she tells her story as a woman should, with charm.

All in the Day's Riding. Will James. Scribners. 1933. \$2.50.

This is another of Will James' studies of cowboy life for children. It is a large book printed in clear type and illustrated with the

introduction to western ranch life and the "cowboy of today." The cowboy vernacular which he employs adds both ease and eloquence to his descriptions of the West, and puts these western sketches on a plane with the Uncle Remus sketches of the South.
Eugene, Oregon *Pat V. Morrissette*

Stories of Shakespeare's Popular Comedies Told in Rhyme. Julia La Barre. Metropolitan Press. 1933.

An effort of this kind, the presentation of the comedies in remarkable form, should be highly distinguished—as charming, for instance, as the verses of A. A. Milne. But such distinction the author does not approach. Such lines as those beginning her version of *The Merchant of Venice*:

*A queen of the sea is the city of Venice
But in that fair city one cannot play tennis,
or the following from As You Like It:*

*That she had a lover was nothing to him
He'd easily rid her of clownish William,*

or these from *The Winter's Tale*:

*He was in high favor with his father, the
king*

*But nothing he knew of that little chang-
ing.*

are little short of ludicrous. And yet this paraphrase is not a parody; the effort is serious. Nor are the above citations misrepresentative. The verses suffer all the more for the inclusion of some of Shakespeare's own lyrics. The contrast is violent. The reader, be he young or old, is not aided in memory work.

Missoula *Rufus A. Coleman*

What Is American? Frank Ernest Hill. John Day. 1933. \$2.

In answering the query, "What is American?" Mr. Hill responds that to be American is to be different. American environment, physical and intellectual, has been unique, differing not only in degree but in kind from the environment, activity, and thought of European nations. To account for the unique, the individual character of Americans, the author dramatically recapitulates our history. He shows us a people faced by a gigantic, unsubdued land; flooded by the mingled blood of all Europe; challenged and lured by an ever diminishing frontier; freed from a national church and hence creating and tolerating new, often fantastic, religions; and committed to the untried venture called Democracy.

What European, he asks, grows to maturity with the legends and songs and faces of black men and red men about him and the blood inheritance of every nation in Europe?

After a survey of these molding forces, the book ends with a discussion of the Machine Age, the latest adventure confronting these peoples, fused into a nation by the adventures faced in the past and now chal-

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familiar sketches of the author. The peculiar realism of his approach provides a good lens by this latest, perhaps most significant, factor in their development.

It is a quiet, contemplative book, drawn on broad, simple lines. Mr. Hill, scholar and research worker, has laid a foundation for his thesis by rapid recapitulation of well known facts. To many, doubtless, this quick marshalling of known facts into new patterns, and the interpretation of those facts as forces molding national thought and philosophy will prove the most interesting phase of the book. Whether the tug of the soil is as important a molding force as the author would have us believe: whether the Indian has influenced American thought as fundamentally as is here represented: whether we may, indeed, regard the future as optimistically as is here suggested are all questions that the reader must answer for himself. But Mr. Hill is also a poet, and to many readers the charm of the book will lie in the refreshing re-creation of the past against a background of up-turned, black earth, of brown, sun-steeped prairie, of rolling hills and snow-capped peaks. *What Is American?* provides the reader with food for thought, a philosophic view of the past, a sane, sober, yet on the whole optimistic facing of the future.

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RING-TAILED ROARERS

Continued from page 263

chief, [and] sleeps between iron sheets, which in winter are made red hot," and maintaining of a Mississippi river-boat that it drew so little water it could steam right away across prairies, meadows, bottoms, wheat-fields, and the like, *if there had been a heavy dew!*

There was another, and more decisive, reason why Haliburton should have been led into tall tale collecting. He turned to it, in short, to keep his major comic creation interestingly alive. And out of his pursuit of it for that special purpose there arose an inevitable, and striking, transmutation in the nature, or at least in the make-up, of the humorous character is salvaged. While Sam Slick quickly won acceptance as a "gen-u-ine" Yankee, he was in downright reality a spurious Yankee almost from the beginning, and that wholly apart from his having been presented to the world as a spokesman of American democracy advocating British imperialism. In his endeavor to keep his clock vendor supplied with an endless succession of yarns of "the universal Yankee nation" Haliburton garnered them incessantly from every available source. American newspapers and reprints from their feature columns were always conveniently at hand, and Sam Slick's steady drift toward the ring-tailed roarer type of comedy and away from that of the simon-pure down-easter shows how persistently they were read. Ultimately he came to stand, in the minds of those who perhaps knew him better by hearsay than by any other means, quite as much for the caricature of a western as of an eastern stock figure. So that a broadsheet bearing the title "Sam Slick the Yankee Pedlar," which was hawked about the streets of London in the eighteen-sixties, probably occa-

sioned no special comment regarding its incongruous blending of regional locations, although it contained such patently hybrid tall talk as this:

"It isn't every day that you see a genu-ine Yankee doodle, I calculate! Oh, no! Now look at me. I'm cast iron all over, and pieced with rock. One of my blows is either sudden death or long sickness. If I was to hit a fellow it would knock him into mortal smash, and it 'ud take about eternity to pick up all the pieces—it would, I reckon! We Yankees are a tarnation cute race; we make a fortune with the right hand, and lose it with the left. I'm half fire, half love, and a touch of the thunderbolt! . . . And I can ride on a flash of lightning and catch a thunderbolt in my fist. I've the prettiest sister and the best shooting rifle in all Virginia. I'm the most glorious, original, and never-to-be-forgotten, smash-biler-bu'sting, free and enlightened nigger-whipping Pedlar as ever was raised, and no soft-sawder. So, go ahead!"

Much of his tall tale gatherings, as being insufficiently anecdotal in form, Haliburton was unable to make use of in outfitting his clock-peddling Yankee with politico-moralizing narrative. But all was grist that came to his mill. Whatever tall tales he found he hoarded, if only because he had an inordinate appetite for anything that was odd, or whimsical, or grotesque, or in other ways likely to provoke laughter. The eventual outcome of his indefatigable gleaning from sporting weeklies and paper-backed "comics" was the publication of his two voluminous collections of original frontier humor, which remain to this day what they were when first printed, unrivalled records of the dialect curiosities, queer customs, and hard living conditions which once prevailed in an America that has all but vanished. Unrivalled records they remain, too, of the ring-tailed roarers who played so large a part in making the legend, if not the history, of that same America.

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