

THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

NOVEMBER, 1933

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● THE MOTHER


Vardis Fisher

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Volume XIV

NOVEMBER, 1933

Number 1

CONTENTS

The Mother, <i>story</i>	Vardis Fisher.....	1
The Boy, <i>poem</i>	Ashley Sampson.....	6
The Legend Crawls, <i>story</i>	Benjamin Appel.....	7
Man of the House, <i>story</i>	Eleanor Saltzman.....	14
Provincialism: New Style, <i>essay</i>	Carey McWilliams.....	17
Let a Circle Be Forged, <i>story</i>	Raymond Enyart.....	23
<i>Poems</i>		
Boomerang	Mary J. Elmendorf.....	33
Land Lover	Arthur Truman Merrill.....	34
Drought	Maud E. Uschold.....	35
The Book.....	Fred Baugher.....	36
Encounter with a Dog	Hubert Creekmore.....	36
Organ-Pumper, <i>story</i>	Arthur H. Nethercot.....	37
Song of Indian Summer, <i>poem</i>	Donald K. W. Stevens.....	43
<i>Poems</i>		
Time Sweeps	Charles Oluf Olsen.....	46
Crusader's Epitaph.....	Charles Oluf Olsen.....	47
Vine Maple	G. Frank Goodpasture.....	47
Late Summer.....	Frances B. Huston.....	47
Bed Tarp	Paul E. Tracy.....	48
Only for Teas.....	Jane Morrill.....	48
Sutor, <i>story</i>	Albert Richard Wetjen.....	49
Cycle, <i>story</i>	Homer Deck.....	55
Cattle Shading in, <i>poem</i>	George Scott Gleason.....	58
OPEN RANGE		
Northern Nights with Wolves.....	Dunc Storms.....	59
Partners, <i>anecdote</i>	Frank B. Linderman.....	62
Rain in the Night, <i>poem</i>	Jean Huntington.....	64
The Story of Bright-Leaves-Flying, <i>poem</i>	Annicc Calland.....	65
HISTORICAL SECTION		
Family Letters of Two Oregon Fur Traders, 1828-1856	Edited by Paul C. Phillips.....	66
BOOKSHELF—LITERARY NEWS—ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON		
Front and Back Advertising Sections		

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THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND is a member of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce.

ANNOUNCEMENT

TO FORMER READERS OF MIDLAND

Former subscribers to *The Midland* who receive this issue of *The Frontier* have already been informed of the suspension of *The Midland*, and I believe understand the circumstances which necessitated this action.

I am very glad that it is possible for those subscribers to receive in lieu of *The Midland* a magazine for which I have so much liking and respect as I have for *The Frontier*. Since its foundation in 1919 *The Frontier* has seemed to me to stand consistently for the sincere expression of American life—the kind of writing which we have always sought for *The Midland*.

I am glad, too, that the name of *The Midland* is to appear on the cover of *The Frontier*. I trust that former readers of *The Midland* will find whatever qualities they have valued in that magazine in the pages of *The Frontier and Midland*, also, and I bespeak for the editor, Mr. H. G. Merriam, and for *The Frontier and Midland* the kindly interest which has meant so much to me in the past.

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Plays accepted will be produced by the Montana Masquers either in the spring or summer of 1934.

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This is a contest without a prize. The Montana Masquers are interested in getting in touch with new playwrights with the hope of securing for production new one-act, and later, new full-length plays.

LITERARY NEWS

UNDER THE EDITORSHIP OF
GRACE STONE COATES

"The young people, nowadays, talk about anything, *anything!* And the devil of it is they won't talk about anything else!" **VARDIS FISHER's** *Passions Spin the Plot*, second vol. of a tetralogy, will be issued jointly by The Caxton Printers, Ltd., and Doubleday Doran & Co., Jan. 1. In his antelope hermitage Mr. Fisher is plugging away at the third volume, swearing at the desolate half-witted emoting of mourning doves.

Any arresting features in bookstores? "The only arresting thing for an author is a good window display of his latest book," says **NARD JONES**, now living in San Francisco, who is at work on his fourth novel. His *Wheat Women* was a February book-of-the-month alternate. He has recently sold several stories to the NEA EveryWeek Magazine and Home Magazine, an unsigned article to College Humor, and in collaboration with Mrs. Jones, a novelette, *High Dive*, to College Life. "I was recently in Hollywood," Mr. Jones writes, "and while the industry is breathing hard, it is by no means breathing its last. I was assured by those who know, of a shortage of material. Northwest writers should be interested in the fact that producers are definitely on the lookout for regional stuff that gives new scenes and chances for new twists to old complications."

FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN's *Beyond Law*, published last month by the John Day Co., N. Y., is a sequel to his novel *Lige Mounts*, now reissued in England and America as *Morning Light*. His juvenile, *Stumpy*, was a junior Book-of-the-Month selection. Mr. Linderman is an authority on a phase of western life now past, and any book of his receives wide critical attention.

"Writers' organizations are fragile things," **MR. ERNEST HAYCOX** says. "They wilt easily, and their mortality rate is high." **PHILIP PARISH**, too, divides Oregon writers into earners and yearners, and thinks the earners are not exactly clubby. **THE NORTHWEST CONVENTION OF WRITERS** met at historic Champoeg and Portland, August 6-11; were hosts to the Seattle Poetry Society. A Northwest book display was in charge of **Mrs. E. M. SOBBER.**

THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS, INC., met at Long Beach, August 14-19. Through its secretary, **ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL**, the League issues a News Letter covering high spots of each Chapter. Address, 731 S. Adams, Glendale, Calif. Mr. Merrill is the author of *The Desperate Years*, and *Clover Breath.*

THE MONTANA WRITERS' CONFERENCE directed by **H. G. Merriam**, July, was less for-

Continued on Page 82

ABOARD THE COVERED WAGON

VARDIS FISHER, who lives on the upper Snake River in Idaho, is the author of three novels, one of them, *In Tragic Life*, being the first of a tetralogy. Mr. Fisher is teaching at the State University of Montana.

CAREY McWILLIAMS, who is a Los Angeles lawyer, is the author of *Ambrose Bierce* and a pamphlet study of Regionalism, as well as a contributor to such magazines as *The American Mercury*. ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN is a writer of stories and of novels, and is co-editor of *Outlander*. BENJAMIN APPEL, New York City, is a younger writer whose work is coming into prominence. A second story by him will appear in a later issue.

The work of Middle Western writers will appear frequently in this magazine. In this issue they have two stories and two poems, one story by ARTHUR NETHERCOTT, professor in Northwestern University, author of *Abraham Cowley*, and formerly contributor to *The Midland* and other magazines; the other story by ELEANOR SALTZMAN, who works with *The Iowa Child Welfare Research Station* at the University of Iowa and has contributed to *The Midland* and *The Prairie Schooner*; one poem by FRED BAUGHER, and the other by MAUD USCHOLD, whose poems have recently appeared in several magazines. Both live in Illinois.

RAYMOND ENYART sends his first story to be published from Butte. DON STEVENS is a newspaper man working on *The San Francisco Examiner*. ANNICE CALLAND, who has carefully gathered Indian materials "from Alaska to the Caribbean," also lives in San Francisco.

FRANK B. LINDERMAN's new novel, *Beyond Law*, is just off the press of the John Day Co. (See Bookshelf.) DUNC STORMS who sends his account of wolves from Rock Springs, Wyo., writes of himself as "Profman: Pioneer: Writer: Traveler: Homo." HOMER DECK, Hillsboro, Oregon, "has worked on various small town newspapers, kept books for a cannery and a hardware firm, and has written stories." PAUL C. PHILLIPS, professor of history at the State University of Montana, is largely responsible for the historical material in this magazine.

Of the other poets G. FRANK GOODPASTURE, well known to our readers, lives in South Bend, Wash.; MARY J. ELMENDORF, also a steady and valued contributor, in Seattle, and JANE MORRILL in Spokane. CHARLES OLUF OLSEN writes in Gearheart, Oregon; ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL in Glendale, Calif., and FRANCES HUSTON in Portland, Ore. Mr. Merrill has published several volumes of poems. ASHLEY SAMPSON contributes his poem from London, England. HUBERT CREEKMORE, who lives in Jackson, Miss., is new to this magazine. PAUL TRACY, Baker, Ore., is known to its readers. JEAN HUNTINGTON sends her lyric from Billings, Montana. GEORGE SCOTT GLEASON is a Connecticut poet.

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MISSOULA, MONTANA

A. L. STONE

Dean, School of Journalism, State University of Montana.

Something more than a dot on the map of the Northwest is the city of Missoula. Much has been written, much has been spoken, in comment—ranging from mildly pleasant to enthusiastic—by visitors who, even in brief sojourn, have caught something of the charm of this place, situated in the very heart of a region of unexcelled scenic beauty, the center of a veritable sportsman's paradise, the commercial and transportation focus of a great, prosperous area, the stage upon which were enacted some of the most highly dramatic scenes in the stirring early history of the Great Northwest.

"A beautiful city, with shaded streets, a university, and a mountain in every back yard," logged a celebrated American author in describing an automobile journey which took him, too hurriedly, through Missoula.

"But the best community we saw outside of Lead-Deadwood seemed to be Missoula, barring and excepting none in the ten states we visited," wrote a traveler recently in his account of a summer tour that had taken him through the Northwest.

These are impressions—many others like them might be quoted—of men and women who but glimpse the city. Yet they, sojourners for a day, recognize the beauty and sense the hold which Missoula has upon the hearts of those whose home it is and who know it best.

The city itself, its surroundings, its beauty and thrift, the wholesomeness of its people, their neighborliness and their activity—all these combine to give to Missoula a position which has been characterized as unique. It is unique, this subtle charm which holds in its spell those who know best this mountain-hemmed city. It is something which cannot be definitely analyzed. But it is there—a secure tie that gives to civic loyalty an infusion of affection and makes of this city something more than a mere geographic name or a civic entity.

Geographically Missoula is fortunately located. At the head of the Columbia basin—almost at the very apex of that triangle whose base is the shore line of Washington and Oregon—the only part of the area of the United States that has never been

under any other flag than our own—a region which is ours by right of discovery and exploration. Its direct eastward connection is through one of the finest passes in the Continental Divide—Hell Gate canyon at whose picturesque western entrance the city stands.

Five productive valleys radiate from the hill-sheltered basin in which Missoula is located. The city is the hub of a vast agricultural empire, world-famous for the quality and quantity as well as the variety of its products. Mountain streams feed important rivers which flow through these valleys. The mountains of the Continental Divide, the impressively beautiful Garnet, Bitter Root and Mission ranges have yielded and are yet producing great mineral wealth. Their slopes are clad with forests of almost incalculable timber value.

As Vacation Land, Missoula's territory is unsurpassed in variety, beauty and lure. The glaciers in its mountain ranges feed hundreds of lakes and streams. These lakes range in size from the "kettle hole" to the great Flathead, one of the largest inland lakes of the continent. Boating and bathing, fishing and photography, hunting and hiking offer recreation of a sort to gratify every desire. Hundreds of miles of improved roads, a web of pack-trails through and over mountains, remote lodges and comfortable camps—these insure a satisfactory outing for the driver of automobile or the venturesome traveler who heads for mountain forests with a pack on his back.

Trains of two transcontinental railways emerge from the mountain pass through the spectacular opening of Hell Gate canyon as it debouches into the broad sweep of Missoula valley. Five branch lines of these railways reach out into the tributary valleys.

Important lumber plants, a large beet-sugar factory, railway shops, Montana's state university, wholesale distributing establishments, a high school of distinction, Fort Missoula—a battalion garrison, an airport—these are some of the educational and economic features of this city.

But it is not the industrial and commercial importance of the city or its deservedly high rank as an educational center that constitutes Missoula's attractiveness to those who visit it; it is not these or either of them that accounts for the affection which Missoula's people feel for the city which is their home.

Other cities have shaded streets; other cities have enterprising and energetic business districts; other cities have happy homes; other cities have admirable educational opportunities—but there are few which hold to so striking degree the love and loyalty of their people. In Missoula people are “folks.” That’s one point. A chamber-of-commerce catalogue of Missoula’s assets would list the items which have been briefly mentioned here. These tangible features of Missoula’s life are all worthy but they do not account for this something which at once attracts the transient visitor and holds firmly the home folks.

Perhaps that intangible asset is the interesting historical story of the city and its territory. It is not unlikely that, all unconsciously, these people realize that in that story is fixed a standard of living which they must emulate. Anyway, it’s a pleasant thought and certainly there is enough in that story to warrant such a belief.

The beginning of Missoula’s story goes back to the aboriginal inhabitants of this region, the Indians of the Selish nation, incorrectly called Flatheads. “The gentle Selish” early explorers and pioneer missionaries called them. They were not warlike but they were brave—when they had to fight, they battled valiantly. They were divided into five tribes and their homes were in the valleys which have been mentioned as radiating from Missoula—in the Bitter Root, the Plains, the Mission, the Kalispell and the Kootenai. Their head chief was the leader of the Bitter Root tribe—their formal rendezvous for council and for ritual was in the Missoula valley. They had a code of laws, which they enforced. They lived cleanly and honestly. They never warred against the whites in later years.

It was the Selish who were the first Indians met by Lewis and Clark when those explorers swung over the Continental Divide in 1805. These venturesome heroes of that famed expedition were the first white men the Selish had ever seen. The Lewis and Clark trails and campsites through the Selish country are marked and each marker is a monument not only to the indomitable courage of the explorers but, as well, to friendly aid of these Indians who showed them trails and helped them on their way. In the following year, 1806, the explorers returned from the Pacific coast. Again they were received kindly by the Selish.

"Travelers' Rest" is 10 miles south of Missoula—it is the name given by Lewis and Clark to the camp where they spent a fortnight in recuperation on their eastward journey after the crossing of the Bitter Root range. Here they separated. Captain Lewis came north to the Missoula valley, thence through Hell Gate and the long canyon of the Blackfoot river, over the divide and back to the Missouri. Captain Clark went south, up the Bitter Root, crossing to the Missouri and from there to the Yellowstone, which he followed eastward to its confluence with the Missouri, near the present Dakota line, where he met Captain Lewis.

It was Fourth of July, noon, when Captain Lewis made trail camp in what is now the city of Missoula. That was the first local celebration of the day. There is a concrete bridge now where that noon camp was made and there is a bronze marking the site of Travelers' Rest.

Followed, a period of 35 years during which the only white visitors in this region were the fur traders and the independent explorers. The names of McDonald, Ross and Thompson are associated with this span of years—their names are on Montana's map and mountain peaks, swift-flowing rivers and tumbling cataracts are their enduring monuments.

October, 1841, is an important date in the history of the Missoula country. It was in that month that Father DeSmet, pioneer missionary, arrived and established in the Bitter Root valley the first mission in what is now Montana. Thirty miles south of Missoula, at Stevensville, is the log church of St. Mary's mission. It marks the first permanent white settlement in Montana and the end of the first trail into Montana that didn't turn back. Near it is old Fort Owen, a trading-post famed in Montana history.

It was from Fort Owen that, in 1858, James and Granville Stuart and two companions set out on that memorable trip which resulted in the discovery of gold in Montana. They came down the Bitter Root, crossed the Missoula valley and, 50 miles up Hell Gate canyon, found pay gravel. It was four years before their discovery was exploited—but then began that rush of treasure seekers which so rapidly peopled Montana and made world-famous the gulches of this region. A marble shaft marks the location of the Stuarts' discovery.

Meanwhile, in 1855, Governor Stevens of Washington had made the first treaties with Montana Indians and the construction of the Mullan road had been started. Montana was moving toward general white settlement. The Stevens treaties were made at Council Grove, five miles west of Missoula, the formal Selish rendezvous.

Near this spot, where the north-and-south and the east-and-west Indian trails crossed, sprang up the little town of Hell Gate. The town had its beginning in the establishment of the pioneer mercantile establishment of Montana, the Higgins & Worden store. The life of this town was brief—it was moved to the present site of Missoula in 1865. But, though brief, it was crowded with stirring events.

Here was held the last trial and execution in the Vigilante campaign which wiped out the infamous Plummer outlaw gang. Here was held the first trial by jury on what is now Montana soil. Here was sponsored the first marriage ceremony with white principals—here was born the first white child on Montana soil. There is a great story in each of these events.

A drive of four miles over a fine road takes the visitor to the cabin of cottonwood logs which housed the Higgins-Worden store, in which was held that famous Vigilante trial. It overlooks Council Grove, too, and the visitor may find—a mile beyond—a house in which four sons were born, each a native of a different state—for the Missoula valley has been successively a part of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.

So with this background it is easy to see why Missoula's story is unique. And it is not stretching the imagination greatly to ascribe to this pageant and its influence some of the characteristics of Missoula and Missoula folks which make the city a City Different.

Subsequent issues of *The Frontier and Midland* will carry further descriptions of the Missoula country and its activities—they will continue through the year.

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THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. XIV, No. 1

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTHWEST

November, 1933

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

THE MOTHER

VARDIS FISHER

I shall never forget the eyes of Kate Murden.

Brig Murden I had seen only once before. When I was a lad of six, Brig came to my father's ranch seeking poles and camped there all night. During the night one of his mares gave birth to a colt and on the next morning Brig killed the colt with an axe. I saw the killing and I hated the man and I sat in bewildered heartache for a long while.

And between that hour and the hour twenty-eight years later when I saw Brig again, the man had become a legendary person. He was a morose and brutal drunkard whom nobody loved and everybody feared. He was a bootlegger, too, and he drank his own raw whiskey and terrorized his neighbors and flogged his wife. These, at least, were facts. And among the many stories told about him there were three that excited my interest.

It was told of him, for instance, that he paid his hired help with worthless checks and that his frauds were never prosecuted. It was said also that he kept a gallon jug of whiskey in the shack where his hired men slept, that he filled this jug before breakfast every morning, and that he had savage contempt for any man who left the jug untouched. This story I found to be true. And the third which interested me was this: In a patch of dwarfed aspen which stood three hundred yards

from Brig's house was an assortment of bones. Once I examined these bones and supposed them to be of cattle and dogs; for it was well known that Brig shot all stray dogs and that he knocked his horses on the head when they showed signs of age and wear. There was a rumor that among these bones there were human bones and one solitary grave, but this rumor I was unable to verify.

It was curiosity, therefore, more than a desire to work, that led me to offer myself to Brig as a hired man. I wanted to solve the riddle of Kate Murden.

I found Brig in the stable on that June morning and for a little while I watched him unobserved. He was sitting on a pile of straw, mending a collar-pad. He was huge and raw-boned and he had enormous shoulders and hands. A broad and ugly scar lay in his beard. His hands shook a little, it seemed to me, as he laced the pad with twine, and his tongue ran back and forth over his lower lip.

I stepped in and spoke, greeting him first and then asking if he had need of hired help; and Brig completely ignored me, after one swift and intent appraisal. He sewed the yellow cloth on the pad, and I meanwhile surveyed his gaunt and starved beasts that stood in muck to their fetlocks. And as I stood there, waiting and watching, and thinking of that morning twenty-eight years ago, I felt a strong desire to murder that man and flee. I felt this desire

even more strongly on a forenoon three weeks later. I cannot tell why.

He raised his head suddenly, as if divining my impulse to murder, and looked straight at me for a long while. The same emotion, of anger and fear, once came over me when I stared into the eyes of a rattlesnake which I had made helpless with a forked stick on its throat. In the eyes of both there was the same vindictive insolence, the same sort of lidless courage that was not courage at all. Here was a man without feeling, without pity, and he was unconquerable by anything save death . . .

He looked at me I hardly know how long; and then without speaking, and without taking his gaze from mine, he drew a flask of whiskey and offered me a drink. I drank rather deeply, it seems to me now, as if there was nothing else to be done; and I thought the expression in Brig's eyes became a little more kindly. If he had offered me poison, I think I would have drunk it; if he had proposed murder, I think I would have gone with him, so strange and deep was the silent power of the man. And though he never spoke a word, I knew I was hired and I went to work feeling tremendous relief, as if a lucid plan of life had been laid before me. I rode a plow and gazed over the rolling green acres of the Antelope hills. I looked at Brig's house. It was a bleak unpainted structure that looked like an old barn. I liked this man, nevertheless, even though realizing that I ought to despise him; or perhaps I liked only that elemental bedrock of human emotion of which he seemed to be a symbol . . .

At noon I went to the house.

I had never seen Kate Murden. Few persons had, for she was a mysterious

woman who never left her front yard. Life had silenced her, neighbors said, and she had become unapproachable and queer. In the early years of her married life, Brig had flogged her black and blue, using upon her the same rawhide whip that he used on his mules. She was childless, though I do not know why. I can only tell what I saw and heard during my three weeks on the Murden farm.

There was no porch on Brig's house, but against the north wall he had built a small lean-to in which the men washed. It was while I stood in this lean-to, scouring grease from my hands, that I heard a strange sound. It was an unearthly sound and it chilled me. I thought at first it came from under the washstand. I looked under this stand and I saw that a hole, about six inches square, had been sawed through the board wall of the house, and that over this hole was a piece of gunnysack. I did not look into this hole then, and I mention it now only because it led me to a discovery later.

Above the stand was a small window that offered a view of the kitchen. I looked through this window, hoping to catch a glimpse of Kate; and I did see her after a while but not clearly. She seemed to be a large woman with gray hair and strangely aimless movements.

When I entered the house and faced her, I saw nothing but her eyes. I had seen such eyes before, but never any so completely of one changeless expression. There are many things which I could say of Kate's eyes but none of them would more than faintly suggest what I have in mind. I could say, for instance, that she looked at me as if she did not see me at all, or as if she had no power to distinguish me from other

objects around her; but that, nevertheless, her eyes seemed to be full of cunning knowledge. Such a baffling thing as this I have sometimes seen in the eyes of a babe. Or I could say that she seemed to be sightless and yet able to see; or that she had the fixed stare of a large doll, or of mannikins in shop windows. All these would be true; but they would express only in a small way, only in a small part, what I saw in the eyes of Kate. For beyond all these, deeper and more intense than all these, was something that horrified me. It was anguish that had nothing of anguish left in it, of horror that was desolate and mute and calm, of hatred that could no longer feel.

Let me try to suggest it in this way. I once caught a vulture in a trap. After I removed the trap, the creature sat back on its broken legs and looked at me, and never before had I felt and never since have I felt a powerful emotion that was so utterly strange. It was something in the bird's eyes: a kind of lofty disregard of pain and death and a complete absence of terror and self-pity. I felt that the creature perceived, as I had never done, that circumstance, impersonal and aloof, was its enemy, and that I and my triumph were also victims of its power. And this looking beyond pain into the dark and terrible depth out of which pain springs was what I also saw in the eyes of Kate.

And I came to understand, after many days, that for this strange woman life had been drawn into one focus, one picture, and that morning, noon, and night she saw nothing else. She was shut away from life, from all living realities. Her gaze was fixed on something beyond my vision, on a dark and eternal meaning beyond my reach. And I resolved to

stay here until I discovered what she was looking at.

I discovered nothing for almost a week. Brig kept the jug full, coming in each morning to replenish it and to arouse me from sleep; and to please him, I drank with him now and then, or when he was out of sight I poured some of the whiskey under the floor. And he seemed to think I was a good drinker and a splendid fellow, though he rarely spoke to me.

Between him and his wife also there seemed to be no words, no emotion, and no intimacy of any kind. His feeling toward her, as nearly as I could tell, was like his feeling toward his beasts; and her attitude toward him, as well as toward all the things around her, was one of frozen detachment, as if all her being had run into stone. And as I watched her furtively, through the window when washing or at the table when eating, I became obsessed by a wish to understand. When I lay in bed, thinking of her terribly quiet way, remembering her eyes, I strove to imagine her past; and though I thought of one thing and another which might have horrified her into silence, I realized that none of them explained her eyes. Something eluded my imaginings, something deep and fundamental. I could feel it vaguely but I could not determine what it was.

And so for almost a week I lived in utter perplexity.

Early on a Sunday morning I saw a strange thing. I have said that Kate seemed to be wholly indifferent to everything around her. For six days I thought so. On the morning of the seventh came a revelation.

On that first day, while eating in the house and thinking of the strange sound

I had heard, I observed that a cellar was built under the floor, with three boards sawed in two between floor beams to make an entrance leading down. But such cellars are common in country houses and I forgot the matter.

On this Sunday morning I heard the sound again. Going to my knees, I stared through the hole under the washstand. For quite a while I could see only darkness with a patch of white in it; but after a little a picture emerged, the white became Kate's hair; and then I could see her in that black underground place. She was sitting on a box and she had a half-dozen kittens in her lap.

There was, I reflected, nothing unusual in that. But when I saw her large horny hands caressing those kittens; when I saw her lift one and then another to her cheek; and when I saw her hug the whole armful to her breast and rock them, I was so overcome that I stood up and shook. And besides, there was the sound. It was a weird lamentation, unearthly and cold and ageless, like the look in her eyes . . . I fell to my knees and stared again. She raised her head and looked straight at me; and I, feeling shameless and guilty, was on the point of dodging when something stopped me. I realized beyond all doubt that Kate looked at me and did not see me at all. She looked at my face framed in that hole of light but she went on with her awful desolate crooning and she rocked back and forth on the box. I moved away and presently I looked in again but the picture had not changed. I stood up and I knew I was trembling. I felt queer. I went out and walked round the yard. Twice on subsequent mornings I peered through the hole and saw her fondling

those kittens; and each time the experience shook me.

But for two more weeks the riddle lived with me. I was haunted by her eyes and by the sound she made. All day, while at work, I thought of her; and at night, when trying to sleep, I saw her strange eyes looking out from darkness, and I heard her moaning. It was a horribly dead and empty sound; and yet, somehow, it was fuller of meaning than any other sound I had ever heard. This place became a haunted place and this house was a haunted house.

I was a little afraid and I wanted to leave this ranch. But too, I wanted to solve this riddle. And so I would come in from the fields, hoping to catch her off guard. Surely, I told myself, she did not live in perpetual oblivion. There were hours when she knew herself and things around her and saw what she looked at. Was all her housework done entirely by habit by a woman who had no awareness of what she did? I could not believe it. And so I would come to the yard for a drink, or for some other trifling reason; I would swing the door open suddenly and step in. But I never surprised her into betrayal. She did not seem to know that I had entered the house and that I made a big racket while getting a drink and that I was staring at her. I was dubious at first. I thought she was acting and that her indifference toward me was assumed. But I became convinced at last that she was really unaware of me and that my noisy entrance into the house did not strike into her consciousness at all.

After a while I began to talk to her. While drinking from a tin cup, I would speak of the weather, of the crops, of this and of that; and I would watch her across the cup. I said this country was

driving me mad. I told her she lived in a haunted house and acted like a haunted woman. "How long," I asked her, "since you have talked? Don't you ever speak any more? . . . Mrs. Murden, do you hear me?" But she gave no sign. She moved about the kitchen, preparing dinner; and I noted that there was never any faltering in her movements. She was as precise and unerring as a wheel following a guide-rail. And a little annoyed, and not a little terrified, I left the house and slammed the door.

On the next day I went in again. I spoke again of the loneliness and of the haunted silence of this ranch. I wondered what I could say to startle her into awareness. "Brig has gone," I said. "Do you know Brig? Brig Murden, I mean." But she gave no heed. I deliberately placed myself in her path. She moved round me, not seeing, but feeling as water does. "Is that pie you're making? Are we to have pie for dinner?" I looked at her, baffled, trying to imagine something that would make her flinch. "Kittens!" I cried. "Kittens, good Lord! Doesn't life mean anything to you but a lapful of kittens?"

But I might as well have talked to a woman of stone. She did not hear me. She had no power to hear. And I left the house, completely baffled, deciding that for me, and possibly for all others, she would have to remain inscrutable. And it is rather ironic, I think, that the secret of Kate Murden was revealed to me entirely by chance.

It happened on the second Sunday after I peered through the hole in the wall. I had done my chores and had returned to the barn where Brig was help-

ing a mare deliver a colt. I looked at the gawky creature and said it was a fine animal: it had straight limbs and a noble intelligent head. "It'll make a fine horse," I declared; and I led the colt into the sun and patted its wet hide and then stood away to let the sun strike it. Brig was watching me. He was looking at me with contempt. Then he came up and with one thrust of his mighty leg he sent the beast sprawling at its mother's feet.

Brig went away then and I set about to help the colt suck. I got it on its shaking legs and pushed its nose under the mare's belly. I was remembering another hour, long ago, and I was glad this colt was not to be slain; and at this moment Brig appeared with an axe in his hand.

"You're not going to kill it!" I cried. Brig grunted. I laid a hand on his arm; I loudly protested; I said I would take the colt away. But it was of no use. Brig waved me aside and jerked the colt away from the mother and squared off. He smote a crushing blow and the colt dropped. I felt murderous then and if I had had a gun I think I would have killed the man. I could have been no more sickened if I had seen him kill one of his own kind. But one glance at his face told me I had better say nothing, and I turned away and went to my cabin. I sat there, thinking of the matter. I couldn't get away from the notion that I should go at once and kill the man; and with this obsession upon me, I left the cabin, looking vaguely for a weapon, yet realizing all the while that I could never face him. I wandered about the yard and in my wandering I came to the barn.

The colt was still alive. It was breathing in a slow deep way and shuddering.

Brig was nowhere in sight. Then I found the axe and smote several times on the colt's forehead. I struck until the bone was soft and all the agonized twitching stopped. I looked round me and felt deathly sick.

I was on the point of leaving when I looked at the mare. I reflected dully on what she thought of the matter. All her colts had been slain and she must be used to the thing by now . . . And while I was watching her she came over

to the dead thing and looked at it. She smelt of it and walked round it and came to the head and smelt of the blood. For a little while she did not move. Then she raised her head and looked at me; and there was something in her eyes that was fixed and strange, something desolately ancient, something I had seen before. I held her gaze, wondering where I had seen that look before . . .

And then I remembered. Then I understood.

THE BOY

ASHLEY SAMPSON

They told me I was soul-bereft
And angered me with words
Which stared them back from every
place

They hit—like tortured birds
Whose eyes went molten at the cleft
Of bars around their space.

They drove me from that upper house
Down to the stony beach
With hot words mounting to my head
An answer could not reach
In time to stay the angry rouse
Which burst upon that bed.

Then to my lonely well of tears
A voice fell like a stone;
And told my Soul from outer air
That it was not alone;
And up I looked as one who hears
The answer to a prayer.

Some boy upon a rocky mound
Roused daylight from its rest
To watch him cleave an open way
Into the sea's dark breast
While stockly earth sat all around
Amid profoundest day.

He was as naked as the day:
Oblivious of my gaze
His lovely limbs and sun-gold face
Struck all my Soul amaze
With love to see him so display
The contours of his race.

Then suddenly our gazes met
Across the watery shed;
And though I smiled—he just re-
turned
My gaze and bowed his head;
Then dived into the water's net
And left me where I burned.

I gazed upon the filmy waste
Now hoddenn to a stone
Within a bay whose echoes died
And left me all alone
As though a friend had gone in haste
With questions unreplied.

Up to their house I singly went
With beauty in my head
As strong as wine; and every thought
Of anger cold and dead
And clean gone out—their passions
spent
Upon the dream they wrought.

THE LEGEND CRAWLS

BENJAMIN APPEL

OF all adventures the pursuit of a legend is the most hazardous. What is it in the wilderness that clusters about myth like a protective army? Legends are the children of nature and the green mother is like a panther defending her young. Is nature against the explorer who boasts: "We shall conquer nature?" or, are the mishaps, the satanic coincidences, a series of unpremeditated evils?

He was palpably a man in flight, and savagely exhausted. He burst in on McClintock's camp towards dusk, asked for something to eat. He had had serious trouble with some queer Indians to the north. Why were they queer? How far north? Fifty miles . . .

McClintock fried bacon. Can there be anything in it? This man's French; he appears to be imaginative; fear is the birthright of the imaginative. I'm as far north as most men go, but this chap's been even further. This worn-out bag of bones, this beaten wretch has been . . . where? To Lac de la Sorciere (Lake of the Sorceress) whose prosaic English name suggests tea and muffins. To Lake Highmartin, that fabled stretch of green silver? Was it possible?

Fifty miles of lakeless forest, a snakery of streams none of them navigable, marched between the last of the interlocked lakes known as the Chains and the "tea and muffin place." While the man ate, McClintock stared out on the waters of Last Chain, pendent from the dusk, like a circlet of wet metal. This chap's come through all the wilderness and through fifty miles of fear, and now he's eating bacon.

The fire wove flame into the purplish

darkness. The waters of Last Chain echoed of the lake deeper north. The wilderness wheel of stars revolved immeasurably.

"What did you want to go up there for? Don't look uneasy. I've heard the cock-and-bull stories they tell. What a place to go."

He had gone to trade. What wouldn't men do for money, monsieur? He had heard of fine furs to be got for nothing; not in sufficient quantities for the company people. *Mais, un homme?* A poor trapper. And what had come of it? He had lost everything—his gun, his supplies. Was ever a man so afflicted? Dieu, why hadn't someone put a ring in his nose like a pig and tied him up?

"Yes?" urged McClintock.

The trapper shied away from narrating his misfortunes. He seemed enthralled to superstition. He told of the legends, formulating his Fear in this way. What a lake . . .

. . . Depth tinted its waters green. Pale, streaked with white along the shores, it was banked on all sides by a green untamed like a horde of charging beasts who've just arrested their stampede on the brink. The trees hung leaves over the shallows. The leaves soughed greenly . . .

McClintock heated to the curiosity that has explored the continents. What a thing of fluid metals, a monster, a devil. Has it got you, McClintock?

The fugitive told of the serpent at the bottom, whose length from fang to tail was equivalent to the lake's fifteen miles. McClintock visualized the unseen reptile, lying on its side like a human, its unbearably bright eyes gleaming at

the north . . . He shuddered. Fear's the birthright of the imaginative. I can apply that to myself. But so easy to believe with the never-was sounds of the forest, tempting logic into belief; beast cries were incantations; the wind a magic wand; the trees, ghosts. Like one under spell he listened . . .

. . . Lac de la Sorciere is the half-breed name. Had monsieur ever heard of the crazy lady who had lived there twenty, thirty years ago? North, north, and the lady striding through McClintock's mind gowned in ice, snow-mantled, penguins strutting before her. Snow and ice are simple perils; the crazy lady was subtler. She changed men into snakes. Peter Tistou, Marcel Lacoï, other fur hunters, were never seen again . . .

"You haven't swallowed all these fairy tales? And why don't you tell me your own story?"

"I believe, maybe?" And had monsieur ever heard of the Snake Indians? Men had glimpsed them, vanishing like wood-smoke, so it seemed . . .

"And the Snakes robbed you?"

"Maybe?"

"I'm McClintock. I've been over all this country but I've never been to Lake Highmartin. Would you return if I went along? You might recover your property. Yes?"

The trapper was silent.

"I've a pistol and two rifles. I'll pay you ten dollars a day."

"In the morning, monsieur . . ."
He was soon asleep.

McClintock watched the coppery face in the flame gold. The chap's excited me. Will he go? I think he will. The greed that impelled him north is on my side . . . Oh, the marvelous facility of mountains, rivers, remote Druid lakes

to gather unto them the black flowers of legend. Did nature believe in artistic unity? I'm a fool. Men have unified the legends. Trappers and Indians have trickled the waters of primitive poetry through the labyrinth . . . The northern bats hurled their diabolic lengths after insects. Bemused by the vampire myths of which they were the symbols, he wondered at the fanging of the fables? Snakes were rare north. Why did the tales wriggle, then? Why snakes? Why legend? By heaven, I'll track legend down. I'll brand my initials on its flank. He thought of it as if it were beast roaming in shimmering woods, a unicorn that could be captured.

Two days, the trapper ate and rested. McClintock gorged him, giving him courage through the stomach. And on a cool morning, the trapper declared he would guide him to—he hesitated to name Mystery—oui, monsieur, he would bring McClintock to Lac de la Sorciere. Maybe, he'd been frightened by the wind, a poof? tyrannized and exploited by dirty red sauvages?

The fifty miles of forest were traversed like lands explored in nightmare. There was a sense of climbing briared walls. In the vortex of each hardship was the consciousness of the quest. The legend shone like an Unholy Grail, an enduring reality beyond time.

They pushed through the clings of a thousand twigs. The feel of the resisting branch branched away; the sucking bog breath breathed away; but ever the legend dwelled with them. Always Lac de La Sorciere lay at the end of the fifty miles . . . Reality passeth. Legend abideth . . .

On their backs they toted provisions and the sections of the collapsible canoe. So they went north, where the Serpent

shone in coils, where the Sorceress performed legerdemain, where the Snake Indians lived . . . and towards the golden fifth hour of a sleek afternoon, they surprised water mating with fire.

The lake curved in and out of coves like a snake and upon its back was another snake of entranced light. They saw Lac de la Sorciere holding the sinking sun head on her breast of burning waters. Conflagrations warred against the golden-veined swells. Among the shore shadows flung by a forest that seemed to have been extinguished, the tree tops alone flamed in fury. The lake was a thousand of silverings as if multitudes of tiny serpents were swimming beneath the surface . . .

"I see. I see." McClintock cried, like a man who has regained vision. His eyes were spots of delight, reflecting the liquid-wave facets of this immense emerald. His guide was laughing. Buck up, man, buck up. The laughter had raided his nerves. His discoverer's joy was overwhelmed. Why had the fool laughed? What did he know of the fellow? Curse it all, he thought, I'm getting hysterical myself. The profusion of jewel gleams annoyed him. How many facts had drowned in these tombed waters? The wraiths of ancient certainties seemed to haunt the lake, as if facts had once lived here, and dying, become the ghosts of facts, legends. I'm all balled up and my logic is ridiculous. Why the devil had the trapper laughed?

The fifty miles of titanic portage yanked at his fibres like weights. Shall I rejoice? The northern forests of the far shore lanced their lengths in the lake, their waving tips were in his laked eyes. The trapper was sitting, his face a book, and perusing the one endless page of it, the hundred chapters turning

by in the intense pupils, McClintock read of the legends. Where are you, fifteen-mile serpent?

Through his sun-caught eyes, he snared iridescences. Did the buried emeralds of the snake's orbs diffuse the splendid light one saw between the sunning lids? How would it feel to crawl limbless, a diamond pattern down one's back? Perhaps the Serpent had once been famous, a Napoleon who must pay reptilian penance? I'm off my handle. McClintock is nuts because a scared fellow laughed. He smiled at the trapper as if to say: "We're not superstitious, are we?"

The next morning they put the canvas canoe together. The weather had changed. A dull sun was peering through snowy banks of clouds scurrying southward. The wind was fluid icicles, whistling of the winter to come. The waters were too glossy. There was something ominous in the way the coves holed into the shore.

They cast for bass and had difficulty extricating the hooks. The strikes were curving lunges; their hands bloodied; the fish flopped their fading sides. Queerish bass, lean and abominably active, hard to kill just like . . . McClintock gasped. I mustn't think of snakes so much. Bass varied in each lake. Was that why . . . they were . . . so . . . snaky? And while he attempted to eat, the darkening lake twanged with the wind; the trapper seemed to have withdrawn into a private sanctuary of fear; the long line of the boat seemed scared . . . how silly . . . boats never cared about their destination . . .

When the moment came, the trapper refused to go. The scudding lines of cloud screamed silently above McClintock's anger. He listened to the waves

chop-chopping against his canoe. The trees swayed and all the leaves hissed.

"Is the water too rough?" he said, his sarcasm drained of venom. That was not the reason and they both knew it. "Why don't you answer?"

But he seemed to hear him talk, and the unspoken words mingled with the stranger speeches of the speaking lake, the chanting breeze, the half syllables whispered by imagination that should never be murmured. After a time, when he wearied of the unending chorus, he said: "I'll go myself," looking at the guide's face across the wall of their diverse purpose. The wind knighted him with its own reckless bravery, but the wall was higher, the wall was higher. And now he called an odd farewell: "Fear is the birthright of the imaginative. Understand?"

Out on the lake, he loped into the hearts of the hilled waves or slanted over their summits, acutely conscious of the trapper staring at him. I have left civilization. The last town with guarding gates, and I am alone, sailing those gateless seas of legend where Mystery sweeps unimpeded.

The quaffed wine of danger exhilarated. I, the universe. I, the god. Stamping before a changing wind into the green myth soul. The boat was a shot arrow. He dug his paddle deep. Writhings of water hissed up the smooth wood. He hummed with speed. The strong push of the wind abetted his purpose. It seemed as if the wind god favored his brashness. The zoomings were at his back . . . The heads of the barring ogres behind. He was past the portal, the endeavor within grasp. Fool's errand . . . but it was something to have seen Lac de la Sorciere with the

clouds streaming over and beyond the forest.

He glanced sideways, his eyes winding down the length. How like a fleeting serpent, and he, McClintock, padding the serpentine flight. The atmosphere is getting me . . . mustn't . . . one must accept adventure like a grocer meeting his creditors. But as the northern shore's forest changed from mass to trees, he dug himself into the darkest essence of fear like a mole into the earth, and imagination gave him claws to dig.

Directly ahead of him, a burned area of charred trees. Fine. Dandy. No foliage to hide. A regular city street, a square flamed out of the wilderness. He headed for a splintered trunk.

He pulled the canoe up behind him. Celestial exultations star-shot before him. He arched his chest as if he were the first white man to have trod here. I, McClintock, am the first. I spit on fear.

The fire-scarred blacks and charcoal greys dismayed him. The leaves were gone from this forest ruin; the woodland greens, that like hair impart flow to the bodies of trees. He breathed in the silence as if it were another sort of air. The torch of his egotism was extinguished. There was none to see but clouds without eyes and eyeless waves. He might have been alone. Alone. He smelled storm in his nostrils. He heard the wind curl its melancholies through the scorched branches. He saw the lake lash venom. Waves tolled the cadence of empty waters.

I'm a fool. A fool alone on a dot. How many dots in fifteen miles? Where were the Indians and why were they called Snakes? Why had he coaxed the trapper to guide him to the dot on which

he stood? What in hell for? The touch of his revolver whispered coward's courage. He looked south where his guide waited, the guide who had laughed, and behind after miles of wilderness, imagined Last Chain and the southward procession of meshed lakes, and beyond, cabins, people, towns, cities, the crowded civilizations of the hemisphere. He felt that he was the triangle point, the apex of culture, the lancehead of the twentieth century stabbing into Mystery . . . he must keep contact with the south or be lost in a primeval northernness. Straight north, a legion of forests, a land of legends and dark vistas, the wilderness end of the world he knew . . .

"This lake's harmless," McClintock snapped. "Water is harmless. Serpent? Nonsense."

But glaring at the winding fifteen miles, he was again assailed by a sense of something lurking at the bottom, contracting its coils, undulating the waters. Could it be possible, in this world of fabulous realities, that some lost-age reptile had survived the centuries, wise as Eve's tempter? Were water-piercing orbs speculating about him? Sorceress and Snake Indians? Nonsense. Monstrous nonsense.

On this morning of the airplane era he was poised before the veil, rubbing eyes full of spiritual darkness, feeling the presence of the unarrived night as if his shadowed thoughts had sped the clock.

"Who's there?" He stumbled to the canoe. Someone was watching him. Yes, yes, yes. "Who's there?"

His spine hardened into ice, melted slowly. What could there be in the burned forest? He gaped at its lifelessness. It struck him as peculiar that anything living should be there. His

fears followed the contortions of the legends . . . Glances upon him in this wilderness where there should be none. The wind chipped the sweat off his face. The half of the canoe, that was in the water, had an uneasy rocking motion like that of an animal waiting to charge away.

An Indian youngster of about twelve suddenly seemed breathed out of the blackened lungs of a tree. A lithe boy with a face carved out of unyielding metal, unalloyed by curiosity or fear. A bow, a quiver of arrows hung from his shoulder. McClintock had expected a sorceress and he beheld a child dressed in deerskin. A flame of feather in the black hair. Archaic innocence . . . the white man thought of Fenimore Cooper; he wanted to proclaim modernity to the savage, who appeared as if he had never seen a paleface. I wish I had an airplane to roar over his head . . .

"Hey, sonny, come here." The boy looked at him, wild, inquisitive, unbudging. "Venez ici." He used a patois of French, English. Was the kid a mute or was he too frightened, or too cautious to answer? He spoke, as it were, to the shadow of legend. How utterly ridiculous. Fifty heroic miles and fifty more back to Last Chain, and all to rail at a stubborn redskin. What a gullible fool to listen to that trapper. He's probably stolen my stuff by this time.

Sign language. That was the trick. He pointed to himself and the direction from which he had come, manipulated his fingers so that they were like ten tongues speaking a non-vocal language. No use. The silence, always unearthly when one talks and the other will not answer, put knife into the cutting wind.

He listened to the sound of his voice rising and falling, like a traveler climbing up and down hills. He thought that there wasn't a human soul within miles.

"Listen, you imp, if you don't answer I'm going to make you." The wilderness crawled with silence.

He sprang. The boy sprang. Pursuit.

An unsuccessful sally, and like a soldier returning to a fort he came back to the canoe. The boy had vanished as abruptly as an animal scampering down a hole. A few seconds in which his feather had shone like a will-o'-the-wisp and then the quarry was gone.

Storm sounds on the lake, storm sounds in the wind and trees. Fright storming inside of him. Suppose that cursed kid met some of his elders? Suppose they came for him? The Snake Indians? In some odd way he knew he was pitted against not only the boy and his protectors but the lake and its legends. He shook his fist at the waters and their ringlets of storm white.

An arrow dug into the ground some ten feet ahead of him. A quivering birch shaft fletched with duck feathers. An arrow. He watched the quivers quiet into impotence. He leaped into the canoe. Thank God the forest had burned. The Bowman wouldn't have missed if he had had ambush.

Forty yards away, the boy was advancing against his enemy.

"You little beggar. Lucky for me the undergrowth's gone."

It was no joke. The cursed savage was stalking him as if he had never heard of firearms, the bow before him, the arrow pointed at his heart. McClintock yelled a jumble of words,

roared he was a friend, waved a broken branch. "Peace."

Had the boy gone mad? Certainly, his own set of civilized logics could not explain his actions. Why had the boy not spoken? Why had he returned to offer open battle? Was the trapper related to any of this?

He retreated before the nearing arrow, that was a falcon waiting to be released. What non-Indian code had impelled the boy to offer honorable war? Nearer came the brat. The water howled at his irresolution. He fired his revolver at the clouds. Echo and echoes and the wind howling louder than ever. The boy advanced. His unbelievable courage or ignorance corroded the steel of the white's sanity . . . were the arrows dipped in snake venom? Nonsense. North American tribes rarely used poison . . .

"Stop!" By God, the kid was mad.

Flight . . . the arrow sang its hunting cry, missed by inches, and through a dark bandage of fear McClintock saw yet another dull point aimed at his heart.

Hunting cry was answered with hunting cry. But his bullet did not miss. The desolate branches shivered. The lake ebbed out of the corners of his eyes. He staggered in grey murderous mist. I've killed him. Mist vanished. He heard the dirge of the spired waves. Praise God. The boy moved. He was not dead.

"Fool!" McClintock cried. "Why did you force me to shoot?"

The boy raised his head, opened his mouth. A haunting penetrating chant . . . an actual sense of speeding syllables. No mistake to their meaning. They implored help, told of mishap.

McClintock pushed out into the waters. He paddled from the evil shore. His back and shoulders were a fleshed piston. Paddle, paddle. Up down, up down. Voices answered the child, a chorus of succor to the wail of injury. Sure as fate they'd come after him. Chase him. Kill him. Scalp him. He turned around like a gasping runner, who has thus far held the lead but must see if the pack are closing in. Many upright figures on the shore. Paddle, paddle. His strength whizzed from his body into the polished wood. The paddle bent, almost unable to hold his energies in leash. Water. Wind. Clouds. Forest. Hurry up.

The southern shore. Stillness. He shouted. No guide. No guide. There was no guide. The brute had skipped. Frightened, was he? Superstitious Frenchman. The pistol shots had said: "Danger. Be off." Who was the guide, anyway? A blundering thief? A crazed liar? Had he told the truth? Had the boy been deaf? Lord. Lord.

He pushed the canoe out into the lake as if it were a sacrifice he was forced to offer. "Take it and be damned to you."

What will I need? Be quick. Bacon. Flour. Matches. Knife. Axe. Rifle. The rifle was gone . . . On the lake, two sticks, their boats, were shooting at him. They were coming. Be quick.

Can't plead self-defense. Were they the Snake Indians? Quick. I admire your courage, McClintock. He glanced at the green waters. The last time. Lac de la Sorciere. Baffling . . .

What were the true facts about the trapper and the boy? Confusion. Anything was possible. His quest; the realities of it were almost as legendary as that which he had come to find. Fear is the birthright of the imaginative, you fool.

He plunged into the forest. A comet of inspiration. He knew. No serpent lived on the bottom of the lake. No sorceress had ever changed men into snakes. Legends . . . attempts of the trappers and Indians to rationalize their fear of Fear. They had created symbols for the malign force they felt gripped this body of water. The boy and his friends were merely savages. Quick. He knew. The legends were myths. Irony and paradox. What an explanation. The Legend was Fear. He dreaded meeting the lost guide . . . who was he? Where had he come from? The devil himself? In all his veins he felt Lac de la Sorciere pursue him, the pursuer. Like some horrible great snake it was on his trail. Fear and danger wriggled after him. Fifty miles to go . . . He knew. The guide was Legend. He seemed to be surrounded by Legend. Fifty miles . . .

MAN OF THE HOUSE

ELEANOR SALTZMAN

THE little tow head began to twist and crane under Jerry's chin. Jerry Junior had been asleep most of the time since they drove through Leon, but now he was awake and restless and wanted to get down. "Boppy, bop, bop," he shouted. Jerry tried standing him on his lap, and at last set him on the floor, where he promptly squatted down in the darkness and began playing with his father's shoe laces. Jerry hunched down a little in his seat, spreading his knees to make more room for the baby between the narrow bus seats, and, hat over his eyes, watched the gray blur that was Junior. The darkness held them except for the flare of passing lights. He kept hearing things his mother had said to him as they waited for the bus in the oil station. ". . . and you better not give Junior anything but those graham crackers till you get to Des Moines . . . It's been good to have you down here, even if you didn't want to come." Jerry had turned away so that he couldn't see her plump old hands stroking the gray wool of her grandson's leggins. Sal had sent them a pattern, and they had made Junior's suit out of one of Sal's old coats. He had sewed the seams on the machine. Him. Sewing on a machine—

The woman in front of him twisted in her seat. "Your baby asleep?" she ventured tentatively.

"No, playing."

"Going far?"

"Only to Des Moines," he said shortly, so that they would let him alone. Junior began to whimper, so Jerry fished him out of the darkness

and set him in the window. Poor kid. He wanted Grandma and food and sleep, all that he was accustomed to receive at evening. But he was going away to his mother, and hereafter his dad would be his nursemaid.

Presently Junior began to wail in earnest, and Jerry groped in the darkness for his package of graham crackers. "Bop, bop," said Junior happily. They went through a little town, and Jerry could see his son sprawled out lumpily, trying to find his mouth with the graham cracker. Jerry watched him, the tow head mussed and smeared with cracker crumbs, the fat cheeks munching solemnly, sleepily. He looked oddly like Sal, for all his overhanging cheeks and tow head. The curve upward of his nose, the set of his chin . . .

Anyway, Junior didn't look like *him*. His jaws weren't set with the determination that locked Sal's and Junior's. He thought of Sal starting off after a job. She didn't blame him for not getting anything. Yet she had found one. Not much of a man when your wife can get a job and you can't. He kept thinking of young Snyder from the *News*. He had come around to the oil station for personals and had asked Dad who was traveling. Presently all the town would know that Sal was now making enough to have her family with her. The miles slipped away into darkness behind them. He thought, briefly, of his parents, remembering his father as he showed his grandson off to the oil station attendant: "That's right, Junior, say 'Bop.' Funny, that's about all he says any more. My, we're sure gonna miss him and Jerry." His

mother fussing with the battered old handbag in her lap. "I'm sorry I couldn't get the rest of that ham in, Jerry. If Sal loses her job or anything, remember, now, you come right back home, all of you . . ."

Yet they themselves would do well just to hold the home place. And him bringing his family and parking, three or four months! A swell only son they had! A swell husband for Sal . . . Jerry sat motionless, pinned beneath the heavy, unyielding weight of his sleeping son on his chest.

As the bus burred downward toward the river and the downtown crush of Des Moines streets, Jerry roused the baby enough to pull on his woolly helmet. He found his heart beating dully in his throat. He had been thinking mostly of Sal during those dark droning hours through the night. She would be down at the station waiting for them. Sal whom he hadn't seen for over a month now. If he got a job, they'd have to find some one to take care of Junior or send him home to the folks. But as long as he didn't have work, he'd do the cooking and look after Junior and the house. He staggered a little, straightening his cramped legs, and followed the driver across the sidewalk. He kept looking for Sal.

It took him several minutes to realize that she wasn't there. After bags and baby were heaped on a bench in the bus station, it came to him with slow, sure conviction that she had not come down to meet them. He stood, hat still pulled low over his eyes, and watched the two bags and the sleeping youngster in the homemade woolen leggings and coat. A fat, heavy baby that looked like his mother. Jerry's mouth twisted into one of his one-sided

grimaces. Might as well be getting along. He wondered whether he could handle both luggage and baby. Tentatively he rested Junior against his shoulder and gathered the two handles into the other fist. It was heavy and awkward, but he could manage. He left the station, backing through the door carefully, and went up the street toward the carline. There was a deep-buried hurt within him that Sal had not come to meet them.

Junior began to twist and whimper again, and he set the bags down at the corner and put Junior's weight on his other arm. But his muscles were all strained and sore from the down-drag of the two bags, so he shifted him back quickly. It took him a long time to get into the street car and struggle away from the door. The car was crowded with people returning from shows and dinners, and a group of high school kids on the way home from a party sang and giggled and shouted to one another. There wasn't a free seat, and Jerry edged his bags out of the aisle and groped for a strap. Junior began to rub his eyes and cry, so that a woman seated below him held up her hands and said, "Here, let me hold the baby. Come, dear." But Junior wouldn't stay with her, and Jerry took him up again hastily to hush his wailing. "Set here," said a young fellow across the aisle, and Jerry sat down hurriedly, ashamed. "Hey, Junior," he kept saying. "We're going to Mamma, Junior. Be a good boy, there, now."

Sal said she had rooms in the old gray house, second from the corner, right where you got off the car. Jerry stood for a minute getting his bearings after they helped him off. Then he gathered up his two bags and with Junior twist-

ing and sliding under his arm, went wearily along the street and up the steps. There was a dim light in the hallway that showed bare stairs, chipped free of paint in great worn patches. "That's right, Mister McNeal," said the lanky, stooped old man who answered the door. "Right ahead to the end of the hall."

He knocked, and the door swung wide, the very way Sal would do it. "Oh, honey." It was Sal all right, in her soiled old flannel bathrobe. She snatched Junior into her arms and kissed his dirty, tear-stained face over and over. "Oh, my little baby." Jerry set down the suitcases and waited. He was ashamed that he should be wanting the baby to draw away and cry. But Junior didn't. He sat solemnly inspecting his mother and permitted her caresses. Jerry waited, the twisted grimace on his face again.

Sal looked up from the baby on her lap and then, suddenly, tumbled him on the couch beside her and came to Jerry. "How're ya, old boy," she said and reached up for his kiss. "Gosh, am I glad to see you! I've been awful lonesome."

"Me, too, Sal." He held her in his arms and looked at her. He thought her eyes were puffy and tired, and her porous skin was sallow, with the rouge all off. "We thought maybe you were sick when you didn't come to meet us." He said it, as nearly as he could, without reproach.

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry. But when I'm on my feet all day, I just about die at night. I didn't *dare* come down, even though I'd intended to, because I get headaches if I don't rest evenings. And

there's too many others waiting to grab my place."

"Sure, you oughtn'ta come," he said gently. He was one great ache of love for her. Still gently, he slid one arm lower and picking her up, laid her down, stretched out, on the couch. "Now you stay there," he said. "I'm the man of the house now." He stopped short, then went on because the silence sounded worse. "You got to mind me nights, see? I'll get Junior ready for bed. Mom's got me all trained." He leaned over and kissed her again.

"Well, then, big boy, go ahead if you're so bossy." She laughed, turning on her side to watch, her arm tucked under her head. "We've not got a private bathroom except that lavatory. You can wash him up here. I think there's some milk in the west end of the cupboard."

"I'll have him in bed in a jiffy," said Jerry grinning at her. He didn't know the grin was still twisted. He turned his back to her while he hauled off Junior's leggins. He kept thinking of Snyder's item in the *News*. He knew just how it would read.

Mr. Jerry McNeal and little son, Junior, who have been visiting for some weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip McNeal, left yesterday to join Mrs. McNeal in Des Moines, where she has employment.

Maybe he might leave off that last, about the employment. Jerry went to the cupboard and found the half-bottle of milk. He was acutely conscious of the bare, much-worn furniture, of the open door through which he could see the bedroom. He tried not to think of Sal's puffy eyes as he poured the milk into a glass. Maybe he'd get used to it after a while.

PROVINCIALISM: NEW STYLE

CAREY McWILLIAMS

I.

IN California, once the season of rain and mist has vanished, the sunlight glistens on a world supernally green. It is not the "green-dense and dim-delicious" world of the poets of the English countryside. Rather it is a world of freakish greenery, so bright that it is slightly sickening. I have never found this sensationally green world accurately described; its peculiar quality is elusive and indefinable. Once an elderly essayist nearly captured it: "it is a bright emerald hue, and has a sheen upon it which is like that upon the rind of green fruit, but much stronger. This appearance is very rank, and looks as though it would come off on your hands." Once this world begins to take form out of the dampness of incessant rain, an annual phenomenon occurs. Persistent rumors begin to circulate in Los Angeles that the desert is in bloom. These rumors are at first whispered about in a quiet and confidential manner. In small parties, the curious and eager depart for the desert. Each year the pilgrimage takes place with the fidelity born of a deep devotion. And it is an understandable devotion, for there is nothing quite comparable with the glory of that strange springtime on the Mojave, a spring so sharply in contrast with the lush, rank exuberance of spring in coastal California.

News that the desert is blooming usually circulates some weeks in advance of the fact, a token of the eagerness with which it is annually awaited. There is an exciting quality about this news, coming as it always does just "after the rains are over," that is quite infectious.

By the time that the newspapers are featuring huge photographic displays of the lupine blooming in the Valley of the San Joaquin, the whispers have vanished and the secret is no more. The highways are crowded and the desert is vulgarly invaded.

The colorful animation that comes to the desert is surely the strangest manifestation of spring imaginable. It consists, in the land that is really desert, of a faintly colorful flush that passes across the harsh floor of the desert and along the base of its sculptured hills. This delicate coloring is capable of vanishing as quickly as the shadow of a cloud. There is something perennially astonishing, even to the veterans, in this vision of gaiety and grimness. No garden luxuriance is as lovely as the sight of a dash of verbena flowering in rocky crevices. Yet not a vestige of this iridescent and transitory bloom survives the inexorable second when it is doomed to vanish. Spring on the desert is a loveliness that disappears, like the flush from a startled cheek, before it can be photographed or painted. The spring flowers seem literally to sink into the sand in the winking of an eye.

II.

Victims of this spring-on-the-desert fever, Burgess and I set out, last year, to see the desert in bloom. We drove eastward from Los Angeles, on a paved highway that hummed with impetuous traffic. The road wove in and out through the orange groves for thirty miles or more. In the bright radiance of that cloudless afternoon the orange trees glistened in their rich and indolent luxuriance. The air along the highway

was sweet with the scent of orange blossoms and wild clover. Along the road to the left ran the towering range of the Sierra Madre. Through openings in the groves, we could see the brush-covered arroyos leading deep into the foothills. Mt. Baldy was crowned with a cap of snow and violet shadows were creeping down the long slopes to the east. Near San Bernardino, we took the highway leading toward the desert and the traffic soon thinned to an occasional car at long intervals. On entering Cajon Pass, we stopped the car and looked back over the great glimmering plain. Heat had caught the vapors along the coast, fifty miles distant, and held them in a thick gauze-like veil over Los Angeles. The sunlight near the range was almost palpable, cushioned in massive splendor against the baking hills. Along the range to the west the foggy haze had thinned somewhat, and the long slanting rays of sunlight streamed through it in piercing vertical shafts.

Beyond the summit of the pass semi-desert country runs eastward: a vast plateau of land dotted with the awkward and shaggy joshua trees, casting enormous shadows over the low brush and sand and reddish dust. From Victorville, on the edge of the desert, we detoured toward Lucerne Valley. The Valley is a back-pocket of desert land, improperly termed a "valley." It is tableland, harsh and dry and gritty. It lies to the east of the San Bernardino Mountains. Far to the north is Owens Valley, while to the east and north lies Death Valley.

On the plain before us, but at some distance, Burgess pointed out a settlement. It was toward this settlement that we were traveling. We drove hastily, disappointed to find that we had been

lured out to the desert prematurely. There was no evidence of spring on the dry wastes about us and one would have readily sworn that flowers had never bloomed on the harsh and barren slope that stretched upward to the mountains. As we drove along, Burgess told me something about the man who lived in the settlement we were nearing. His name was Lennis. Burgess had known him in New York, years ago. Lennis was an orphan, and, after spending most of his early years in an orphanage, had escaped with a friend and run away to New York. There the two of them, with the aid of some friends that they chanced to meet, had worked their way through City College. Lennis developed quite a flair for business, and made a small fortune vending slot machines. He had lost his fortune, however, soon after his marriage. Not relishing the idea of starting over again, and having a strong hankering to write (from which he had always suffered) he had decided to break completely with the past. Lennis was more than an ex-business man; he had ideas, so Burgess thought, and had settled in this desolate waste that he might develop them in leisure and avoid the prevailing spirit of urgent exploitation. Ideas should be hatched in leisure and in solitude, so Burgess thought—a twentieth-century disciple of Thoreau.

As we approached the settlement, twilight descended. By straining our eyes, we could discern a small cluster of new buildings facing the dusty highway. A man left the store building nearest the road and ran to greet us. He was a young man, tall, and of a substantial huskiness. He was dressed in overalls and boomed a large welcome as he strode up to the car. Losing no time in informing us that we must inspect all of

the new buildings while there was still some light in the west, he ushered us off on a tour of inspection. His manner seemed to assume that we had driven all the way from Los Angeles just to see these buildings. We were marshalled along in helpless silence, innocent and obedient. He was building, unit by unit, a resort-village of the type that is springing up along the edges of the desert, designed to furnish the necessities of existence to neighboring "desert rats," to mulct the stranded motorist, and to provide shelter for visitors to the desert.

First we were shown the new store building, recently stocked with groceries and supplies. I had forgotten the peculiarly pleasant smell of a rural grocery store, a smell in which coffee and leather, and an almost palpable staleness, seemed to predominate. The odor stirred old memories and, for a moment, I felt as though I, too, might be in overalls, and chaps and boots, and my horse hitched to a railing outside.

Near the store was a small restaurant building, its walls damp from a fresh coat of paint. In the fading light that slanted in from the west, aided by the flare of an occasional match, we inspected the decorations with which Lennis' wife had adorned the walls. These extraordinary murals were mostly designs of cactus, interesting even in the tantalizing obscurity of the gathering dusk. Lennis, literally perspiring with enthusiasm, had been shouting at us all the while, explaining, expostulating, and dogmatizing about his establishment in a truly marvelous manner. I don't remember a single thing that he said, but I recall the manner of his speech and the pitch of his enthusiasm—the slightly sophisticated enthusiasm of a cultivated

man for the rough and unvarnished substances about him. The speech was pleasant and precise; it might well have been that of a university lecturer, declaiming about Walter Pater or the Victorian Novel, and yet he was talking all the while about rough lumber, planks and boards, sinks, drains, paint, nails, tin plating, sawdust, and wrought iron. He dwelt lovingly on the details of a tin-plated drain in the kitchen of the restaurant, taking a boyish delight in the manner of its construction. There, too, in that dimly illuminated restaurant, the ghosts of years long forgotten were vividly recalled by the sweet and imperishable odor of freshly cut timber and the sight of a newly opened keg of nails. I suddenly experienced an overweening desire, like the warming impulse of a drink, to drive nails into planks and saw wood, a hungry impulse.

Outside again, we trotted in the wake of Lennis' enormous strides across the gravelled yard to inspect a new garage building and filling station, and, back of these, a row of bungalows. Lennis gave enthusiastic details concerning the garage, the placing of the machinery and work benches, and the arrangement of the windows for light. He had not as yet secured a concessionaire for the garage, he confessed, but he was sure that it would be a matter of little difficulty to induce some worthy mechanic, with a family to support, to live in this lonesome roadside community and run the garage. Standing there beside him in the garage I did not experience any skepticism about the matter myself; in fact, he invested all of his theories with a high degree of probability. My sense of the dubious practicality of it all did not recur until we had been some hours distant from the man.

The cottages had been shrewdly designed; they, too, were freshly painted and each had running water and electric lights. A great portion of the work of construction Lennis had done himself. He had enjoyed it immensely, he said, and I could well believe him. He had personally supervised the construction of the buildings, and had built several of them himself. He built slowly, as his finances permitted. He had been at it now for more than a year. A small power unit was housed in the center of the yard; it tapped a great power line that ran through the valley to Los Angeles. The power station was equipped with showers and above the shower room he had constructed a tower. He propelled us toward an outside ladder and nothing would do but that we must climb aloft and inspect the tower. In the middle portion, above the power room and showers, he had built a studio for his wife. Her drawings and paintings were strewn about the room, and the floor and stands were daubed with paint. There was little light in the sky, and we held drawings and canvasses to the windows without being able to make out more than a few shadowy outlines. From the tower, the surrounding land could be seen for a great distance. Lennis identified the homes of his neighbors for us by pointing out small flickerings of light in the distance. Far to the east, the light of motor cars moved along the highway.

The house in which the Lennis family lived was set back at some distance from the other buildings. It was enclosed by a fence, the yard being devoted to a cactus garden. In the rear of the house, an artesian well spluttered deliciously, dashing water out into a marshy pond in the dark reeds of which some hand-

some ducks quacked and rustled and splashed about.

Having exhausted the features of his establishment that he liked most to exhibit, Lennis finally decided to present us to his wife. She, also, was dressed in overalls, a slight girlish person, as deeply and as handsomely tanned as her loquacious husband. She was rather shy, her reticent answers to our questions being soft-spoken echoes of his favorite sentiments.

Bookshelves lined the porch and the walls of the living-room. On the table were current novels, books of general ideas, several volumes of verse, an English quarterly, and a few magazines. Mrs. Lennis had a few paintings about the room, mostly designs of cactus. "Nothing so hard to draw as the cactus," she quietly volunteered. It was the one remark that she ventured during our stay. From a pile of magazines, she drew one forth for which she had drawn the cover design. And from a desk nearby her husband showed us letters from the publishers of the magazine requesting more designs. In a corner of the porch Lennis had rigged out an office. He had an elaborate system for filing correspondence, improvised from empty grocery boxes and containers. He kept books on all his innumerable doings and transactions, and this corner of the porch seemed to be set aside, and rather consciously dedicated to, the slightly irrelevant Goddess of Efficiency.

III.

They had lived in Lucerne Valley for three years. Neighbors are few and they have no companions. Lennis is the postman (for he has the mail route), merchant, adviser, business counsellor, and general man of affairs for the entire

valley. Aside from building additions to his establishment, his chief pleasure is to hunt for new species of caeti in the desert. I asked him how he had located in Lucerne Valley. The explanation was simple enough; he had seen an advertisement offering cheap land for sale on terms. He had been able to purchase several sections of land with the proceeds from the sale of a magazine article. His idea had been to make the entire establishment pay for itself, eventually, and he had made some headway in that direction.

"I don't know why it is," he said, "but I like this life. We were cooped up in a New York apartment. I was trying to write and Helen was painting. We both got sick of it. I didn't know what was the matter with me until after I had lived here for a year or so and then I discovered what the trouble had been. In New York, I was sick with ideas; other people's ideas and impressions. Here I have only my own, and those that I get from books and magazines. But I have time to digest impressions and ideas now; they don't seep unobserved into my thinking from the very atmosphere around me. But the change has involved far more than I have indicated. Here I split wood, saw planks, dig ditches, sell groceries, and keep books. I wear overalls. You have no idea what significance I attach to the wearing of overalls! We can live here for a year on what it would cost to live in New York for two months. If I sell a story or an article every six months and Helen manages to sell a few magazine covers a year, we can live nicely.

"Moreover, you've no conception of what perspective you get on theories and fancies, that, in New York, seemed oppressive and bothersome. I've been

reading John Dewey's articles about the 'increasing collectivity' of modern society. Here I can measure this observation against the fact that I'm twenty miles from a railroad and about ten from my nearest neighbor. Out here the theories of the psychologists sound like the weirdest nonsense. Why, some one sent me Eliot's 'Ash Wednesday' for review last year. When read on the desert, it has a nice suggestion of the humorous about it. You have something tangible here to measure against ideas; you cannot ignore basic human experience; you are fortified in your own convictions by the assurance that the desert gives of the immateriality of all these excitements generated in feverish editorial minds, minds hopelessly subject to suggestion and rumor.

"The human experience is great. We've approximately fifteen neighbors in the valley. Not a one of them knows or suspects that I've actually written books or that Helen sells magazine covers. It's such an inexpressible relief to know people on a purely human plane; to sell them overalls and canned goods, and to advise them about homestead rights. I'm their grocer, banker, and father confessor. I know them all, their background, experience, and aspirations. I even write letters for them. When I encounter some particularly extravagant notion in the reviews, I sometimes try to think it out in terms of my neighbors and their meager, yet precious, experience. The idea generally evaporates and is seen to have had no foundation whatever in human experience. I wouldn't trade the reactions of my neighbor, Jansen, to an idea for the opinion of the combined editorial staff of a New York weekly. Thought out here isn't modish; there is none of the

unconscious mimicry everywhere apparent in the magazines that we read. But don't think, either, that these people are ignorant. If you talk to them plainly and simply, and in terms that they can not only understand but relate to their own experience, they give intelligent answers to a wide variety of questions.

"We have no sense of loneliness at all, and such discomfort as we have to put up with is really not unpleasant. From the power line we get electricity to run the pumps and stoves, to generate light and to furnish refrigeration. A mail car goes through the valley once a day. We have a radio. Our mail to New York is only a day later than it would be in Los Angeles. And the country, which I'll admit is ugly as hell at first sight, has its charms. I selected it because it was ugly. I had had enough of prettiness in landscapes. In time you like it here: the sun-baked air, the red mountains, the joshua trees, and the infinite variety of cactus. The desert is alive with plant and animal life. I've come to regard the cactus as a thing of beauty. And, in an hour's time, we can be in the mountains and see snow."

While Lennis was talking with Burgess later in the evening, I picked up, from the table, a copy of a novel which had been written by Lennis' friend of the orphanage. It was about their boyhood in the orphanage and their later life in New York. It was dedicated, appropriately enough, to Lennis. The suffocating heat and the rank intensity of the fetid odors of city streets seemed literally to steam forth from the pages of the book. In a highly self-conscious, almost sadistic manner, its author had described the sufferings, the pained and awful lives of dwellers under viaducts. There was a weirdly repressive and tor-

mented quality about the style; something of the squalidness of the story had infected the mind of the author and seemed to be implicit in every line that he wrote. The image that the book kept constantly forcing into my mind was that of a huge and overflowing garbage bucket. Later, as we were leaving, I asked Lennis what he thought of the volume. He roared with laughter and shouted, "It's lousy, perfectly lousy, and I told Jim so." And yet these men, Lennis and the author of the book, had lived that life together. Both had been products of that same experience. Yet one was inflicting intolerable imaginative agonies upon himself by reveling in the vivid impressions of that existence in which lives, soiled and rotting lives, had been pressed together in an insufferable vegetable intimacy. While any remnants of the disease had, somehow, been sweated out of Lennis. The desert had done its work thoroughly; in the dry oven of its sand and rocky wastes, it had baked Lennis to a turn. Gazing into illimitable distances about him and above him had seemed to straighten out the cramped and tortured involutions of his thought. I remembered a frequent saying of Burgess', that "these young intelligentsia suffer from no ailment that a few hours exposure to the warm sun on the rocks, or a sharp wind in the face, would not cure for them, if they had sense enough to believe in such things."

As Burgess and I drove on later that night, the lights of the trading center of Lucerne Valley, home of Max Lennis, grocerman and garageman, gleamed in the afterglow for a long time. A few months later we learned that a part of his buildings had been destroyed by fire, and that he was building new ones.

LET A CIRCLE BE FORGED

RAYMOND G. ENYART

PARKTOWN was swung in the lowest level of the twenty-mile long valley, a thumb of southern prairie which had flowed and dammed itself like dead water against high mountains. White peaks scalloped the rim of Wheat Valley making the rich bottom land a deep bowl of fertility. A shallow river drained the mountain springs and finally guided them over the flat, leaping prairie.

From the top of a long table bench formed by two earth-biting ravines, Spring River looked four times wider than it was. The morning sun glinting the trees turned them water-silver and a slight breeze rippled the leaves into moving water. Only a narrow strip of grey marked where the river flowed.

Such fertile valleys closed about by higher arid lands are common in the West. Sometimes a few foreigners settle along the rivers. Small tracts are made fruitful by the sweat and labor of earth-loving people.

Ten years earlier a searing white ribbon of highway eating its way through Parktown had pulled trade, vehicles and people down to the thriving town thirty-five miles distant on the prairie. Some life had been left in the faded houses of Parktown, other people had built shacks along the tree-lined river.

Maria's father and mother and two brothers had finally moved from Wheat Valley. The men hearing of high wages paid in the railroad roundhouse had promised the slow mother a garden on the outskirts of the growing town. Wearily she had come all this way from Moravia. Just why, she did not know. Her men wanted her to move again.

"What's thirty-five miles?" How could she answer that? "Sure, sure, a big garden. A great garden!" Tiredly she had consented.

Maria, however, did not go. She stayed with Stan, Josef's old uncle and only relative. Then in a few months, as it had been planned even in Moravia, she married Josef.

The foreigners in Wheat Valley, a few Russians, Slavs, and Italians, had no interests outside their own lives. Only an immediate tragedy, seductions or the destruction of property, disrupted their daylight-to-dark lives. The repetitious clacking of old women bowed in a circle over the affairs of their neighbors only emphasized their concern with death, conception and food.

Maria and Josef now lived in a new, two-room shack. Their house was low, sided with black tarpaper and roofed with new red and yellow shingles. Maria was proud of her house, her garden and of Josef. Already he was doing better than their neighbors and they had been married only last winter.

The Stainoffs were making a good living. Josef bossed the section crew of five besides himself and Maria had planted a large garden. Josef's cow, a black spotted creature, gave more milk than they could use. Maria would have been put to it finding a use for all the rich milk if old Stan had not given her a sow pig for a wedding present. Maria had been married in December and here it was May.

"And here it is May and no signs of a son!" said the old women.

Maria knew what they were thinking but she would fool them for a while.

She was emptying a pail of milk and ground feed to her sow. In six months the sow had grown to a large, melodiously grunting creature, a red barrel which ate slowly and grunted contentedly when Maria scratched her bristly back or smooth, round belly.

"Here it is May," said Maria to herself as well as to the sow. "You'll have to be doing something besides digging around cottonwood roots or hunting for mushrooms after a rain."

Maria unhooked the gate. The sow trotted down to the river bank and waded into the shallow water.

The sow was a constant source of marvel to Josef and Maria. When old Stan had brought her over on their wedding day she was a squealing red ball with four short legs and sharp, inadequate hoofs that went "climpcлимп" over the kitchen floor.

"Keep her in the house this winter and next fall she will raise you many fine pigs. Oh! she'll be a good one all right, my Maria."

At first the sow was too small to be kept out of doors. Maria knew that she would have squealed piteously from the cold so she kept the small pig in a box behind the kitchen stove and allowed her to skip over the floor before the daily scrubbing.

Now this spring she had grown into a dark red barrel. But the sow remembered the fine clean ways of her upbringing.

"She's not like other pigs." Maria would say to Josef, "she washes herself in the river where it's shallow by her pen and never wallows in the mud."

The sow did not wallow in the mud.

She would trot down to the river and lie on the fine gravel while the cool water ruffled her short hair and washed her sides pink and fresh. Often on sultry mornings she waded over to the middle of the stream where lay a tiny island, only four or five times larger than herself. Tufts of water-grass grew among its gravel and the gravel being moistened from underneath sent waves of coolness into the hot mornings. The low island was indeed a choice spot for a sow.

"That's a smart sow of yours, Maria. She's found all the choice spots already. She's not worth as much as Butercup though," said Josef.

"Oh, your cow!" laughed Maria. "She can have only one calf at a time but just think how many fine pigs my sow will have. And since I'm earning the feed for her all the little pigs will be mine."

Josef's cow had calved in April and now a month later she gave a whole bucketful of milk twice each day. Maria earned the feed for her sow by milking each evening. Josef returned too late from the section to do chores and the agreement had been made in jest for Maria knew that she would have to milk anyway. But then too she knew that if Josef had stopped work earlier he would have milked and given her plenty for the sow besides. Maria was proud of Josef.

One evening in the middle of May Josef returned as usual from the section. He was tall, thin, with dark hair and dark eyes that rested softly on Maria. When he bossed the section crew they were brighter and more watchful. Josef walked into the kitchen, ducked under the low door cas-

ing as usual to avoid hitting his head. Maria smiled at him.

"Yes, it's all ready," she said.

She handed him a bucket full of hot water with a cake of yellow soap floating heavily in it. She looked at the soap. It was sending little streams of milky white into the clearness of the water.

"Hurry!" she said to Josef. "And don't leave the soap in the water but take it out."

Josef swung a towel over his shoulder and grasped the full bucket. He went whistling toward the outhouse where he took his evening bath.

"Don't you forget now to take out the soap. Don't splash any more than you can help. And don't forget to wipe off the seat!"

Josef laughed softly and closed the outhouse door. He stripped, threw his dusty clothes on the gravel outside and quickly soaped his golden face and arms. The rest of his body, trunk and legs, was creamy white. With the soap folding richly over his body he looked fat and puffy. Josef laughed at the sight, slapped his bare tight stomach and poured nearly all the water onto the top of his shoulders. He watched the soap thin and skip off his body. He cupped his palm into the rest of the water, splashed it under his armpits and high up between his legs. Then he wiped himself dry, gave the seat a brisk wipe with the towel, wrapped the wet cloth around his fine loins and ran to the house.

Maria always laid out the same clean clothes on the living-room bed, a fresh white shirt and a clean pair of bibless overalls. Josef had two pairs of overalls. Maria washed one pair each day. Laying them flat on the board walk by

the kitchen door she took hot suds and a broom to them. They dried in the afternoon sun and just before sundown, ironed and laid on the white bedspread, they were ready for Josef.

Putting them on in the living-room Josef shouted, "Got the milking all done for your sow?" While dressing he always shouted questions to Maria. Maria stopped clattering the eggbeater and came into the living-room.

"Josef, there's something the matter with our sow. She's been after me all day. Laying down in front of me and all sorts of foolish things. Do you think she's sick?"

Josef buttoning his overalls, laughed. "I know what's the matter with her!"

"Well, you're always so sure. Go out and see, now. I'd hate to have anything happen to her. Such a fine sow."

"I'll look."

Maria smiled and resumed her beating. She knew what was the matter with the sow. Josef could find out for himself.

Josef came back in. "I'll take her over to Stan's boar right after supper."

"Oh," said Maria in a tone which implied surprise. She finished setting the table and turned the omelette for the first time.

After supper Josef enticed the sow over to Stan's with a bucketful of ground feed. She was so tame that with coaxing she would have followed him anyway.

"He's just trying to impress me with his smart ways, as though he was the only one who had thought of that barley."

The full moon was coming up when Josef reached Stan's but Stan didn't

mind. He led the way to the pig pen at once.

After the visit to Stan's the sow adjusted herself to the settling influence which had come over her. As time went on she walked more slowly to the river each day and lay for longer periods on the little round island.

In June, a month later, Maria was busy. The strawberries which she and Josef had set out last September before their marriage needed daily picking. When Josef had gone swinging himself toward the railroad across the river Maria hurriedly set her house to rights and went out to pick berries. Deftly she pushed back the waxy sharp leaves and dropped the sweet berries into a scalded, clean-smelling milk pail. So carefully had she hoed and watered the plants and snipped off the long, searching runners that she picked three whole bucketfuls every day. The first pailful was dumped into her dishpan. (first washed out in hot soda water) for Maria had only two large pails. The shortness of the berry season did not warrant the purchase of a third.

Even though Maria was fresh from her marriage she felt tired and dusty after her berry picking. Taking all the berries out to the cottonwood by the kitchen door she seated herself on the hard-baked ground. Maria kept that spot under the tree well swept with an old broom. She scorned using a pillow. She was proud of her embroidered pillows as well as of Josef and her house. Maria would think of all her possessions as she sorted the largest berries into five-pound lard pails. The largest were not so juicy and fine as the smaller ones but the storekeeper who bought from her preferred them.

"The foolishness of some people."

Often Maria would say this aloud. With her hair unbound, her dress loosened and all the berries picked she was relaxed and self-complacent as she sorted them.

When hulled she set half the smaller berries to stew on the back of the stove. The hot vapors rising from the white dishpan soon sweetened the kitchen and drifted out the window, perfuming the heavy spring air. Maria could tell by the sweetness of the air when she must lift the fruit into jars and seal their redness for winter use.

The sow walking by the window from the river would smell the fruit and stop. She would stand there sniffing and squealing as if Josef's cow did not give rich warm milk and as if she had never tasted fine ground barley and screenings!

"Go away you!" Maria would shout, but tenderly too for she knew that the sow might be feeling for choice things. A pig in her condition! "Even more like a barrel than ever!" And then Maria would toss something out the window.

The rest of the berries Maria enjoyed fixing. With a short round pole she crushed them in her dishpan. To this sweet bleeding mash she added white sugar in proportions which neither Maria nor her mother before her would divulge. She vigorously stirred the mashed berries and sugar with the red-stained pole and then poured the mixture into shallow cream-colored crocks. There would be two whole crockfuls of the thick mixture—red as quick-beating hearts. For three days, in full sun, these crocks would stand on the wooden bench. Three days of heat would turn them, thick and syrupy, into a sweet jam which was poured, uncooked, into

jars and sealed with wax. Until winter none of this jam was tasted at the table. None did Josef have on his hot biscuit. Maria was firm.

When July had half spent itself Maria was still busy. Each morning besides watering her huge garden she must pick the largest of her small early watermelons. Maria walked among the three rows tapping the largest melons with her thumb and next two fingers to select the ripest. Carrying one under each arm she made trips to the garden and back to the house. The storekeeper came for them in the afternoon. Maria selected from the green mound two of the ripest for their own supper. These she put into a braided willow basket, tied a rope to the handle and sunk them into one of the deep river holes. Maria had found this hole and used it every day for she knew that it was too deep for her sow to search. The sow got the rinds after the cool red hearts had been eaten.

That evening Josef and Maria sat under the old cottonwood tree. The full moon rose over the mountains in the north. With great heaviness in her swollen body she cast loose her moorings from a jagged peak and rose, white and slow, into the sky.

"Our sow gets bigger with each change of moon, Josef."

"Yes," and Josef looked at the bloated ball, "twice it has come up heavy like that since our sow was bred. When it swings high again in August she will be nearly ready to drop her burden."

And then Josef held her tight—so tightly that Maria forgot the light-spilling moon. But locked in his arms she knew that by fall the old women

would have things to say and she was glad.

Ever must Maria tend her garden. Her love hovered over the dark leaves and as the month passed she knew that she had gathered well. Next month their store of good things would be still further increased. She would never cease gathering.

In August when the moon was again full the nights were unusually hot. Maria sat with Josef under the cottonwood tree telling how well the garden had produced, how many roots they would have for winter use. She looked up through the leaves at the sky.

"See!" and she pointed, "the moon has a big white circle around her and clouds are coming over her face. A storm that means."

"It will help your garden."

"Yes." Maria's thoughts turned to her garden.

Everything was so still. She sat closer to Josef full of the sense of work well done. Everything was so still for a moment that Maria could say nothing. The sow grunted and stirred uneasily in her pen. A musty odor of straw came from the coop.

"Tomorrow, Josef, you must fill that coop with clean straw. Anytime now our sow will need a clean bed for her little ones."

"I'll do that tomorrow night and she'll be all ready. How does it feel I wonder for a pig to be in her way?"

"I think I'll know soon," and Maria leaned closer.

Josef's embrace was tender.

"What a big circle the moon has!"

Next morning Josef strode off to work at six-thirty. His gallon pail of lunch swinging at his side caught the first rays of sun and Maria moving

from the doorway smiled when she saw him disappear into the willows. She looked at the sky. Small flakes of cloud were piling over one another. Maria remembered the pale circle around the moon and knew that she had work to do in her garden.

Picking up a bucket of milk from the kitchen walk she went to feed the sow. Maria reached over the fence and scratched the soft spot behind each ear. The sow drank deeply and made soft "slup-slup" noises that gladdened Maria. She undid the gate.

"Out of your pen, pig, when you're done." Maria hurried off to her garden.

The dirt around the cucumber and squash vines must be hilled up. "I once saw a rain so hard that it lifted my mother's plants, roots and all, and sent them floating away." Remembrance of this tragedy caused Maria to work harder than ever. She hoed the dirt around the cucumber vines, lifting the trailing ends carefully so as not to break off the green, prickly fruit.

Clouds were sealing the sky and piling iridescent layers over each other. Sunlight, the color of wild honey, was strained more and more slowly through them. Soon the sun would show no longer, Maria thought, wiping her hot face on her apron.

The squash must be hilled up now. Down she went between the two rows, lifting the vines as before. They were covered with trumpet-shaped flowers, butter-yellow against the green leaves.

Maria stopped. Yes, she would do it. Going to the house she returned with a pile of flour sacks and a pair of scissors. She slit a number of the sacks and laid one over a squash vine. On

each corner she placed a rock. There would not be enough sacks to cover all so she selected only the finest vines for protection. She paused with satisfaction. The pollen would not be washed from the blooms and the crop would be heavy.

When Josef came home she could tell him how she had covered the vines with the new unwashed sacks. After an afternoon of hard rain and a morning of hot sun their blue and yellow paints would be nearly bleached from the muslin. Then she would hem them in the evening. As she sewed in the lighted circle, Josef, appreciating her shrewdness, would run his fingers through her loosened hair and praise her.

It was going to rain hard. Maria gathered up her scissors, picked two heads of lettuce for supper and went to the house. By noon the rising wind sent little puffs of dust rolling over the garden and from the fallowed fields higher up the valley great clouds of dust rolled down. The black rain clouds were screened behind them. Maria's white leghorn chickens ran cackling to their coops or stood, agitated balls of feathers, among the chokecherry bushes by the river. Twisting her apron in back and throwing it over her shoulders Maria ran out and shooed them, cackling and tumbling, into their coops. Once again in the house she had time only to close the windows before the storm broke.

Outside the full-leaved skirts of the cottonwoods were whipped and half torn from their trunks. Like sheets of beaten silver the rain came down the river. Thin green leaves were riddled as if by silver bullets dropped from shot towers in the sky. The north wind drove silver against washed green. The

valley seemed to lean south—ready to dip toward the prairie and pour over it. With long sweeps of silver fury the rain broke the vertical line of the trees and thin pointed willows were vibrated southward as though straining their roots to follow the rain.

Maria carefully fastened the living-room window to prevent it blowing open and knocking the potted geraniums to the floor. Through the streaming window she could see the river, black-laced with sticks, rising by the bend. Tall wild golden-glow yesterday reflected tenuously by the clear water, were torn up and sent floating down the river. As Maria turned from the window she saw two struggling balls of white and she cried out for they were two of old Stan's chickens caught by the sudden rain. The high-running river would send them under, sodden masses of feathers.

Shaking her head Maria went into the kitchen to replenish the fire and wash the neglected dishes. Josef should come home soon for it was going to rain all day. The thought of Josef and the smoothness of the warm plates set in the cupboard gave her a feeling of security which was still further heightened by the creaking of the wind-torn shack.

Warmth, knowledge that her chickens were closed against the storm, and the thought of the covered squash vines gave her a sensuous comfort. It was almost like snuggling down under her marriage quilts last winter with Josef's strong brown arms about her. Maria became drowsy with the thought of being held by Josef.

In the warmth the tiny kitchen closed its yellow-stitched curtains about her and she sank into a chair by the white

table. The squash vines were covered and would bear green fruits for winter. Soon she could put up jars and jars of crisp cucumber pickles. Such a store of good things!

A cold blast shot between her shoulders. Josef burst into the room, ducking under the door casing.

"Oh, Josef, you're wet!" and Maria ran to him.

Josef, wet as he was, kissed her.

"Come," said Maria, "I'll get a clean dry shirt for you."

She felt of the overalls hanging on a line by the stove. Lucky she had known it was going to rain and had hung them inside!

Maria knelt before the low chest of drawers. Yes, there it was at the bottom. Carefully she drew out the white shirt and resettled her piles of starched muslin underwear. Josef, she remembered with pride, scorned underwear in the summer. She closed the drawer, ran her fingers lightly over the glossy collar and opened the door to the kitchen.

Josef was standing by the cookstove slapping his bare thighs with a towel, beating the blood back into them with the crisp, hard surface. Maria laughed softly at him. She was always surprised by the way the brownness of his forearms cut off his arms at the elbow. The funny brown V on his smooth chest! She held out the shirt and helped him slip it over his chest.

Doubly secure now that Josef was home, Maria felt a warmth stealing over her like a velvet shroud.

"Josef—" but she left the thought unfinished as he kissed her. He was tingling with the cold, not drowsily content like her.

"What a rain! We saw it coming

down on us. We gave that old car a roll up the tracks and let her fly the ten miles home. Brush was too wet to burn today and tomorrow's Sunday."

Maria nodded and looked at him.

"We beat it right home. Got everything shut up? Chickens?"

"Yes, and the cow went into the shed just before the door blew shut. She's in there now."

"Maybe I'll have to milk her tonight? What do you say? I suppose that fine sow of yours is all snug up?"

"Oh, God!" Maria started, "I don't know where she is. I was almost asleep when you came. And so near her time too!"

"Maria! And she shouldn't get chilled so near her time. If she went over to that island of hers for a bath no telling where she is now."

"Oh, and she always comes up to the window for scraps after her wash. She hasn't come up at all."

Maria flew to the window. There was no spot of island in sight. The water, netted with black, rolled over it. The great rumbling of the flood shook the earth and the window, responsive, quivered in time. A still rock, the house was tumbled by swirling rain, and the river, banks overburdened, roared at the sky. The storm was at its climax, its wild crescendo.

"Josef!"

Josef ran to the window.

"Quick, Maria! Put on my rubber boots. I'll go this way."

Maria flung herself into her clothes. Josef grabbed coat and hat. The door was slammed shut and the small cubicle of warmth was left deserted. Steam began rising from the wet clothes

which Josef had hung on the line by the stove.

Into the water-lashed valley they went, breathless after the shut-in kitchen.

The cottonwoods bent toward the prairie. Except for the great tumbling in their branches, an agonized song to the clouds, they seemed always to have met the earth at an angle so strong was the wind pushing them. The thin fingers of vibrant willows still pointed themselves southward. Maria and Josef needed no directions. The hog pen was deserted. Straw spun on top of rain puddles.

"Pig! Pig!" Josef's voice was a point which could not pierce the roar.

He ran to the river bank. Maria ran after him. Even Josef could scarcely hear her cries.

"Down the river, Maria!"

The rain needled their backs. The wind pushed them on. Lashed and nettled bushes stung their faces and caught their coats with wet arms.

The river beat its vibrating impulses into their ears. Brown waves rose, fell and hurried the sound onward. Eddies formed along the bank, swirled for a moment and then added foam to the heavily driven water. Rain scattered and broke up the waves until at times the river stood still before a cessation of fury loosened the water and away it flowed, harder than ever. The valley was a lake of energy, moving, a flux, a confusion too much to bear.

Maria and Josef stumbled on. The storm was a stinging monster which could not be beaten off. Death was in its wild tearing. No one could hear Josef as he called. For over a mile they hurried straining to see on either side of the bank.

Finally, on the far side of the river, they saw a red barrel struggling on a water covered rock ledge. It was the sow weakly holding her footing after her struggle in the water. He nose was pointed upstream and in her heavy way she stood there half under water and in imminent danger of slipping.

"Oh, pig! Pig!" cried Maria but the sow did not hear her.

There was no way to cross the river. They stood wondering what to do.

A thick log, soaked black by the water, came dipping up and down. The same current which had marooned the sow on the rocks sent the log booming towards the ledge. Maria screamed. Even above the beating rain Josef could hear the crash when the log drove square into the sow's head. She was knocked over and sent floating down the river.

It was all over now. For a mile farther the river was lined with rocks. If the sow had not been killed by the blow square in her head Josef realized that in her stunned condition she would be unable to swim. She was done for he knew.

He stood for a moment and then—"We might as well go home. You'll need dry clothes."

The valley was no longer trying to spill over the prairie. The storm was letting up.

After silently changing his clothes by the fire which Maria had rebuilt, Josef emptied the rain water from the pail standing on the bench outside and went to milk his cow.

While Josef was changing his clothes the rain had stopped. Now a quiet had fallen and wrapped the whole valley in its clasp. A thousand moons shone from the bleeding silver of the earth.

Josef walked along the ridges between the pools guided by the reflections coming from them.

In the moonlight the squares of sacking covered the squash vines with crumpled silver. Josef walked over to them. He saw the colors of the paints and realized what Maria had planned. Poor Maria!

The barn was filled with the warm-scented breathings of the cow. Josef was unfamiliar to her. She snuffed long breaths of him before submitting herself. He milked slowly. His mind was too full to think.

In silence Maria prepared supper. The kerosene lamp lighted the space around the white table. Even though the chimney was polished and the pointed flame turned high, only the table and the yellow-stitched curtains were caught in its rays. In the far corner the stove lids were circled with a red glow, showing because of the dim light. When the fire had been newly laid the stove had sent its warmth in search of the lamp and then as Maria went on with her supper, beating eggs, dividing the lettuce, the heat as though magnetized, met the light. But now the warmth and clean order of her kitchen did not close over Maria bringing drowsy, sensate comfort. Death, destruction was in her consciousness fighting against warmth and security.

"To be sure there is the garden," Maria thought.

But all the great-leaved plants would die. By winter her sow would have brought new, warm-blooded life which in time might nose about and dig under roots or hunt for mushrooms after a rain.

Maria wished that Josef would come in. And yet would he not come with

reproach in his manner? Wouldn't he think her careless, unmindful of their property, their life? He had been so silent when he went out. She could not bear to think of Josef acting that way toward her. She felt like putting some of the strawberry jam on the table. But no. It would seem too much like a funeral feast.

Maria shuddered as she saw the log come bounding into the head of her sow.

"Don't take on so hard dear," said Josef halfway through the meal.

"But—Oh, it was my fault! I should have thought of her."

"No it wasn't. If she had come up to the window as usual you would have noticed her. She must have been so hot that she lay too long on her island. She was so heavy with young that she stayed there until the water got so high she couldn't make it back. You couldn't have saved her."

"She was such a fine sow, Josef. Gentle and so near her time too. How red she was on that bank!"

"Maybe old Stan will give us another when his sow has pigs next month."

"Maybe he will. But it couldn't be quite the same. Not such a clean pig. And think of the ground feeds and barley we've given her!"

"The strawberries bore well this year and the rain will make larger squashes. Maria, you were so smart to cover them up with those sacks. The rain will beat out lots of the paint."

"Yes, I'm glad I thought of that plan to bleach them."

"Now the moon is riding high and tomorrow the sun will bleach them for you. Never was there a better wife than you, Maria."

Josef went around the table and kissed her.

"Oh, Josef I'm so proud of you!" Maria clung to his collar and ran her hand around his warm brown neck.

The feeling of content began to return. With Josef she could feel that way. He was so gentle—and how she loved him just then!

"Maria dear, go to bed and I'll do the dishes."

"I couldn't do that, you must be tired too."

"Tomorrow's Sunday and besides," he kissed her again, "even if it is the middle of summer the bed will be cold tonight. You can warm it!"

"I'll just do that." And almost laughing Maria went into the living-room.

Outside the river complained to its banks. When floating wood scraped against the gravel, Maria, remembering, would start. For many days seeing wreckage washed into the willows or listening to the sympathies of her neighbors would cause her to start like that.

Pain of some sort must always pursue her, but now, under her warm quilt and in the darkness, she was too drowsy to think. The sheets at first cold, she was lying in Josef's place, caressed her with their coarse cleanness. And her hand on Josef's pillow—how proud she was of him, how gentle he was! The thought of new life within her, a small stirring flame which he had helped kindle, gave her happiness. Her joy would grow and sweep over her in waves. As the months passed she could turn to Josef for comfort and assurance.

She could see neither the moon nor

the thousand grimacing moons in the flood. They were hidden. Her joy was safe.

Maria felt strong arms about her. She was half lifted to her side of the bed. Just for a moment the cold of

the sheets clutched at her mind as it went slipping off into darkness. Her body grew warm again and now she was sinking—but even now she could feel Josef's hardness pressed against her breasts.

BOOMERANG

MARY J. ELMENDORF

His wrath like a sullen fire
Smouldered long
Under wet brush and the mire
Of inflicted wrong,
Fogging with smoky ire
Sun and song,

Till out of the far-where came
Elf winds and low,
Fretting his wrath to flame—
To a quick, clean blow
With a marksman's measured aim
At the heart of his foe.

But the weapon he used had a bright
And secret blade.
(Revenge is a fungus of night
Stealthily made.)

And the steel, of subtle strength
And sharpness possessed,
Buried its shining length
In his own dark breast.

And now, though he buttons his pride
About him, coat-wise,
Concealing the wound in his side,
No possible guise
Can soften the sting or hide
The ache in his eyes.

LAND LOVER

ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

There was nothing in the landscape
To make city folks stop to look
A second time. But Jason knew that the nape
Of the neck of his chestnut colt
Was rare satin. He never mistook
The signs of breeding in man or beast—
“Breeding will tell, a dolt’s a dolt
And a king’s a king!” he was wont to say,
“Can’t tell a horse or a man
Till you turn him loose on the range.”

He lifted his head and ran
Keen eyes over long-familiar miles. Strange
How their blueness fondled the familiar hue
Of stark mountain against monotonous sky,
Other men might arrogantly boast: “Mine—all mine!”
But he was a land lover as rugged and shy
As the land that he loved. City folk
Could never know how he longed to possess
What he knew was his own, yet always
Something eluded possession, but woke
Anew the lust to possess. There were days
When he thought he had won, nonetheless
He knew—and who should know better than he?—
That some things are lone and always will be,
That there is something in mountain and hill,
Something inherent in savage land
That man cannot conquer nor bend to his will,
Something that shall, unconquered, stand
The edge of time. Yet he longed the more
As the years went by. There was a bit of blue
Mountain he’d give his soul to subdue . . .
That was sheer beauty . . . but its opposite stood
Defiant and ugly, a prodding menace
To his lust of conquest, an established solitude,
A combative reticence, a stone disgrace
In a land otherwise commonplace
. . . Except of course for that bit of blue . . .
Both beauty and ugliness seemed to say,
“Keep your distance . . . We’ll not be friends!”

Other men came and went away,
"Come," they urged, "it's too lonely here." "That depends,"
He would reply, "on what you call loneliness,
There's one kind you feel when people are by,
When they take your hand and look in your face,
And you know, live as long as you may,
You'll always be strangers . . . and then there's space
. . . You know what I mean . . . where silence is wide
As your vision and as high as the sky,
Where you'll look in vain for a place to hide
Away from yourself. I reckon there's nowhere
But there's some kind of loneliness there,
So I guess that I'll stay where I partways understand
And am partways understood . . . a stoic in a stoic land."
And yet, as youth receded and reluctant years were told,
It seemed that ugliness invaded, beauty grew drably cold.

One night when snow was blowing
And the wind was making a sound
He achieved, in perpetual lease . . . not knowing . . .
Identity with ground.

DROUGHT

MAUD E. USCHOLD

The wheat was burned to copper in the field,
Headed with grainless chaff and brittle beard;
The heat oozed down and sapped the barley yield;
In hollow spears the corn blades curled and seared.
The pastures slowly browned like curing hay,
And dusty weeds sagged ashen in the heat;
Green apples dropped and withered where they lay;
No growing thing was fresh, and none was sweet.
When burning day thickened to breathless night,
The moon stared insolently, red and round;
Men lay, at listless evening, under trees
And slept, if they could sleep, upon the ground,
The hard, hot ground, cracked by the oven blight
Of drought; lay hoping for reviving breeze.

THE BOOK

FRED BAUGHER

The fly leaf said—

t s eliot
Vachel Lindsay
“H. D.”

The street sign said—

Picune Street

The street said—

I am old,
As old as laughter.

I wonder if it hurts old streets
To have hungry young poets
Read t s eliot to them?

Not that I care.

All my dreams are about tomorrow.

I can't stop my book dreaming because it pains yesterday.

If I lean against the Church of Balboa
And chant Lindsay to the bell tower,
That is not the street's business.

ENCOUNTER WITH A DOG

HUBERT CREEKMORE

Because my eyes struck his, the hound has paused
half in flight, lest I throw a stone
for his temerity. He would have nosed
my ankles at a kindly gesture; drawn
my heart (had I not pondered pedigree)
so great his timid loneliness and hope.
If I can feed his mouth, he does not know,
nor if my social class is good to keep.
He merely warms his instinct in my look,
fancies rubbing at my legs; waits
(long after I have turned) with an ache
of fading hope; then derelict, foots
away. His impulse twists beneath no ban.
Foolish dog to waste such good on man.

ORGAN-PUMPER

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT

“FOR heaven’s sake, if that’s all you can find, shut off the radio!”

Mrs. Bouscarron, without comment, obeyed her husband’s command, but not before the first crashing chord from all three consoles of the new organ at the Garrick theater had boomed stupendously through the room.

“Thank you, my dear. That’s better, isn’t it?” Mr. Bouscarron, slightly self-conscious after his outburst, sought obscurity behind his copy of *The Nation*. Why did organ music affect him so eruptively now? Lately it had seemed as if there were organs to bait him at every turn of the dial—the prelude to the “meditation service” at the Central Street Congregational church, the “pre-program” recital of the “great Wur-litzer” with its solo flute and full carillon at the R-K-O theater, the “classical musicale” at the “main studio” itself. He had never known that there were so many pipe organs in the world. Why, until recently, he had regarded the organ as a rather aristocratic instrument, because it must necessarily be so exclusive. And now, just a few days ago, he had read an account of how an enterprising manufacturer had announced a “baby grand” type, with all attachments, for installation in any fair-sized room with a convenient closet adjoining (though whether the latter was to be used for organ or audience the advertiser had not stated). It had been a pretty picture of St. Cecelia they had used to show him—a lovely young girl with an ethereal face, sitting before a keyboard in a dim Gothic chamber, while angels hovered above her, en-

tranced by the celestial strains drawn for the first human time from beneath her fingers. That was in the Dark Ages, however. And it should have stayed there. The angels should have taken just a peep into the future, and shed a few sharp-pointed feathers into the bellows from their candid plumage. Then Cecelia might have remained nothing but an ordinary martyr after all, and he, Mr. Bouscarron, would have been spared to read *The Nation* unperturbed by anything but the perturbations of its editors—which, he had to admit, were not exactly few in number . . . Angels! . . . Bellows! . . . Organs! . . .

As a matter of fact, he knew a great deal about bellows, and organs, and organists—and had once even thought that he knew something about angels. Come to think of it, he had actually been an organ-blower once, in a past which now seemed almost as faded as St. Cecelia’s . . . Organ-blower . . . That wasn’t the word, though. Too literary, too stilted, too “English.” “Pumped the organ,” that’s what he had done. Only the rector would have preserved his equanimity before “organ-blower”; but the rector was famous throughout the diocese for his diction. The rest of the parish would have laughed in your face. So would he, Mr. Bouscarron himself. It was “pumping” he had done, not “blowing.”

Pumping . . . Up, down, up, down. Up, down, up, down. Four good full strokes—round trips that is—would bring the bobbing gauge from the top to the bottom of its slot, if Mr. Maytag weren’t using full organ. But he did love to blare away with all the stops

open and as many of the pedals down also as two human feet could conveniently manage. In which case it was updown updown updown updown until the frenzy had exhausted itself and the little church shivered with echoes for minutes afterwards. Or maybe it was only his, Mr. Bouscarron's, ears. Then for a brief respite the long handle extending mysteriously into the gloomy bowels of the organ was no longer his enemy to be kept lashing updown updown unless he were to be eternally discomfited . . . Ah, the melancholy of an expiring organ . . . The gasp . . . the wail . . . the labor of regained suspiration. The polished handle, thin-waisted where his hands had gripped it, where his sweat had stained and weathered it. Hours of his life, days, weeks! Who could estimate how much of his life had been left in that narrow chasm, some three feet by six, with a chair and a handle for company? And that subtle, that impalpable essence, metaphorically called the soul—what had happened to it within that little fissure, during those hours, and days, and weeks? Who could measure what it might have been if he had never pushed that handle, sat in that chair? . . .

Ten cents an hour he had been paid, which amounted to fifteen cents for the morning service and ten for the evening. Sunday school had been thrown in free, because he was a member of the Sunday school anyway and he felt that he ought to make some offering to the Lord. He had sent in his bill formally on the first of every month to the church treasurer; otherwise he would never have got anything for his labors. Every month for a long time, too, he had wrestled with a brain-cracking problem: should he write "St. Alban's Church, Dr., to

Bruce Bouscarron" or "St. Alban's church to Bruce Bouscarron, Dr.?" . . . Which *was* right, after all? . . . Was he a debtor to the church for the opportunity to serve it, or was the church a debtor to him for his services? The intricacies of the conundrum ultimately having led him to higher metaphysical flights than he could then sustain with sanity, he had confounded his tormenting intellect at a stroke and adopted a brilliant new formula which ran: "St. Alban's Church in account with Bruce Bouscarron." After that he had drawn his dollar a month (or, four times a year when the calendar Sundays favored him, his dollar and a quarter) with a clear conscience.

Those, however, were the rates and concessions for ordinary occasions. Services weren't solid pumping. But, on the rare days when Mr. Maytag decided that his responsibility to his public demanded that he learn a new piece of music, then Mr. Bouscarron reaped double. Twenty cents per hour was the approved rate for practicing—and there were usually two or three five-minute pauses during which he and the maestro discussed their art and its vehicle. After all, playing the organ was a cooperative venture—or adventure, he might almost say. There were human idiosyncrasies in the instrument which must be nursed along, and new ones which might develop. Too much air set it to wheezing and belching like an old man with gas on the stomach. A certain panel of the case flaunted a defiant rattle and quiver which Mr. Bouscarron stubbornly chased all around the frame with a piece of insidiously inserted cardboard, but as soon as he had scotched his quarry in one corner it was likely to break out insultingly in another or even to jump

provocatively to the panel adjacent. Most exciting of all, however, were the times when the b-flat pedal broke loose from all the proprieties and started off to find all its kindred vibrations in the edifice. During practice hours, this fraternizing tendency was not so bad because the guilty object could be moored down at once. But during church time the case was manifestly different. Mr. Bousecarron would never forget the morning when the great tag game had occurred. It had started quietly, with little intimation of the heights to which it would finally rise. Mr. Pintsch, the paid bass soloist, first noticed a slight buzz under the water glass which he kept on his music shelf, and without much thought moved the glass to another location. That was during the "Venite." During the "Gloria" after the first psalm, the rector was seen to adjust the books on his prayer desk with concentrated assiduity, and finally to lean unconcernedly against it with such convincing force that it shifted a couple of inches southward with a suddenness that made him hastily put his hand over his mouth and give a well-bred ecclesiastical cough to show that nothing had happened. But the pursuit had just begun. During the "Te Deum" (no, "Tea Dim" was, he now recollected, the proper pronunciation) the eagle whose spread wings upheld the unnatural burden of the Bible from which the rector had been reading set up an extremely illegitimate twittering. Everyone in the chancel was now getting very jumpy, although the congregation was as yet comparatively tranquil. The "Benedictus" introduced a false calm. Jubilation and relief were written broadly on the faces of choir and rector. Anxiety returned, however, at the very end

of the last verse of the hymn following the announcements, but the *cantabile* of the north hymn board was by that time necessarily so restricted in possible duration that the denizens of the front pews were not sure that they had detected anything more than the accompaniment of two or three bluebottle flies in the memorial window. But the b-flat pedal had merely been leading up to its dramatic climax. As the senior and junior wardens marched up the aisle to receive the alms basins from the acolyte, the central chandelier above their heads burst into such a perfect paean of thanksgiving that each individual light-bulb seemed sure to shiver itself in its ecstasy, and the senior warden was heard to whisper viciously to the rector, "Tell that damned organist to lay off that pedal! He knows which one." For Mr. Maytag was unfortunately rather deaf to sound which did not transpire in his immediate vicinity. And since the problem of extemporaneously transposing his score to another key was too vast for his slender musical resources, the remainder of the offertory anthem and the recessional were played with great lacunae which the b-flat pedal should have filled.

It was after this notable hour that Mr. Bousecarron first saw into the inwards of the engine which he lackeyed. A committee was formed—a delegation, rather. Mr. Maytag, the rector, the bass soloist, the senior and junior wardens, and the janitor . . . Ah, it had been imposing . . . A sort of purification ceremony . . . Obviously, as the senior warden said, something must be done; otherwise he'd leave the church. They'd all leave the church. The janitor brought his hammer and screwdriver, and he and his five disciples all tried

to crowd at once into Mr. Bouscarron's three-by-six chasm. Mr. Bouscarron retreated to the farther end, like a badger at bay, but he would not withdraw. With such an opportunity? Never! With dignity, the panel, every crevice and scratch of which Mr. Bouscarron could draw from memory, was unscrewed. Reverently blowing the dust from his hands, the janitor lifted it from its place, and Mr. Maytag stepped within. Audible was the held breath . . . That mysterious cavity . . . The boldness of a commonplace, even deaf, little organist with glasses . . . Mr. Bouscarron recalled the thrill which the half-glimpse of a wooden box and pipes rising darkly upward into the zenith had given him. Some day perhaps even he might perform a similarly prodigious feat of exploration. Then a thumping, the flare of a match, and Mr. Maytag's round face looming moonlike through the opening once more. "Just a slight displacement," was his matter-of-fact announcement, as if he had been a doctor reporting on a patient. "I think it'll be all right now . . ." Congratulations and an awed retreat, each member of the procession except the senior warden, who didn't believe in such foolery, turning to cock his head brightly at the altar as he passed by.

Of course, weddings and funerals shouldn't be forgotten as purse fillers. Weddings, on the whole, were best, but they couldn't always be counted on. Mr. Bouscarron had never quite made up his mind whether the joy of a wedding or the sorrow of a funeral was more conducive to an obliviousness of the organ-pumper's existence. Probably some of the principals in these ceremonies were actually unaware that an organ needed to be pumped. But he guessed he would

choose weddings. For one thing, he preferred the bridal music in *Lohengrin* to the "Dead March" in *Saul*—these two comprising Mr. Maytag's total repertoire for such occasions. For another thing, when the groom did remember, he was likely to be more impulsive than the chief mourner under similar circumstances. But if he didn't there was no recourse. The monthly bill to the church naturally couldn't include such private enterprises, which were always paid for with little white envelopes labeled "The rector," "The organist," and, usually, "The organ-pumper." It was a point of good manners for none of the three ever to betray any curiosity as to the contents of his envelope while the others were about. Mr. Maytag was a pretty good sort, though, because generally when he saw that his coadjutor had been overlooked he would dig down into his own pocket for a quarter, or even a half dollar, if he had cause from the splendor or impressiveness of the preceding ceremony to believe that he himself had been sumptuously remembered.

Besides, to look at the thing realistically, why should the outsider have known that there was such a being as an organ-pumper? After all, he led a furtive kind of existence, very much like that of one of Lamb's chimney-sweepers. Mr. Maytag, when it was time for the prelude, might stalk solemnly across the chancel in full view of the congregation, but not so Mr. Bouscarron. A special trapdoor had been provided for him from the cellar, debouching into his pumping chamber under the spot where his chair was later established. Great foresight was therefore necessary to remember to remove this chair to a safer location just before he left the place, for after the service was over and all but

the inveterate stragglers had departed it was not considered unseemly for him to show himself, a black-cassocked tail to Mr. Maytag's black and white kite, streaking past the chancel on his way to food and home. But entry was more difficult. Down the basement steps he went, past a pile of ancient, cob-webbed pews, past the coalbin and the furnace, and up again beneath the organ, treading lightly on the balls of his feet so that the boards should not creak. Such a delicate technic had he developed that the ropes and pulleys yielded silently to his blandishments—and there he was, a human motor, ensconced, invisible—for the door to the chancel must be kept shut, except in the hottest of weather, when there was otherwise likelihood of his suffocating. Of course, a tiny window opened high up in the wall, and out of this he could just see, like the Prisoner of Chillon. Through it in spring, summer, and autumn came the sweet noises of the outer world—birds singing, children playing, milk wagons rattling. Nor did he much mind being shut up. The fact that the sight of him bowing and sweating over his pump handle might strike sensitive members of the choir or visiting clergymen as a bit obscene would have been sufficiently good reason for any temporary discomfort he might suffer. To speak truth, he liked to be shut up. It made him feel as if he were on a desert island or alone on the top of a high hill. It gave him a sense of power, of control. For the success, even the proceeding, of the service depended on him. If he stopped, it stopped. He could wreck the best efforts of the rector, the organist, the choir. And yet nobody saw him—almost, nobody knew he was there. He moved silently about his task. He railed at himself if he acci-

dentally knocked against the pump handle and made a noise. The soft, muffled sound of the signal stop bumping against his panel was an insult to him, and he was very distant toward Mr. Maytag after any service when it had been evoked. The fellow ought to realize that he, Mr. Bousecarron, knew the prayer book as well as the rector himself; that he, Mr. Bousecarron, could be counted on to manipulate those bellows so exactly that air would be at the throat of the pipes precisely when it was needed. The tap of the signal stop was like an offensive, overfamiliar nudge in a private part of his anatomy from a person whom he did not like . . .

And all the while the music rose upward, and floated among the beams under the roof; the chanting of the rector's majestic voice rose upward, joining the strains of the organ; upward rose the fumes from the incense, used on great festivals like Christmas and Easter, in spite of all the senior warden could say; even the flames from the seven-branched candlesticks and the Eucharistic lights, which he could now and then glimpse through a crack in the door when his up-down updown brought him to a particular position, seemed to be drawn upward by the same impulse, until they vanished at the tip of their spear points. The two acolytes in their scarlet cassocks and lace-trimmed cottas (which had once disappeared from the sacristy for a whole week—as part of a plot instigated, it was rumored, by the senior warden)—the acolytes passed to and fro, bearing prayer books, cruets, and basins. The processional cross made its sign of benediction at the end of the first choir stall, guarded by the crucifer kneeling beneath it . . . Fragrance . . . Beauty . . . Reverence . . . Peace . . .

What matter if the senior warden was harsh with his family, and his wife failed magnificently to conceal her brow-beaten expression behind the collar of her Hudson seal coat? What matter if Mr. Maytag ran a plumber's establishment and if the traces of white lead and wrenches were not always washed from his hands? What matter if the rector himself had left the parish so precipitately overnight that his family had to remain in the rectory for two months before he dared send for them? What matter if the stories told the vestry about him were true—stories of a Mr. Hyde life in the privacy of his study and in the unsavory districts of the great city near by? These things were past, they were done, the organ focused them all, and blurred them all into one incandescence of recollection.

Mr. Bouscarron laid *The Nation* on the library table and looked surreptitiously around. The quiet of a large house just before bedtime enveloped him. His wife was no longer there. He had not heard her leave, but now the inarticulate voice of water running in her private bathroom assured him that he was thoroughly alone . . .

That three-by-six chasm behind the organ—could its door have shut so tightly upon the boy who had labored and meditated and exulted in it that nothing of him was left in the man who knew that there were no angels any more? . . . The organ . . . Angels . . . The

church . . . God . . . Delusions, all of them, of course . . . Fragrance . . . Beauty . . . Reverence . . . Peace . . . Well, they had all existed once. They had been part of him and they were beautiful. Beauty endured—or so, at least, many poets had assured him. . .

He looked at the radio. Perhaps his wife was right. Perhaps his mind was not so emancipated as he had thought. Perhaps he had not shaken himself completely free after all. These wives sometimes were surprisingly perspicacious in such matters. Embarrassing, now and then. Damned nostalgia. Was a man never to be master of himself and his thoughts? . . . *A la recherche du temps perdu* . . . Not if he could help it . . .

Mr. Bouscarron sat and gazed at the black rectangle of the window . . . Mr. Bouscarron rose and tiptoed over to the radio . . . The water was still running upstairs. . . . Maybe . . . not very loud . . . that "Home Folks" program that always disgusted him so . . . But of course there wouldn't be any organ-pumper . . . Machinery . . . electricity . . . the new age . . . Still . . .

Mr. Bouscarron sat hunched on the radio bench in the dark and pushed the switch. The dial made a yellow spot before him. A vague humming began, far away. He would keep it low—like an echo, perhaps. His wife would never know.

SONG OF INDIAN SUMMER

A Medicine Chant of the American Northwest With a Buffalo Drum, Slow

DONALD K. W. STEVENS

*This is the World of Manitou, by one blue tepee spanned.
Here still by pine and glacier side, by sage and painted sand,
His mighty Braves of granite round a vast horizon stand.
His Totem-buttes of gumbo watch a tawny, lonely land.*

*While here the earth remembers, just before each year is through,
The touch of vanished moccasins, can iron wheel or shoe
Crush from its heart for strangers or their paler gods undo
The Spell of Indian Summer cast once more by Manitou?*

*O Manitou, Great Spirit, though Thy World stay not as planned—
World to the red man sacred, scarred by the white man's brand—
For ever yet, in Autumn, by the magic of Thy hand,
Thine ancient pagan Medicine shall triumph in this land.*

(THE BUFFALO DRUM IS SOUNDING, SOFT AND SLOW):

The tepee fire of Manitou has lost its summer blaze.
And Manitou beside it through the still September days
With kinnikinniek asmoulder in His pipe has puffed a haze—
The sign of Indian Summer to the World beneath His gaze.

Soft through the haunting blueness drifts His old October call.
And soft His failing firelight glows on leaves that float and fall.
But deep it shades the needlefronds, as wood, again in thrall
To Indian Summer, answer with a whisper over all.

And I, half Indian, half white, my own small fire attending,
Now spread and furl my blanket so my signal puffs ascending
In verse on verse may send afar, with skin-drum music blending,
The white man's words for what I see in Autumn and its ending:

(THE BUFFALO DRUM BEGINS LIFTING SLIGHTLY STRONGER IN A STEADY MEASURED ACCOMPANIMENT AS ONE BY ONE THE *Medicine* PICTURES COME):

Far off, from jagged skylines, where the clouds of Summer bled,
The winding ways of water, through a maze of canyons led,
Are traced at last by aspens and by willows gold and red
Against the dark of distance on a green that's never shed.

The branded herds and bleating bands the mountain meadows knew
 Have left the slopes to silence since with every dawn anew
 Even a drove of sunbeams loosed at graze again for dew
 Is baffled by the silver in the shadows' frozen blue.

The foothill gulch is empty now where hoofs of heavy tread
 In fly-time through the willows wore the shady trail that led
 From bunchgrass down to water, and if paws are lightly sped
 The dust can scarce record them, under rustling russet spread.

The creek no longer riots past the boulder and the pine
 But only nursed by lowered springs and snows of timberline
 Its ambered eddies loiter, luring leaves that sink and shine
 With sand and pebbles lonely for the trout's dim shadowline.

No longer to his nestling brood the hidden catbird sings
 For thickets have forgotten all the young and helpless things
 That once had need of leafy screens about the trails and springs
 To shield the life that waited swifter legs or stronger wings.

The ruff-necked drummer thumps no more to set the woods athrill
 But hunts the fruits of briars; and with berry-reddened bill
 The bluegrouse joins a covey and the balsam clumps are still,
 Where once his muffled "booming" throbbed and murmured from the hill.

On rocks whose whistling woodchucks warned of prowlers near in June
 When gophers down the canyon piped a sudden sentry tune,
 The bobcat suns in velvet peace, while, twice an afternoon,
 A "Chicker!" from a pine top tells of nut stores, needed soon.

At sundown in the berry patch the grumpy mother bear
 And clowning cubs are feasting near the chosen winter lair.
 The bull elk's lusty bugling cuts the twilight mountain air,
 The blacktail's neck is swelling and he rubs his antlers bare.

The ranges merge in purple gloom below a lingering light—
 A flame beyond the level cloud and bronze along the height—
 And slowly blend with darkness. Then a call and sound of flight
 Come fleeting down from legions winging southward through the night.

(A PAUSE AND ONE DEEP BOOM OF THE BUFFALO DRUM. THEN QUIET):

A drum whose song is silence, with the clean, reflected glow
 Of vanished fire upon it, as it rises, pounded, slow—
 The Hunting Moon of Manitou comes flooding all below
 With stealthy shadow music that the owl and rabbit know.

Thus, each dusk stealing sooner on the afternoon's last ray,
The hours of freedom widen for the wild that kill and play
Till moonset brings a blackness and a chilly ghost of gray
Slinks everywhere with whispers of the nearness of a day.

But now another phantom, in the half-light scarcely guessed,
Is roaming through the pastures on a grim and ancient quest.
A snort! . . . and hoofs in panic! . . . far-heard bellows of distress! . . .
A dead hush . . . Then a deep howl . . . while a red peak stabs the west!

(THE BUFFALO DRUM RESUMES WITH STEADY THUMP):

The rising sun alone may see the long, untiring stride
With which the big gray killer trots the ridge to the divide
And while the cursing cowman posts a bounty for his hide
He curls in safe siesta on some far-off mountainside.

Yet even here in lonely rest, the last of all his clan,
With senses keenest in the wild he guards as best he can—
Muzzle and ears to every breeze as eyes the distance scan
Lest trap or trick betray him to the pale arch-killer, man.

Thus in the Autumn of his life and of his tribe the same,
With wits and fangs, and heart that's free and only death can tame,
Though friendless, weaponless, alone, he vindicates the fame
His breed has earned immortal in a long, uneven game.

While, far below his watching place, the silences enfold
The sprawl of purple mountains to the prairies dimmed in gold
One other watcher, higher still, his kinsman fierce and bold,
A solitary soarer, shares a vision from of old.

For here beside the red man once these held historic sway,
The wolf the lord of all the night, the eagle of the day,
And both as equal brothers of the red man kept their way
And ruled with him the wilderness, and none so free as they.

The smoky haze is crystal! . . . This is Autumn long ago! . . .
A myriad pinions shake the air! . . . And hoofs the land below! . . .
And passenger pigeons fill the skies! . . . And rumbling deep and slow
The World resounds and trembles to the tramp of buffalo!

And I more Indian than white go down upon my knees—
With white man's cry from savage heart at what my spirit sees
And outstretched arms and Medicine Song before the Vision flees
And buffalo drum that thunders, thunders, thunders on the breeze—

“O Indian Summer Magic, made once more by Manitou!
 “O mighty Sign, revealing, to His children lost and few,
 “The glory still inviolate, the beauty ever true
 “Of that far happy hunting ground that waits above the blue!

“This is the World of Manitou by one blue tepee spanned!
 “O Manitou, Who made this World, for all Thy creatures planned!
 “Oh, ever, while one heart of red is left to understand,
 “Thine ancient love will find its own when Autumn’s in the land!”

(THE BUFFALO DRUM IS LAID ASIDE. IN A LOW VOICE THE SONG OF INDIAN
 SUMMER IS ENDED):

*The old red Chief, inscrutable, with kinnikinnick aglow,
 Is drowsy with His dreaming. And His puffs are few and slow.
 His mystic haze is clearing. And at last He leans to blow
 His breath upon the embers, where the tepee fire is low.*

*Then all the waiting wilderness is hushed beneath the flight
 Of flakey ashes swirling in a cold and fading light
 Veiling the World of Manitou in silence from the sight
 And falling, falling, falling through a wonder-working night.*

*At dawn the white horizons hear a whispered last command.
 And Braves of granite, rising, each in shining headdress, stand
 On guard above the sleeping of a God and of His land
 Under a robe of ermine, by an old blue tepee spanned.*

TIME SWEEPS

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

Now the brief hours close their ring
 About the acquiescent earth,
 So dusk may lift its quiet wing
 And give the sable shadows birth.

Upon the hilltop where in flight
 The flaming lance of day was thrown,
 Descends the evanescent night
 To draw a circle of its own.

The pendulum of life is poised,
 Now bright with sun, now dark with sleep;
 Yet ever high and hopeful-voiced
 The morning songs of living leap.

CRUSADER'S EPITAPH

CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

He had a dream Messiah dwelt
Within a song and on its wing
Would lift the seekers to the light
And make the lesser sing.

That in the song all life should find
Its ego and its ego's love;
That there should flame a light below
And more than light flame from above.

Bestow no tear on such as he,
Who brought one question to its breath;
Who knew that life must live at last
Upon its own destroyer, death.

VINE MAPLE

G. FRANK GOODPASTURE

Blotching steep hillsides a barbaric red,
Flaming long vistas of logged-off wood;
Planted by nymphs to soak up the blood
Of wolf-slain elk . . . the Indian said.

There, high on that slope, what antler bled?
The mighty bull of a herd was downed;
His blood splashed over the trampled ground
To that deep ravine . . . the Indian said!

LATE SUMMER

FRANCES B. HUSTON

Vibrant the summer lies, sheave after sheave,
Pulsing to heat and the long-rolling wind,
Clinging to life lest the warmth should leave
And its fruit be hollow as a man who has sinned.

The birds keep a silence, their love time is gone,
But the heat is enough of a benison,
And silence as lovely as ever was song—
Oh, stay on, summer, stay long, stay long.

BED TARP

PAUL E. TRACY

Stunned by the stinging moonlight
Lies Baker valley, blanched and unconscious,
Her haystacks . . . saddle horses . . . shaft houses
And glistening placer gravels
Transfixed in a silver silence.
Her ancient cliffs on either hand,
Supported by jet shadows, glare
At the moon in pallid and eternal enmity.

Six hundred centuries ago
Some ancestor of mine stood thus . . .
Beside his cave . . . wondering . . .
Trembling in the tumultuous
And terrifying light
Of this same moon;
While before him stretched
His strange world locked
In a moon-lit lacquer.

Demolished with wonder
And the calcium bombardment
He sought his bed, even as I do,
And oblivion.

ONLY FOR TEAS

JANE MORRILL

Delicate and perfect . . .
Amber feathers clasping closely to her hat,
Delicate and perfect . . .
Only for a tea is a lady so beautiful,
Only for driving her dark shining car.
If it were a tryst only deep in her eyes
Or in the curve of her lip there would be
Perfect loveliness. Now there is not a flaw!
But like the people she will meet she is prepared,
And most beautiful as she stands by her car.
A knight by his fiery steed was less certain,
Less proud!

SUTOR

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

HE drew himself up out of the cold surf and sank exhausted to the shingle. He was sick for a long time and it seemed that every atom of his body had its own peculiar pain. His hands were bloody from the rocks; his skin burning from the pounding of the salt sea. All about him there were swirling white mists, clammy and fearful. The wind whined across the water. Spatters of rain came and went, and over all there was the ceaseless boom-ba-room-boom of the combers on the ugly reefs, followed as always by the swish-swish of the surf subsiding.

How he had reached the shore alive he did not know, and for the while he did not care. He remembered he had been standing on the steamer's after deck, warm and dry inside his greatcoat, while he watched the roaring sullen gray of the wake tossing up and down. The captain had warned him more than once he'd better be careful; so had the steward. But he was not accustomed to taking advice. He was Sutor, wasn't he? Owned the ship and a dozen like her. Owned a railroad and two saw-mills. Worth a good many millions. He'd always had his own way, even about standing on the after deck of a ship with a gale roaring astern of her and the sea lifting almost funnel high.

He hadn't thought there was any real danger. Not until he saw that one big comber coming, rising higher and higher, sleek and marbled with green, the top drawn against the sky like a tight line. He had stared at it for just one second too long. He should have jumped for the companion out of the way; but he hadn't. There had been a fearful crash,

and then water everywhere, tossing him about, over his head, half drowning him. The lifting ship had cleared then and the water roared back, slicking him through the rails as easily as if he had been a fragment of rope yarn or a chip of cork.

About the only accomplishment he possessed was that of swimming and he had swum instinctively and furiously. He had for once exerted himself. It had all but killed him to get out of his greatcoat, but he managed it; then luck had flung against him a cork lifebuoy which the water had lifted from its rest against the rail of the steamer and sent adrift, and he had clung to it, lifting and falling mightily on the sullen waves. When his eyes were finally clear of spray and he could look around, the ship had disappeared, lost in the swirling mists. He didn't remember much after that, except that currents tugged at him and in an effort to keep warm he threshed his legs and arms about. And then he had suddenly been in the surf, banged here and there, scraped against rocks, escaping death by a miracle to be flung into the creamy shallows all but unconscious and utterly exhausted.

He groaned and sat up after a while, shivering in the damp mist and the chill wind. The shingle was iron hard beneath him. Crabs scuttled away as he moved, their stalky eyes blank. A few gulls drifted above, crying eerily and swerving at the sight of him. He got to his knees, and then weakly to his feet. There was nothing but mist and desolation. On either side the rocky walls of cliffs rose up and were lost in the sky.

He was in a pocket, my God—a sort of cove with shingle running far back until the mist hid it. He did not know what to do. He stared at the great boulders that dotted the shingle, at the clear pools the tide had left between the boulders, at the bunches of kelp and other weeds.

It seemed incredible he should be there. Alone, too. Wasn't he Sutor? He had power. He had had power ever since Old Man Sutor had died; since the old man had left him everything. He had once brought a famous tenor from across the world just to sing for a girl he'd been crazy about! Humph! He had wrecked more than one man because of a whim, hadn't he? Well, at least if *he* hadn't his managers had at *his* order. He had sometimes had a vague idea that no one really thought much of him, but what did he care? They didn't dare tell him so. He was Sutor, wasn't he?

He stared at the swirling mists; he listened to the whine of the wind, the untamed roar of the sea, the whisper of rain on the cold wet shingle. He surveyed the dim slopes of the cliffs, the eery birds, the dull gray crabs, and something whimpered inside him. He shouldn't be there. And he *wouldn't* be there long. He was sure of that. The captain would turn the boat back at once to look for him. There'd be thousands spent, a million if necessary. He was an important man. Everyone knew that.

He stood drooped, shivering. Just the same he'd have to make the best of it for a few hours. He was thirsty, very thirsty. And he was very tired. He did not ever remember having been very thirsty before. But this time there was no one to bring him liquor. There was no use crooking a finger. He moved

disconsolately, swearing up the shingle, aimlessly. Presently the shingle gave way to damp yellow sand, and finally he brought up short against a wall of rock, high and ragged. There were a few tufts of coarse grass growing miraculously in the crevices. The sea birds increased in number, whirled about him, screaming. He saw a few nests, high up.

He turned to his right and followed the wall of rock. There were caves at intervals, gloomy looking places in the mist. He heard water at last and discovered a small trickle gliding down the face of the rock with green moss beside it. He tasted it, cautious, and then drank. That was better. He had never known water tasted so good. He drank again, washed some of the salt from his face and hands. If only he weren't so cold. He pulled out his watch, but it was soaked and had stopped. He wondered how long it would be before the boat came for him. He tried to remember where he was. The captain had said something at lunch about passing close to an island, but he hadn't paid any attention. He wished he had now. He slapped his arms across his chest to keep warm and cursed the captain. Damn him, he should be here by this time.

He went back to the sea and walked up and down the shingle, waiting. He began to get hungry and was anxiously aware that the light was beginning to fail. He was growing so tired he could hardly move, and only the cold kept him from sitting down and dozing. He wasn't in very good condition. He knew that. Nearly forty and pretty thick about the middle. Fat and soft, he supposed. He never had liked work or exercise. Boring. An occasional Turkish bath and a massage kept him feeling

good. No need to work when he could hire good managers to look after his interests. No Turkish bath now. He felt like crying. To have so much and be condemned to walk up and down the wet shingle waiting for a damned boat to take him off!

Night was coming on, and there was no sign of the boat. Nothing but the swirling mists, the roaring sea, the gulls, the crabs, the blank sky. It suddenly occurred to him that the boat might not come. But surely the captain would search for him when he was found to be missing. But now he came to think of it, did they know he was missing, yet? No one had seen him washed over-side. He had been warned not to walk on the after deck and they might have supposed he would heed that warning and had gone to his room. If they thought that, they wouldn't miss him for hours. They'd probably think he was taking a nap. Wouldn't bother about him until dinner time. Then they'd knock on his door once or twice and think he was asleep and let him alone. He often slept like that and woke up very late to have a special dinner served. He was Sutor, wasn't he? But it would be awkward now, if they hadn't yet discovered he was gone. The boat would be a hundred miles away before they thought about him, grew worried. And they wouldn't know just where he had been swept off. They might even put it down to suicide. He shuddered.

For the first time he began to be really afraid. He kept hearing strange voices in the mist; kept thinking he saw strange shapes. He remembered all he had ever read of castaways on lonely islands. He might starve to death before they found him. Or he

might freeze. It was nearly dark now. The gulls had disappeared. The crabs had disappeared. The boom and roar of the sea seemed muffled. In a sudden panic he shouted, screamed, cursed the mist and the growing dark, until he was afraid of the sound of his own voice which the walls of the cove beat back to him. He stumbled about, back from the sea. The sea terrified him. It was so huge, so noisy, so impersonal. It seemed to be laughing. He found a cave at last, back of the yellow sand, where some high tide had flung weed and it had slowly dried. He crept into the weed, huddled into it and crouched down. Slowly he began to accumulate heat, a damp sort of heat; and from terror and exhaustion he dozed.

He had many dreams, or rather picture after picture raced through his half-consciousness. He kept seeing the tight line of the sea's crest as it hovered above the stern of the steamer, before sweeping him away. His feet seemed clogged with lead, his heart seemed to have stopped. Then he was back in his elaborate offices, smoking a cigar and idly listening to his managers reporting the firm's various activities, wishing they wouldn't bother him. Then again he saw his father, Old Man Sutor, who had started as a deck hand and died a Power on the coast. His father had never thought much of him. The Old Man had gone up in the air when he'd been at college and had hired a valet. "What!" the Old Man had stormed. "At your age. Can't even dress yourself!" But the Old Man didn't understand. He'd been raised a deck hand and had never managed to shake off his early environment.

It was the Old Man's eternal com-

plaint that he, Young Sutor, was useless. Always wanting him to do things for himself. Kicked about him having a chauffeur; kicked about his drinking; kicked because he wouldn't go to work in one of the sawmills to learn the trade. What did he want to learn the trade for? He was going to inherit, wasn't he? He could always hire good managers. And his mother had left him an income, anyway. So he'd gone to Europe, pottered about here and there. That had made the Old Man mad, too. "I've been too easy on you," he said towards the last, just before the stroke carried him off. "Too damned easy. I ought to have sent you to sea when you were small. Look at yourself. You're fat as a slug and not yet thirty. You couldn't even blow your own nose. You can't stand on your own feet and you're too damned lazy to learn. Not worth the powder to blow you to hell."

That had been a ticklish time. The Old Man had threatened to leave his money to a distant nephew. He would have, too, if the stroke hadn't come first, snapping him out of life in his hale sixties. A good break. There had been no one to bother young Sutor after that. No one at all. Everyone was pleasant with him. Everyone waited on him. He was a Power on the coast. He had vaguely formed plans of going in for big projects some day, like Napoleon, and showing them all just what he was made of.

He tossed and turned in his dozing, muttering to himself, lulled a little by the roar of the surf at the mouth of the cove. The ship ought to be back for him at any time. He'd take good care to stay on shore after this. He'd only gone on the damned trip anyway on

the insistence of his general manager. Said it would be good for him to visit the foreign agents, good for business. Well, that was over. He'd stick to liners after this, big vessels, safe and comfortable, where you could stay in your suite and drink champagne with the girls. To hell with business.

He awoke with the first grayness of dawn, awoke groaning and cold and wondering where he was. It was some time before he could collect his faculties. He was always sluggish and heavy in the morning. It usually took a drink to get him in shape for the shower. He blinked, stretched painfully, and looked at his hands, all cracked and scarred. He remembered the ship and the sea, the surf, the crabs and the birds, and with a sudden frightened curse staggered out of the little cave to the shingle again.

The mists were still swirling with the wind. The surf still reached white and roaring towards the sea. The gulls still wavered back and forth, crying. Sutor swallowed hard and felt tears of impotent rage and of more potent terror spring to his eyes. Why in hell didn't the boat come back for him? What was wrong with the captain? He lifted his voice and shouted: "Hey! Hey, there!" But only echoes answered, and he grew hoarse at last. He stumbled to find the little trickle of water down the cliff face, drank, and then grew aware that he was hungry.

He didn't know what to do. He had nothing but the surf-torn clothes he stood in. A few keys on a ring, a ruined watch, a few coins, some sodden cigarettes and matches. He wished he had a fire, but he had no idea how to make one. The matches were certainly no good. And then what was he going

to eat? He stared at his reflection in the clear water of a pool and was horrified. He needed a shave. His face was scratched; and there were hollows in the fat cheeks under his haggard eyes. He hardly recognized himself.

He straightened again and looked helplessly about. He tried to remember what it was people did when they were shipwrecked, what he had read on the subject, but he could recall nothing. He walked towards the surf and found the tide had gone far out, exposing some of the rocks. They were sheeted with dark blue mussels, which he recognized. He tore some off, making his fingers bleed and breaking his nails. He hammered the shells open and clawed inside for the slimy mollusk, shuddering as he swallowed it. He wondered how long he could live on raw mussels.

After he had appeased the first pangs of his hunger he gathered together driftwood, with the vague idea of making a fire, but when he had the wood he stared at it blankly. His matches were ruined. He remembered reading somewhere that savages made a fire by rubbing two sticks together, so he squatted down and rubbed two sticks together for half-an-hour, but without result. He flung them away then with a curse and went back up the cove to get a drink.

As the sun rose the swirling mists began to ebb away until he saw a streak of blue sky. He wandered about idly, peevish and sullen, amusing himself by throwing stones at the crabs. He hit one, crushing it, and curiously watched the writhing body until it was still; then he cracked the claws and ate the meat out of them. Well, he wasn't going to starve, anyway! But it wasn't going to be pleasant, either, eating raw

crab meat and raw mussels. He stared at the heaving blue sea from which the mists were fast lifting, but there was no sign of the steamer. He turned and inspected the cove he was in, like a pocket. High cliff walls all around. They ran right out into the breakers, too, so he could not wade around them. He wondered if there were any other human beings on the island. If he could get to the top of the cliffs he'd be able to see, perhaps.

He examined the walls to find what seemed the easiest place, and tried to climb, but he only split his fingers and hurt himself sliding. In an access of sudden rage he dashed at the wall, leaping up, clawing up for perhaps fifteen feet, until he was exhausted and dropped to the bottom again. He gave up after that. Let them come and look for him. They'd have to look. They wouldn't dare go on with the voyage without him. He'd fire all of them.

He disconsolately tried rubbing the two sticks together again. He ate some more mussels. He went back to the end of the cove and drank. He made two or three more futile attempts to scale the cliffs and then gave up in a fit of weeping. He swore aloud, cursed shrilly the sea and the sky, the indifferent gulls, the crabs, the booming surf. Damn them! He sat down and stared at his pile of driftwood, his mind finally a blank.

He roused himself when he got cold, walked about again. There was no sense in his getting worried. They'd come and look for him all right. He remembered he'd been lost once in a forest, wandering away from a picnic party and they'd had the state troopers out all night looking for him. He was *that* important. He imagined right

now the steamer was ploughing back for the island. Or perhaps she was searching the sea for his body. That picture made him shiver. Suppose they did think he was drowned and gave up, went away? But they'd certainly come to the island, wouldn't they? They would make inquiries. He stared at the sea and the sky. Didn't they know he was Sutor, *the Sutor*? They didn't have to be so damned indifferent about it.

He made a few more half-hearted attempts to scale the cliff walls, but soon gave up. The efforts exhausted him. They hurt his feet, his hands, his round body. What the hell! All he had to do was wait. Let the others do the work. He sat down again and talked to himself. And that night, whimpering with cold terror, he crawled into his cave and huddled beneath the dried weed, his teeth chattering and every muscle aquiver. He kept remembering Old Man Sutor's words, in that last interview before the stroke took him, "You can't stand on your own feet and you're too damned lazy to learn." They'd come looking for him soon. What did they think he was paying them for?

It was two weeks before they found him. A laughing half-dozen of young men after gulls' eggs came down the cliff face and stopped abruptly upon beholding the ragged figure bent despondently forward, hands over knees and back to a large rock. Before the figure was a pile of driftwood, at its

feet two sticks that had been rubbed together a little. A large pile of cracked mussel shells and the empty shells of crabs stood to one side. And that was all. The egg hunters walked around and looked. And then they sent for the captain of the steamer, who had been searching the island shores for a washed-up body. The captain came and looked, too.

"He's been here a long time," said the gulls' egg hunters. "Exposure got him."

The captain looked at the pile of mussel shells and nodded, plucking his gray beard. "Exposure and fright," he agreed.

"Funny he didn't build himself a shack," said the gulls' egg hunters. "There's enough wood about. He could have made a fire with his watch crystal. He'd have been pretty comfortable, too; there's plenty of grub around. Crabs, fish, eggs. For that matter he could have climbed up the cliffs. It's only a mile to the village."

"He couldn't climb," said the captain reflectively. "He couldn't build a shack. He couldn't do much of anything and he was too damned lazy to learn. I'll bet a month's pay he just sat down and waited for us to come and find him. I'd say he's been dead about two days."

"Two or three," agreed the gulls' egg hunters. And they took him up the cliffs by one of the half-a-dozen steep but practical paths.

CYCLE

HOMER DECK

“THREE friers, and not too young, either,” was the order I gave Amacher, the butcher. He grinned and said, “Another party tonight, eh?”

He dressed the chickens as I waited, looking at the almost empty trays of cut meat in the show case. “Have a good day?” I asked as he bounced the still bleeding fowl on and off the scales before I could so much as glance to see how much it weighed.

“Not bad,” was the reply. “Saturdays are always good and chickens is selling good these days with people having beer parties.”

“Beer,” I laughed at him. “Who said anything about beer?”

“Oh I’m sorry if I made a mistake, but put them friers in the ice-box as soon as you get home ’cause they’re still warm.”

“Fred’s some guy, isn’t he?” I mentioned to Pete as I got into his Chev and we started off towards his house.

“Ya, that’s the kind of a guy I like; makes damn good sausage, too, if you get in early enough on Thursdays to buy some while it’s still hot. Got a good going business, too, I guess.”

When we got to Pete’s Eve, his wife, and Marian, the girl that stays with them, had the potatoes all cut and ready for French fries and the two kids put to bed, so that all we had to do was to pitch in and cook the meal. Pete’s a good chef, too. He learned when he was in San Francisco. Seems like there’s a lot of things to be learned in a big city.

It being Saturday night we had to work until ten at the hardware store,

where Pete is radio salesman and I keep the books. And we were preparing for a big weekend to last all night with our minds at ease, knowing we had all the next day to get over it in before Monday morning came.

“Beer’s pretty young yet, better take it easy, you birds,” Pete orders as he set up the rack for the spuds.

If there ever was a hot-looking woman in the world, by gee, it’s Pete’s wife. All curves and red-headed. Boy, I’ll bet if you ever get her excited you couldn’t stop her with a locomotive. She doesn’t drink hardly any, though, so I’ve never seen her when she wasn’t just the swellest kind of a woman and the best sport of the whole bunch.

Marian, a blonde, isn’t much. She’s all worn out from working in a coat factory in town. Thin as a rail and her skin all white and unhealthy looking. But she is a woman, and a fellow has always got to respect a girl. She made a brag that she could drink three quarts of anyone’s beer and never feel it. So we named her “Three-quarts.”

There was a G. N. there, too, that had come right from St. Vincents, but she had only a little bit and sat and watched the rest of us. I tried to get her to talk once in a while by making believe that I knew a lot about contraception, anatomy, doctors and hospitals. But I didn’t seem to go over so good.

“Gees, Pete,” I bellowed out, “When do we eat?” I was feeling fine and did not care what happened. All the time he was making a swell batch of spuds on the gas stove. Marian and I downed another glass to see which

could get to the bottom first. I never thinking that which goes down fast may also come up sudden.

I grabbed the livers just as soon as the heaped-up platter hit the table. From then on I really don't know much what happened. I know that I kept trying to impress the nurse with my wordly wisdom and that she didn't seem at all impressed. Wonder why it is we think nurses are such all-wise creatures? In between words I swallowed a couple of wish-bones and second joints and as much more as I could wash down with heavy dark beer. I don't see how anyone else got very much.

All at once I realized that I was sick.

I stumbled into the front room and flopped onto the davenport. The bottom of the world was fast rising to meet the top. And things overhead were tumbling so fast that I didn't have a chance to get out of the way. An express train could have hit me and I wouldn't have budged an inch.

They turned on the radio and the most ungodly music in a falling world blared out. Pete and the blonde began to dance. Back and forth, up and down. The rhythm was the thing that got my goat. I might have straightened out if it hadn't of been for that continuous beat. I could have cried out for them to stop; but I was too senseless. Conscious, yet sickly unconscious. At last they stopped. And my insides hit the roof of my mouth.

I made a dive for the bathroom.

Whew . . .

I came back into the living-room a sadly washed-out young man. Still not caring what happened. Marian had gone to bed.

Sick . . .

"Old Three-quarters couldn't stand the gaff," I snickered, knowing that I had made an ass out of myself. "Guess I'll go home," I said, and opened the front door. The cool night air struck me like a cold shower, but it didn't touch me. The deeper I tried to breathe the less my lungs would fill up.

Eve said that she and the nurse would go along to see that Pete came back. They got into the back seat. I slumped into the jump seat in the front and turned down all the windows. All the air in the world wouldn't have helped me. The car didn't seem to move any at all. Sixty or five miles an hour, I didn't know the difference.

We drove to Cornelius and Pete said that he wanted to find the depot. But he turned down the wrong side-street. I knew that he did, but what did I care if he ever found what he was looking for? We bumped over the railroad tracks so hard that the girls began to get sore, so we turned back. The four miles home were just as long as those going. It took years for a few minutes to go by.

"Do you think you can make it?" Pete whispered, as he let me out in front of the house.

"Sure thing," I grunted, and stepped in the front door and up the stairs.

Never touched a thing, the first time in many an evening that I hadn't bumped against at least one chair while going across the hallway.

Shoes, pants and shirt fell off and onto the floor.

The sheets felt very very soft. A gentle hand slipped over my whole being and removed a great heavy load. I breathed deeply and my lungs expanded eagerly. I slept.

Monday morning when I came to

work I made some sort of an apology about having made a fool of myself. And Pete only laughed and said, "Aw shucks, my wife doesn't care a bit, she's used to that sort of thing."

Next Saturday evening we didn't have enough money to buy chickens, so we had to content ourselves with a ring of sausage from Fred's, rye bread, some Swiss and Cheddar cheese. Quite as good eating as the one the week before, I'll admit, but far from seeming so aristocratic. And on one's big night of the week there is something that makes you want to get the most enjoyment possible out of your money.

I drove my own car this time, still not feeling any too frisky about taking on very much beer. The first glass of the bitter, dark stuff gagged me terribly. Marian didn't even try a single swallow. She said that Pete had given her hell the week before and I laughed at him for being the kind of a guy that gives a girl a drink and then gets sore if she proceeds to get tight.

I somehow managed to eat quite a bit of the sausage and cheese, but I didn't seem to have any appetite. An occasional sip of beer, which tasted more bitter than salts, was all that I could down. A half-a-glass at the most. I only smoked a cigarette between rounds of bread and cheese. But Pete was going good, and his eyes began to get puffed and squinty like they do when he is getting along towards the happy state.

He was running true to form. Just as soon as he had a couple of quarts he wanted to go some place. To his Cousin Al's at Cornelius, and perhaps this time he could find the depot. And he knew that Al had a lot better beer than he did. Eve began to get sore about

his wanting to go down there so late in the evening. I was having great fun and egged him on.

Pretty quick he seemed at the end of his rope and I urged him to down another quart and then we would go to Cornelius. Eve knew that he had reached his limit and it pleased her when she saw that I was not half as anxious to go gallivanting around as I pretended to be. But Pete downed another pitcher full and danced a jig in to the davenport and sat down. Just about all in.

"Come on," I said. "Another glass and we'll go to Portland and get some noodles."

That hit him right and he drank another. "Sure, we'll find a noodle-joint and make a night of it."

He made a dive for the bathroom.

"Sick as a dog," I mimicks him like he did me on the previous Saturday night. The blonde laughed and blew a cloud of cigarette smoke towards the ceiling.

When he come back he didn't want to go any place. "Come on," I coaxed, "let's go down to Coslett's and have a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

At the mention of coffee Eve was all ready to go and we urged Pete out to the car. As he got in he turned down all the windows, his wife bawling him out for letting all the cold air in on her. He said that he couldn't feel a thing.

I drove around a couple blocks and stopped at all of the stop streets just to prove to Eve that I was sober as a church, 'cause she made me sort of sore when we started out by saying she didn't know whether or not I could drive downtown. When she saw that I was stopping at all of the red and

yellow signs she was soon convinced that I knew what I was doing and we went on around to the bar-b-que joint.

Eve ordered coffee and ice cream, Pete coffee and a plate of dills, which were surely the most water-soaked pickles I ever tasted, and I had a hamburger.

Pete began to get noisy in the place with the radio going and quite a lot of people around, all of whom he felt were his friends and he hadn't seen

any of them for a long time. I let him alone until he began to try and sell them radios, washing-machines and everything else that he could think of. Then I knew it was time to go.

I saw him home and left him at the front door begging to be let alone so that he could get some sleep.

Monday morning he sneaked into the office and whispered, "I guess we're even."

"We sure are," I laughed.

CATTLE SHADING IN

GEORGE SCOTT GLEASON

Rather give me tang of leather,
Bark-cloth and mud, blackened buffalo skin
More grossly, more grossly clouded
In the hoof-dust of cattle shading in.
Rather let the slavered even
Running wild music from fang-sharp guitars
Bellow over the tall darkness
Till shivered among the pioneer stars.

Horizons, horizons reach out,
Be my depth, widen my eyes by a thought
Till upon my sight the herds go
Loosened and wild, mooing to storms distraught,
Hoof-trekking along old star-paths,
Wind-torn between the thunder and the sun,
Licking up an arroyo trail
Till herded hell for leather into one.

Lariats go deep and deeper,
Fasten your coils far under, rip and bind,
Wind-riders spur your horses on
Wildly across the country of my mind,
Up a raw-rock canyon coast range,
The cool well of an Alamo to win—
Not for me the brown-field ploughshares,
Rather would I see cattle shading in.

THE OPEN RANGE

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

NORTHERN NIGHTS WITH WOLVES

DUNC STORMS

I. Some Wolves Pass Us By

HERE I was where I had longed to be, within the great North Forest which reaches from the Saskatchewan River to the caribou in the tundra country and from where the Beaver and Churchill rivers meet the Hudson's Bay to the Alberta Rockies. Here I was, in the hunting and trapping grounds of Cree Indians, Bois-brule, Hudson's Bay Company and venturesome white trappers. Would I see tracks of timber wolves?

For answer my side-kick, Johan Vikenberg, recounted a tale of wolves attacking a Swedish army officer returning from a dance in faraway Sweden. To reach home this officer had to walk across three lakes. He crossed the first lake alone, but a wolf pack overtook him on the second lake. In a desperate fight he killed all but one wolf, sheathed his bloody sword and fled for the third lake, where this last wolf caught up with him. When he tried to draw his wolf-killing sword from its scabbard he found the frost had cemented sword to scabbard. When the wolf leaped for this brave officer he thrust sword and scabbard down its rapacious throat and strangled it.

"I seen that sword many times," glared Johan. "My grandfather inherited it from his great uncle who was second cousin to this very officer."

The wind increased and we huddled closer to our camp fire. We had to face the December sub-Arctic night without tent or cabin, for the upsetting of our sleigh at sundown had caused us to portage our outfit up the steep pitch, and now we were eating supper on a jack-pine knoll west of Peck Lake, while our weary team munched oat sheaves and shivered despite being blanketed and between two fires.

Our upset had occurred shortly after passing a Cree camp where squaws and children were busy gathering night firewood. While we were portaging our first load up the hill the cold sun sank, and from the Indian camp came the weird wailing of a band of North Forest Crees singing the passing of another day. Their evening chant was that of a dying people crying their despair.

Snow pellets on the breath of an Arctic wind blotted out the moonrise, and no sooner had we crawled beneath our blankets than far to the northwest came the cry of a wolf pack, faint and high like the fine upper tones from a Cremona, penetrating as the 'cello. Then only the slither of wind-driven snow. Presently from our west came a faint snarling, like dogs fighting down some far alley. Oswalti, our Finn driver, crawled out and replenished our fires. Yi-Yoow! Arooo! The wolves were now north of us. Again that faint snarling. Oswalti pulled up his blankets and laughed: "Fool wolf be much hungry. Chase rabbit on storm."

"How do you know those wolves are not chasing a deer?" I could not hide my astonishment at Oswalti's certainty.

"Deer crazy for light an' when see our fire come here. No come dis way an' when wolfs kill rabbit wolf much mad for rabbit too small for pack so wolf yowls lak dog."

The far, high cry grew fainter, was drowned in the storm slither. Oswalti placed his mitts under his coat pillow and pulled a blanket over his face. "Nuku—sleep," he mumbled. "Wolfs go for big muskeg for chase more rabbits. Nuku." And before I could count ten his snores told me our driver was asleep.

But I had to listen to the storm beating against the forest, crunch of horses' teeth on sheaves, to wonder if the cold that lit-

erally pressed down on us would let us live through the night. I kept asking myself—if this wolf pack were so hungry they chased rabbits in such a storm *why* had they not made attack upon us? Why had they passed right by that camp of Crees in their flimsy tepees? Before they could reach the muskeg the wind would tell them about our horses and the meat we had for provisions. *Why* had this wolf pack passed us by? I fell asleep asking myself.

I voiced my questions to Oswalti in the cold, brittle dawn. The pack cry seemed as remote as the plowed fields of the south settlements.

"Why wolfs don't eat us?" Oswalti remained on his left knee by the frying pan. "Wolfs not eat man for wolfs much fear us."

A pale silver streak to eastward foretold a day of bleak sunshine and I asked myself, did I hear wolves or dream I heard them?

But as Oswalti turned the team into the fork of the trail where a lobstick pointed toward the lake we crossed the track of three wolves. As I studied these tracks I understood why the dog runs with feet spraddled and weaves his course, for contrary to my expectations these tracks were not in line like tracks of fox or coyote but side by side like horse or badger tracks. The tracks of cougar suggest strength but the timber wolf track bespeaks power. Once seen in snow or earth it is among the unforgettable sights.

Oswalti ran ahead of us, picked up a John rabbit's hind foot and grinned: "Wolf likem rabbit. Always leave foot for owl."

II. A Wolf Pack Raises My Hair

The night a wolf pack raised my hair I was still farther within the cold mystery of the North Forest. Timber wolf tracks in the snow were now no new sight to me. I had even the luck to see a wolf far out on Worthington Lake, a black creature resembling a long-haired wolf hound, so fearful of men it had shied from our cabin when a half-mile away.

Our cook, Curley, who had the curliest pate I have yet beheld, was regaling us with how, one night he was much farther north,

a wolf pack had tried to force his cabin while he sent futile bullets through the cabin door. At the dramatic moment when we expected to hear how the wolves shattered the door while Curley shot them from the cabin roof, he began to turn some steaks.

"What about those wolves, Curley?" I ventured when I could no longer keep silent.

"Wolves?" His thoughts were evidently far from wolves. "Oh, yes, wolves. Why as I now recall the situation they suddenly got tired and went home."

I was rising from our supper table when:

Yroo! Yro-oo-o! I felt my neck prickling. Yroo-oo! Right in our cabin yard. Yroo! Yrooo! My scalp lifted, hair stood on ends. Oswalti grabbed his rifle. I had difficulty getting mine from its peg on the north wall. Yroo! My eardrums were cracked. Then a deep throated double bass howl. Even Curley's pate was not so curly.

Where had Doc put that lantern? Where was my flashlight? Yroo! The wolves were retreating. Must smell our guns. Ah! there was the lantern, under my parka. The opened cabin door revealed no gleam of eyes. We searched the tiny clearing around the cabin and found wolf tracks by a huge stump at edge of forest. Forty below air sent us back within cabin for outer garments. Then we went forth into the night shadows made blacker by our dim lantern. As we crossed the clearing came the scream of a frightened John rabbit.

Oswalti had persuaded me to try a sure-get-um wolf trap set. The John rabbit has pathways or trails through the forest which he travels summer and winter. Constant usage packs the snow on these trails so hard I have walked on them. The wolves travel on these rabbit trails because of ease of running and hopes of a meal of rabbit. Oswalti had me set two small steel rabbit traps in a rabbit runway about a hundred yards from our cabin yard. Ten feet beyond I set two big wolf traps. The idea was that a rabbit would get caught in the small traps and his squeals would draw the wolf to the big traps.

So, when we heard the rabbit scream, stumbling over fallen trees, holding rifles ready, we ran to find our wolf. We reached the poplars where I had made my wolf set

with such high hopes. Tracks of one big timber wolf told the tale. From within our cabin we had not heard the first scream which had called the wolves from their sport of howling at our cabin window lights. The scream we had heard was when the wolf had torn the rabbit from a trap after first turning a big wolf trap upside down to tell me I had made a fool of myself. He had carried the rabbit a rod to one side and shared it with his mate and daughter.

"Wolf likum rabbit. Leave foot for owl an' trapper." Oswalti's yawn revealed thirty-two perfect teeth.

III. All Night Wolf Pack Serenade

I had been lucky enough to get my deer first day of open season. Fresh deer tracks greeted my eye as I passed the lobster at the fork of Ministickwan and Little Beaver trails. Half-a-mile up the Ministickwan trail a deer crossed my rifle sights and became my meat. I bled and gutted it, rubbed my mitts over it to tell wolves it was mine and returned the six miles to camp for Johan. Five hours later we staggered across the black ice from the main shore to the island where we had built our cabin, shoulders galled from toting a two-hundred-and-fifty pound buck. Time we had it skinned and hung near the cabin door we were famished for our belated supper. As I gave the dishpan a final sling I called softly to Johan to come outside.

The moonrise shore was a tangle of fire-killed poplar trees from which came the unmistakable cry of a wolf pack which had found the spot where Johan and I had laid the buck in inch deep snow to rest our weary shoulders. Winds had swept all snow from the three-inch black ice and as we again rested on reaching our island Johan had assured me, "No wolves will ever try this slick ice."

But I was apprehensive because our one-hundred-and-fifty-acre island was a triangle with its north point hardly a gunshot from main shore. The cry of the pack under the rising moon was echoed from the west main shore. It was a north night with no wind. Smoke from our cabin stovepipe spiralled upwards, the major stars were blue diamonds, the Mysteries back of the Northern

Lights were beginning their weird dancing and within half an hour wolf packs were serenading us from all sides.

We had three rifles, one shotgun, plenty of ammunition and two axes and hatchets. The only places of weakness to our cabin were our north and south windows made from cleansed glass negatives set in spruce frames. By the weird Northern Lights we laid in plenty of firewood, listening to the chorus of wolf pack howls on all sides of us. The thin, black ice made a perfect sounding board and the hills on the main shores returned each howl with startling vividness.

I have heard Sousa's bands, tried to get a kick from Whitman's jazz, been thrilled with *The Lost Chord* as rendered on several of our greatest pipe-organs, but this night I was listening to the *Lost Chord* as rendered by the North Forest Orchestra.

The wolf pack voice expresses anger, pleading, warning, despair. The bass tones go an octave lower than the deep tones of German Shepherd or St. Bernard dog and ascend to high "C." Bass, tenor and soprano would blend for an instant only to start the packs to more vigorous individual efforts.

Johan and I were anxious to shoot some wolves. As nearly as we could estimate there were five wolf packs. The Northern Lights were so brilliant we could see to shoot almost as well as by daylight. I made frequent trips to the shores of our island to see if any wolves were crossing the smooth ice.

We left the deer hanging by our cabin door and since the main shores averaged half-a-mile from us and I with my uneducated nose have plainly detected the odor from an Indian's pipe half-an-hour after he had passed through the forest, I knew the wolf packs would smell my deer as if they were close to it.

There is some deep mystery about the midnight hour all around our earth. By then the Northern Lights usually attain their brightest. Our forest serenaders resented this, for pack sang to pack until all were warbling at once. Johan with forty years of forest experience estimated fifty wolves. I was sure there were over two hundred.

Toward one o'clock the northern half of the sky was filled with dancing streamers

of mystic light. Twice ten thousand vertical rainbows vibrated above us. The wolf chorus reached a crescendo that finally died to a whimper. I packed more wood into the cabin. Johan was snoring peacefully. Next two hours the packs serenaded us fitfully. The shores became silent. I called Johan and wrapped up for thirty winks.

Delicious odor of frying venison awakened me to behold Johan bending over our cook stove. He straightened up as I threw back my blankets.

"Vell? Vat I tell you. No wolf cross such slick ice. Hark!"

From all the shores resounded the mighty

chorus of the wolf packs and ended abruptly with a great wail of forest wrath. Then the North Forest silences were broken only by rumblings of ice thrust shorewards.

That afternoon Johan and I walked over to give Oswalti a meat offering and as we neared their cabin we heard his voice and Curley's, full, clear, free from any cultural tremolos, beating into our approaching ears—
*O th' Hunter was out in th' wild wood
An' th' wild wolves were howling real wild.
But when wolf see his paces, he say, goody
gracious!*

I never catch that Man-child. Ho-ho! Har-Har! O—hum!

PARTNERS

FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN

Editor's Note: In each of the four issues of *The Frontier and Midland* of 1933-34 Dr. Linderman will relate an anecdote of the Old West.

RED ABBOTT was a trapper, Joe Montgomery a prospector. Both had drifted into the Flathead country without partners. Both were experienced; and they were as different as men could be. Red was tall and thin, his eyes pale blue and cold. His long hair and beard were red, and his temper touchy as a set-trigger. He talked but little, never mentioned his past, and would let whole days go by without uttering a word. Joe was short, inclined to stoutness. His hair and beard were dark, his eyes gray and warm. He was not explosive, never garrulous, and he never swore. He was "good in camp," doing his full share of work there, though his left arm was stiff at the elbow.

I met Red and Joe at Jack Demers' store on the Flathead river in the spring of 1888. They were outfitting there, and so was I. They had known each other less than half-a-day when I made their acquaintance. The Kootenais had been giving a little trouble, so that for company we three "threw in" together, setting out for the upper Swan river country on the 28th of April, Red and I to trap beaver, Joe to prospect the country for placer gold, share and share alike. To me Red and Joe were old men, and yet neither could have been more than forty.

We had eight pack animals, one of them a large Missouri mule named "Biddy," that belonged to Joe. Because I knew the upper country I was given the "lead." Joe took the "swing," and Red the "trail" immediately behind old Biddy; and Biddy was as mean as a magpie. Besides being too tall to pack with ease she would not follow the narrow Indian trails through the forests. She had to be herded, and whenever turned back from her wanderings she would always kick viciously with both heels, so that by the time we made our first camp "Biddy" was a swear-word with Red.

We stopped on the edge of a swale where there was green grass for our stock. Rain had been falling for more than two hours, the night promising to be wet and cold. Lodge poles were handy, so that while Joe busied himself with the packs Red and I pitched an Indian tepee that belonged to me. I noticed that one of Red's hands was bleeding freely. "Hurt your hand, Red?" I asked him.

"Biddy! She kicks, damn her," he muttered, driving a peg out of sight in the soft ground with a single blow.

"I wondered how this happened," I said a moment later, examining an ugly rent in my tepee.

"Biddy! That damned mule packed it all over hell today with me right after her," growled Red glancing over his shoulder at Joe, who was coming toward us with some packs to put inside the tepee.

The day had been difficult. We were yet unacquainted, the brush had been wet, the trail through the spruce timber had been full of bog-holes, and finally rain had fallen. Red and I wore buckskin, and buckskin absorbs water readily, so that we were both wet to the skin. Besides this, herding Joe's unruly mule through dripping bushes had worn Red's temper thin. Joe bared his stiff arm to hold it near the tepee fire, the sleeve of his collarless, red flannel shirt steaming while he briskly rubbed his useless elbow. If he had noticed Red's wounded hand he did not mention it. Red moved back from the fire, spreading his blankets, while I cooked the supper. None of us talked. I knew that nearly all good mountain-men were cranks, and that my new partners were both first-class mountain-men. (I was no longer a mere "pilgrim" myself.)

However, the bright fire, the supper, and the pelting rain that could not reach us mel- lowed the outfit a little. Joe wondered, audibly, if our stock would take the back- trail during the night. Red didn't believe they would. "They got too damned much sense," he said, gruffly. "That is, *most* of 'em have."

I thought his emphasis a little tactless, though Joe didn't appear to notice it. Never- theless I wished that Biddy had never left Missouri. I felt certain that she would yet cause trouble between my partners. How- ever, I would keep out of it. I'd have nothing to do with the mule, and after this I'd pack my tepee on one of my own horses.

The weather held us in our first camp for days, the green grass lending cussedness to Biddy meanwhile. When finally Joe and Red were packing her for a move she sud- denly whirled and let both heels go at Red, breaking the stem of his prized mearschaum pipe short off in his mouth.

"Well, well!" said Joe, mildly, scowling a little at the big mule whose switching tail was challenging all comers.

I saw Red struggle with his temper and

throttle it. "It's jest the life that's in her," he managed to say, spitting out the piece of pipe-stem. "Tell you what I'll do, Joe," he went on, his lips twitching with sup- pressed anger, "I'll trade you that there brown G-Dot geldin' for the mule right now."

Perhaps Joe guessed what was in Red's mind. Anyhow I felt that if Joe accepted the trade Red would lead Biddy out of camp and kill her, perhaps by inches. But Joe would not part with the mule. For weeks Biddy continued to build up a strange enmity between my partners. Red became formal, painfully polite whenever he addressed a necessary question to Joe; and Joe adopted nearly the same tactics with Red; so that our camp conversations were neither long nor interesting. Each drive we made seemed to bring the situation nearer a break. Even the weather, that remained wet and cold, appeared to be conniving with old Biddy to bring on an open rupture between my two partners.

The tension in the tepee tortured me. I began to feel afraid. Nevertheless, Red and I, going our separate ways, caught beaver from every camp. Joe seldom left the tepee, never stuck a pick into the ground, and had not even panned any gravel. I knew that Red must have noticed Joe's lack of in- dustry. I feared that he might accuse Joe of laziness and so open the long-dreaded ball. This I would try to prevent by asking Joe why he didn't prospect.

"You and Red don't set your beaver traps until you see sign, do you?" he asked.

"No," I told him, "not until we see beaver- sign."

"Well, I don't prospect until I see gold- sign; and so far this country is barren of gold," he said.

He was right, though I knew nothing of mining then. As peace-preserver I hastened to acquaint Red with Joe's reason for not prospecting. He made no comment what- ever.

And so things went on until one day Joe left camp early carrying a pick, shovel and gold- pan. I felt a thrill at this. Joe had seen *sign*. Perhaps he might strike pay-gravel. Then old Biddy would be forgotten, and

we'd all be happy. Red, too, appeared to be glad that Joe was at last going to prospect. He actually hummed a lively tune when Joe's back disappeared in the timber. I left him in camp fleshing a beaver skin, and went down to the river to look for a "set" or two.

This was our first clear day. The bright sun gladdened me. Rich grass, tall weeds and countless blossoms were everywhere, and rank. Our stock was rolling fat. The river was rising. June was at hand and beaver trapping nearing its end for the season. However, I set a trap or two, starting back for camp in the middle of the afternoon, wondering if Joe had struck gold.

When near the tepee I heard weeping, loud sobs that stopped me in my tracks and held me there. My fear returned. What could have happened in camp? Had Red and Joe—What *had* happened?

"Thud, thud, thud!" The sound of heavy blows reached me, and then a string of awful swearing followed by sobs that made me shiver. Running a little way toward the camp I jumped upon a huge pine tree that had been overturned by wind. I could see the whole camp now. Biddy, angrily switching her tail, was tied to a fir tree. Red, shaking with sobs, was seated upon a log near the mule. I looked hastily about for Joe. He was nowhere in sight.

Biddy, suddenly, began to pull back on the rope that held her, sitting down like a dog in her frantic efforts to break it. The top of the fir tree trembled. Red, as though prodded with a goad-stick, leaped to his feet

and began to belabor the mule with six feet of a broken lodge-pole. "Whack, whack, whack!" the heavy club landed upon Biddy's shining ribs, head, and rump, accompanied by searing, unheard-of oaths, until, exhausted, Red staggered back to his log to rock himself and sob.

His actions disgusted me, lowering him a long way in my estimation; though I wasn't very sorry for Biddy. She had made our lives miserable. But what if Joe should come in and catch Red beating his mule? I ran into camp. "What you been doing, Red?" I asked, looking again for Joe.

He actually smiled. "By God, I been a-workin' that Biddy mule over for Joe. He won't never do it himself," he said, letting old Biddy go free. "I'll bet you a beaver hide that that there mule will stay in trails from now on," he added, with a quick glance in the direction Joe had taken in the morning.

And the strange thing about it all is that old Biddy *did* "stay" in trails afterward; and because of this Red and Biddy became friends. When one day late in June while we were crossing the range the old mule slipped and fell on a mountainside that was covered deeply with crusted snow, sliding more than a quarter of a mile, pack and all, it was Red who helped her out again, Red who ministered to her badly skinned shoulder and hip. If Joe ever knew what had converted his mule he never spoke of it to Red or me. We split the blanket on the 3rd of July. I was once with Red afterward, but never saw Joe again.

RAIN IN THE NIGHT

JEAN HUNTINGTON

It rained in the night
And the sound filled the room,
And thunder shook the walls
Like the drums doom.

As we lay close together,
So snug and warm,
I was glad for a lover
And glad for a storm!

THE STORY OF BRIGHT-LEAVES-FLYING

ANNICE CALLAND

Long, long ago in the Ancient Time,
Bright-Leaves-Flying, a Swiftwater
woman,
Wed The Raven, a Klickitat youth;
Long ago near the great Snow Mountain.

After a while she sang:

E-dho-he,
Once you came wooing
On mighty wings flying,
Sweeping through the forest,
Sweeping me away
On mighty pinions.
My heart lifted to your heart,
Your heart to mine.
Now you are cruel;
Now you have beaten me,
Many times you have beaten me.
With your child cradled
Upon my back;
I will return to the Swiftwater People,
To my own People;
With my child cradled
Upon my back.
Ho! Mother Bird-Wing!
Ho! Father White Cloud!
I see you leaving
Your home by the shore.
Wait for me, Mother Bird-Wing!
Wait for me, Father White Cloud!
Turn back your canoe
For your weary daughter

Fleeing The Raven
Who follows after
Gaining upon me;
I sink down exhausted.

Bird-Wing hearing
The call of her daughter
Turned back the canoe
Again to the land.

The Hidden One viewing
With greatest displeasure
The strife of mortals,
Was bringing the Ancient Age to a
close;
At that very instant all things were
changed.
The pursuing husband in his marmot
fur robes
Became a solitary standing rock;
Today he is Ko-ko-wiel-tsa, the Marmot
Robe.
The father and mother and their canoe
Became Skei-lob, a peninsula covered
with trees.
The young wife and child became White
Rock,
White Rock standing on the edge of the
sea,
White Rock ever caressed by sea water.
This is the story of Bright-Leaves-
Flying.

HISTORICAL SECTION

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

FAMILY LETTERS OF TWO OREGON FUR TRADERS 1828-1856

EDITED BY PAUL C. PHILLIPS

FOREWORD

The Hudson's Bay traders who came to Oregon in the early years of the nineteenth century were often men of cosmopolitan interests. They were students of the classics and interested in contemporary politics. They were shrewd men, skilled in trading and knowing the ways of the Indian. They all felt that their work in the Oregon country was but a means of enabling them to live some day as great men among the civilized whites from whom they were separated, and yet they were drawn by loneliness to form connections with some of the Indian girls whom they met in trading. They became the fathers of many children and saw the chance of resuming civilized life among the whites grow smaller and smaller.

Archibald McDonald, John Work, and Edward Ermatinger were three of the early Hudson's Bay traders in Oregon. The first was a Scotchman, the second an Irishman, and the third a Swiss. McDonald and Work were sent to Astoria or Fort George in 1823 after the merger of the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company made this a Hudson's Bay post.

Archibald McDonald was born in Scotland in 1790. He was one of the famous Highland clan of the Donalds, many members of which distinguished themselves in the service of the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company. He studied medicine at the University of Edinburgh but in 1812 he quit school and became secretary for Lord Selkirk in whose employ he went to the Red River country. He remained there three years when he returned to Scotland. In 1818 he reentered the service of Hudson's Bay Company.

He came to Fort George in 1823 and soon married the Princess Raven, daughter of the Chinook chief Comcomly, christened on her wedding day Princess Sunday. She died the next year after giving birth to a son, Ranald.¹

This same year McDonald was sent to Kamloops in charge of the Thompson's River district. Some place in that country he met Jane (Jenny) Klyne, the daughter of Michael Klyne, the Swiss postmaster at Jasper House, and probably of an Indian mother. She was a girl of remarkable beauty and character and captivated McDonald, who took her, in accordance with the custom of the country, as his companion and housekeeper. So firmly did his affections for her take the place of other ambitions that in 1836 he married her. She bore him thirteen children and their training became the chief objective of his life.

McDonald was promoted to the office of chief trader in 1828 and succeeded James MacMillan at Fort Langley. In 1836 he was placed in charge of Fort Colville and in 1842 he was promoted to the position of chief factor, the highest position in the Oregon country. He retired in 1844 and went to St. Andrews, where he died in 1853.

During his residence in Oregon, McDonald traveled widely, mostly on business. He urged the development of agriculture and stock raising in the Northwest and his efforts led to the founding of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company.²

John Work was born in the north of Ireland in 1791. He entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1814 and in 1823 came to Astoria. His first trading venture was to the Flathead country in 1824, and he made a second trip in 1825. In 1831 he became chief trader and succeeded Ogden in charge of the Snake River district. He led trading expeditions to the Blackfoot country, to California, and along the Northwest coast. In 1846 he was appointed chief trader. He was later one of the board of managers for the Columbia department of the Hudson's Bay Company, and still later prominent in the politics of Vancouver Island. He died in 1861. He married Susette Legace, a Spokane half-breed, by whom he had ten children. He too was interested in farming and general trade.³

Edward Ermatinger was born at Elba in 1797, and his brother Francis was born at Lisbon in 1798. Their parents were Swiss who had settled in Canada. In 1818 they both became clerks for the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1828 Edward left the employment "because nothing could induce me to spend the remainder of my life in a country where so much hardship and privation had to be endured, beyond the bounds of civilization." He became a merchant and banker at St. Thomas, Ontario, where he died in 1876. His brother, Francis, or Frank, remained in the Indian country for many years. He retired about 1850 and died at his brother's home in 1857.⁴

The letters here printed from Archibald McDonald and John Work to Edward Ermatinger were copied from the transcripts and originals in the Dominion Archives, Ottawa, Canada. They are contained in cartons labeled "Papers re British Columbia." The originals of the transcripts are now in the Provincial library at Victoria, B. C. The limitations of space prevent the printing these letters entirely but the editor has endeavored to summarize accurately the omitted parts.

PAUL C. PHILLIPS.

¹ Ranald MacDonald, *Narrative . . .* edited by William S. Lewis and Naojiro Murakami (Spokane 1923) gives an interesting account of the MacDonalds.

² William S. Lewis, *Archibald McDonald*, in *Washington Hist. Quarterly*, IX. (1918). pp. 93-102.

³ The *Journals of John Work, 1824 to 1826*, edited by T. C. Elliott, are in *Washington Hist. Quarterly*, III, 198-228, V, 83-115, 161-191, 258-287, VI, 26-49; the *Journal of 1831-32*, edited by W. S. Lewis and Paul C. Phillips (Cleveland 1923) all contain material relating to Work.

⁴ Edward Ermatinger, *York Factory Express Journal, 1827-1828*, edited by Judge C. O. Ermatinger and James White, in *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*. Third series VI, part II (Ottawa 1913). pp. 67-123.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger

Colville, 2 Jan 1828

Dear Ned, our trade is fair. It will be something better than last year. Live stock is doing well. It is our principal care. There is plenty of potatoes and barley but scarcely anything else eatable as we have received no supplies from the Flat Heads nor have I heard from them since they left us . . . I am glad Frank⁵ has escaped from New Caledonia I think he will be better in Columbia.

Lest they take it into their heads to stick me inland next summer again, please bring me up 2 or 3 lbs of tea, a 2 gall kg of sugar . . . and keep it to yourself when you come up here for whom they are. Perhaps you could also manage to get us a gallon or two of spirits for the place . . . Bring a few spare candles with you, in the spring, if the F. Heads dont bring some out we will have none nor wherewith to make any here.⁶

John Work to Edward Ermatinger

Colville 28 March 1829

Dear Ned, I regret your leaving the country . . . and I am pleased at it because I have every expectation . . . that your talents and prudence will ensure your doing better elsewhere than subject yourself long to the privations and fatigues of a barbarous country in expectation of that which, when it becomes your due you have the mortification of seeing given to another . . . The trade is much as usual, the farm was very productive, my exertions are highly approved by the great folk but from all I can learn regarding the disposal of their favors . . . their approbation is all the remuneration I am ever likely to receive, and a very poor reward, I look upon it to be, so much so that

I have come to the determination of following your example and try my fortune in quest of something more substantial in some other part of the world . . . I will probably be compelled to remain another year. . . .

Birnie⁷ has been sent on a trading voyage coastward with the vessel. There is great confusion in preparing for war with the Clallans . . . but little bloodshed. . . . We did not arrive here till the 19th of August when we were too late for the upper ports summer trade. Have just heard that Frank [Ermatinger] has killed an Indian for horse stealing and that the whole tribe has vowed vengeance. . . . My little partner presented me with another daughter in the winter which can not be considered a fortunate circumstance in this part of the world. Frank⁸, I understand has a fine boy. . . .

At the F. Heads and Kootenai Mr. Dease⁹ and Kittson¹⁰ were troubled by the Americans who are wintering numerous in that quarter,¹¹ and though they have very little benefitted themselves they have considerably injured us. These adventurers have been very unfortunate last year. Captain Smith¹² on his way from California along the coast with a number of horses had his whole party cut off by the Umquashes and lost all his property, he and his men barely escaped with their lives. McLeod went to recover it and partly succeeded. . . . I have had interviews with the governor. No hopes and I will quit in a year.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger
Ft. Langley, 5 March 1830

There is a gradual advance of the fur trade notwithstanding opposition. This year

⁵ Frank Ermatinger, brother of Edward Ermatinger.

⁶ The Flatheads traded tallow from the bison killed east of the mountains for the making of tallow candles.

⁷ James Birnie, an old Scotch employee of the Northwest Company who had commanded Fort George before it was taken over by the Hudson's Bay Company.

⁸ Frank Ermatinger's wife was Catherine, daughter of William Sinclair and a niece of Mrs. John McLaughlin.

⁹ James Warren Dease came over in 1816 as clerk for the Northwest Company. He soon became chief trader and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company upon the union of the two companies in 1821. He was in charge of the Saleesh House on Clark's Fork in Western Montana from 1826 to 1828.

¹⁰ William Kittson came over as clerk of the Northwest Company in 1819. For some time he commanded the Kootenai Post on the Kootenai river. After his death, his widow, Eleanor, daughter of Finan McDonald, married Captain Richard Grant.

¹¹ These Americans were doubtless independent of "free" traders who sold their furs to the Rocky Mountain Fur Company whose western rendezvous was at this time on Green River. Jedediah S. Smith of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company had visited Saleesh House in 1824-25. Harrison C. Dale, *The Ashley Smith Exploration* (Cleveland 1918) pp. 97-100.

¹² Captain Jedediah S. Smith of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

we would have exceeded 2000 [skins] had we only had the blankets, but no, not a *single one*. Consequently were obliged to keep our tariff up to 3 or 4 skins—while Jonathan and Ouvrie in the Portage gave the blankets for a solitary beaver." Dr. M[cLoughlin]¹³ is greatly harassed. His temper is become much ruffled and that he is himself the cause of much of his trouble and unhappiness . . . He is to be with us till '32 and I believe Connolly¹⁴ then takes his place."

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
Flat Heads¹⁵ 19 March 1830

Dear Ned, Hope you soon decide on your new business. You are missed here. Last year affairs went on much in the usual way except that on account of moving the fort nearer the water side, there was a greater degree of confusion than usual, and since, I understand things are still worse owing to the opposition roused by the Yankees. The war expeditions every summer has also increased the stir since your time. The expedition against the Clatsops was successful. Three of their chiefs were killed . . . their village was burnt down and the canoes and every thing else that could be found destroyed. . . . They had removed the greater part of their property so that they expected a visit of the kind which is a strong presumption of their guilt. I am glad to get away from the farm work at Colville where there were 61 acres in crop. You have heard of new promotions. Some of my friends tell me to hope but I was told so many years ago. . . . We are too much out of the way here Ned, and cant if so disposed flatter up old Simon C. F.¹⁶ for the votes. Frank and I have been drunk.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger¹⁷

Ft. Langley, 20 Feb. 1831

[Regarding Jenny¹⁸ and the boys] I already feel the temporal effects of the Govr and McTavish's¹⁹ marriages. She [Jenny] has picked up sense enough to infer from their having changed partners that the old ones were deficient in bearing, and that her own case may be the same when tis my time to visit my Scottish cousins. Tool²⁰ is a stout chap, reads his new testament, and began his copy the other day as he got out of his 7th year. Now Angus is at it. Altogether, my friend, few places in the country would afford me the same facility of teaching them myself. . . . Jenny has now given me a third son.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger

Ft. Langley, 20 Feb. 1833.²¹

Jenny has now her 4th boy, so that with herself and Tool at the head of the class I am in a fair way of having a thriving school, but this blasted coast business will now put an end to that agreeable and interesting pasttime. They must all be moved on to Klyne, and thence to the Red River new academy.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
Columbia River 13 Dec. 1834

Dear Ned, Congratulations upon your marriage. You did well in leaving this country and I wish I had done the same. The new arrangement of the Hudson's Bay Co. is not to my liking. It will provide sooner for the clerks but after a certain period one may be placed on the retired list when no alternative is left but go and starve or live on what

¹³Dr. John McLaughlin became chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1824. He was given command of the Columbia Department and retained this position until 1845. He has been called the "Father of Oregon." Frederick V. Holman. Dr. John McLaughlin (Cleveland 1907).

¹⁴William Connolly, who became chief factor in 1825.

¹⁵Saleesh House, built by David Thompson in 1809.

¹⁶Simon McGillivray, chief factor in charge of New Caledonia and next to Dr. McLaughlin one of the most influential officials of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Northwest.

¹⁷A similar letter of same date to John McLeod does not contain this paragraph. Washington Hist. Quart. I, 258-260.

¹⁸Jenny was Jane Klyne McDonald.

¹⁹Gov. George Simpson, of Rupert's Landing and John George McTavish, chief factor of Hudson's Bay Company.

²⁰Tool was a nickname for Ranald.

²¹A letter to John McLeod of February 20, 1833, similar to the one to Ermatinger except for this paragraph is printed in Washington Hist. Quarterly II, (Jan., 1908) pp. 161-163.

little they may have. You and I are growing old . . . I have now five little girls, had I them a little brushed up with education, and a little knowledge of the world, they would be scarcely known to be Indians.

We have had lots of Americans here this summer and a gang of missionaries with them who have settled in the Willamut with the object of instructing the Indians.²² . . .

[Work then describes a proposed journey to the Northwest Coast.]

John Work to Edward Ermatinger

Columbia River 1 Jan 1836

I returned from the Northwest coast last October. . . . The natives are very numerous, treacherous, daring, savage . . . besides the climate is shockingly bad. I did better than any one before me and am going back. I part from my family more reluctantly . . . than ever on any former occasion. It is too dangerous to take them along. I will be glad when I can leave this cursed country. I should like to settle near you. I am aware that my family, being natives of this country would not be fit for society, but that gives me little concern, they are mine and I am bound to provide for them. . . . This is not a fit country for white women. I shall probably be absent two years this trip.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger

Ft. Colville, 25 Jan. 1836.

I commence this letter to go by the April mail. Frank [Ermatinger] has been here. He has had a flattering letter from Gov.²⁴ but there will be few or no promotions in either grade till the clause in the New Constitution takes effect, and compel resignations in '39. No less than ten factors and invalidated traders are now absent . . . from their duty. They will not retire until they must. Frank talks of getting married. May go to York and if he does will be married. Lots of fine young accomplished ladies now on the other side and no gallants—Chief Factor's daughters too. I have plans for "my young Chinook"²⁵ . . . I heard very favor-

able accounts of him last fall from Mr. Jones,²⁶ and who knows he may turn out a rare exception to the race. Two other boys at Mr. Jones too. Another at Klinas, and one boy and girl here. Another on the way. If cannot make gents of them can set them up as farmers. My wife's butter, cheese, ham and bacon will shine in any ordinary market and I have 3000 bu. wheat and 1500 bu. corn.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger

Colville, 1st April 1836

. . . I thought the safest and least burthen-some course for me to pursue was to close in with the old woman *bout de bon*, and accordingly on the 9th of June after council broke up the whole cortege appeared at the parsonage before the chaplin and assistant chap of the Hon'ble Company, when Archie and Jenny were joined in Holy Wedlock, and of course declared at full liberty, to live together as man and wife and to increase and multiply as to them might seem fit.

. . . All my colleagues are now about following the example [marrying] and it is my full conviction few of them can do better. The great mistake is flattering themselves with a different notion too long—Nothing is gained by procrastination, too much is lost by it. Some there are whom you know, that even do worse—despise, maltreat and neglect their partners when at the same time they cannot bring themselves to part with them. You are aware of your brother's *penchant* towards a connection of this kind—his *chere amie* is more desirable than the generality of her class in the country, and with proper attention to her further improvement would, I have no doubt, make a good wife, and is one that would make Frank perfectly happy. Indeed if he is not absolutely bent on quitting the country he cannot well be off an alliance of this kind now, and this is the very best I can see he can form, nor can I see why he cannot succeed. To be sure it would be a pleasing thing for

²²This refers to the Methodist Missionaries Daniel and Jason Lee.

²⁴Gov. George Simpson.

²⁵Ranald's mother, Princess Raven, or Sunday, was a Chinook.

²⁶Rev. David Thomas Jones conducted a missionary school on Red River. Ranald MacDonald, *op. cit.* I. 14. Note.

all parties to have "the Esquire" to the name, as you say with respect to yourself, before the contract was closed, but where it is so certain in prospective I think on all hands the sooner they are married now the better.

Frank is getting to be very important. . . . He is ambitious to be chief trader—believes he will become so . . . the expectants are numerous while the vacancies are few. The great move in the factors will be about '37. The old traders will, I believe, succeed them, but, conditionally also resign instantly to enjoin [sic] the half interest of that grade. By this measure few old hands will be in the country in two or three years time. Of Frank there are few in the country . . . whose time and conspicuous services are now more entitled to consideration. They may in one or two instances now go back to old deserving characters whom they passed over before, but even at this he ought not to take dud-geon. . . .

As to myself I am still an 85th man—the bar against one slip is against the other. Ogden is the only Factor made since '31. However, the blank intended to be filled up in '37 by old C. T. will, I dare say, be making room for some of the juniors the year following. So that once that object is gained I certainly do not contemplate the idea of remaining much longer in this wilderness.

Taking us altogether we are men of very extraordinary ideas, a set of selfish drones, incapable of entertaining liberal or correct notions of human life. Our great passion is a handsome provision for our children, but, behold, the end of this mighty provision, while we are amassing like exiled slaves; the offspring is let loose in the wide world while young without guide or protection (but always brimful of his own importance) to spend money and contract habits of his own free will and pleasure. The melancholy examples resulting from this blind practice are, I am sorry to say, but too obvious. Much better to dream of less . . . to set ourselves down with them in time, and to endeavor to bring them up in habits of industry, economy and morality than to aspire to all this visionary greatness for them. All the wealth of Rupert's land will not make a *half-breed* either a good person, a shining

lawyer, or an able physician if left to his own discretion while young. Three of them are now at the Red River Academy. Ronald, or if you will have it Toole, was removed there from Pritchard's last summer and now costs me 30 lb. per yr. I want you to look after him—bear in mind he is of a particular race, and who knows but a kinsman of King Concomly is ordained to make a great figure in the New World. * * *

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger
Ft. Colville, 2 Feb. 1838

I recall my voyage to H. B. 20 years ago in The Prince of Wales the voyage and the host of sanguine adventurers stepping ashore in Hudson's Bay with high glee. . . . Davidson died deaf, Williams went to his long home penniless, Brown dropped off in London, Lorilled [?] ended his days in a mad-house, poor McBean went for a grave to India, Stern it is true survives, but miserably enough as a common laborer on the Highlands. This is the picture of 1818. Frank is here. Drank plenty but this is not often. Used to drink hard but can't stand it now. I believe in temperance. I advised Frank to look after the parents of some ladies of R.[ed] R.[iver] Seminary. A promotion is certain. . . . I plan to send two other boys down to Toronto. On subjects of *Bois Brulies* three of them in '36 sons of Factors McLaughlin, McBean, and McLeod, started under Dickson from Buffalo for conquest of Texas. McL. at Long Point was made major and at the Sault Lt. Col; at Fond du Lac he and Capt. McB. had a quarrel with the General [Dickson] and the army broke up. McL. came across to us last fall for the North West Coast. The other two sons of Mars are sent to set nets in Athabasca and McKenzie's River. [There is talk of a railroad to the Northwest Coast.]

The Dr. it is said absolutely goes across this spring.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
N. W. Coast American 10 Feb. 1838

My wife gave me another daughter. . . . There is trouble at Vancouver between the parson and Dr. McLaughlin²⁷ . . . If all I have heard be true their reverences are one

²⁷In a letter dated September 10, 1838, Work described the fight between the Rev. Herbert Beaver, Episcopal missionary to Oregon and McLoughlin, Washington Hist. Quart., II, 261, 262.

of the company's bad bargains. . . We had no Yankee opponent last season and I think I can do them up if they return. . . I can not quit now but am inclined to hang on for 3 or 4 years yet and get 12 or 1300 lb. more. I am aware that in the meantime I am missing the opportunity of having my children educated . . . but at the end of that period the eldest will not be over fifteen.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger
Colville, 1 Feb. 1839

The Dr. has gone to England and Douglas²⁸ is in charge. Black C. F. at Kamloops keeps up row with Squire Fisher. Ogden²⁹ takes great delight in keeping up this kind of party contention . . . they [the U. S.] are a great and enterprising nation, certainly, but . . . may it not be said that the moral and sound voting are lost sight of in the monstrous growth of the Confederation. There is great confusion and hard times there. Much of their present confusion, however, will subside into its natural channels when proper bounds are put to their unfortunate spirit of speculation.

I plan to settle in upper Canada . . . I will send Ronald to the Sault. He has a high character for application for good behavior from Mr. MacCollum.³⁰ I plan in two years to send my other boy to Toronto . . . it will be very hard with me if I let any of them loose in this vile country, tho' that, nevertheless, seems to be the lot of the entire rising generation. . . I must confess, however, that since your time great changes have come for the better . . . in the Columbia. Within the last six months we have had no less than six ministers of the gospel: two Roman C. and four New England Presbyterians. I am to have one here and another at Spokane, the other two join the old missionaries at Nez Perces and Walla Walla. Mr. Lee is the head of the Methodist mission in the Willamut.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger
20 March? 1839

We have a vast number of expectants as sanguine as Frank. . . They know very well

that old clerks and old traders have a greater temptation for remaining than young ones.

Before Ronald went to Red River in '34 I had him myself pretty well advanced in arithmetic—but am doubtful now—Mr. Cochran³¹ writes: "Angus (the little white-headed chap you saw crawling about at Okanagan House) still takes the lead, but Ronald has certain *indescribable qualities*, which leads me to imagine that he will make the man that is best adapted for the world." So far good, still I cannot divest myself of *certain indescribable fears* . . . but in your hands, . . . I feel the grounds for these fears are considerably removed. I should like to give him a trial in the way of business, and with this in view, have him bound to yourself, sir, as an apprentice . . . (form your opinion of '41) which will either confirm all our plans of making a gentleman *tout de bon* of him, or have him enter on a new apprenticeship at any trade he may select for himself. . . His success in the world must depend solely upon his own exertions. . . Above all let him be a constant attendance at church. . . We had him vaccinated some years ago, but, as the inflammation was scarcely perceptible there would be no harm in giving it to him again.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger
Ft. Colville, 2 Apr. 1840

Our friend [Dr. McLoughlin] during his late travels discovered that there are quite enough great men already on both sides the Atlantic to give him any chance of excelling there, and in his wisdom is once more back at the helm of affairs, to give a fair trial to his old hobby of planting a new colony on the N W. coast of America. . . Such a project is in contemplation under the auspices of the Hon'ble Company. An association has been formed called Puget Sound Agricultural Co. with capital of £2,000 already subscribed by H. B. stockholders and the Englishmen in this country in the promotion of interest they can hold respectively in the fur trade; shares are allowed also to clerks and others.

The license for exclusive trade was re-

²⁸James Douglas, who was deputy governor of the Columbia Department.

²⁹Peter Skene Ogden, chief factor, was next to McLoughlin the most important member of the Hudson's Bay Company in Oregon.

³⁰McCullum succeeded Jones in charge of the Red River academy.

³¹A master at Red River academy.

newed by the home government for 21 years more, and another addition to the business is acquired by a recent contract with the Russians for the undisputed possession of a good deal of their trade in that quarter for a period of ten years. So you see our perseverance to keep hold of a good thing as long as we can. Indeed, if you were only able to pacify Jonathan for us the rising class of traders might still find a bone to pick in the wilderness.

Do not . . . suppose that I am myself smitten with this colonization mania of ours. That a large population may in time spring up over that country I do not at all doubt, but with the eye one can see the motley crew of which it must necessarily be composed of every cast and hue. . . . Have read Durham's Report. I hope soon to be free of this blessed country. Am sending Ronald—want your opinion of him. You can imagine the source of anxiety he is to me. I do not like this country for them, yet, how many have done well out of it.

Douglas, Rae, Jno McLaughlin Jun. and a young Finlaysin³³ proceed to the Russian settlements in the spring.

The wife . . . is doing all she can to raise young recruits for her maiden queen. Her 7th son she presented me with . . . in July last. Our missionary neighbors give us a call occasionally which helps to enlighten the scene, usually so dull at an inland port. . . .

So far we have experienced nothing unpleasant . . . resulting from the bad feeling between the two nations . . . but I dare say the boundary line hubbub will bring us into notice. We have a heavy drain to produce the 200 firkins of butter for the Russians.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger

Ft. Simpson, 15 Feb. 1841

The little wife and I get on very well she is to me an affectionate partner, simple and uninstructed as she is and takes good care of my children and myself. I am disgusted with this business. Here I fill with the exception of the Defrats, one of the most important situations in the country. Before I came to it it had created a heavy loss, since

then it has reached a handsome gain. . . . Mr. Douglas was sent on here last summer as superintendent. Through my illness he is now a C. [heif] F. [actor] . . . Frank was omitted in the promotions. . . . A sum annually has been set apart from the Fur Trade to pension off old officers that it is not found convenient to provide for. . . .

The Yankee missionaries are still pouring into the Columbia. A cargo of them arrived by sea last summer and a lot by land across the mountains these brought a wagon with them all the way to Walla Walla. One article of its loading was chairs. Besides all that are in the Willamet, two are established at Nisqually, a Canadian priest in the Cowlitz and I dont know how many protestant missionary establishments between Vancouver and Colvile. A Catholic priest from the states has quartered himself among the Flat Heads³⁴ so that in the Columbia there is no want of labourers for the Vineyard. For the Puget Sound Agricultural Association great expectations are held forth in fact so much so that in a short time furs will not be worth the trouble of looking after.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger
30 Mar. 1842

Canadian politics is confusing. We have a visit of Sir George Simpson and Commodore Wilkes is here and I will try to strengthen our claim to Oregon. . . . Two caravans from the U. S. plan to locate themselves in the Umquia and California . . . The Jesuit college too is in rapid progress under the supervision of Father Desmet, a Belgian, Father Pointe a la Vandee and Mr. Belgamini . . . Paragua is fairly given up for the Flathead plains and the benefit of the hurricane Pied Nois. Desmet was here for his wants in the month of November.

The death of Black and Pambrum³⁵ leave two vacant commissions to fall to Frank and me. Black was murdered by an Indian, Pambrum was killed by a fall from a horse.

Emigrants from R. [ed] R. [iver] are 130 in all. Many of them are the children or grandchildren of Governors Thomas, Bird, Cook, Sutherland, etc. I have the Canadian half of them, or rather the half professing

³³James Douglas, William G. Rae, a son-in-law of Dr. McLaughlin.

³⁴Father DeSmet at St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root.

³⁵Samuel Black, chief factor in 1838. Pierre Crysologue Pambrum was chief factor at Fort Walla Walla.

the R. C. creed, are located on the Cowlitz farms to raise tithes for the priests, and the heretic half on Whitby's Island . . . to be hewers of wood and carriers of water. * * *

Now is the first time in which I have been called upon to preside as one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Indians . . . A new lot of men . . . are come across to settle at the *Racine Amer* alongside my own priests, and as habitants . . . they are in want of enough. But among their *besoins* not one has yet mentioned the words "Beaver Trap." What a change in the world.

My son, in God's name don't lose sight of him until he is fairly embarked in that concern which I believe is the most suitable for every mother's son of them, bad as it has proved for many.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger

Ft. Simpson 11 Oct 1841

I want very much to educate my children. The two who have been at the Willamet are greatly improved but not as much as I expected. . . . They have got a tolerable command of the English language and much pains seem to have been taken with their religious instruction . . . but in other branches they have made little progress.

Black was shot by an Indian. Pambrun was killed by a fall from a horse. We raise potatoes, turnips, cabbages and other vegetables. . . .

John Work to Edward Ermatinger

Ft. Simpson 6 Feb 1844

The undeserved treatment I have experienced makes me wish I had quit the country long ago. My family is now six girls and one boy. I am educating the children myself. The five eldest read the Scriptures pretty well and are making some progress in writing and arithmetic. . . . The universal depression of business has at length reached even the Indian country, furs have been selling badly and what is worse greatly decreased in numbers, this is an evil that there is little prospect of being remedied. The dividends are fallen off greatly. Here matters go on as favorably as can be expected. But the Yankees are annoying us again, a number of their whalers were on the coast here last summer and two of them

winter in Queen Charlotte island and have been picking up a great many furs from us.

I understand a thousand or 1500 of these persevering people have arrived in the Columbia last summer in search of the land of promise at the farthest end of the far West, and with a degree of perseverance truly astonishing, brought hundreds of wagons and droves of cattle with them all the way. It is surprising that these people came so far from a far better country.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger
Ft. Colville, 22 May 1844

I plan to retire with 8-85th and be in Canada in the fall of '46. . . .

Our men of every description have degenerated . . . superannuated and inefficient. We get no Iroquois up now, and all the old ones are either gone or *dehors le* [?] Things are altered for the worse. . . . Senator Linn's military colonists sure enough made their appearance last season, and with them another swarm of Jesuits, now as thick as blackberries in this district. . . . You can scarce but form an idea of the various characters from all nations now strolling to the far west, but all find themselves disappointed. Of the 17 methodist preachers we at one time had in Oregon there are not at present in the field alive, I think three or four. All back to Spokane land again. Those sent out by the A. B. C. F. M. still hold on, but, literally, do nothing. The Jesuits and your Canada priests sound better, they have what they call it themselves *un bon poteau* in the personal countenance of the Dr. [McLoughlin].

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger
13 March 1845, Ft. Colville

[About Ronald]³⁶ As matters have now turned out I am not sorry the young buck was made to look more to himself: but I fear from what you say of his thoughtless and indolent disposition that too much drink may ruin him. I am glad of his experiment. Here, for all I shall do for him again, he may just crawl through life as the black bear does—lick his paws. . . . Instance the awful shock . . . the Dr. [McLoughlin] lately experienced from the irregular and inveterate habits of his unhappy son John, after spend-

³⁶Ranald had become a sailor. Ranald MacDonald, op. cit. 40-44.

ing two thousand pounds on his education in foreign lands too.

Our blind policy of accumulating money for our offspring is bad. This vile passion for the darling "competency" I altogether ascribe to the abominable stand in the gap our seniors were allowed to make for the last 22 years, which . . . worse still infected . . . every poor devil under them, gaping up for an opening from the very first round of the ladder for a whole quarter of a century, the cause of a similar misery without the satisfaction of acquiring a share of the accursed competency. I am now myself, it is true a Factor, after 30 years vagrancy and exile in the wilderness, but this does not change my opinion of the system allowed to prevail. * * * Every year with furloughs, leaves of absence, prolongations of leaves . . . at the expense of—Oh! you can easily guess who. . . . Your brother and I owe our promotions to two singularly rare chances: a savage Indian and a vicious horse. On the footing we now stand neither of us, without a departure from the rules of the last *deed poll* can leave the service before the expiration of 4 years.

Frank has ability. I hear I am to succeed Ogden but do not want the promotion. I am satisfied where I am and there is another better able to take the work. Our Joseph (you know the numerical rank of the sons of the patriarchal family) is now a month old.

Archibald MacDonald to Edward Ermatinger
Montreal, 12 November 1846

"I have made arrangements about not returning to active duty. I am now with all my family about me in Montreal. My eldest son that was an amateur geologist up at Lake Superior last season is now bound for 4 years to a coast engineer here. All the others are at school except Benjamin and the little fellow who came into the world the other day, for whom I am at a loss for a name, having beaten the good old patriarch himself in boys not in girls."

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
Nisqually 10 Jan. 1848

My family is now six girls and two boys. We are in awful want of a school. I am instructing them the best I can . . . There are

prospects of matters all over being more productive than for many years back. . . . Frank [Ermatinger] will give you all the news from the Columbia and Willamet and the swarms of Yankees now there of which some are said to have come in this season. The Yankees seem to have made a mistake in claiming so much and John Bull is looking out. The British sloop of war *Modeste* . . . is now wintering in the Columbia. The American 50 gun frigate was in Fucas straits last summer.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
Vancouver Nov 1846

The tide of emigration still flows into Oregon but not to such an extent as last year, only about 300 wagons are said to have arrived this season. [Hears of Oregon treaty.] Americans have seized California. The British vessel of war *Modiste* is still here and the war steamer *Cormorant* is at Victoria. The Americans had also a 10 gun vessel in the Columbia this summer but she was wrecked going out over the bar . . . The Doctor [McLoughlin] it seems has not such a favorable opinion of the Yankees as formerly.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
Ft. Vancouver 3 Nov 1847

The attendants of old age are showing themselves more and more. A new boy making 9 in all. A heavy charge as matters go now when the almost worthlessness of beaver has reduced enrollments so much. The affairs in my department on the coast have gone as prosperously as last year . . . and were furs to sell well we could do pretty fair. There is a prospect of a school here but I am getting old and must soon look out for a home to leave my wife and little ones in when it shall please God to take me from them.

It is said 400 have come [into the Willamet] in the year . . . and a miserable appearance some of them have. The crops this year have been deficient. . . .

Frank [Ermatinger] is ordered to Athabasca and not allowed to join his family. I can well imagine his feelings but these appear to be little regarded nowadays.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
Ft. Victoria 9 Nov. 1848

Measles are a scourge among the Indians and have killed many. . . . The disease was brought by the American emigrants and spread over the whole country this side of the mountains. In every quarter it was more fatal than even the small pox in 1836. The Cayoose Indians blamed the Americans for bringing the disease among them and in revenge destroyed the mission behind Walla Walla and barbarously murdered Dr. Whitman, his amiable lady and several others. The Oregon people immediately raised a force of 500 men to punish this atrocious [sic] act and passed much time with little success. There was some fighting but few killed. The Americans have cowed the Indians in Oregon tho did not capture Whitman's murderers. Mr. Ogden went with a party of men immediately after the murder and succeeded in getting 64 men women and children out of the hands of the Indians . . . and delivered them to the authorities at Oregon City. The women had been subjected to much indignity.

In May last a gold mine was discovered on the Sacramento river in the Bona ventura Valley California. The news soon spread rapidly and people of all sexes and ages flocked to the spot to share in the treasure, upwards of 2000 have left Oregon. . . . I know the place well and was encamped on it some time ago. . . .

I am going down hill fast. . . . I am approaching three score. There is a prospect of a school I shall leave my family there and visit home. I don't like the Yankee society in this country. Affairs go on as prosperously as can be expected with the great decline in beaver which has caused a heavy loss. There is a prospect of a steamer line from Panama to Columbia. This will no doubt tend greatly to improve the country if the gold in California dont counteract the effect which is to be feared it will at least for a time.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
Ft. Victoria 10 Dec. 1849

We have a little girl added in June . . . making in all ten now. . . . This has been a busy season with me; abandoning Fort Stikkeen and establishing a fort on this Island.

The settlers here include Tod, Dr. Tolime, Capt. Dodd and Capt. Langsten. . . .

On account of the vast quantity of gold mined in California money even among the Indians is so plentiful about the Columbia that it is reckoned of little value, all rank in society is levelled. . . . This influx of money benefits us to some extent but greatly deranges our affairs by the desertions that take place among the men. . . . Common sailors obtain 20 to 30 £ a month, during last summer Indians in the Columbia were getting 2 and 2½ dollars per day. . . . Dr. McLoughlin it is said might obtain \$200,000 for his property and is making money fast. I regret to hear that he lowers himself by keeping a shop and retailing out trifling articles to the Yankees. . . . The Yankees seem much disappointed that you are not annexed before this time.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
Ft. Victoria 14 March 1853

. . . The excitement caused by the gold I discovered in Queen Charlotte Island two years ago has all died away. Several ships . . . resorted there with adventurers last summer but made nothing of it. . . . There is some gold but the difficulty and expense of getting it is more than it will pay. . . . I was up the Nass and Skeena Rivers in the mountains in quest of gold and other minerals. I found gold but the quantity so small and difficult to get that it would not profit. I also found some copper.

John Work to Edward Ermatinger
Victoria, Vancouver Island 8 Aug 1856

. . . I still continue in the service . . . the fur trade still does pretty well, not withstanding many drags upon it and a great departure from the economy of former times. An 85th still brings about £300 a year. . . .

Our Colony is not increasing in population . . . we labor under great disadvantage owing to the bungling of our government at home not having us included in the reciprocity treaty with your Yankee neighbors. We have no market but California to go to where we have no chance to compete having to pay high duty when our American neighbors have none either there or here.

Gold has been discovered at Colville, and

Continued on Page 85

BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of Pat V. Morrisette

Rio Grande. Harvey Fergusson. Knopf. 1933. \$3.00.

"Elfego's celebrated battle, with its social setting and all its antecedents, makes the best picture of six-shooter society on the Rio Grande that I can find." In this genuinely regional book Mr. Fergusson, a writer who has the ability to vitalize language, has chosen the method of vitalizing his material that is illustrated in this quotation. He has gone through his materials from primitive times historically down to present days discovering the "best pictures"—which, incidentally, wherever possible are different pictures from the ones emphasized by earlier writers on this section of the United States. Keeping historically accurate, like the good student he is, he manages to present the spirit of places, peoples, persons, and times, so that the reader comes to know them not with his intellect only but with his emotions and his intuition. The earlier parts of the book succeed in this alchemy better than the later portions. In presenting "The Soul" of a region no similar book of my knowledge is better.

When the subject appeals to Mr. Fergusson he writes not only with energy and dramatic imagination but also with poetic appreciation, as is most notable in "The Dancing Builders." At times, as in his handling of "The Right People," he indulges in amusedly satirical humor. In contrast, the chapter on "Conquerors" impresses one as a necessary task for the writer; and in "Longhorns and Six-Shooters" the writer himself feels that he is going over very old ground, with, however, a fresh "hero."

If every section of the United States that has a spirit of its own—and more sections than our critics of literature know and than our historians will admit if they do know do possess distinctive life—had an equally readable and interpretative book written about it our American literature would have mined a wealth that up to this time has lain buried. Where are the writers in other sections who know and love their regions? Let them come forward. And if they don't know how best to present their material let them use *Rio Grande* as a model.

Arctic Village. Robert Marshall. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. 1933. \$3.00.

Mr. Marshall is a human being who satisfied a very human curiosity about life in an isolated outpost of America by making himself a part of it. He went to the inhabitants of the region with a free-handed and very

real friendship. He has a gift for meeting people unassumingly and uncondescendingly on their level. These Koyukukers recognized his genuine spirit and lived before him just the same life, as free in its expressions, as they lived before he joined them. Neither did Mr. Marshall enter this arctic village as a trained social investigator. Because of these two facts he can present simply and entertainingly a social relationship without disconcerting theories and with a hard sense of reality.

Where the trained investigator would feel need of modifying his material Mr. Marshall is frank; when he would withhold material because it was inconclusive Mr. Marshall presents it for what it is worth. The author has a passion for statistics and he lets his reader feel the warmth of it by presenting many tables of figures—interesting even when of little value.

He divides his account of life in the Arctic Circle into discussions of background, people, economic life, communal life, sexual life, recreational life, and philosophy. Whenever possible he allows the Koyukukers themselves to speak. (Mr. Marshall kept voluminous accurate notes.) An old sourdough tells what he thinks about conditions "Outside"; an Eskimo gives his idea of marriage; samples of white and Eskimo conversation appear verbatim; the U. S. Marshall is shown handling situations. The author, too, has his innings: he thinks that nowhere else in the world of his experience has he found so much happiness. He bases the happiness of these people on economic independence, complete liberty, a sense of individual importance, adventure, beauty, and a capacity for enjoying life as it passes along.

Arctic Village is zestful reading and interesting sociology.

Glory of Earth. Anderson M. Scruggs. Oglethorpe University Press. 1933.

Dr. Scruggs writes with a quiet full joy in nature. Without being a mystic he feels that when man gets away from touch with earth he cuts himself off from sources of strength and beauty, and loses sincerity, simplicity, capacity for normal appreciation. Having such firm rooting in earth he is aware of instruction for man in natural phenomena and sees life and death in terms of them. The didactic note is therefore frequently struck in these poems. The reader feels, too, a tendency to retreat from civilization.

The workmanship is always adequate and

frequently highly skilled. There is melodic song in the rhythm. At times phrases charged strongly with poetic imaginativeness are luminous in the gently flowing lines. Without strain for effects beautiful images, not often new but usually right, follow in verse after verse. The sonnet, which Dr. Scruggs handles with appreciation of its fitness for expression of abounding thought, is the most frequent poetic form.

This first volume of verse is genuine poetry. It will be not only read but re-read, and by many readers pondered imaginatively, for the best of the poems are alive and call out to life in the reader's heart.

H. G. Merriam

No More Trumpets. George Milburn. Harcourt Brace. 1933. \$2.50.

The formula of the short story has been so often repeated that no self-respecting critic can recognize in it anything other than imitation and decadence. Among those writers who are producing mutations from the now decadent form in the hope of revitalizing the short prose sketch is George Milburn. *No More Trumpets* is a collection of stories which have been honored by nearly every award that is now being bestowed upon short stories. Wherein is it different from that type of work which is repeating itself in our magazines? Milburn has cracked open the characteristic formula. He has observed American speech. He has surprised his readers with a reality that does not grow from the convention of realism but from life. He has shown the greatest respect for things as they are, yet exhibits his personal views and philosophy, his cynicism, in the selection of his materials. Not since Mark Twain has there been irony as dark with the weakness of humanity as Milburn displays in his sketches "Revenge," "Sugar Be Sweet," and "No More Trumpets;" nor has there been sympathy as grave and puzzling as he calls forth for these new Americans, Charlie Wingate, Claude Parsons. There will be raised eyebrows, of course, among those who cannot stand the stench of democracy.

Pat V. Morrissette

Beyond Law. Frank B. Linderman. John Day Co. 1933. \$2.00.

This rapid and fascinating story continues the adventures of Lige Mounts, the plainsman who is the hero of Mr. Linderman's *Morning Light*. It is laid in trapping days along the upper Missouri and its tributaries. Historical figures and facts are woven into the tale. The author knows the country at first hand and thoroughly, and likewise the life trappers led. The slight plot begins with the smuggling of whiskey to an American Fur Company's post for trading with Indians by a factor who disregards the Company's edict against the use of whiskey in trade.

Lige Mounts, always virtuous, is unknowingly drawn into the smuggling and becomes the implacable foe of the smuggler, Cameron. The story is largely one of pursuit of villain by hero, biding his time or in swift chase. This is an excellent book. Here are authentic prairie atmosphere, good, consistent dialect, Indians, plainsmen, traders, navigation of the upper Missouri, excitement, pathos. Like all of Mr. Linderman's books this one is beautifully written.

Footnote to Youth. Jose Garcia Villa. Scribners. 1933. \$2.50.

Mr. Villa brings to American short story writing lyric sentiment and abounding emotion which our less warm-blooded native writers either do not possess or dare not use. They shrink from charges of sentimentality, softness and lushness in love portrayal, effeminacy of imagery, exaggeration of emotion. And without doubt if they wrote as Mr. Villa writes their readers would hurl these condemnations upon them. But Mr. Villa, coming from an Oriental island, our conception of which is one of lushness, animate and inanimate, and presenting his idea of love both frankly and naively, can be greeted, rightly, as a young writer bringing lyricism and full, soft emotion to hitherto matter-of-fact and arid portrayals. Even, he can use a rhythm and word order that is occasionally foreign to the genius of English expressions with approval—and effectively. The tales are refreshment to conventional reading.

As long as Mr. Villa sticks to Filipino scenes and interpretations he seems to an American reader convincing and delightful; when he shifts to American scenes and interpretations his penetration is woefully incomplete. In "Footnote to Youth" and "Daughter of Rizal" are beautifully rhythmized and deeply affecting tales. They have "body" in feeling and in meaning, and they read like music. "Wings and Blue Flame: A Trilogy," on the other hand, American in setting and story, is clumsy in expression and meagre in content. Repetition palls. Even in the Filipino stories Mr. Villa repeats his themes. One hopes that he has or will gather a much enlarged stock of conceptions, so that he can come to take a significant place among American story writers. He brings beauty and music, and unashamed abundance of love, great and needed gifts for our writing.

H. G. Merriam

Front Porch. Reginald Kauffman. Macaulay. 1933. \$2.00.

The operations of evil, the trail of the serpent across the green witchery of Eden, is in no danger of fraying as a theme for the novel. Translated into endless terms of human character in conflict, its fascination, so far as literature is concerned, is endless. Seldom, however, does the serpent—or Lucifer, however the powers of evil may be

named—assume so gross and unblinking a form as the author of *Front Porch* assigns to Howard Hopkins, the portly antagonist of his latest story, against whom the personable Bettina Kearsley wages the long-sustained war of wits that makes the crux of the tale. Aristocrat against plebian, blue blood against red blood, the fine idealism of honor against revolting lack of scruple reinforced by ill-gotten wealth, it is only in the last few pages that the victor in the sorry struggle is left to a doubtful peace—if the consciousness of even so well-deserved a murder can ever leave peace. Three generations of Kearsleys, along with countless minor characters, march through its pages; there crowds into them also the dramatic break-down of standards of post-war America, with its necessary measuring of this present generation against a passing one, as to ideals and temper. A massive canvas indeed, though the immediate background of the story is set in the author's native Pennsylvania. But whatever regionalism is present is strained to a thinness that permits its essential flavor to escape into the general. It is the massive plot, almost too meticulously built up, that dominates the story. A skilful analysis of the war mood of an American community is perhaps the most accomplished offering of the book. The characterization is by no means without power, and the style, which often flattens into the commonplace, has its high moments. As a social document the book may not be too lightly dismissed. A more thorough artist would have made it live imaginatively as well, and would have spared the reader some pages of dull reading, strewn with details of doubtful value.

Alice Henson Ernst

The Farm. By Louis Bromfield. Harper and Brothers. 1933.

Although Mr. Bromfield, an Agrarian now living either in Long Island or France, tends to regard sentimentally the spiritual and material values of eighteenth-century America, he succeeds in writing a vivid, detailed study of the change in the American character from the country-gentleman through the prosperous farmer, to the ignoble, success-loving business man. The Colonel, tired of the deteriorating East of the early Nineteenth Century, founds *The Farm* with the hope of attaining his dream of peace, honesty, and Jeffersonian democracy in the new land of the Western Reserve. And just as he brought his cherry bed, he also brought the old traditions of good living, good books, and good talk. To this, his practical son-in-law, Jim Fergusson, a burly Scotch, added prosperity. *The Farm* had a definite and far-reaching influence on all its scattering children, but none wished to make it his life and business. *The Town* had won. The author is at his best in his account of the

people and their ugly houses in this booming Ohioan town of the Nineties.

With the fall of the Agrarian class, the upright pioneering spirit gave way to that which accepts corrupt politicians and the accompanying vices. And Mr. Bromfield leaves little hope for the future generations which are not close to the land. Today's situation is trying, but the pioneering stage is over, and we must find something else to give integrity to the modern spirit. Looking at "the golden past" is but a pleasant delusion. After all, there are many disadvantages in a culture whose "poetry was largely represented by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, James Whitcomb Riley, and Edgar Guest." However, this attitude does not hamper the novel, overflowing with details of formative America in the "Promised Land."

Jehanne Williamson

America in the Southwest. Thomas M. Pearce and Telfair Hendon (editors). The University Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico. 1933. \$3.00.

The editors of this new regional anthology published by the press of the University of New Mexico have grouped their material under the good old divisions of exposition (What is the Southwest?), description (Where is the Southwest?), and narration (Who is the Southwest?). They do not need to add argumentation, since there is little dispute concerning the validity and importance of their subject matter. Despite the presentation of many points of view, such as those of the archaeologist, the ethnologist, the novelist, and the journalist, the casual reader can find his way, for a careful plan is followed throughout. When one completes the 375 pages, which likewise include biographical notes and index, the divergent elements shape themselves to a common pattern, like a huge mosaic seen at the proper distance.

The scholarly and critically minded will enjoy the articles by Dr. Hewitt, Dr. Alexander and Mrs. Austin, or the interesting symposium on whether or not there is yet a unique culture in the Southwest. The skipping reader is likely to alight further along where characterizations and short narratives appear under the sub-title of *Southwest Character Types*.

Lovers of the West will be pleased at this latest effort to map the literary resources of such an important section of our country. The previous attempt, *The Southwest in Literature* by Major and Smith, was too obviously served up for grade school or high school consumption to compare with this maturer volume of Professors Pearce and Hendon.

Two regrets come to the present reviewer in retrospect: first, the editors have not wished to include any poetry in their collection even with craftsmen like Mary Aus-

tin and Witter Bynner among their contributors; and second, the publishers have been forced to ask a pretty high price for their wares, especially if, as the foreword intimates, the anthology is intended among other purposes to serve as a school text. But the last outcry is surely a vain one. Regional offerings, however choice during the regime of the N. R. A., are luxuries indeed.

Rufus A. Coleman

Indian Tribes of the Southwest. White Mountain Smith. Stanford University Press, 1933.

Indian Tribes of the Southwest is an informal collection of travel experiences and anecdotes. Illustrated with highway maps indicating routes to the different villages, the book should prove a valuable assistance to tourists unfamiliar with the country. The author has presented two impressions. The first, of an indigeneous culture enduring unchanged in many of the most fundamental activities of life through generations. The processes of pottery formation and the techniques of weaving and dyeing, for example, seem not to have been materially affected by the superimposed mechanistic civilization. The other picture is an incongruous one, the product of contact and partial fusion of different civilizations. A common combination is the Indian dress of buckskin with the American straw hat. Mrs. Smith deserves credit for her sympathetic treatment of the different peoples and for her effort to recognize and appreciate a distinct region and culture which can not be measured in terms of our standards of value.

It is unfortunate that the author's style could not have absorbed more of the simplicity of the primitive cultures with which she was dealing. The book, partaking of the nature of a cinema travelog, has very little continuity. It comprises numerous disjointed episodes and fragments of folklore and superstitions of the Indians of today. In an attempt to reproduce photographically dress, customs, dwelling-places, and modes of behavior, it comes dangerously near being lost in a mass of minute detail.

Madeliene Gilbert

Slave Women of Nehalem. Claire Warner Churchill. Metropolitan Press, 1933. \$1.50.

A biographical note at the close informs us that the above 104-page exposition of Indian ethnology is the author's first book. As such it is a fine achievement. In the introduction we are further told that "the folkways used as a basis for these tales are those described either by early explorers, by trained ethnologists, or reputable historians, and are actual as regards background and customs, plot manipulation only being fictional."

What pleases the non-ethnological reader is the fact that this plot manipulation is

well done, possessing characterization and dramatic power. For instance, in the third story (in all there are four stories) Le-mo-lo, the untamed one, believing herself the chosen of the Coyote God, Talapus, works a spell not only upon the false sorcerer, Tish-ko-ko, but a kindred spell upon the reader, so that he almost joins with the discomfited medicine man in his death cry of "oh-ee, oh-ee!"

Rufus A. Coleman

Blankets and Moccasins. Glendolin Damon Wagner, in collaboration with Dr. W. A. Allen. The Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1933. \$2.00.

The unifying thread of Dr. Allen's long acquaintance with A-Leek-Chea-Ahoosh, later to be known as Plenty Coups, runs through this story of the Crow Indians' spirited past and dispirited present. Mrs. Wagner writes with greater literary competence than many historical narrators, and with earnest sincerity. The chapter *Tolerance* will remain long in the mind of any reader. Caxton Printers have given the book an attractive and most suitable binding.

Grace Stone Coates

Commerce of the Prairies. Josiah Gregg. Southwest, 1933.

This book is a reprint of Gregg's famous journal of his eight expeditions across the great western plains between 1831-1841, a journal which was first published in 1844 when Irving's pictures of the west were popular. It was Paul Horgan who urged the Southwest Press to reprint the classic, and the press could have done no better service to its region. Gregg was a man of action and was a master of his materials before he wrote; consequently his narratives are clear and his expositions concrete and forceful. As a source book the journal is indispensable to the student of western history, and as literature it deserves high ranking among Americana. So highly did Captain Marryat respect the style of Gregg that he copied whole portions from him for his *Monsieur Violet*.

Pat V. Morrisette

Gambler's Wife. As told to Jesse Lilienthal. Houghton Mifflin, 1933. \$3.00.

Malinda Jenkins moved with the frontier, beginning in a log cabin in Illinois in 1848. After an unsuccessful homesteading experience in Kansas in the 60's, she left her first husband and set out for Texas, where dress-making and taking boarders helped her through hard years. A short second marriage, then a third to the professional gambler who gives the title to the book, started her again on the nomadic hunt for wealth. There were hard days in the Northwest, then harder days getting to Dawson City, Alaska. When Alaska became too much for her, she was back in the States, taking boarders in

San Francisco, and finally, with Alaskan wealth, investing in ranches in Idaho. From this the step was easy into horse-racing.

It is her gambler husband, lovable, unreliable, increasingly shiftless, who brings out her essential self-reliance. "He kept me guessing for forty years," she says. "You couldn't interest him if it wasn't gambling. He wouldn't even listen. Lived in a world of his own, all aces or deuces according to his mood. I never set and had a half hour's talk with him in forty-three years—nor nobody else, neither."

Malinda, now in her eighties, tells her story to Jesse Lilienthal in her southern California home. He records it in her own words, bad grammar, lack of sequence, superstition, common sense, and all. It is a tale from America's frontier, one of heart-breaking toil and quick wealth. It has its tawdry side, and its cheaper aspects. The woman is uneducated, shrewd in "getting along" and in reading human nature, sustained in her thought life by a belief in "spooking." It is a book of action and surface insight, a sociological study of its sort. *University of Wyoming* W. O. Clough

The Proselyte. Susan Ertz. D. Appleton-Century. 1933. \$2.50.

Mistress of Monterey. Virginia Stivers Bartlett. Bobbs-Merrill. 1933.

These are two novels of the frontier in which women are the central figures. In *The Proselyte* the historical background includes such spectacles of the western expansion as the handcart expedition, the Mountain Meadows affair, as well as a new presentation of the characteristic Indian attacks and the struggle for existence which the pioneers faced. Susan Ertz creates an accurate picture of the early life in Salt Lake City, and of the early difficulties of the Mormons. Her faithful pictures, however, are entirely secondary to the study which she makes of Zillah, an English servant girl, who marries a Mormon missionary and comes to Salt Lake City to live. Here is the inner story of the "pluralism" of the early Mormons told with the dispassionate sympathy of the artist for his materials. Susan Ertz is definitely a novelist of the first rank, and her turning to the materials of regionalism has added much to her power. *The Mistress of Monterey* is a portrait of the wife of an early governor of California. The woman is selfish and pretty, hates both her husband and California. She engages in a number of intrigues in order to escape both. The historical background has been carefully worked out, but Mrs. Bartlett lacks the power to recreate the atmosphere of the times. She includes the color, the pageantry, the action and the conflict, but not the belief in their reality or significance. Her

historical characters seem foreign even to history. As pageantry, however, the book has enough worth for a movie.

The Gold Brick. G. T. Bludworth. Christopher. 1933. \$1.50.

This is a narrative of the west which purports to be the true adventures of Rob Dabney from his childhood to his marriage. Dabney was a buffalo hunter and obscure adventurer, who is worthy of a volume, but Mr. Bludworth, despite his Harvard background, his experience as college president and his membership in the historical societies of New England and of Texas, has not the power to recreate that life with any literary charm. The chapters are loosely hung together and are lacking in fullness. The style sparkles only with *cliches*, witness: "It is not the province of the writer to dissertate on the cause, justice nor cruelties of the fratricidal war which rent our fair union in twain." The book affords, however, much valuable and accurate information on buffalo hunting and convinces the reader that the extinction of the buffalo was not cruel but necessary if the plains were to be farmed. Its interest is to collectors of Americana.

Negrato. J. Mason Brewer. Naylor. San Antonio. 1933. \$1.50.

Cowboy Lore. Jules Verne Allen. Naylor. San Antonio. 1933.

Here are two more books of western lore. L. W. Payne of the University of Texas calls attention to *Negrato*, a group of dialect poems of the negroes of the Southwest. The publishers believe the book to be an interesting addition to Texacana, and to bring together in one volume much of the character and dialect of the Texas negro. The author is head of the Romance language department of the Samuel Houston College for negroes and has contributed several papers on negro folklore to the Texas Folklore Society. The book is largely composed of epigrams about Texas characters, the Texas country and Texas towns, and negro wisdom. A characteristic proverb:

De stopper, he res' longes'
Not w'en de jug am full,
But w'en de jug am empty,
And 'taint no use tuh pull.

Allen, on the other hand, has an official copyright on the title of the "singing cowboy," and the governor of New Mexico has made him the official singer of New Mexico's cowboy folk songs. His collection of songs is contained in *Cowboy Lore*. He did not search volumes for his materials, but had Mrs. G. Embry Eitt of San Antonio set his songs to music as he sang. Besides these songs, the book contains a good handbook of western cattle brands, and an inferior section on cowboy life. It is interesting to note that among his songs of the range the cowboy has included a version of the old

English ballad "Barbara Allen." These songs, the collector believes, "just grew." Many are effective versions of American folk songs and reveal lore yet untouched by slow-footed American scholarship.

Pat V. Morrisette

The Big Horn Basin. Charles Lindsay. University of Nebraska Press. 1932.

This is a doctoral dissertation devoted to local history. The author painstakingly describes the great periods of western history in so far as they touched the Big Horn basin. The fur trade, the early gold mining, the cattle industry, the war between the great ranchers and the small farmers and sheep men, the effect of the Carey Land Act, and the National Reclamation Act on irrigation in the basin, the development of coal mining, and oil and gas production are all discussed in their relation to the basin, and the book ends with a sketch of the influence of tourist traffic to the Yellowstone Park.

Students of Northwest history will find the book of great value. The author has collected his material from all sorts of sources, federal and state publications, unpublished state and county records, newspapers, published and unpublished personal narratives, letters, records of organizations, as well as personal interviews with old timers. The work required a vast supply of time and patience, and it is unlikely that any one will ever go beyond this study in collecting materials.

The book is most valuable as a record of exploration and settlement. It points out that others preceded Bozeman and Jacobs in surveying the Bozeman trail, and it offers a valuable contribution on Mormon expansion into Wyoming. It is judiciously written with no attempt to glorify the subject.

Missoula

Paul C. Phillips

Joseph Smith, an American Prophet. John Henry Evans. Macmillan. 1933. \$4.00.

There is an atmosphere of honesty in this work. The author clearly strives to give facts whether they be to the honor or to the discredit of the Prophet. The work is divided into three parts. The first attempts to establish a portrait of Joseph Smith through a long list of interesting episodes taken from his life, as well as incidents and occurrences which his immediate friends and followers experienced. In the second part the author goes one step farther by giving an organized account of the "system" which the Prophet set up. Here we find the thought which seems to be paramount in the work, namely, that Joseph Smith possessed an exalted conception of the value of the human personality. And that conception makes Joseph Smith outstanding in American religious movements. This theme is well

taken and the reader now sees Joseph Smith in a different light. In the third part of the work many problems are discussed which have been perplexing to both followers and opponents of Mormonism.

Eric Pollard

New York in the Confederation. Thomas C. Cochran. University of Pennsylvania Press. 1932.

Cochran is a professor of history at New York university. He begins his preface with the observation that "as the result of the work of several distinguished historians it has become generally recognized that the American Revolution was not only a Continental movement, but also thirteen separate state revolutions. It has now become the task of historical scholarship to analyze each of these separate revolutions from the standpoint of their effect on the revolutionary movement as a whole." He handles his thesis with the care and assurance of a practiced and methodical historian. He bolsters his narrative with a copious appendix of records and statistics. The format into which the Pennsylvania press has poured this study is about as colorful and attractive as a government bulletin, yet it matches the general tone and style of the book which is a trifle given over to a colorless formalism sometimes known as the professorial style. Yet to anyone interested in the history of regionalism in the United States the book has a vivid interest which is not dimmed by the hundreds of footnotes and other academic devices by which historians patch together the fabric of their narratives. New York emerges from the welter of colonies and the confusion of the revolutionary war, not as a glorious poem, not as a struggling group of heroic colonists, but as a well dissected frog pinned to a board and properly diagrammed. Historians who object to the inroads of regionalism into history, may be delighted with the deadly mannerisms peculiar to history with which Mr. Cochran makes his sally toward the realm of literature through the long, flat, dry deserts of academic prose.

Pennsylvania in Song and Story. Clyde Francis Lytle. Burgess Publishing Company. 1932.

With the progress of regionalism many states are turning to a consideration of a literature peculiarly their own. States differ in their cultures as they do in their policies. States possess a flavor and an individuality which make it possible for observers to study them and predict their actions on the national scene. It is not unusual, therefore, for critics to the literature of a region to examine that region for the characteristics which have shaped its individuality and given it a flavor peculiar to itself. The difficulty of the task, and the many errors to

which a critic is liable, are illustrated in Mr. Clyde Francis Lytle's study. In a short span of pages he undertakes to write the history of Pennsylvania prose, poetry and drama. In sixty-five pages he considers the biographies and work of some two hundred or more Pennsylvanians. From this confusion of detail there is little chance for an orderly and appreciative criticism to emerge, as the thought is caught up with the onward rush of names. It is plainly an unfinished study thrown together to form a text for a class in Pennsylvania literature. Yet it has its possibilities as a method of approach in American literature. More enlightening studies of regional literature, I hope, will appear. The virtue of the present study is not that it is good, but that it has appeared.

Pat V. Morrissette

BOOKS RECEIVED

Highways of Oregon. Harriet Markham Gill. Metropolitan Press. 1932. Paper, 50c; cloth, \$1.50.

Colored Leaves. Amy Woodward. Caxton Printers. 1933.

Songs of the Redwoods. Stanton D. Coblenz. Overland-Outwest Publications. 1933. \$1.50. Adequate verse in appreciation of nature, issued in attractive format.

Assent to Autumn. Leila Jones. Stephen Daye Press. 1933. Interpretative sonnets and lyrics, with lovely word music.

From **Henry Harrison.** New York. 1933.

Maryland Poets. Another state anthology of minor poets.

Young Heart. George St. Clair. Contains two efforts of some promise in the Browning manner.

Gibraltar. Georgiana Bole King. Poetic gift seems more interpretative than creative. One lovely lyric—"November Speaks."

Lights Along the Road. Jack Greenberg. Bitter, sentimental, satirical verse.

In Jesus' Name. Frank Allen. 1933. \$1.50. From **The Metropolitan Press**, Portland. Reviewed later.

Science of Mind. J. Madison Lively. 1933.

Northwest Native Trails. Herbert S. Lampman. 1933. \$3.00.

Cougar Pass. Elizabeth Wood. 1933. \$1.50.

The Trail of the Bear. Elizabeth L. Wood. 1932. \$1.50.

Dark Moon of March. Emmett Gowen. Bobbs Merrill. 1933. \$2.00. Reviewed later.

The Traipsin' Woman. Jean Thomas. Dutton. 1933. Reviewed later.

Thunder Shield. Frederic F. Van de Water. Bobbs Merrill. 1933. Reviewed later.

Eyes of the Wilderness. Charles G. D. Roberts. Macmillan. 1933. Reviewed later.

Chinese Destinies. Agnes Smedley. Vanguard. 1933. Reviewed later.

Mystery of Silver Spring Ranch. Ada Carter Dart. Caxton Printers. 1932. \$2.00.

Yellowstone National Park. Hiram M. Chittenden. Stanford University Press. 1933. \$3.00.

LITERARY NEWS

Continued from Page iv

more than heretofore, and more fun. Prominent on the program was NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD, editor of *Household Magazine*. He was warmly received, and will be welcomed to future conferences. Mrs. ETHEL ROMIG FULLER, Portland author, was an out-of-state speaker already familiar to readers of *The Frontier*. Mrs. Fuller states that the new anthology of Oregon verse, *Sunset Trail*, edited by DALLAS MOORE, sold out its first edition before it went into bookstores.

While at the conference Robert Tod Struckman sold "Earthbound Rock," a story, to Mr. Crawford for *Household Magazine*.

Under the presidency of Mrs. MAY WILLIAMS WARD, who makes a success of whatever she undertakes, the KANSAS POETRY SOCIETY held a successful and informal convention during July. OLGA MOORE, one of the speakers at the Boulder, Colo., school of creative writing, reports an enjoyable meeting. She and Mrs. SARAH TROUSDALE MALORY, both of Laramie, appear in the August *Delineator*.

HELOISE B. HAWKINS prophesies a generous crop of Colorado novels by reason of the presence of MARGARET WIDDEMER on the staff of the WRITERS' CONFERENCE at Colorado University. *The New Mexico Normal University* held a lively one-day conference of writers in June.

Wild Names I Have Met (ALFRED H. HOLT, 139 Main Street, Williamstown, Mass.) is worth 50c to anyone who wants to pronounce authors' names as their owners do.

THE CAXTON book list includes *Colored Leaves*, ninety sonnets by AMY WOODWARD; *Blankets and Moccasins*, tribal customs of the Crow Indians, by GLENDOLIN DAMON WAGNER and Dr. W. A. ALLEN of Billings, Mont.; *Ee-dah-how*, historical novel of the Oregon country, by TRACY COKER; *Coyote Stories*, a juvenile by an Indian woman, *Mourning Dove*, in collaboration with HEISTER DEAN GUIE; *The World, the Flesh and the Holy Ghosts* by HOWARD and GERALDINE WOLF, of Akron, Ohio; *Poems 1930-1933*, by BENJAMIN MUSSER; a first book, *Black*, by a young negro poet, BENJAMIN F. GARDNER; and *Riding the High Country*, an account by PAT T. TUCKER, Livingston, Mont., of his friendship with the late Charles M. Russell, edited by Grace Stone Coates.

THE METROPOLITAN PRESS, Portland, Ore., announces: *Crosscuts*, by JESSIE GARDEN SMITH, novel of a modern logging camp of the Pacific Northwest; *Northwest Nature Trails*, by HERBERT SHELDON LAMPMAN; *Wild Flowers of the Northwest*, by LESLIE E. HASKIN; and for winter issue, *The Heart of the Skyloce*, a 100,000 word novel, by PROFESSOR O. B. SPERLIN, of the University of Washington.

Of the Middle West on HARCOURT, BRACE & Co.'s list are HAMES WILLIAMSON'S novel of the Ozarks, *The Woods Colt*; *No More*

Trumpets, by GEORGE MILBURN, author of *Oklahoma Town*; *Stranger's Return*, by PHIL STONG, a fourth-generation Iowan with fourteen novels to his credit.

Dr. W. O. CLOUGH, University of Wyoming, Laramie, suggests that some one prepare an article on bibliographies for the study of western literature, especially that of the Rocky Mountain region. Librarians are asking for such material.

To the Saturday Review of Literature, Ted Olson, Wyoming, reports that Dr. GRACE RAYMOND HEBARD is working on a story of the Pony Express, in collaboration with William H. Jackson, ninety-year-old photographer of the early west. *Mark Twain, Son of Missouri*, by M. M. BRASHEAR was issued by the University of North Carolina Press, October 28.

POETRY: A MAGAZINE OF VERSE, September, gives a valuable survey of recent English and American magazines, followed by a discussion of *Cambridge Left* by EZRA POUND.

W. D. TROWBRIDGE, Green Valley, Ill., contributor of fiction and verse to the "advanced" magazines, sends announcements of new or projected magazines: *Trend*, 978 St. Mark Ave., NYC.; *The Windsor Quarterly*, Hartland Four Corners, Vt.; *1933, a Year Magazine* (edited by LOUIS STOLL, formerly of Missoula); *Panorama*, a monthly survey of people and ideas, P. O. Box 29, Grove Hall Station, Boston; *The Dune Forum*, Oceana, Calif.; *The Anvil*, Route 4, Moberly, Mo.; *Blast*, all-fiction monthly, WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, 35 Mt. Hope Place, NYC.; *Common Sense*, trenchant factual articles re politics, 155 E. 44 St., NYC.

ARNOLD GINGRICH issued the first number of *Esquire* (Palmolive Building, Chicago) on October 1.

Of exceptional interest is the announcement of a literary magazine for informal reading by a group of recent University of California at Los Angeles graduates. Address FRED K. KUHLMAN, 522 Bank Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif. Payment is made for material.

New poetry magazines: *Decimal*, Ada Borden Stevens, 30 Vernon St., Newport; *New Talent*, Room 501, 21 E. 40 St., NYC.; *Versecraft*, Station E, Atlanta, Ga.; *Fantasy*, 950 Herberton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; *The Poetry Quarterly*, Fudge & Co., Ltd., 94 York Road, London, S. E. 1, Eng.; *American Poetry Journal*, FRANCES FROST, 147 A-45, Ash Ave., Flushing, L. I., Greater New York City; *Tone*, 66 Summer St., Buffalo, edited by ROBERT O. ERISMAN; *Blue Moon*, Hillsdale, Mich., editor, INEZ TYLER; *Hollywood Anthologies*, Box 1092, Hollywood, solicits poems of 20 lines or fewer.

No Second Spring, a first novel by JANET BEITH, 26, was unanimously awarded Stokes \$20,000 prize, out of 600 mss submitted. Miss Beith, a niece of "Ian Hay," lives with her parents in Chinley, Derbyshire, England.

The sixth annual prize novel award by HARPER's goes to PAUL HORGAN of Roswell,

LOU ELLINGHOUSE, Pres.

BOB LAING, Sec'y-Treas.

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New Mexico, for *The Fault of Angels*. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS and LITTLE BROWN AND COMPANY \$10,000 prize novel contest is open until March 1, 1934. THE LINTHICUM FOUNDATION, Northwestern University Law School, McKinlock Campus, 357 East Chicago Ave., Chicago, offers substantial prizes of interest to those engaged in the pursuit or study of law. THE WRITER carries announcement of leading prize offers and awards.

ANNE PERSOV was winner, last year, of the \$2,500 prize for manuscripts submitted in the Avery Hopgood contest at the University of Michigan. The prizewinning volume, *Whatever You Reap*, is issued by SCHUMANN'S, Detroit.

The 1932 gold medal of the Commonwealth Club of California went to SARA BARD FIELDS for her epic poem, *Barabbas*. A reproduction of her photograph is the frontispiece of the August issue of *Westward: A Magazine of Verse* published quarterly by Florence R. Keene, San Francisco.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH was this year's Pulitzer Prize winner with his narrative poem of the conquest of Mexico, *Conquistador*.

Tentative titles for WALTER KIDD's 100,000 word realistic novel of Oregon are *Earth Angel* and *Rachel and Her Children*. Mr. Kidd would like to see an occasional regional one-act play in The Frontier and Midland, and authentic native vernacular, literary or otherwise, in its pages.

ERNEST HAYCOX says: "I believe the literature of defeat and pessimism has about reached its lower limits . . . Stories ending on the down note can not get by on the score of being 'different'. Nobody enjoys more than I a story written right out of the grass roots; but I see very few such." Mr. Haycox's western, *Starlight Rider*, which appeared serially in COLLIER'S, was issued October 11 by DOUBLEDAY DORAN & Co., as were his earlier *Free Grass*, *Chaffee of Roaring Horse*, and *Whispering Range*. He has recently contributed to Colliers, McCall's, Elks Magazine, American, and Adventure.

Among EDMOND A. DU PERRIER's recent sales are "Pug's Nose," to Short Stories; "The Greater Courage," to Young People's Weekly; "Canyon of Courage," to The Ambassador; "Forgotten Man," to Argosy; "Between the Goal Posts," to Lutheran Young People; "To Other Heights," to Youth. Mr. Du Perrier is working on two long mss., one a prize-ring story, and the other an Atlantic prize entry, tentative title, "Stepmother."

The general report is that markets are picking up, and the METROPOLITAN PRESS remarks that more and more newspapers and journals are running columns of literary comment and review.

DICK WETJEN has sold two stories to Collier's, and is finishing a still untitled sea novel. To Mr. Wetjen we are indebted for word that MR. AND MRS. JAMES STEVENS have left Gary, Ind., to make their home in Portland; that the Portland Spectator wants informal, well written essays on lit-

erary or other national subjects, later to be issued as chapbooks (address MYRON GRIFFIN, Chamber of Commerce Building, Portland); that AMOS BURG, explorer and lecturer, is at the Straits of Magellan making a survey of tribal customs, etc., for the National Geographic; that friends of HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING recommend him for a Guggenheim Foundation Award, in consideration of his literary achievement; and that GERTRUDE ROBISON ROSS has emerged from retirement, and is again contributing verse to eastern and western magazines.

ANNE SHANNON MONROE is under contract with Good Housekeeping for a series of essays. She has completed a novel. DAVID GREW, formerly of Portland, now San Jose, finished a novel before spending his vacation at Portland. MRS. ALICE WEISTER has returned to Portland after long convalescence from injuries sustained in South America. MRS. NITA L. FRAZIER, Opportunity, Wash., is at work on a novel of the Walla Walla country. LAURENCE PRATT is writing a book length juvenile of adventure, modern Oregon setting; and a book length narrative poem with paper mill background. SALLY ELLIOTT ALLEN, Eugene, Ore., is completing a novel of modern married life. MRS. CLARE AVEN THOMPSON, Aberdeen, Wash., (Satevepost, Postscripts) has two accepted volumes of verse with publishers. RUBY BAILEY HARLOW's unpublished novel is credited by an editor of the Cosmopolitan as being the best characterization of a genius since *The Constant Nymph*.

COVICI-FRIEDE will publish JACK CONROY's novel, *The Disinherited*. Mr. Conroy is editor of *The Anvil* and a frequent contributor to *The American Mercury*.

MARGARET SKAVLAN is editing a new book of the verse of IRENE STEWART, a Northwest poet who died some time ago. ALICE HENSON ERNST's study of Indian masks of the North-

west is published in a recent edition of *Theatre Arts Monthly*. GEORGE E. HYDE is completing a study of Oglala-Sioux which will be published shortly in Denver. JOHN VAN MALE is to undertake a series of publications to be known as the *Old West Series*. Mr. van Male is a book seller in Denver, Colorado, who specializes in the West, Middle West, Indians, and local history. The Naylor Printing Company of San Antonio, Texas, is beginning to publish significant volumes of Texacana, two volumes of which will be reviewed in the next issue of *The Frontier and Midland*.

STODDARD KING, wise, efficient and admired columnist of the *Spokesman-Review*, Spokane, died in March. Northwest literature lost, in his death, a definite influence. His humor was of a high type, infectious corrective of folly.

FAMILY LETTERS OF FUR TRADERS

Continued from Page 75

even some found at Thompsons River and at Fort Hope about 80 miles above Langley, some of the diggers are reported to have done well and high expectations are entertained, though it has not created much excitement among our men, and owing to a destructive war that the Oregon and Washington territory citizens get themselves involved in with the Indians³⁷ . . . it was not safe to go by the Columbia so that many adventurers from that quarter could not go, but we have lately learned that plenty are on their way there now and there is grounds to anticipate favourable results should as is expected gold be found plentiful.

³⁷The Nez Perce War of 1855.

State of Montana, County of Missoula—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of *The Frontier and Midland*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Frank Gallagher, State University, Missoula, Montana.

2. That the owner is: Harold G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

H. G. MERRIAM, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1933.

R. L. JOHNSTON,
Notary Public for the State of Montana.
Residing at Missoula, Montana.
My commission expires May 12, 1936.

THE FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

will publish in coming issues

stories by

WANDA BURNETT BENJAMIN APPEL
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RODERICK LULL ELMA GODCHAUX
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The current issue contains stories and poems by Benjamin Appel, Howard McKinley Corning, David Cornell DeJong, Leland Davis, Jack Conroy, Gertrude Robison Ross, Nard Jones, Homer Deck, John Wheelwright, Edmund Du Perrier, and many others who are well known in the little magazine field. Future issues will contain stories and essays by Louis Adamic, Dana Sleeth, Albert Richard Wetjen, Roderick Lull, Borghild Lee and Karlton Kelm.

THE OUTLANDER

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There will also be issued a de luxe edition, limited to 75 signed and numbered copies, bound in full library morocco, priced at \$7.50 the copy.

There is every indication that the first edition will be sold out before publication. Those desiring copies are urged to place their orders immediately.

OTHER WORKS OF VARDIS FISHER

SONNETS TO AN IMAGINARY MADONNA.

First Edition (1927). Bound in boards, \$1.50. Originally published by Harold Vinal, New York, and since taken over by Bruce Humphries, Inc. Stock available from The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

TOILERS OF THE HILLS.

Second Edition, published September, 1933. Cloth bound, \$2.50. Mr. Fisher's first novel, published in 1928 by Houghton-Mifflin Co., and since taken over by The Caxton Printers, Ltd. (The first edition is out of print.)

DARK BRIDWELL.

First Edition, published 1931 by Houghton-Mifflin Co., and since taken over by The Caxton Printers, Ltd. Cloth bound, \$2.50. Only a few copies of the first edition are left.

IN TRAGIC LIFE.

A limited number of copies of the first edition, which was published in 1932, are still available. Cloth bound, \$2.50. Second edition published 1933, jointly by The Caxton Printers, Ltd., and Doubleday Doran & Co. Volume One of the proposed tetralogy

The two volumes in the tetralogy following "In Tragic Life" and "Passions Spin the Plot" will be published in 1934 and 1935 respectively. The price of the trade edition will be \$2.50 the copy. There will also be manufactured a limited de luxe edition of each, each copy numbered and signed by the author, priced at \$7.50 the copy.

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