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FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Volume XVI

SUMMER, 1936

Number 4

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Manuscripts, business communications, and subscriptions should be addressed to Frontier and Midland, State University of Montana, Missoula, Montana.

Copyright, 1936, by H. G. Merriam. Published in March, June, September, December.

Entered as second-class matter May 4, 1928, at the postoffice at Missoula, Montana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

8 SHORT TRIPS FROM MISSOULA

By MORRIS NEWGARD

Missoula, the metropolis of Western Montana, is the headquarters for nine-tenths of the scenic wonders that have made Montana famous. Missoula has been rightly called the "Garden City of Montana" because of its beautiful and ideal setting in the "Land of the Shining Mountains." The rugged uplifts of the Rockies form a complete circle around the city and look like silent sentinels protecting a city of gardens below them.

There is small wonder that Missoula has built up such a fine reputation and established itself as a favorite among travelers and vacationists. One visit to The Garden City and the visitor finds himself devising plans which will hold him in the city longer than he had intended. Its charm and genuine hospitality never fail to win the tourist.

Your stay in Missoula will be pleasant. Hotel accommodations are excellent; the rates for rooms and meals are reasonable, which facts are vouched for by visitors who have enjoyed the services offered in its hostleries.



Iceberg Lake—Viewed from the summit of Mt. Wilbur, 3,000 feet above the lake. This is one of the phenomena of Glacier National Park. It is located six miles from Many Glacier Hotel.

You'll want to see as many of the scenic marvels and points of interest as you can while you are a visitor. That is why we have listed these eight short trips from Missoula, all of which may be made by automobile. They are suggestions which will help you to utilize your time to better advantage while in the town.

GET-ACQUAINTED-WITH-MISSOULA TOUR

1. This will take you through Montana State University, the university with a mountain on its campus. A trip through the Forestry School nursery, which is one of the finest in the United States, is well worth while. A visit to historic Fort Missoula, located southwest of the city, will be most interesting. A trip through the million dollar plant of the Amalgamated Sugar company is a revelation. A short trip to the east will take you to the old town of Hellgate, where the first settlement was located that later grew into Missoula. From here you may easily go to Bonner and Milltown and visit the Anaconda Copper Mining company lumber mills. Here you may watch the fascinating manufacture of lumber.—(Half day or all day trip, depending on time spent at each point).

UP THE BLACKFOOT TO SALMON, HOLLAND, AND SWAN LAKES

2. This beautiful 110-mile trip takes you along the Blackfoot and Clearwater Rivers through a valley full of entrancing lakes. From any portion of the road the traveler may view the magnificent Mission Range in the west and the Swan Range in the east, their glaciers sparkling in the sun. You will see Salmon, Seeley, Alva, Inez, Elbow, Lindberg, and Holland Lakes before you reach Swan Lake. This is a popular dude ranch and resort region. Its beauties will never be forgotten by one who sees them.—(All day trip).

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

3. The very name of this park brings a thrill to the traveler. The trip takes you north, skirting charming Flathead Lake, nearly 40 miles long, and continues through beautiful mountain country to Belton, the western entrance to the Park. Once within the limits of Glacier Park, which is commonly called America's Switzerland, you will be astounded at the glorious beauty of the mountains, glaciers, lakes and flowers—such an abundance of Nature's gifts as to beggar description. From Lake McDonald you will go over



Many Glacier Hotel, Glacier National Park. Tourists ready to leave on horseback trips. In the background Mt. Gould and the Garden Wall may be seen.

the Going-to-the-Sun Highway down to St. Mary's Lake and over to Many Glacier. Many Glacier Hotel is the hub of nearly all the saddle-horse trails through the Park.—(This is a 222 mile trip each way. It may be done in one day but it is more enjoyable to take two or three).

THE BITTER ROOT VALLEY

4. Hemmed in with the Sapphire Range on the east and the towering Bitter Roots on the west, this road has a gorgeous setting, following the Bitter Root River. In Stevensville you will see St. Mary's Mission, Montana's first church, established in 1841. Historic old Fort Owen still remains, near Stevensville, also. Numerous hot springs resorts are found in this valley, Lolo, Sleeping Child, and Medicine Hot Springs being the better known. This region is nationally famous for its McIntosh Red apple orchards, as well as the raising of many other fruits.—(This trip may easily be made in one day).

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

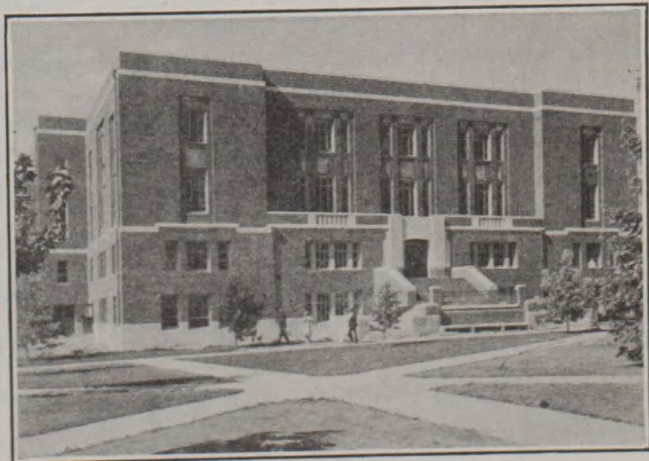
5. Yellowstone, with its freaks of nature, and other scenic wonders, offers you such an attractive trip that you should not miss it. It involves a distance of 320 miles from Missoula, through Butte, to Gardiner, one of the entrances, but it is worth the effort many times over. One of the oldest national parks in the United States, Yellowstone is world-famous for its geysers, which are the most amazing phenomena that you have ever seen. Nearly all of the scenic marvels may be seen by automobile.—(You should take three or four days on this trip).

THE VALLEY OF THE CLARK'S FORK

6. A trip of 105 miles to Thompson Falls is delightful. Here the motorist travels northwest from Missoula, skirts the Montana National Bison Reserve limits, and follows the Clark's Fork of the Columbia through lovely forests to Thompson Falls. This city is the site of the old David Thompson trading-post, the first one established in the Northwest Rockies. There are wonderful fishing streams in this section.—(This is an all day trip).

UP FLINT CREEK VALLEY TO ANACONDA

7. This trip will delight the heart of any tourist. Leaving Missoula the east-bound traveler passes through Drummond and goes on to Philipsburg. One of the largest manganese deposits in the world has led to a great mining enterprise located at Philipsburg. From here the road passes beautiful Georgetown Lakes, famous for their fishing, and continues down to Anaconda, the home of the largest copper smelter in the world.



Student Union Building, Montana State University's new Center of Student Activity.



A corner of the beautiful Montana State University campus.

A stack, the highest smoking sentinel in the world, meets the visitors' eyes on approaching the town. A trip through this great plant is well worth while.—(An easy all day trip).

HELENA, MONTANA'S CAPITAL CITY

8. You will enjoy this 120 mile trip to Montana's Capital. The road follows the beautiful Clark's Fork River southeast to Garrison, from where it turns directly east, through a region of delightful mountain fastness. In crossing the Continental Divide the motorist goes over McDonald Pass. Here he gets one of the most breath-taking views obtainable on any road in Montana. Helena, a city with a romantic historical background, is located only a short distance from the pass. The famous Montana earthquakes of last fall unfortunately hit Helena the hardest. Many of the ruins still remain.—(An all day trip).

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LITERARY NEWS

GRACE STONE COATES, Editor

Ernest S. Osgood, assistant professor of history at the University of Minnesota and recent recipient of a Guggenheim fellowship, will work on Montana, preparing a study of the evolution of a typical far western state. Dr. Osgood is the author of *The Day of a Cattleman*, published by The University of Minnesota Press, 1929.

Raymond Kresensky, editor of the *American Guide*, Iowa, asks about western writers' conferences that he might visit on his way to the Coast. He will find The Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains at the University of Colorado, Boulder, July 27-August 14. This annual conference has outgrown its strictly regional aspects. The success of the 1935 conference—with a membership of 130 writers from 33 states—prompted a re-organization which establishes the conference as an independent department of the University of Colorado. The Director, Edward Davison, poet and critic, has been one of the Conference leaders for the past three years.

The 1936 Conference will consist of workshop groups in short story, poetry, the novel, feature and essay writing. There will prob-

WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

July 27—August 14, 1936

Workshop groups in Short Story, Novel, Verse, Non-Fiction, Prose, Playwriting. Lectures and Round Table discussions. Experts of the new Manuscript Bureau will report on work of members in the same way that a publisher's reader reports to his firm. 1936 Leaders: Edward Davison (Director), T. S. Stribling, Sylvia Chatfield Bates, Frank Ernest Hill, Fulton Oursler, Martha Foley, Robert Penn Warren, Katharine Clugston. Write for full details to

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The Virginia Quarterly Review

announces for July:

Italy, Germany, Russia: The Evolution of the Totalitarian State, by Calvin B. Hoover

Corporations and Natural Rights, by Charles A. Beard
Robert Bridges, by Albert Guerard, Jr.

The Night the Bucket Fell, by Leonard Rapport

The Artist as Individual, by Herbert Read

Henry Adams, by R. P. Blackmur

Fathers of Victorianism, by Ford K. Brown

The Golden Bough, by John Peale Bishop

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The Virginia Quarterly Review

UNIVERSITY, VA.

ably be groups in playwriting and biography.

Frank E. Hill, remembered in Montana conferences, will be in charge of the new Manuscript Bureau.

Jay Du Von, one-time editor of *Left*, is the Iowa state Director of the Federal Writers' Project. The Historical Department of the State University and the State Historical Society of Iowa City gave him full support. The Iowa State Planning Board had collected material for years, all of which was made available to the Guide Writers' staff.

Kresensky is one of a group organizing the *Midwest Literary League*. Jack Conroy of Moberly, Mo., and Joe Hones, proletarian painter, are among many midwest creative workers helping in the organization.

Of promise to new writers is the formation of Story Press by *Story* in association with *Harpers*, for the purpose of publishing books of outstanding merit, fiction and non-fiction, which deserve a discerning public. Special attention will be given to the work of talented unknown writers who have not yet had books in print.

Whit Burnett, editor of *Story* expresses the opinion that many of the contributors to *Frontier and Midland*, will ultimately produce book-length material of distinction, and such book-length manuscripts will find a cordial welcome from *Story's* editors.

We'll vouch for this: that H. L. Davis hasn't set foot on the Coast for four busy years; and that his Harper's Prize novel, *Honey in the Horn*, a story of Oregon's homesteading days, has peculiar kinship to Scandinavian literature. It appeared in Swedish translation in Stockholm last February, and the Danish rights were promptly sold to Nyt Nordisk Forlag of Copenhagen.

Marion Lay Davis, whose stories appear in *Vogue* and elsewhere, shouts for the new browsing room of the University of Oregon Library—"big fireplaces with FIRES in them, daffodils blooming in saucers, foot-rests, tea and discreet conversation thrown in. Alumni are urged to give books. The more browsing rooms, the better for writers," she adds, "even if no actual reading is done."

Westward calls attention to the presentation of Joaquin Miller's play "49" at The Heights, Oakland, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his purchase of that hill overlooking the Golden Gate. This play was published in London in 1872, and appeared here in book form ten years later, with dedication to Ina Coolbrith.

Endeavoring "to reflect the cultural life of (its) section of the United States, keeping always in mind the larger interests of the nation and the world" *The University Review*, a journal of the Kansas City University, offers diversity of excellence.

Nine years after its first appearance in *Paris transition*, whose early numbers are collectors' items, resumes publication under the continued editorship of Eugene Jolas, and James Johnson Sweeney, Associate Editor.

Continued on page 329

Criticism....

Writers desiring criticism by an author of known standing publishing currently in the *Satevepost*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan* etc., may send their mss for a frank report and honest advice. Rates: \$1 per thousand words or part of a thousand. Minimum fee \$5. Stamped addressed envelope **must** be enclosed.

Albert R. Wetjen

Author: *Captain's All* (Knopf), *Way For a Sailor!* (Century Co.), *Youth Walks On the Highway* (Heron Press), *Fiddler's Green* (Little Brown). Winner, O. Henry Award best short-short story 1926. Included in Anthologies: *O'Brien's Best British Stories* (1926); *World's Best Stories* (1927); *World's 100 Best Stories*; (*Literary Digest* Collection) 1928. See *Who's Who in America*.

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Woodcut by Charles E. Heaney

HYMN FOR A DARK AGE

LYDIA LITTELL

What the bird on the bough can tell you I can tell you—
The incomparable bird singing of love and God;
And the dream of the lizard motionless in the summer sun is my dream;
And the slow earthworm underneath the sod,
I know its trail: burrowing through the mould, opening crack after tiny crack,
Letting the imperative germ pierce the deep black,
Pushing the soil upward that the recurrent life may be;
And when the light leaps into blade and bud,
The miracle occurs in me.
My blood-beat is in the incessant and terrific thunder over the ocean floor;
The exalted hymn of the mountain is my own;
Mine no less is the cry of the stalking beast, and the silent
Cry of the bleaching bone.
The rapids foaming on the rock assert my word,
And the interminable, plunging waterfall;
I am the bead of moisture on the glass that prisms all the seven colors;
I am the challenging and the dividing wall.
My Yea shouts through the spaces with Orion and the dawn;
The secret music of all life is mine:
The clashing rhythms, potent silences,
And the eternally renewed design.

FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. XVI. No. 4

A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

Summer, 1936

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

—THOREAU.

MOUNTAIN-SIZE

ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

THE road had been laboring up for mile after mile, through the heavy dust among the crowded pines, with the creek too far below in the canyon to lend any cooling; but now at last it came out into the open, twisted a few times among tumbled granite masses, and lay level before them across the grassy mountain valley. As he let the car slide to a halt they both leaned out to catch the flow of the cool moving air. It touched them soothingly after the long hours of sullen heat. Their eyes, harrassed all through the middle of the day by the white glare of summer-blenched valleys and foothills, found comfort in the wide free stretch of green.

Phil Kemper turned to his wife. His voice had a ring of triumph. "Pretty nice?"

"Lovely!"

"Glad you came?" There was the old challenge in his eyes, the familiar teasing in his voice. He never could understand that she could love the mountains and at the same time dread these rough vacations.

"Of course I'm glad."

He laughed as he put the car into gear again. They went jouncing on over the haphazard road of powdered granite and broken stone. On each side, beyond the wide meadow-land, steep wooded slopes rose into cliffs and domes and pinnacles of rock.

This was unfamiliar territory; but all through last winter they had heard

Jimmy Curtis talk so incessantly and so fervidly of this "fisherman's paradise" that they felt almost as if they must have been here before. They knew just what to expect when the valley narrowed and the road swung in among the oaks. "In a few minutes we'll be seeing them all," Phil muttered happily, "Mr. Bill Mead, and the Captain, and Bunny and the rest of the boys."

After a moment Lois said, "Maybe she won't be here—that woman." She could feel his glance come around to her but she looked straight ahead.

"Oh, the Captain'll be here, all right." Again there was that quality of challenge in it. "These people don't go moving around like apartment-dwellers." In a little while he went on, "I hope you'll take them just as they are, Lois. It'll be uncomfortable, you know, if you begin expecting them to live up to your standards. . . . That's what we're up here for, anyway. To get away for a while from that soft life down there."

She had been hearing a good deal of this lately. Phil began to talk that way each year when the time came around to hang out the sleeping bags for airing, to take the count of metal plates and cups. They must get away from civilization's pampering, back into the primitive life.

She looked at him now and saw that he was already well on his way toward this goal. The second day's beard bristled on his cheeks and chin.

His forearms had the fiery beginning of a new coat of tan. The worst of his pipes was between his teeth. The worst of his hats sagged over one eye. But the set of his shoulders in the snug flannel shirt was firm and happy. She put her hand on his arm and smiled into his eyes when they came around to her. "It's just what you wanted, isn't it, Phil?"

The road took a sudden turning into an angle of the hills. "Here we are!" Phil sang out. Just as Jimmy Curtis had said, the group of four or five one-story, one-room, unpainted cabins looked like a toy village dropped down here among the great trees and the mountain tops.

A woman came to the door of the cabin far back from the road and stood looking out at them. "There's the Captain!" Phil's voice was excited. As Lois leaned forward to look beyond him the woman moved away from the door.

In a moment they came to the flamboyant gasoline pump standing before a cabin that was labelled with a crudely painted board as the "Store." A wiry old man, with stiff gray hair jutting beneath his limp hat, pushed open the screen door and stood measuring them calmly from the top of his two wooden steps.

"We'd like to camp here for a few days," Phil called up to him.

"I don't know of any particular reason why you can't."

"You're Mr. Mead, aren't you? We're friends of Jimmy Curtis."

Then Mr. Mead swept off his hat and came down to them. His bright quick eyes matched oddly with his drawl. To Phil's inquiry about campsites he answered with a wave of his leathery

hand. "Take your choice. We got plenty of room up here. . . . Only," he suggested with a mild twinkle in his eye, "don't get under the pines or you'll have a cone coming down some night and splitting your head open; and don't get too near the mouth of that side canyon, because the rattlers are a little too sociable over that way."

"How about over there under those oaks?"

"That's as good a place as any."

"How about it, Lois?"

"Anything but the rattlesnakes!"

The men laughed tolerantly. Since the running-board on the driver's side was loaded with the rolled-up tent Mr. Mead moved around to mount beside Lois. "There's no particular reason," he said, "why I shouldn't help you make camp." She caught the sour-sweet scent of his chewing tobacco at the open window as they went swaying and creaking over the hundred yards of grass to the oaks by the stream.

Though the trees had boxes nailed to their trunks, to tell of the campers of other years, there was a freshness of welcome in the untrodden grass. The creek swung in a narrow bend under the low bank. It ran smoothly here, over sand and shining stones, with no sound save a soft gurgling that came from the swiftness of its flowing.

Lois went at once down the path cut in the bank to cool her wrists in the water, while the men pulled boxes and sacks from the car. When she came up they were already driving pegs around the spread tent.

"Are you *sure* there aren't any rattlesnakes here?"

Mr. Mead turned his head very slightly aside to emit a dark brown jet. "Never seen any." As she seemed still wait-

ing for further comfort he let her have it. "If you see any of 'em around all you got to do is cut off their heads with the ax. That's the way the Captain handles 'em if she catches 'em hanging around her chicken-yard."

"Jimmy told us about her," Phil put in. "She's a good one, all right."

"Yes; she can just about handle anything that comes along."

The tent was lifted now. Shadows of leaves patterned the gray-green canvas. Lois found her battered wicker suitcase and brought a dripping towel from the creek.

"Look at her, Mr. Mead," Phil called out mockingly; "that's the most important part of making camp: to get her neck washed."

In the tent she smiled as she heard them mumbling on about the perverse fastidiousness of women. Today, since there were no urgent tasks waiting, she even changed her dusty blouse. She didn't begin to hurry until she heard a woman's voice added to those of the men, a husky, rather sullen voice, with laconic responses to the men's breezy chatter.

When Lois came from the tent the woman was watching Phil pile stones for the fire-place. She wore a loose dress of dark gingham and a man's hat pulled low over untidy light hair. Her eyes were a very clear blue against the deep tan of her roughened skin. She looked up challengingly to Lois, and before anyone could speak she turned abruptly about and walked away. Mr. Mead said in a low voice, "You'll have to excuse the Captain for not being sociable. She don't go much on women-folks."

Lois went to where Phil was ranging the pots and pans along a board. "I suppose not," she said.

Mr. Mead refused their invitation to dinner. "But the boys'll likely be around this evening," he told them. "They'll be over from the ranch-house and they'll want to come and say hello."

It was scarcely dark when they came. First there was the clink of hoof-beats on the road, then the clatter of heavy steps on Mr. Mead's flimsy wooden floor, and then they came with him swaying through the dusk—long thin Pete and thick-set Joe and little Bunny. They lay sprawled on the ground about the fire, only their faces showing clearly above shadowy tangles of arms and legs.

The talk went around and around the inevitable circle of hunting and fishing. Lois listened in silence, leaning back against a tree-trunk. But she was not forgotten; every now and then Phil offered some joking comment on her objections to camp-life. "She's a great nature-lover, boys; but she wishes God hadn't made flies."

They hailed his jesting with heavy laughter.

Phil lost no time in letting them know her dread of snakes and this brought forth their finest narrative efforts. They vied with one another in gruesome details.

"You're just trying to frighten me," she challenged them; and they laughed like little children who have found an effective prank.

Joe's drawl came on and on out of the crowding dark: ". . . and after they'd been up there prospecting about a year or so one of 'em died and his partner buried him and that night he felt something cold lying in the bunk beside him and he was sure it was his partner's ghost and he was afraid to look but after a long while he got up

his courage to throw back the covers—and it was nothing but a rattler!”

When at last they were gone and the sleeping bags were spread she found it hard to put herself down into the dark hidden depths. But she wouldn't let Phil see her fear; and she could even smile at it herself when she lay warmly, safely enfolded, looking up to the dark tracery of branches against the sky of stars. She had been very drowsy by the fire but now she couldn't sleep. She lay listening to the music of the creek; she watched the slow movement of the stars; and far into the night she heard the voices of the cowboys, in long rumbling discourses, broken by a woman's loud and high and scornful laughter.

With the first gray light Phil was moving about camp, eager for the morning's fishing. She watched him make coffee and fry bacon with no offer of her services, for she knew his pride in being self-sufficient in camp. "Trout for lunch!" He bent over to give her a hasty kiss and slipped away into the cool clean morning.

She lay watching some silent little birds that ran like mice on the tree-trunks; hearing drowsy peepings in the branches; seeing the sun touch crest after crest and move slowly down the mountain side. For Phil the mountains were a place for hunting and fishing, for living roughly and largely, for coming to grips with elemental things. For her they were a presence, a gentle hand of peace laid over her spirit. Their influence came upon her like this radiant yellow light that moved slowly down the slope, falling among the pines.

She had a quiet morning of arranging things in camp and exploring what lay closely about it. On the moist

banks of the stream she found a minute yellow flower that was new to her; with the help of the botany book she identified it as a creeping variety of the buttercup family; she made a careful sketch of it in water-colors. Several times she saw the woman they called Captain—the only other woman here—come to the door of her cabin and stand looking across. As soon as she was aware of being noticed she went out of sight.

It was well past noon when Phil came back. He was hot and worn and disappointed. His whole catch was one small trout. "You've got to know where to go for 'em," he grumbled.

When he had eaten heavily he slept through most of the afternoon. Lois sat beside him holding a book, reading a little, watching the shadows slowly climb the slopes to draw back the curtain—the morning sun had unrolled.

In the evening Phil was alert and hopeful again. He would go over and ask the boys about the best places for fishing. Lois sat by a low fire looking across the dark to the bright light in the door of the Captain's house. The woman's voice rang out shrilly above those of the men. Her oaths and obscenities sounded sharply across the night. Once Lois heard her bawl out, "What the hell is she doing up here, anyhow?"

Phil, returning late, brought back the scent of mountain whiskey and an easy bluntness of speech. When they were in their bags he called across, "She's going to go fishing with me tomorrow."

After a while Lois said, "Couldn't you go with one of the men?"

"How could I?" he demanded. "They're busy all day . . . But the

Captain knows her stuff, all right. We'll just drag 'em out, I bet."

In the morning Lois got up to cook his breakfast. Before he was quite ready the Captain came from her cabin. She wore loose dingy overalls tucked into high boots. Halfway to their camp she halted and stood staring at them. "Come on and have a cup of coffee with us," Phil shouted; but she stood there without moving and made no answer. Phil quickly drank his coffee and hurried to join her. The Captain's long swinging stride kept pace with his as they went among the trees.

Again he was back by noon, but this time with a bagful of trout to display with happy boasting. "Look at that beauty! Almost broke my neck for that fellow!" They had scrambled up a steep canyon, over boulders and fallen logs, fishing the pools at the bottom of low falls and cascades. "Talk about a *man* going with me! There's not many men could keep up with the Captain!"

"I suppose she does know the mountains," Lois agreed quietly.

"She's mountain-size, all right. No city softness in *her!*" He slit open another fish on the flat stone by the creek and cleaned it with a deft twist of his knife. Lois looked away. Perhaps she *was* soft. She didn't like to see his hands dabbled with blood and filth.

After a while she said, "I heard some of her talk last night. I don't quite see how you could listen to that all morning."

He looked up belligerently. "It sounds damned good for a change! Don't you suppose a man ever gets sick and tired of that wishy-washy talk we hear at home?" As he went on loudly

the knife kept swiftly about its work. One gaping trout after another flashed into the pail of water. "Can't you realize what a miserably narrow life we have at home? No wonder we get so flabby. We're shut away from everything that's fundamental. It's lucky we can get up to a place like this once in a while. These people may be crude, but it puts new life in a man to try to live their way for a while." Through with his task he wiped his soiled hands on a bunch of grass, dipped them in the stream, dried them on shirt and trousers, stood facing her with feet set wide apart. "I've only got two weeks a year for this, Lois, and I'm going to make the most of 'em. I'm not bringing a lot of silly city attitudes along with me. I'm going to try to be mountain-size—for these two weeks, at least."

She understood . . . not wholly, perhaps; but very nearly. She remembered the summer when his revolt against the restrictions of his usual life had taken the form of a desire for nakedness; and how, after two days of aggressively defying the sun, he had lain like a hurt and saddened child while she ministered to his blistered back with creams and lotions. . . . She would try to understand. She wouldn't keep after him to shave and change his shirt. She wouldn't spoil his short two weeks.

Her own persistent neatness was not intended as a protest. It simply pleased her to be as clean as was possible under the circumstances. It didn't matter in the least that the Captain regarded her with scorn and hostility from the borders of camp.

But it was the sort of vacation Phil wanted. He walked with a new firm

tread and a confident lift of his shoulders. It was sometimes almost a swagger. The little smile deep within her was close to tears when she watched his eager efforts to match these mountain folk in hardiness and uncouthness, his jubilation when they seemed to be accepting him as one of themselves. At home it had always been her part to comfort him, strengthen him, keep him from being too pliant under the shapings of life; and now it was strange to have this bearded man in soiled clothing sitting across from her, talking loudly and roughly, eating his food noisily, announcing his readiness for all the more violent things of life.

Nearly every morning he went out fishing with the Captain; in the afternoon he lay dozing about camp. Sometimes in the evening the cowboys came to their campfire, always with new rattlesnake stories they had remembered or devised—long circumstantial accounts of suffering and death. She exaggerated her discomfort a little so that they might enjoy their child-like laughter; but it was a relief when they strolled on to the Captain's cabin, even though Phil went with them.

Her own days were filled with a quiet beauty. She got farther and farther from camp in her search for flowers. Nearly every day there was a wholly new variety to add to the carefully pressed collection, new sketches for the water-color pages. In her high leather boots she felt reasonably secure against snakes although the dread of them never left her. The sound of water dripping in dead leaves could set her heart to pounding.

She went very often across the valley to a place at the foot of the mountain wall where an underground stream

came to the surface in a wide area of tricklings that filled the broad recess with flowers and freshness. On the way she had to pass a mound of hot piled rocks where she felt sure that snakes were lurking. Here a great grasshopper once sprang up beside her foot with a wild rattling. She almost cried out; she did turn and run a few steps, hands at her breast, gasping. When she faced back she saw the Captain coming toward her on the narrow trail. Even so far away she could see the scornful smile. Lois walked on toward her and now the Captain stood stock-still. Lois had to pass close beside her. She forced herself to offer a friendly nod. The Captain had nothing in return but her mocking, insolent stare. When Lois had gone a few paces beyond, the woman laughed loudly.

That evening Lois said to Phil, "I think I'd like to go fishing with you tomorrow."

He stared at her incredulously. "I thought you were afraid of snakes."

"Have you seen any?"

"We've killed three or four of them."

After a few moments she said, "I'm not so afraid any more."

"It's hard work, you know," he muttered crossly, "scrambling over those rocks."

"I want to try it. I think I ought to see if I can't be mountain-size too."

She was trying to make it sound light and playful; but he only grumbled, "All right."

A little later she asked, "She won't go too, will she?"

He laughed harshly. "No danger!"

In the morning they set out before the birds were well awake in the trees. There was a fine flavor of adventure

abroad in this eager hour. Lois, almost running, felt that she could keep up with Phil even if he walked twice this fast.

Before long they turned aside from the creek to follow one of its branches, a little stream that ran placidly over pebbles. Lois was beginning to think that Phil had greatly exaggerated the difficulties of these excursions, and then they came to the canyon where the stream descended the mountain-side and she looked up to great broken masses of rock with the white water spilling over them.

Beyond this point there was no trail. One must scramble as best one could over the tangled rocks. Blanched dead wood caught at one's feet and here and there thickets of a dense moist growth clung chokingly about one's face. Phil quickly drew far ahead of her and stood on a high rock looking back impatiently. Perhaps she shouldn't have come. Phil had always told her she didn't know how to balance her weight in climbing. When she tried to hurry a wide rock tipped.

"Look out!" he yelled at her. "You can tell if they're loose by *looking*."

She came panting up to the high place where he stood. "At this rate," he greeted her, "we'll get to the fishing about noon."

She steadied herself against him. "Go on ahead, Phil. I can't get lost, can I, if I follow the creek?"

The terror she felt of being alone in this wilderness of rock must have come into her voice for Phil stayed beside her when they went on. Even with his hand under her arm she slipped and almost fell. "Maybe I just better crawl on my hands and knees."

"I told you it wasn't so easy."

"I know. It's not your fault. But I wanted to come."

They waited while she got her breath and Phil stripped off his flannel shirt, baring his brown arms to the shoulder.

"It is *awfully* hot."

"I guess we might as well turn around and go back."

"No, Phil. You go on ahead."

"I can't help you much anyway."

"No; I know you can't. And if I don't try to go so fast maybe it'll be easier."

He hesitated, looking up the canyon and back to her. "There's a pool just a little way on. I could fish there and wait for you."

"Yes," she urged, "you go on."

She watched him as he went springing up over the rocks. Like a man who has thrown off a burden. She liked to see him move so surely and easily across these massive blocks of granite.

Just beyond him now was something that looked like an impassable barrier. A dead tree-trunk lay across the stream with the water spurting beneath it. It rose like a bulging wall, taller than a man.

She watched Phil closely as he came to it. She must see how he got over so that she could do it too. He stepped up on a rock that brought him high enough to swing one arm across the log. For a moment his arm rested there. Then he gave a sharp cry and jerked it away. A great writhing thing hung down. For an instant it hung there then dropped to the rocks and flung itself twisting and coiling into a pit-like crevice.

Phil cried out wildly. "My God, Lois, he got me! He got me!" He came leaping down toward her, sliding and falling on the rocks. She went to him

as fast as she could. Where a jutting rock barred the way she walked in the icy water to her knees.

Phil's face was hideous with fear. "I'm done for, Lois. He got me. Under my elbow. I can't even see the place."

She took his arm and lifted it, to see the two small punctures, with the slow blood oozing.

"Lois! Do something, Lois!"

A crisp rattle on the hot rocks near them made her shrink against him. She saw the erratic flight of a grasshopper. She was sobbing when she lifted his arm again.

"Lois! Lois! Can't you do something?"

She fumbled his handkerchief from his trouser-pocket. Confused pictures were coming back from the cowboys' stories. There were bits of wood here on the rocks at her feet. She twisted the blue handkerchief tighter and tighter on his arm.

"Where's my knife?" Phil was babbling. "Take my knife!"

He pressed it into her hands but there was a film before her eyes when she lifted it to his arm. She had to fight, to hold herself from slipping away.

"I can't, Phil! I can't!"

"You've got to! My God, you've got to!"

She dropped the knife and lifted her face to his arm. The dark blood was oozing faster. A shudder went all through her. She set her lips to the place.

In the mist before her shut eyes she could see that writhing mass fall between the rocks. She could feel her flesh shrinking into her bones to hide from the poisoned heads that were everywhere now, coming toward her. When she drew back her face to rid her

mouth of the venom the darkness was heavy before her eyes. "Hold me," she whispered. His other arm came about her, twitching, gripping.

"There aren't any . . . aren't any cracked places in your lips, are there, Lois?"

His voice was as far off as if it came from one of the boys at the camp-fire who was telling her the danger. In the growing darkness she leaned heavily against him. All of her life had gone into her pressing lips.

She was lying on the flat of the rock now and Phil was dashing water in her face. When she opened her eyes he dragged her down beside him to the rock below. "Come on, Lois! We've got to get down! Got to get some whiskey!"

They stumbled through the water that poured among the great rounded stones.

"Don't go so fast, Phil! . . . Don't get too hot!"

"It hurts like hell!"

"Let me loosen the band a little."

"No! Don't touch it!"

"Maybe it's too tight."

"It's got to be tight!"

She fell again and again on the rocks but the fear shut away all pain. At the bottom of the canyon Phil began to run, over the brown needles under the pines.

"You *mustn't*, Phil!"

"I've *got to*!"

In a few minutes they were back to a gasping walk.

"It isn't . . . so very far, Phil. We'll . . . soon be there . . . now."

Between the trees they could see the cabins. Bill Mead was in his tilted chair in the doorway. "Bill! Snake-bite! Get out your medicine!" Phil was try-

ing to make it sound hardy and unafraid.

The first sip of the burning whiskey caught her throat. "No! No more! I can't!" she begged.

Bill Mead studied her closely. "You sure you got no cut places around your mouth?"

"I'm all right. Look at his arm."

Phil took up his second glass with a shaky hand. It dribbled at the corners of his mouth. The old man lifted his arm. "I guess we better do a little operating here."

Lois leaned against the doorpost with her hand held before her eyes. Phil was groaning. "That permanganate'll fix it," the old man said. He came over to Lois. "It don't look so bad. Don't you worry. . . . Lucky you were with him, all right."

Phil gave a thin laugh. "It takes a pretty good snake to get *me!* I bet the *snake's* dead. What do you think, Bill? Do you think a snake could bite me and not die of it?"

He had filled his glass again. The old man went to put the bottle away under the counter; then he came back to Lois and lifted her scratched hands with a strange gentleness. "Better get him over to camp now and have him rest."

"I'm going back and kill that snake!" Phil announced violently.

Lois put her hand on his arm. "Let's go to camp, Phil. I want to lie down."

"I'm going to kill all the snakes in the county!" But he allowed himself to be led slowly on toward camp. "Tomorrow I'll go out after 'em," he kept muttering. "They started something and I'm going to finish it!"

"Yes. Tomorrow. But now let's rest a while."

She sat over him answering his mut-

tering with low words like a gentle touch. He would seem to be almost asleep and then he would sit bolt upright, with terror in his eyes. "I feel so weak, Lois. Do you suppose that stuff is getting me?"

There was cold sweat on his head when she pressed it back to the pillow. "Mr. Mead says there's no danger now."

"But it hurts so damn bad!"

"Try to be quiet, dear. See if you can't sleep."

When he finally slept he kept on moaning. Late in the morning the old man came over. "Are you sure he's going to be all right?" she begged. "I feel so anxious."

He took off the wrappings, while she looked away. "The black's going out of it. He'll be all right." His fingers slipped down to the pulse. "There's nothing to worry about. You better get some sleep too."

She shook her head. It would be dreadful to sleep, to be back there again on the rocks in the burning sunshine, seeing that loathsome twisting thing.

It was almost evening when Phil awoke. After long consideration he decided that his arm felt much better, that in fact the pain was nearly out of it. A stinging ache, but no more of that rending pain. The discovery let him into a mood of triumph. He came to stand chattering beside her while she made the coffee.

"Now we'll have something to *say* when they talk about rattlers!"

"You sure you feel all right now?"

"I've got a bit of a headache. I guess that's from Bill's moonshine." He laughed exuberantly. "That's certainly powerful medicine!"

The long scratches on her hands were

stiff and stinging. Her whole body ached with bruises.

"I guess I had a pretty close call," he said.

Pretty soon, when it was dark and the yellow patch of radiance shone from the Captain's doorway, he took up his flashlight. "I'll have to go over and tell the gang about it."

"Oh, Phil! Don't go tonight!"

"Why not? I'm all right now."

"Don't go tonight, Phil. Stay here with me tonight."

"I'll be back in just a little while. If you get tired don't wait up for me." His chuckling came back through the darkness as he went away among the trees.

She sat close to the fire. Wherever she looked she saw that squirming thing falling through the air. . . . Now the fire was burning low; he hadn't left much wood. She would have to step into darkness to spread her bed. She crouched closer to the dying flickers. The chill crept through her; cold deadened even the fear. She got into the tight bag in a quivering knot, longing for home. She wasn't mountain-size like Phil and the others.

Over at the Captain's they were noisier than usual. Often there was the quality of an altercation in the shouting. And now the Captain's voice rang out: "Get out of here! I've heard about enough of this!"

The voice came very clearly; she must be standing in the open doorway. "Do you think you're the first person ever got bit by a snake? What's that to

brag about? You go strutting around here like a tin god; but it's *her* that did something. I wouldn't have taken the chance she did, I can tell you. You're not worth it. I'm tired of having you hanging around here. Get out now, and don't come back."

The shrill voice yielded to a dull rumble of laughter. Then there was heavy silence. When she heard steps Lois dropped back to her pillow. But it was a long while before he came nearer. He was standing out there in the dark.

She lay perfectly still when he came, breathing long slow breaths. She heard him undressing, crawling into his bag. After a long time she moved and said sleepily, "Are you there, Phil?"

"I was kind of tired," he murmured.

"I must have been dead to the world," she said. "I haven't heard a thing for hours."

After a while she asked. "Your arm feel all right now?"

"Yes."

She could hear him move and knew that his hand was held out to her. She groped until her hand was in his clasp.

"You feel all right, Lois?"

"Why, of course! Why shouldn't I?"

"That was . . . it took a lot of courage . . . what you did today. You . . . it saved me, all right."

She gave a low happy laugh. "Why, it was just the only thing to do."

His fingers tightened. They didn't talk any more. Their hands held together and she felt his fingers slowly relaxing. He was asleep now. In a little while she slept too.

LITERATURE AND GOOD WILL

JOSEPH B. HARRISON

A N English lecturer in America, during one of the later years of the World War, described the uneasiness which artists of all sorts in England and Europe then felt. Artists it seemed were tender minded persons, arrogant enough in the face of mere Philistine indifference but in more serious situations easily hurt in their self-esteem; and if art were an activity of any importance, that hurt was a serious matter, for an artist must think well of himself to invite the world to abandon its practical concerns and spend some of its time looking at his picture, listening to his music, reading his book. He has to assume to begin with that his own personal quality is so good that the mere expression of his attitudes and values and feelings, quite separate from their applicability to any useful end, is worth public attention. But an attention that is attainable only in the public's idle moments and is withdrawn almost completely in periods of stress is no great friend and aid of the spirit. A portrait painter who is set to camouflaging ships begins to wonder whether his special product has really been significant. No poet is likely to flourish whose talents have been commandeered by the Intelligence Office, no musician whose relation to his art has been reduced to sounding or to responding to bugle calls. Talent in the arts is not one of the survival characteristics which persist in time of war. Perhaps being able to write a poem is no more valuable than being able to waggle one's ears or make an egg stand on its end.

These are reflections after which one

needs some cheering up. Though camouflaging ships may have for the moment a value greater than painting portraits, possibly it is only a temporary superiority due to someone's failure to prevent the war. Habitually we blame statesmen and soldiers and financiers and business men for provoking wars, and in doing so we fail to remember that these people would be utterly unable to lead us into war were we not ready to be led. True, it may be they who have made us ready, by manipulating our news, or by preying upon our minds or playing upon our emotions through such agencies as the church, the schools, the theaters. But that only goes to prove how important to any society is the state of its mind and its feelings, as well as its political and economic organization or its material circumstances. Explosions like war may be touched off by applying matches, but that which goes off so destructively has been slowly and stealthily accumulated. Above all, a people that is to be led into slaughter must have been given a certain set in its emotions, a certain color in its temperament. Among the agencies that can produce or prevent such a result art is one of the most important.

"Give me the right word," wrote Joseph Conrad, "and the right accent, and I will move the world." The chief barrier to international, or inter-racial, or inter-factional understanding is the absence of the right word and the right accent. The arts, including even literature in translation, constitute a universal language. The uncoerced artist is intelligible alike to Germans and

Frenchmen, to capitalists and communists, to Protestants and Catholics and Jews. War, schism, pogrom are possible only in an atmosphere of misunderstanding which the arts perhaps more than any other agency can hope to dispel. Nationalities are entities that have crystallized out of generations or centuries of belligerency; economic systems have been achieved in sweat and blood and are prone to defend themselves by the same; religious groups have the eternal task of liberating their essential religion from sectarian trivialities. But artists are only accidentally and unimportantly Frenchmen, or communists, or Jews. An artist is an individual temperament appealing to a multitude of other individual temperaments who, insofar as they appreciate art, must come out from behind institutional barriers.

If you are an artist, and I read your book, what I learn is especially how you *feel* about things—how *you* feel about things. Whatever is in your book by pressure or command is false; and I will find it out, if not at once then presently, if not for myself then with the aid of my fellows. Ultimately we get your number, and what we reject of you is proportional to the amount of common humanity you have sacrificed to being a German or a capitalist or a Presbyterian. For art transcends these classifications: from the artist and his appreciator in the moment of communication the whole universe drops away and there is nothing left to classify. I forget whether you are ancient Greek, or medieval, or modern; I forget whether you are black or white; I forget whether your ancestor signed the Declaration of Independence or was merely hanged to a sour apple

tree during a rebellion. All I am aware of is that I am participating in your vision, that I have by some miracle got out of my own consciousness into yours, and that I can never again be quite the same person I was before. Above all I know that I do not want to fight with you about anything. If I do want to fight you it can only be because you are a bad artist; you have missed the right word and the right accent and have talked to me in the language of a Jew or a Gentile rather than in the universal language of art. It's either that, or it's I that am a bad listener, with no ear for anything but national or sectarian jargon.

Let us test this thesis by a simple application. In addition to being a poet you are, let us say, a countryman, a farmer. And you enjoy being a farmer, not merely because it makes you economically independent (or in spite of the fact that it doesn't)—you enjoy being a farmer because you like to do the things a farmer does. You like the sights and sounds, all the little details of experience that go to make up a farmer's day. You like, for instance, to go out to the pasture and rake the dead leaves out of the spring; and in helping in the new calf—so young it can scarcely walk—you borrow some of the gratification of its mother.

I, however, am a city dweller. It is my misfortune to know so little about pasture springs and calves that they need never exist so far as I care; while you, in your concern for these things seem to me, I must confess, rather simple-minded.

But as we have said it happens that you are not only a farmer but also a poet. You are not going to let me off until you have somehow communicated

to me these feelings of yours that have so mystified me. You are not going to argue with me about them, you are not going to call me names for being so stupid. But if you are so good a poet that your name is Robert Frost you will merely extend me a couple of invitations in eight lines that will reveal your secret whether or not I accept your invitations:

I'm going out to clean the pasture
spring;

I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the waters
clear, I may):

I shan't be gone long.—You come
too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by it's mother. It's
so young

It totters when she licks it with her
tongue.

I shan't be gone long.—You come
too.

The problem was approximately the same for Dante when he wished to communicate his vision of another world, or for Shakespeare when he wanted us to comprehend the sublimity in the madness of King Lear. Dante, in describing the tortures of the seventh circle of hell wants us to share the peculiar agonies of those who have done violence to themselves, of the suicides; so he plants those suicides as strange trees in a "dreadful sand" and has himself break off a twig from one of those man-trees, and describes the result:

As from a green log that is burning
at one of its ends, and drips
from the other, and hisses with the
air that is escaping, so from that
broken twig came out words and
blood together; whereon I let the
tip fall, and stood like a man who
is afraid.

Shakespeare, in the great storm scene on the heath in *Lear*, seeks the very image that will express the profundity and grandeur of Lear's self-abasement, that will render the deep ground-tremor of emotion that has brought to Lear at last a corrected vision of his own size and place in the scheme of things:

Why, [cries Lear, contemplating
Edgar, whom he has found half
naked in the storm] thou wert better
in thy grave than to answer with
thy uncovered body this extremity
of the skies. Is man no more than
this? Consider him well. Thou
owest the worm no silk, the beast no
hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no
perfume. Ha! here's three on's are
sophisticated; thou art the thing
itself; unaccommodated man is no
more than such a poor bare, forked
animal as thou art. Off, off, you
lendings! Come; unbutton here.
(Tearing off his clothes).

In his practical relations man is continually beset by the artifice of circumstance. One of the important functions of the poet is to strip him of his accommodations and thus restore his responsiveness to the simple things that are in the beginning the same for every man. Such myths as Aryanism and Hundred Percentism become possible only through a sophisticated isolation which has nothing to do with the real localism that has produced the great myths of the race. A true localism is universal like that of Henry Thoreau, who was "as local as a woodchuck" in his University of Concord. It was precisely because a loon on Walden Pond was like a loon on any pond that Thoreau was willing to play checkers with one all through an October afternoon. Thoreau was poor, bare, forked animal enough to enjoy the loon's laughter at

his expense; not until he had dressed himself up and got a scepter or a bank-book in his hand would he accuse the bird of lese-majesty.

Wordsworth in one of his wisest moments declared that "the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability . . . to endeavor to produce and enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, in any period, a writer can be engaged. . . ."

I do not know whether an American writer who a few years ago published a short-story about a negro and a flapper was familiar with Wordsworth's statement—he may well have been. The negro, care-taker of a yacht anchored near seal-rocks, every evening stripped himself of his lendings from the worm and beast and sheep, and played with the seals in their native element. He was unaccommodated man spending an hour on the crest of being. The flapper, after having exhausted the gross and violent stimulants of the speedway and the roadhouse, accidentally discovered the spontaneous intense existences that centered on the seal-rocks, and returned to the adjacent shore on a succeeding evening to pick them off one by one with a rifle. That she was unaware of having killed a man was beside the point. Her degeneracy was epitomized in the first gratuitous shot at one of those primitive living things. She had reached the end of the trail that leads from life to death. The last tattered rag of her will to live was the will to kill.

Her state was but little more extreme than that of the public visualized by some of our purveyors of popular entertainment. In the later days of the silent movies there was produced a super-film which ran one story in four parallel sequences. There were four beginnings, four middles, and four ends. The spectator, like a boxer in a ring with four assailants, was thumped in quick succession from right and left, in front and behind. His emotions were hammered into a jelly which was shaken again and again with increasing violence lest it try to assume a set of its own. In the end he was spilled out and smeared through space and time (from Babylon to U. S. A.) by four threatened deaths and four reprieves at the last moment.

The producer of that film was a cynic who believed that the responses of ordinary human beings can only be elicited with a pile-driver or a mangle. His conviction is shared by more than one contemporary American writer intelligent enough to know better. Such formidably expressive writers as Robinson Jeffers, William Faulkner, and Thomas Wolfe are so frequently guilty of assault that the self-respecting reader at whom they evidently aim may well look himself over in dismay, not only to make count of his bruises and abrasions but also to discover what it is about him that was thought to justify this violence.

Perhaps ours is such a fatted age that only gross stimulants will stir us out of our porcine lethargy. One likes to believe that this is not so. One likes to believe, for instance, that sex ecstasy does not have to be sent up in an aeroplane before we can be aroused to interest in that ancient theme.

One likes to believe, also, that we are capable of achieving loyalty and enthusiasm without the gross stimulants of race, class, and national hatreds, or fanatically whipped up devotions to group "ologies and "isms." The true artist who is summoned to the support of such causes promptly reveals them as the temporary vestures of a poor, bare, forked animal who will bleed or laugh if you prick or tickle him through his garment. The artist will always rebel against impressment into this service, will give it at best a lip sanction while he betrays it by disintegrating it into its less gross and violent parts. "Americanism" in a poet's hands must cease to be an instrument of intolerance because his immediate task is to rediscover all the hope and despair, heroism and poltroonery, greed and yearning, creation and waste that are necessary to identify the American as the human. "America itself is essentially the greatest poem," wrote Walt Whitman; but he also declared that "a leaf of grass is the journey-work of the stars." His Americanism laid claim to the greatest because it comprehended the least, because it pointed to the limitlessness not only of the "far-sprinkled systems" of the stars but also of "the mossy scabs of the worm fence, heap'd stones, elder, mullein, and poke-weed."

"Hurrah for positive science!" chanted the same poet, but his enthusiasm was the accompaniment of his faith that "In the beauty of poems are henceforth the tuft and final applause of science." Of science as a substitute for poetry he could have had no comprehension. The pseudo-beliefs and dynamic illusions of the sophisticated moderns he would have instantly rec-

ognized as the contradictions they are. A machine-gun can give appropriate voice to a pseudo-belief, but a machine-gun is the product of a science that has resigned its tuft and final applause. Art is always a form of applause: it applauds reality for its capacity to be apprehended as significant form; it applauds beauty for the justification it gives us for being alive; it applauds science for its courageous revision of the known and venturing into the unknown, which are the passions of art itself. Art is a communication of applause and as such is the enemy of all that corrodes and destroys, of all that breeds separation and hatred between men.

The appeal to art as an instrument of social adjustment will seem the veriest sentimentality to devotees of the appeals to reason, to constitutions, to revolution, or to arms. Realism (with all its alarmingly contradictory variations) is the demand of the hour, and poets, we are told, are not realistic. "The poetic temperament's a very nice temperament," says Ann Whitefield in *Man and Superman*, "very amiable, very harmless and poetic, I dare say; but it's an old maid's temperament." To which John Tanner subscribes, "Barrren. The Life Force passes it by." And in his trilogy of plays, *Back to Methusalem*, Mr. Shaw, having projected his mind into the future as far as it can reach, describes man as being born from the egg at the stage he now approximates at the age eighteen. For two or three years that remain to him of his minority he occupies himself with poetry or some other art as a child now amuses himself with a box of toys, and then he is ready to put away childish things.

Both Mr. Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells have frankly asserted that their respective arts are important for them chiefly as vehicles of reform. They have, it seems, kept in touch with the practical world and their dreams are no longer dreams in any conventional sense, they are merely discoveries of the future. Though there may be conventional dreamers still about, they are as out of date as the late American commoner who said that no evolutionist could make a monkey out of him. They are obsessed with the Magical View of the world that dates back to animism. A thinker turns poet, novelist, dramatist as a temporary compromise with a naive or corrupted public; for that part of the artist's product which is not reducible to social or scientific terms, either now or ultimately, is too trivial to be worth preserving. And he who seeks refuge in pure form is about as safe from modern rationalism as Dante in his heaven of crystalline spheres. "Art for art's sake" is not the last refuge of a scoundrel, but chiefly because you can't make a scoundrel out of a simpleton.

The poet's reply to all this is easy enough. He can point out that the avoidance of poetry is not only difficult but impossible. He can remind us that the most utter realist becomes a poet as soon as he begins to push through his cherished reality and encounters the March Hare or the Duchess to remind him of Wonderland, just as the scientist cannot pursue even his atom without running headlong into the "intense inane." Poetry, whatever its momentary falterings and aberrations, will always sweep back into its path because it is the mind's final method of dealing with the world. The savage, undaunted by chaos, cre-

ated for himself a mind and a habitable dwelling-place; the modern mind, having reasoned its way back to chaos, has the work of construction to do over again. Man, if he is to continue as man, must have values. His experience should have taught him by now that those values will persist only in his own strong assertion of them.

Values have to be felt if they are to be shared, and poetry is a sharing of emotions. Each of us lives in a very private house, the house of the personality. The noisiest of us tell each other little about its inner appointments. The least noisy artist tells most. He tells most because he is able to create the symbols which are the only language that can express these hidden half-realizations.

There can be no real understanding between individuals, races, peoples until the humanity that is too essential to be named Nordic or Semite, Protestant or Catholic, conservative or radical—until that unlabelled but universal humanity is somehow revealed. If I had believed all that the atrocity-mongers told me during the World War I should have been certain that there were no such persons as Germans—there were only Huns; but I had read poetry by Goethe and heard music by Bach—I knew better than the propagandists. If I believed all that some Protestants tell me about Catholics and some Catholics about Protestants I should find Christianity divided between idolators and blasphemers; but I have read *The Divine Comedy* and *Paradise Lost*, and I know better. If I believed all that the communists tell me about the bourgeois or the bourgeois about the communists I should have to choose between blood-suckers by nature

and bomb-throwers by wicked and deliberate choice; but I have read the writings of that bourgeois Thomas Hardy and I have listened to some of those "Voices of October," and I know better.

In spite of all the propaganda, and the statistics, and the White Books and

the Red Books, in spite of the wars and rumors of wars I know better.

I know that as long as any race, or sect, or political or economic group can produce an artist whose work moves me, that race or sect or group includes men who are my brothers.

WHAT I'M GOIN' TO TELL JESUS?

ELMA GODCHAUX

SHE waited under a cypress tree on the edge of the woods. She knew she couldn't wait long. Her mamma would be home soon. Her mamma would miss her right away. She shivered; the woods were wet and cold. She stared between the tree trunks and listened. She didn't want to breathe; she had to look and listen. The leaves moved constantly, making a sharp rustling and the moss swung in the wind. The frogs and crickets sang. But that was all. Beulah listened with her neck stretched long and her hands by her sides, hanging like big useless tools. The rust-colored cypress threw its shadow over her, making her look blacker than she was. She waited still as a statue. She could hear her heart beating. Please Jesus. But her lips didn't move. Then as the shadows spread from the wood on to the ploughed field she left her station under the tree. Not using her hands, she pushed against the vines and strong veils of moss. Sometimes a thorn caught her and she had to stop to undo herself. But she went as fast as she could, rattling against the palmetto leaves. On the field the heavy earth stuck to her shoes. She sighed. There wasn't a soul in sight. She could see a crow on a naked corn stalk swinging back and forth in the wind.

Everything looked cold and lonesome. Her big lips hung pouting. She didn't search round her any more. She passed without a sound into thick darkness under four oak trees. The levee was bright, sticking up toward the shiny sky. Beulah had to slacken her going to climb. She stopped on the top to catch her breath. She coughed, choking. She spat into the grass. Then moving on against the pale sky, she looked like a cut-out of black cardboard slid along on a string. She passed the white lady's house guarded by its grove of oaks. The rot that scratched the columns didn't show; they looked smooth and white. At the naked hackberry tree she dropped down the levee, disappearing into the gloom at the bottom.

Her cabin stood under the hackberry close to the levee. The door was shut and not a sound came out as if everybody had gone away or died. Beulah pushed open the door. Inside the place was black as a hole. She blinked her eyes. Then she saw her mamma sitting tall on her chair with the baby in her arms. The other folks seemed to be groping at her mamma's feet, Dagmar and Magnar on the floor eating bread and her daddy fiddling with his gun. Her mamma held her square head on its long neck high. She didn't notice

the baby sucking her breast. She looked at Beulah with her straight sharp eyes.

"Where you been at?" she asked in her thick voice.

"Ain't been nowheres," Beulah sighed. She had a breathless way of speaking.

"You been out with that Keekeet," her mamma announced in even tones. And paused. In the pause Beulah could hear the baby sucking. "You better get your mind off that nigger," her mamma went on heavily, "and think about what I done told you to think about."

Beulah tried to drop her gaze from her mother's eyes. She sighed. She wished she could be free.

"I want you to study about what I told you to study about." Her mamma's voice filled the room. Then her daddy snapped the trigger of his gun and her mamma stopped. She turned her head. "I wish to God you could shoot a coon tonight," she told him. "Too much bread sets on the stomach heavy."

"I wish to God too," he answered and took the lantern from the shelf.

He stood in the doorway a minute. Then he closed the door and Beulah could hear him outside calling Spot. She could hear the dog dancing round him and the two moving off together. She wondered if Keekeet was somewhere in the darkness that closed round her daddy. The darkness blotting everything out made her scared. And she kept thinking of her mamma's words. She kept seeing her mamma's hard eyes on her. They held her fast. Oh Jesus, she was scared. Then her mamma moved; Beulah saw her raise her head. Beulah listened too. She heard the white lady calling.

Her mamma pulled her nipple out of the baby's mouth. "Hurry, Beulah," she cried, "go on. You got to help Miss James with her dishes. She going to give you some clabber for the children. Go on. Make haste."

Beulah walked round the children on the floor. Her face was set, motionless. She felt chained. She kept thinking of Jesus. Oh Jesus, please, open this prison!

"You come right on back when you're done," her mamma called.

Beyond the oaks a mist lay over the naked field. A dank smell rose from the rotting trash of cane leaves. Beulah passed her hand over her face. Tonight was like that night. That night the mist lay like a thick white veil. The oaks breaking through it looked black and heavy. They dropped darkness and moss round Keekeet and herself. He held her in his arms. She could feel his heart beating in her own body, their two hearts beating like one huge heart in the center of the darkness. She didn't feel safe, but scared. Then the white lady called. Her voice thrust aside the singing of the crickets and frogs. Beulah froze still; their big heart stopped. She broke from Keekeet, pushing him away. She felt uncertain on her feet as she did now making towards that voice. The shrill calls seemed to strike against her face. She swallowed and hurried. She stumbled on to the bricks under the house where the mosquitoes drifted thick.

The white lady's thin head thrust forward from the doorway. "Beulah. You're late. Seems like I can't depend on nobody for a little help. I got the dishes all stacked. Come on in."

Beulah stood with her legs drawn together.

"Come on. Make haste now," the white lady insisted.

Beulah moved without a sound. The kitchen was big. The corners untouched by the light were black. Holes gaped and showed wooden slats like teeth where the plaster had fallen.

"I never saw so many roaches," Mrs. James declared. "The dirty dishes draw them like nothing I ever seen. Make haste and get them washed up, Beulah. Dozine said she was going to send you over early."

"Yes'am." Beulah thought it was the soft plaster and not the dirty dishes so much that drew the roaches. They crawled over the dishes, going fast.

Mrs. James took a rag from the table and was tearing it in strips. The rending noise ran through the room, making with the woman's voice a sharp excitement. "With all my work pinching and saving I ain't even a decent dish-rag." Her voice seemed always about to break off. "But I reckon these things can do for wiping. I declare," she mused aloud, "I can't depend on my children for nothing, not even Mildred. But of course I wouldn't want them in the kitchen."

Beulah dipped her hands into the water.

"I want to bring my children up decent though God knows it's hard with times like they are." The woman's voice was like a string pulled taut and humming on and on. "Now make haste with the dishes, Beulah. Here's some lye to cut the grease. I wish to God times was easier," Mrs. James continued. "It's always worry, worry."

Beulah raised her head. She wished she could be free from the voice and the thick night pressing at the windows.

She was tied by the heavy weight of the night and the string of that voice.

"I'm going on upstairs," Mrs. James said at last. "I'm so tired, me, I can't hardly stand on my feet. Don't you leave, Beulah, till you got the dishes all stacked up nice."

Beulah knew her mamma would be asking for the clabber. The minute she set foot in the cabin she knew her mamma would raise her head from the pillow. Beulah could see the firm set of those thin jaws.

She looked at the white woman. "Where I'm going to find the clabber, Miss James?"

The woman stood still. She was thin as though wrung out by the years she'd lived. "You folks are always thinking about your pay," she exclaimed at last, "but you all never think I could get some good rent money if I rented out that cabin. Your mamma's washing don't hardly amount to nothing and like I said times ain't like they used to be. Mr. James don't get nearly what he used to over at the oil company."

Beulah coughed. "Yes'am." And went on, "My mamma says tomorrow my daddy's going to weed the yard."

"It'll take two good days of weeding," Mrs. James complained, "it's so choked up."

"Yes'am, that's what she say. He's going to weed it nice."

"Now go on, Beulah," Mrs. James broke off, "make haste and finish up." She turned to leave the room.

Beulah watched her, thinking white folks had everything. You never could tell where it was coming from. But she didn't say anything. She never said much. She stood with her eyes dull and her lips hanging, watching

Mrs. James slip toward the door. She could hear the silence in the big room, the water dripping under her hands and a fly buzzing and Mrs. James' soft steps. She wished they could have the clabber. Her mamma didn't want the children getting puny.

Mrs. James stopped at the door. "I got the clabber in the laundry room sitting on the bricks. You can fill a milk bottle full, you hear Beulah? But don't you leave till you got everything done and slam the door good when you go out so Mr. James can hear it and come down and lock it."

"Yes'am." But her pout didn't smooth off. She went on about her work in that serious slow way of hers.

The darkness in the room seemed to muff Beulah's ears. The night dropped a curtain round her; she tried to see and listen through it. When she opened her mouth the lye bit her throat. She coughed. The cough knocked her to pieces. She pressed her big hands over her chest. Lord Jesus, she kept thinking, Lord Jesus. She spat on the floor. Her spittle was red. After a minute she took a rag and wiped it up. She raised her head and stood listening. She tried not to pant. That was Keekeet laughing. His big laugh filled the kitchen. She smiled. He was totting her away from trouble. She forgot the white lady's kitchen and her mamma watching her; she forgot everything. She could only see Keekeet with his big mouth open, laughing. Then she couldn't hear him any more. The wind was swinging round the oak trees, strangling Keekeet's laugh. She moved over to the cupboard, carrying the dishes one by one. There was a good big pile of them.

At the laundry room door cold air

struck her. She drew her sweater over her chest. Cobwebs brushed her face. When she took up the pitcher some of the clabber spilled on the floor. She sighed and straightened up, hugging the full bottle. She hurried away and across the kitchen floor. She slammed the door.

Mrs. James leaned from the window. "Is that you, Beulah? You got the clabber all right, hunh?"

"Yes'am."

"Did you finish up nice?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Well goodnight."

"Goodnight."

Beulah saw her fade from the window. The whole world was faded in darkness. Beulah walked through the wide space. A cold moon was in the high sky. She and the moon were the only things anywhere. Habit taught her the path she had to walk; it dragged her here and there; it was strong as her mother's will; it was God's will. But she wanted to be free. Her eyes strained into the darkness. Please Jesus.

In the cabin she could hear the folks breathing. Her mother sat up in bed. Beulah put the clabber on the table.

"Hurry to bed now," Dozine whispered.

Beulah let her dress down. She got into the bed with her mother. She could feel her mamma's strong legs. Dozine took the baby in her arms and pulled it over close to herself so there would be a big space for Beulah. Beulah liked to feel her mother's body; it was hard as stone; there was something everlasting about it.

Her mamma's voice was strong too. "Is you got your thoughts on Jesus, here? You got to have your thoughts

on Him. And you got to work. You can't play." The voice dropped down on Beulah and spread over her. "You got to work so you have something to tell Jesus, you got to have something to tell Jesus." Beulah caught her breath and the voice kept falling across her. "There ain't no way but Jesus. You got to let your hands do for Jesus; you got to strive for Jesus." The voice swung over Beulah's head like a heavy pendulum swinging, swinging. "You got to work your hands to the bone for Jesus. Jesus going to let you rest later on."

Beulah turned her face to the wall. She coughed. Her mouth was full. Dagmar on the trundle bed fussed in her sleep at the noise.

"Jesus the one going to love you." Her mother's voice swung left and right. "He going to love you good. There ain't no white nor black in Jesus's mind."

But Beulah didn't want Jesus.

"You ain't got no time for nothing but Jesus."

There wasn't no time for Keekeet. Tears ran out of Beulah's eyes. They burned a trail down her cheeks. She tried to kill them, burying her face in the pillow.

The low thunder of her mamma's voice kept going. It blotted out everything. Her daddy coming into the room got amid it; he threaded a way in and out her mamma's words, closing the door, murmuring, "I got a possum, Dozine." Her mamma's voice drowned his: "Possum's better than nothing, but I wish to God you could'a got a coon. Possum's just like rat. I don't blame white folks, me, for not touching possum meat. But niggers don't have to be so choosey. Possum's better

than nothing." Beulah's daddy didn't answer and her mamma went on, "Beulah ain't sleeping good. She's restless." Beulah heard her daddy's heavy breathing. She closed her eyes, pretending to sleep. She heard him getting into the bed with the twins. Then everything was quiet and she could hear breathing and sometimes a bed creaking. The wind kept beating the cabin. She snuggled close to her mamma. Once her daddy raised his hand and it looked like a big black wing spread above the white bed. It looked like the Death Angel's wing. She closed her eyes again and threw her arm over her mamma and the baby. She thought she heard the white lady yelling. Those yells fell down on her cutting like whip stings. Her blood froze. But she didn't answer; she didn't move, as if she'd died.

She opened her eyes. For a minute she didn't know where she was. The bed felt strange and big and empty. Her eyes went round. She saw her mamma's tall thin shape moving and her daddy's stooped over the stove. The twins were sitting on the floor eating bread; she watched them mash it all over their faces.

Her mamma came to the bed and looked at her. "You feel good enough to get up, Beulah?"

"Yes'am," she murmured.

"I'm going down the road to Miss Boudreaux's to do her washing," her mamma went on, "and your daddy's going to help Mr. Jacobs plough under his stubble cane. He going to get time later on to clean up the yard. You going to mind the children, Beulah? And in case Miss James wants something you go over yonder, you hear?"

Beulah nodded, looking at her mamma with her big eyes.

When she raised her head from the pillow it felt heavy. The baby on the bed beside her looked blurred. Her eyes couldn't hold it. She put out her hand and touched its face.

"Boil the possum meat good," her mamma was saying. "Your daddy's done skinned it."

The skin with its slimy red-streaked side out was already nailed on the wall.

Beulah got out of bed, not saying anything, her lips hanging. Her mamma and daddy moved to the door. They each turned and sent her a look before they went out the doorway. They were gone and she couldn't hear their footsteps; they seemed to have passed from the world. Now Keekeet could come. He could come inside the crowded dark of the cabin and nobody would know. Oh God, why he didn't come? She opened the wooden shutters and stretched her gaze far down the levee. The sun was breaking through a dark lead sky and painting the levee and the dark green oaks and the naked hackberry with one bright line. The moss hung black as ink and shivering in the wind. Beulah heard a crow cawing. She hated the moss shaking like that and the lonesome sound of the crow. The wind pushed against her. All her strength ran out of her. She didn't think she could move. She had to go on waiting. When her mamma came back she wouldn't be able to move and all the time her mamma was talking to her. Keekeet was the only one could move her. She heard the baby fretting. It grunted, making a dim noise at her back. She didn't move when it screamed. She could feel how Dagmar and Magnar stopped munching their

bread and looked over the hunks, expecting her to move. The silence round her was all broken by the baby's screams. There wasn't any use waiting any more. Her mamma would be mad. Jesus too. She turned and moved to the bed and took the baby in her arms.

"Hush." She patted and stilled it. "Hush. I'm going to cook the possum meat. Hush."

She put it on the bed again. Her long face hung above it for a minute. Then she left it; took the bucket from the shelf and walked round the children on the floor.

The cistern was across the yard, close to the white lady's house. The white children were playing with a big mud turtle. They had a rope tied round its back and were dragging it along. Beulah raised her head and pretended she didn't see them. If they called her the white lady might hear and know she was in the yard. The white lady always had a million things for her to do. She wanted to get her mamma's dinner ready. She didn't want to stop. Feet, slip along easy.

Then Mildred let go the rope and was yelling her name, "Beulah."

Beulah didn't answer. She didn't turn her head.

"Beulah, don't you hear me calling? Come on, help us. We want to drag this old turtle under the cistern and wash him."

Beulah went on with her lips shut as if she was dumb or didn't hear.

"Beulah?"

Oh God, Beulah thought, and blurted in her strange quick way, "You better mind out for that turtle, that's a big old snapping turtle."

She closed her mouth and hurried on. She didn't hear what Mildred an-

swered. She stooped by the cistern and filled the bucket as quickly as she could. She could hear Miss James moving round the kitchen. Please Jesus. She took up the bucket again. It was heavy. The thin handle bit into her hand. She stopped a second and wrung her hand by her side. The handle made a long scar on her palm.

Mildred looked up. "You're sho' mean," she called with her white face red.

Beulah walked on, from shade into sunshine and into shade again. Sweat started from under her wool and rolled down her face.

The smell inside the cabin smothered her. It was like a black rag pressed over her face. The baby was fretting. She reckoned it was sick. She watched it while she hacked the possum meat into little pieces. "Stop fretting," she murmured to it, "stop fretting. We going to have possum meat and clabber for dinner." Then her heavy lips closed and she didn't say anything more, and the baby went on fretting. She put the pot on the stove, the twins watching with big eyes. When she took the baby and walked out on the gallery they followed.

She sat on the step as far as she could from the hackberry tree. The sun was warm as a heavy blanket thrown over herself and the baby. The twins played in the mud at her feet. The sick looking hen pecked close to them. The baby stopped crying and lay against Beulah's breast, sucking its thumb. Beulah leaned with her back against a roof support. She coughed. But the sun felt good. She wasn't thinking about anything except that she was tired and the sun felt good. The levee before her raised a blank

wall facing her blankness. She closed her eyes. She heard the whistle on Jacobs' place blow twelve o'clock. She reckoned her mamma would be coming home soon. She could hear the stillness everywhere and a bee voicing it. Then between her half-closed lids she saw her mamma coming along beneath the oaks.

Her mamma stopped on the step. "You got the possum meat cooked?"

Beulah nodded. Her mamma kept watching her with those straight eyes.

"Did Miss James call you for something?"

"No'm, she ain't called," Beulah murmured.

Dozine stooped and took the baby. "You rest yourself, chere," she said, "while I dish out the dinner." Her eyes kept boring into Beulah.

Beulah raised her own eyes. Then Dozine lifted her head and went into the cabin.

Beulah spread out her hands. They burned her. They felt as if they were too sore for any more work. She cradled them on her lap and listened to the pots banging under her mamma's strong hands. Her mamma seemed to make everything move. The levee danced in sunshine before Beulah's eyes. She blinked. She tried to raise herself and couldn't. She leaned forward with her neck stretched, staring. Keekeet was coming. His lips were spread in a grin; his teeth were shining. He carried a bundle under his arm and Beulah could see he was shaking a little as if he were letting out a few of the laughs that filled him. She felt her heart strike; it took up all the room in her body. And that was what made her cry aloud. She cried his name, "Keekeet." He was coming quickly

down the levee, shaking. "Keekeet." She could see his face raised to hers as if his face were close to hers. And then Dozine came out of the cabin. She came in those long swift strides of hers and went to meet him.

"Keekeet," she called out. "What you want round here?"

Beulah couldn't move. Her heart kept hitting her stiff blows.

Keekeet was still grinning. "I been to New Orleans on one of Mr. Jacobs's trucks. I just come back," he laughed, "and I done brought this for Beulah." He held out the bundle.

Dozine didn't look at it. "Ain't I done told you she ain't got no time for you?"

The grin slid off his face, leaving it dark and heavy. "But I got something nice, Miss Dozine." He unwrapped the bundle. "It's a nice sweater, warm. From New Orleans."

"She ain't got the time," Dozine answered in her strong voice.

Beulah's heart hammered out her mamma's words like an iron hammer hammering on an iron block. She couldn't move. She felt like she was far away from everybody; but she saw everybody's littlest movement. She saw her daddy come and stop before her mamma and his face puckering up. She saw Miss James with her hands full of eggs come to a stop too and the string of hair that hung across her face stir with her breath.

"Why you don't let him give the sweater to Beulah, Dozine?" Mrs. James asked.

"She ain't got the time," Dozine replied.

"It's a right nice sweater," Mrs. James continued.

"She ain't the time," Dozine repeated stubbornly.

"Ain't you acting foolish?" Mrs. James insisted.

"She got to be thinking of something else," Dozine said, slow and sharp. She stood before the white woman with her long back stiff.

Nobody moved for a minute. Then Mrs. James gave a grunt and started away. Dozine could win from the white folks same as she could from the niggers. Beulah knew it wasn't no use. But Keekeet kept looking at her mamma with his big eyes.

"Go on, Keekeet," her mamma said. "We got to be studying about Jesus round here." She stared back into Keekeet's eyes with her strong straight gaze.

Beulah sobbed and begged Jesus.

"Go on, make haste, Keekeet," her mamma cried with her eyes tied to him.

Beulah's lips kept moving. Please Jesus. Then Keekeet dropped his lids. He lowered his head, fiddling with the broken bundle; he put it under his arm and turned away. Beulah saw him, blurred and doubled, through her tears. She couldn't move; but her eyes went with him.

She felt her mamma's voice push against her face. "Go on, make haste now Keekeet."

But Keekeet went slowly, climbing the levee. Beulah heard his feet scraping in the dried leaves. Then her daddy came up on the gallery and passed into the cabin. Dozine turned to Beulah. She walked to the steps and sat down.

She put her hand on Beulah's. "You ain't got no time, chere. You got to have your mind on Jesus, you got to

think what you going to tell Jesus." She was screaming now. Dagmar and Magnar stopped playing and watched her. "You got to study what you going to say to Jesus. What you going to say? I'm asking you, what you going to say?"

"I ain't going to say nothing," Beulah cried.

"You got to say something. He going to ask you."

Beulah kept crying and shaking her head.

"You got to say something."

"Oh. I can't. I don't know," Beulah screamed, "I can't. I don't know what I can say. I can't."

"You got to say something." Over and over like a pain that throbbed and throbbed. "You got to say something."

"What I'm going to say?"

"You got to say something."

"What I'm going to say? What I'm going to tell Him?"

"That's right. You got to say something."

"What I'm going to tell Him?" Beulah screamed, "What I'm going to tell Jesus?"

Her mamma moved and looked at her. She didn't speak for a minute. Then her voice changed. "I can see you is aching for Jesus." The voice stopped throbbing. It was ironed out like a pain cured. "I can see you is aching."

"But what I'm going to tell Him?"

Her mamma put those strong arms round her and rocked her, kept rocking, rocking to the music of soft words. "You done your part, chere, and I feel like you don't have to worry no more. You don't have to worry. I can see you is aching. You is aching. And that's enough is you aching."

Her mamma's singsong made Beulah sleepy. She nestled into her mamma's arms. Nothing hurt her now. Keekeet didn't hurt her. She wasn't thinking of Keekeet. Her mamma's arms smoothed trouble away. Her mamma's voice made another world.

"I can see you is aching."

But Beulah wanted to know what happened in the world the story made. What happened? She wanted to know. "What I'm going to tell Him, mamma?" How did the story end? "What I'm going to tell Jesus mamma?"

Dozine lifted Beulah's big hand. "You don't have to tell Him nothing," she murmured, holding Beulah's swollen hand. The scars on your hand going to show to Jesus. You don't have to tell Him nothing."

Beulah looked at her hand. She turned it over close to her eyes. Her mamma's words kept falling in her ears. You don't have to tell Him nothing. They pattered down like seeds pushing quickly into the earth. You don't have to tell Him nothing.

AND ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

PAUL D. ANDERSON

Move with the wind; down Market street at night
The swollen darkness quivers with the sound
Of time. Along the pavement pass
The flurried moments, flick
Beyond deserted doorways, drift
Intense and still, then rush away,
Sweeping aside the past. Here on the walk resound
Ghosts of old laughter, all the vacant years
. *you saw our doom*

Written in the Ides of March?

And so it was, perhaps. The old tree withers,
Cities are silent, and upon them
Dust falls lightly;
In the end is the beginning.

The tree has leaved and branched, the sky is dark,
And in the night a voice
Quietly
Saying there is no end,
No life no death no heaven and no hell,
No question and no answer,
Only change.

Beneath the neon glare of *Jimmy's Lunch*,
Open All Night, a crumpled paper leaps,
Lifts into the wind and scrapes
Briefly along the pavement. The old man
Pulls his tattered coat closer, returns
A watery eye to reading window signs:
Coffee and 1 Doughnut 5 cents.
Move with the wind; here in shadow smiles
Mechanically a face, a part of night
Accustomed and denied, relaxes, fades
Swiftly back to darkness, and the wind
Flaps through the awnings, past the lifeless glass
Of empty rooms.

What have you done? What have you done?
What are your yesterdays
For lighting fools the way to dusty death?
Out of the darkness, voices
Whisper in the wind, breathe
The swift and steady sound of passing time,
Murmur: *Your yesterdays*,
They do not die, what are your yesterdays?
For out of all of them is born
Tomorrow. No death, no end and no beginning;
What have you done? What are your yesterdays?

MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

Against the climbing basalt and the heave
Of folded rock, the village lies asleep.
The mountains' broken doors let through the leap
Of light, and time and summer draw a sleeve
Across the pool-like eyes between the peaks.
Some traveler from afar grows mute to see
The village and its firm passivity,
And halts in wind that whittles at his cheeks.
He sees this prowess of the surge of man
Builded from log and lath against the sheer
Immobile summits; walls that through each year
Weather to wear earth's harsh and evident plan.
The prideful pattern fuses. Earth immures
The haunts of man. The universe endures.

THE WHISTLES BRING THINGS BACK

UPTON TERRELL

IF the desert took a deep breath it would swallow Wendover and think a bug had got in its mouth. And that is one reason I'm in Salt Lake.

I went to live in Wendover when I was eleven, when my father was transferred there from the Southern Pacific shops in Ogden. Now I am twenty.

In Wendover either you raise children legitimately in a railroad shanty, or do the best you can to show people that you don't belong in the Lucky Strike. The least Salt Lake does is give you a job as a waitress, and your tips are for serving meals efficiently.

But also I came to Salt Lake last year for another reason. . . after what happened on the Salt flats. I've not been homesick. No, God knows. Only sometimes at night . . . when I hear the engines whistle in the Salt Lake yards. It's the railroad that makes me remember, because there wouldn't be any Wendover without the railroad.

Sometimes at night I think: Forty-four is in the block and Two-thirty-eight is taking up slack in the hole. And then I begin to wonder if it will be able to make the Saline siding before the silk special wants clearance? It can make Little Mountain, anyway.

The whistles bring things back. In Wendover we lived on the second floor in one end of the depot building. My window looked out over the tracks, and even if I couldn't see who was at the throttle, I knew by the whistle who was pulling a train out. In Salt Lake my window looks out on an alley, and the whistles mean nothing. . . only they make me think of Wendover and of the freight and passenger whistles there that told me if the drags and limited were on time . . . and occasionally I think about the quiet desert beyond the tracks and the stirring cottonwoods around the water tanks.

If you have a car you generally use it in Wendover on Sunday, even though there isn't any place to drive to, except straight out across the desert or mountains in the heat. But Cary and I got so we would sit around on Sunday afternoons. There wasn't any place we wanted to go. Maybe we would take a ride in the evening when it was cooler. He came from Denver and got the Denver Sunday paper and even though it was printed on Thursday in time to get there, it had a lot of interesting stuff in it, such as puzzles and problems and fiction stories. It was better than the Salt Lake paper, which mostly had just dry news.

In April Cary was put on the middle shift and didn't get relieved until midnight. Some evenings, if the dispatcher wasn't around, I would go up in the operator's office and sit with him a while. But the key was going most of the time in the evening and Cary couldn't talk much.

"This won't be so good when we're married," I said.

"I might be on the last shift, and that would be worse," he said.

"Maybe," I said.

"Sims told me he'd try to get me back on days."

At night there in May everything is soft, even the mountains, which aren't so sharp, and the stars are clearer, and the new leaves on the cottonwoods around the water tanks make a lighter sound than they do after they've been burnt a while by the summer heat. They sound like a soft rain. If it hadn't been that I was so damn tired by noon the next day, I would have stayed up oftener until he got through. But mother wasn't well, and with seven others around the house, and all the work to do, I couldn't sleep late. The

kids would have gone to school half-dressed and half-fed if I had.

Cary called out the window of the dispatcher's room that Saturday evening when I was getting the dispatches Six - forty - eight's conductor had brought for dad.

"Wait up for me."

"If I can stay awake."

"Wait up. We're going places tonight."

"Where?"

"The key's yelling," he said. "Salt Lake."

It was a hundred and forty miles to Salt Lake. I didn't think we ought to go, even after we'd started.

"It's a hell of a place to go on Sunday," I said, "unless you want to go to church."

"I feel like going some place," he said, "and I've got something to tell you."

"What have you got to tell me?"

"Sims says I can have a week off beginning the fifteenth of June. How does that suit you?"

I thought about it.

"For getting married," he said. "Well?"

"It's a little sooner than I expected," I said.

"There's no reason we should wait any longer, is there?" he said.

"No, I guess not. We might as well."

We had put the top down, and I lay back in the seat after that and looked at the stars over the white desert and the wind was soft and warm and I felt like I was flying and I thought: You're going to get married to a railroad man just like all the other girls and you're going to live in a shanty in Wendover and maybe your man will go up the ladder. He might even get to be a

superintendent in Ogden or Reno or California.

I closed my eyes and then I looked at him. We were going fast and he kept watching the road. The road was along the edge of the salt flats and the starlight seemed to reflect on the white salt and his face was against the light.

I thought: You're smarter than most of the young men around Wendover and you won't be an operator long. I guess I knew that four months ago when you came here, and I don't know why I didn't marry you in March, instead of asking you to wait a while. We might have been married all this time. I've wanted to get married. I couldn't make up my mind, and you must have thought I was a little screwy. I always liked you and I liked your looks from the first. I'll never tell you I was a little scared of you once and thought you were sort of loose-coupled and might break in two. It was only that you had a way of looking at me as if you didn't see me, and there was a line that would set like a cord in your cheeks, but I understand that anybody who sits in front of a prattling key eight hours a day might forget how they were looking and just be thinking. I'll marry you the fifteenth and go to hell or stay in Wendover with you.

I could have gone to sleep riding like that and looking at the stars and thinking. I felt peaceful and satisfied, as if I'd got everything I wanted: a smart railroad man who would go up the main line, and love, and a dump of my own and maybe kids, when we wanted them.

"Hold the wheel," he said, and lit a cigarette. "We'll drive down to Zion Park and the Grand Canyon. We can make it easy in a week."

"You could get a pass out to Frisco."

"The car'll carry two. The pass won't. But we can drive out to Frisco."

"I've seen mountains and grand canyons all my life," I said, "and I'd like to see the ocean and something else."

"It don't matter to me," he said. "But if I'm going to get that ring right off the bat, we got to go somewhere in the car for a wedding trip. You want the ring, don't you?"

"Even if I have to take you with it," I said.

We had breakfast in Salt Lake and then went over to the Mormon Temple grounds and listened to some music in the tabernacle and looked around in the museum. We sat down on a bench beside some flowers, but Cary kept kicking his feet around. He looked at his watch.

"This place is dead," he said. "Let's go to a movie."

The show opened at noon and we had to stand around a while. We walked up and down Main Street, and looked at the pictures in the Tribune windows.

After the show Cary got a bottle and some ginger ale and we mixed some drinks in the car. We got a little stiff, and then we ate dinner. We felt pretty tired, so we stopped in a road stand near the airport and drank some beer. We sat in the car drinking it and watching the planes taking up passengers.

Cary was nodding when we got to Grantsville on the way home, and I kept talking to him and poking him.

"This was crazy," I said.

"You had a good time, didn't you? I spent six dollars."

"And get killed for it. Let me drive."

"I'd go to sleep then and you'd run

off the road. We can save twenty-two miles if we go across the salt beds."

"Have you ever been across?" I said.

"No. Have you?"

"About two years ago. I don't know the road."

"There's only one. All we got to do is follow it."

"You better stick to the highway," I said.

It's forty miles straight across the salt beds from where you turn off the highway to the place you come into the Wendover road. The beds are as white as a bed sheet and as smooth as a dance floor. Even at night you can turn out your car lights and see to drive. Then the tracks look dark. It's like riding on air. You can see the mountains dim and shadowy all around you, and they look close enough at times to reach out and touch. But they're far away. You're flying toward them on that smooth road. The white earth is like empty space beneath you, marked only by the wheel tracks running on ahead.

"No wonder they came out here to race," Cary said.

"That Englishman said it was the best course in the world."

"He ought to know. We should cross the course pretty soon. And we think we're going fast at sixty."

"Forty-four does ninety on the Elko grade," I said.

"And Campbell did 301."

He switched out the lights and I put my head back and looked at the stars, and it seemed there wasn't a sky, only the solid glittering roof of stars. North of us, toward Little Mountain, an air light winked. Presently I picked up another southwest.

"We're on the air line," I said.

"It seems to me we ought to be get-

ting out of this salt. How far do you think we've come?"

"Only about half-way across."

But we had been driving a long time across the salt beds. I thought about it. If we were off the road and going north, we'd hit the railroad in about thirty miles, the Lucin cut-off across Salt Lake. We were going north then, but in a short time the road swung gradually to the west.

"We couldn't be lost," I said. "There's the road. There wouldn't be that many tracks on anything but the road across."

"That's the road," he said. "But we've been driving over an hour since we left the highway."

"I watched the tracks ahead. I thought they had turned southwest, but I wasn't sure. I kept watching them, and soon they turned directly south. I thought: I must be crazy. But not after I had looked at the air beacon. It had been on my left. Now it was on my right. I remembered then I had thought the same thing had happened before, perhaps half an hour before.

"We're lost," I said.

"How could we be lost?" said Cary. "That couldn't be anything but the road."

"We've been driving in a circle."

He laughed. "You're head's going around."

"On the race course," I said.

He stopped laughing and let the motor die. "My God, it is circular," he said. "That's why there were so many tracks on it." He started to laugh again, but broke off short. "Where is it?"

"It's thirty miles from Wendover," I said, "and that would put us about the middle of the salt beds."

He sat looking at the tracks. At last he shrugged his shoulders. "We'll have to go back to where we lost the road . . . where we struck the course." He swore like hell. I never heard him talk that way.

"Don't talk like that," I said.

"Driving around and around a damn race course," he said. "It must be fifteen miles around it."

"That's what it is," I said.

I tried to pick up our tracks when we had got back to the east side of the course. I saw some, but they were truck tracks. When we came to some others, he turned on the spotlight and got out to look at them.

"This is them," he said. "They're my tires."

"I don't suppose anybody else would have the same kind."

"They're fresh," he said, and followed them.

I found the air lights again and for a while they had me puzzled, but when I had got them straightened out, I told him we were going south again. "It's just about seventy miles out of this south," I said. "Any other direction would be better."

He only swore and turned the car around. It wasn't long until we had come to the course again and were going further along it when the engine coughed and stopped.

I kept listening for a sound, but there wasn't one. There wasn't even the sound of the wind, because there wasn't a sprig of anything on the salt for it to blow through. There was only the white earth under the stars, and the two air lights a long way off, and the dim shapes of the mountains all around in a high shadowy ring.

"Well?" I said.

"Well what?" he said.

"What are we going to do?"

He didn't answer. He got out of the car and walked out on the salt. When I got out I could see the crystals glistening like snow around my shoes. I wanted to think about things, but I couldn't understand his actions. I only thought: Forty miles back to Grantsville and thirty miles to Wendover. You can't walk that far in pumps across salt and without any water.

He went back to the car and took a drink and I was angry with him.

"Are you going to stay here and get drunk?" I said.

"If I've got to walk out of here, I'm going to get a little sleep first," he said.

"It's best walking at night when it's cooler."

He slid down in the seat and closed his eyes. "A couple hours sleep won't hurt."

I looked at the gas gauge and then I went around the back and tapped the tank. It had a hollow sound. But the gas gauge registered one gallon.

"It's empty," he said. "The gauge is off."

He began to breath heavily. I sat down on the runningboard and cried a little, but suddenly I thought of the whiskey, and I took it out of the side pocket. I thought: It might do as water. But I can't walk thirty miles on salt in practically bare feet.

I sat down again looking at the air light southwest and listening for a sound. He drew a deeper breath and moved a little. Then I heard a sound. It was a plane. I found its lights and they disappeared toward the beacon. It was still again until the car creaked under the hood. I stretched out on

the runningboard, and after that I didn't hear anything.

The sun burning my face woke me up. Cary was still asleep. I shook him. He got out of the car and stood looking around as if he didn't see anything. The cord was tight across his cheeks. I told him that Wendover was straight beyond the blue mountain.

"Only thirty miles," he said. "Nothing at all."

"It's about the same north to the railroad, and you might not get any water there."

"Are you going with me?"

"I can't walk that far in these."

"That's a break for you," he said.

I didn't look at him, because I was afraid I would get mad. He took out the bottle. It was more than half full. He made a face at it, but he took a little drink and then shook his head and stamped his foot.

"That's hard to take," he said.

"You better save it till you need it," I said.

He sat down on the runningboard and put his head in his hands.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"I'm sick, as hell," he said. "Whiskey makes me thirsty."

"It will help pull you through."

"Not that far," he said. "Thirty miles."

"I wish I had on some heavy shoes," I said.

"If I wasn't so damn sick."

I picked up the bottle, and he looked up at me.

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to town," I said.

"You're crazy. You can't walk that far."

"I'd rather die walking than sitting still," I said.

He got up and took my arm. "If

you think you can make it we'll go together," he said. "I don't like to go off and leave you."

"Nobody'd do anything but help me."

It was foolish of me to start out that way. We hadn't gone two miles before the sole of my left shoe was cut through by the crystals and my foot was rubbed raw. I sat down on the salt.

"You'll never make it," he said.

A plane went east. He took off his coat and waved it over his head. When the plane had gone, I started back to the car. The salt burned in my foot and I limped. He took my arm, but I pushed him away.

"Keep away from me," I said.

"I'm not going to leave you here alone."

He took my arm again and I didn't say anything, because I was afraid I would cry.

"It wouldn't be right to leave you," he said. "Somebody will pick us up today."

I got in the car and I felt more exhausted than I had during the night. I heard him strike a match, and I guess it was that that made me think of a fire, but I must have slept again, because it was several hours later that I built it.

He was stretched out in the shade of the car when I got out. I found some matches in the door pocket. There were some oily rags in the tool box and I carried them and one of the seat cushions out on the salt. The sun was in the west and it burned through my clothes. I couldn't raise my eyes to look away because of the glare on the white salt. I thought: He never could have walked out in this heat and

glare with only some whiskey. But he'll have to go tonight.

Sitting beside the car, I thought of the water in the radiator and even the thought nauseated me.

"I won't do that yet," I said. "It may be poison."

I got out the bottle and took a little drink and it burned clear down in my stomach, but it braced me. When I heard the plane motor I ran out and lighted the oily rags. The seat cushion and the oil made a good smoke. But I knew it wouldn't mean anything to the people in the plane.

He woke up before the fire was out and stood shaking his head.

"You're crazy," he said. "I don't suppose you know what that seat costs."

I kept walking around the fire trying not to say anything. My throat was beginning to bother me and I thought of the water in the radiator again. He stood looking at the front of the car.

"I suppose we'll have to do it," he said.

"Do what?" I said.

"Take some water out of the radiator."

He got the bottle of whiskey. It was still a third full. He took the cork out.

"It don't do much good," he said.

"Just leave it alone," I said. "That much might pull you through tonight."

"Through what?" he said.

"Walking."

"I might not have to walk. But the thing to do is put some radiator water in with the whiskey. Alcohol kills things."

I went over to him and took his arm and shook him. "Let's get organized," I said. "The sun's going down. You've got to get us out of here. Take the

whiskey and keep going straight toward the blue mountain."

He lifted up the hood and held the bottle under the little drain faucet, nearly filling it. I guess I began to scream, because he took me by both arms and held me rigid.

I wasn't hysterical. I was only excited because I had thought about the oil in the engine. I couldn't tell him quickly enough. He kept saying, "By God."

We found an empty soap can in the tools, and he took a wrench and got under the car and filled the can with oil. It took some time with only the little can to carry enough oil out on the salt to make the letters. We made them twenty feet long. They shone clear and black on the white salt. S O S — W A T E R ! It was dusk when we had finished. No plane had gone over.

We got to talking about walking again, and I was almost foolish enough to start out, just to see if I could get him to go. But he got out the bottle and said:

"Forget it. That's sure death. Here, take a little."

I drank until my throat was wet. On an empty stomach it was enough to make my head whirl. He drank more than I did and acted as if it hit him hard. The stars were coming out. The two airtights were turning and winking again.

"I've got to have another drink," he said. "I can hardly swallow."

I kept thinking about the radiator water being poison. The second drink had made him wobbly. He dropped down on the runningboard. I walked around the car and felt myself getting weak and then I heard him crying and

suddenly he ran around to me and fell down on his knees and puts his arms around my legs.

"I'll walk," he said. "But I love you."

"Tell me that when we get home," I said. My voice was almost gone. I pushed him away, but he got up and took hold of me.

"If I'm going to die, I want to die with you," he said.

I told him to shut up. "If you're going, go on," I said, but it didn't seem to matter so much then whether he went or stayed.

"Not until you kiss me," he said, and kept repeating it.

"You're crazy," I said, and I gave him a shove and got in the car. But he tried to pull me out. The wrench was there and I swung it up and caught him above the eyes, and he staggered back and fell down. He lay there panting. The exertion had made my own mouth hang open and my tongue was thick. I got out and found the bottle and drank as little as I could. It gagged me and burned my throat. I

poured some in his mouth. Then I heard the plane.

I turned the car lights on the big black letters, and then I thought of the spotlight, and I faced it upward and kept flashing it on and off. The plane went west. I flashed the light until I couldn't hear the motor any more. When I went over to him again, he was lying on his back, his arms outspread. There was a dark mark above his eyes. I walked out to the letters and sat down on the salt. I was cold and shivering. I lay down on an arm. I couldn't see the stars or the air lights, but I kept hearing a motor. Perhaps I dreamed that I heard the motor, because I either fell asleep or fainted. But when I sat up I could see lights coming. It was hard getting back to the car. I turned on the headlights.

The men put a blanket around me. I didn't know the old man was with them until I heard him talking.

"Damn young fools," he said.

He came and told me the next morning after the doctor had said I was all right that Cary had taken Forty-four west.

WALLA WALLA VALLEY

CAROL ELY HARPER

See that mild meadow yonder, between
 The yellow wheat hills and Mud creek?
 Afternoon sun limns lightly its greenness . . .
 Cows graze it lazily . . .
 Birds call from its cat-tail marshes . . .
 Forget-me-nots nod in the mud . . .
 A frog suns himself . . .
 Wild roses glow . . .
 I see peace there, like a broad pool;
 Come, let us enter and feel it surround us . . .
 We shall sit down on a low flat stone,
 And let the pool engulf us.

DEATH IN THE ROCKIES

G. ARMISTEAD KAUFFMAN

The sun is spilling through the redwoods seeking shadows to torment,
A squirrel with cheeks puft full of pine nuts scampers in a stump and hides;
A blue jay hopping limb to limb with austere dignity assumes
He owns this world. I do not question his conceit.

A crafty lynx

Blends silently amid the foliage and waits. A fragile doe
Walks preciously about the leaf-strewn ground and unaware
That death is camouflaged so near.

I am about to see the law

Of compensation in effect.

The blue jay gives a caustic shriek.

The doe looks up and sees the lynx who springs upon her dainty back.
Her quivering muscles taut with fear ripple up and down her sweaty shanks
As she plunges through the undergrowth. She does not lack the fortitude.
She tries to dash the clawing cat against the cliff and on the rocks.
The lynx stabs at her slender throat and gashes through her pulsing vein.
She staggers, falls upon the ground. He pads away from his warm kill
To get his mate.

The squirrel pops out from his dead stump and blinks about.

The blue jay glides down to the ground and rips apart the quiet day.
I close my eyes and try to sleep,
(for who can argue with a jay?)

STONE BREAKER

VERNE BRIGHT

He had a feud with stone. Stone was a foe
To test his manhood's strength; day after day
He waged a lusty warfare, wresting gray
And meagre tilth from acres where the flow
Of ice had sown a grain of boulders; slow
His tillage grew to fields, his fields to gay
And bannered harvests. But stone had a way
Of growing walls to thwart his sturdiest blow.

Caught in a ruthless battle, stone by stone,
He broke the years to brittle planet dust
With grim Antaeus might; with dauntless thrust
He scourged the land, till thinning flesh and bone
Sank to a slow defeat. . . Now low, apart
He lies, with stone, triumphant, on his heart.

WHEN I GO UPSOUND

BOB ALBRIGHT

When I go upsound
let me sail
out towards Apple Cove
out beyond Point No Point
where the silvers
jump
like a shower of sparks
in the sunlight

Off Whidby Island
luff sail
and drift across Useless Bay
through the shadows
inshore
while phosphorus
washes past our hull

and flickers
brightly
through my trailing fingers.

Put me ashore
where the blue water
breaks white
against Foul Weather Bluff
where a thousand gulls
wheel and scream
upon a background of deep water
and soft mountains
and lay my head
close
against their misty warmth
when I go upsound

HERITAGE

ELOISE HAMILTON

This tiny bit of land is dear to me. . . .
Here did my fathers plow, and plant, and reap;
Across its varied face, unchanging, creep
The seasons, as the tides across the sea.
Here was I born, here will I die, at last
Content to rest where deep roots hold me fast.

This be my heritage: to live, to die
Like those who went before, and follow after;
Keep faith in living things, and meet with laughter
Both joy and trials. One with earth will I
Pledge all of life to keep this living chain
Unbroken; seed and harvest will remain.

FINAL VISION

GERALDINE WOLF

Being but mortal, man may defy
The ominous distance of the sky
That cups his world and hems him in
With his petty agonies, his sin.
But arching over and pressing down
On hill and valley, and field and town,
Cloud-bulk and the clamor of wind and rain
Hammer and hammer upon his brain,
Beat him and burden him with fear.
And chained to his little hemisphere
Though he strut and posture and cry aloud
That his is a race both wise and proud
His secret heart and his secret eyes
Look inward and must realize
The odor of his whimpering soul
Will permeate, will rot the whole.

Being but mortal, man may build
Temples to prove his dreams fulfilled,
Tangible evidence, tangible proof,
Visible shelter of wall and roof
Where faith may hide and fear grow bold,
And the lesser sorrows be consoled.
But the wrath of wind and the flame of light
Shall break the caverns of his night;
And standing naked and standing cold,
He shall watch the final vision unfold,
He shall bow his head that his trembling hand
May shield his eyes from the shattered land;
The hills that sink and the seas that rise
Shall silence forever his puny cries.

BLOODY LANE

H. W. WHICKER

GENERAL Reynolds rode his rangy bay, Diablo, through the bivouac of Sumner's corps to the Middle Bridge over the Antietam. There, with the apparent indifference of one long hardened to such scenes, he waited while a detail of blue-coats moved forward to clear a passage for him through a civilian throng, that numb with fear and grief, had congested the ancient viaduct since noon. A flock of geese, herded along in the press by a squat Dutch woman leading a Jersey heifer, took fright at the detail and flew hissing under the bellies of a team of horses; the horses leaped up snorting and striking out with their hoofs at the forms around them, a hub of the wagon to which they were hitched crushed a child against the stone wall, the sudden surge of humanity threw a woman over into the stream, someone shrieked for the mercy of God, and someone swore horribly over the price they had to pay for turning the niggers loose. A white-haired patriarch shuddered and stood frozen in his tracks and sobbed in his beard, and the tumult of shouting and screaming and cursing died away while the wagon went bounding after the horses, strewn the road with household possessions. The bridge was cleared. With pathetic little bundles on their backs and in their hands, silent shapes and shades trudged off in a cloud of dust and confusion over the Boonesboro road into the hills of Maryland, where the sun was going down red in the harvest haze.

Face expressionless, Reynolds urged Diablo across the bridge and up a gentle slope into a copse of hazel overlook-

ing the valley. Steel-visaged, hawk-like, he sat intent upon the undulating swells of earth off toward the Potomac. Down a little way before him pumpkins peered from corn rows ready for the shock; tawny light gilded fields fresh plowed around deserted homes and lifted off lazy contours of meadowland like the sheen from a Persian rug. To his left a mile or so, rising out of a wood of oak and elm in its first autumnal gold, a white steeple marked the village of Sharpsburg, also deserted. To his right, just out of rifle range, a lane wandered east to a sunken road behind which lay the gray legions of Lee's center.

McClelland and Fitz-John Porter, he knew, were reconnoitering Lee's position from the heights back toward Keedysville. He could fancy their glasses trained on the same lane, along which some barefoot boy should be wandering home with a willow pole over his shoulder and chubs from the river dry and flyblown on his string. Tonight he would meet with them to work out the plan that would send men—young men—charging into powder smoke. He could see the corn, all summer so sedulously hoed, bullet-riven and trampled down. He could see the meadows pock-marked from shell fire and littered with the bodies of men now living; and it was these bodies that fixed every patch of corn, every fence and field, and every grassy hummock and outcrop of rock in his mind.

Diablo switched his dusty, sweat-stained flanks and shifted, Diablo an outlaw he had broken four years ago at Fort Boise, and whom no one else could mount. Lifting the reins, Ray-

nolds headed him back over the bridge, past the campfires of one of Richardson's brigades—his old brigade, the one he had held Stuart back with at Manassas before McClellan called him to his staff with the rank of brigadier general, the one that had left its dead and wounded strewn like cordwood over the Peninsula because it knew how to use cold steel and hold back pursuit when Pope was blundering before Lee and Jackson. He checked Diablo in front of Richardson's tent.

"Well, Rocky," said the bluff, square division commander who had been under him in West Virginia, and who would die on the field tomorrow, "we got a little too close to old Jubal's horses yesterday on the way from Stone Mountain, and he cut us up plenty. Your old brigade's pretty badly shattered."

"So McClellan told me."

"But I guess we'll make out all right," said Richardson. "Just had word from headquarters that I'm to get six companies of volunteers from Washington. They're due any time. I'll use part of them in the Brigade. We'll be in there tomorrow, Rocky."

"I'm afraid so, Richardson."

A word from Reynolds sent Diablo off through the dusk. A little way on they came to a circle of tattered blue around a negro slave still dripping from his swim across the Potomac. He was thumping melody out of an oaken bucket and chanting a spiritual of his race for the scraps of food they could spare him. Their faces were relaxed with an elemental faith. Others of their company were strewn about on the grass, dog-tired after the long march from Stone Mountain on no other nourishment than hominy grits and bacon. Others were writing letters in

the fire glow. Reynolds knew what they were writing. He knew what they were thinking. He knew that those letters would go to valleys of the Wabash, the Miami, and the Kankakee, to the hills of Vermont, and to drowsy little villages in Maine; and he knew that they should go with them. Details were bringing in the dead and wounded now, boys still breathing with eyes out, arms off, bodies shattered; and their groans were in his ears as he rode on.

At headquarters McClellan and Fitz-John Porter were waiting. McClellan drew an envelope out of the litter of dispatches and handed it to Reynolds. He ripped it open. The enclosure read:

Dear Dad:

Not much in the way of classes these days. We have a company here with every loyal Wabash man in it. I'm a corporal. You should see me in my uniform. Six feet one—just your height. The Government sent us a retired captain and a tough old army sergeant, Higgins.

You may remember him. He was under you with Sherman out in California when they had the gold rush. Like you, he thinks there's nothing like steel on the end of a gun. Sarge gives us bayonet drill from dawn till dark. The College will close when we go, I guess. There won't be any one left. Sarge says we could give a good account of ourselves right now.

Mother looks awfully worn these days. She doesn't take to the idea at all. We were down along the Wabash gathering crinoids this evening, and we had a lunch and tramped the limestone bluffs home. She talked to me about the stars and some mysterious force of mind behind them; and when we got back, she read me from that novel she likes so well—you know, the one you sent her from Indianapolis, *Emma* by Jane Austen, a quiet homey story on a peaceful English countryside

in which nothing ever seems to happen. She wants me to go sketching with her in the morning. The colors here are beautiful, but I've got to report to Sarge for bayonet drill.

Mother will be lonesome in this village when I go. I know how she feels; but Dad, it's the war, and it's the Union; and I'm a man now, and I can't do anything else. Write her often. She reads every scrap from you over and over and talks so much about you and the happy things all of us did then. I wish I could see you on old Diablo. Wouldn't it be great to get into *The Army of the Potomac* and go on through to Richmond with you!

Mother sends her love, and I send mine.

Affectionately your son,
Dick.

And when he folded the letter and tucked it away in a pocket of his uniform, he heard the band playing for the final review and saw cadet caps in the air over the West Point exercises of 1842; and a few months later, Edith beside him in all her fragile loveliness; and later still, Dick, and then Dick on his knees in the queer crawl he had; and then they were moving from fort to fort, from outpost to outpost; and finally, they were caught in the civilian tumult at the bridge, drifting away into the nothingness of memory with it.

The present gave him McClellan's voice in a terse review of their alignment. Burnside's corps was down by the lower bridge, on the left. Sumner's corps held the center, with Richardson's division close in by the Middle Bridge. Hooker's corps and the main body of the army were on the right, flanked by Pleasanton's cavalry and the horse batteries of Tidball and Haines.

"Why do they want to keep McDowell and a hundred thousand men back

around Washington?" he heard Porter ask.

"As a precaution against Stonewall Jackson," returned McClellan acridly.

"Jackson's down at Harper's Ferry with less than ten thousand," scoffed Porter. "He's got to keep close to Lee. If we had half of that fifty thousand, we could annihilate Lee and end the war."

"End the war?" said McClellan, with an ironic tug at the black tuft on his chin. "There wouldn't be any war," he went on bitterly, "if Yankee clipper ship captains hadn't gone off over the sea with Bibles in their hands to haul back negroes the Arabs kidnapped, and sell them for profit. And the war would have ended long ago, if they had let me alone on the Peninsula—if it hadn't been for political vultures at Washington around Stanton and Halleck, Horace Greeley trying to run an army in the field from an editorial desk, Down-East textile manufacturers squabbling over contracts for shoddy uniforms and blankets, glory shouters selling the army maggoty meat, axes that won't cut, and guns that won't shoot, and harness that won't pull. Porter, only Lincoln has sense enough to know that the war isn't a glorious business opportunity, that boys are dying, and that the Union has to be saved."

Raynolds felt the letter in his pocket, and the past came to him out of its rustle. The voices of McClellan and Porter faded off into a mumble and were lost in those of Edith and Dick. . . . Dick was just beginning to babble talk when the order came, sending him off under old Zachary Taylor to shoot screaming hordes of peons down on the *Zocalo* of Mexico City; and eighteen

months later he was back with a promotion and a medal on his chest. He saw Edith running to meet him, under the cherry blossoms of her father's home. . . . Three months, that time. Three months, and the Government had sent him out to California to keep the gold seekers in bounds; and because violence and greed were opening up a new empire, he had to stay through the uproar of squatters' riots, through the turbulent period when English Jim was burning San Francisco for plunder, through the anarchistic days of 1856 when Sherman was standing out against the second Vigilante uprising and trying to keep frontier justice from hanging Casey and Cora. Then he saw Edith, her arms outstretched, older, a little more plump—and Dick too, a stripling in school. It was quite apparent to them both that Dick would be an artist, for he did such perfectly marvelous caricatures of his teachers and old characters in the village, and water colors of the greens of spring and the golds of autumn. . . . He had really intended to resign from the army and go into business, for Edith wanted a home; only the Government needed him at Fort Boise to keep the Blackfeet and Crows away from covered wagon caravans going through to fertile Indian lands to be had for the taking. And once again, far along in her maturity, he saw Edith waiting, and Dick was ready for college. So at last he had resigned, and Edith had gotten her home in Crawfordsville. They would be together while Dick went through college. . . . What was that? What had McClellan said about war?

Yes, about war? . . . He saw himself, that one brief year, learning to know Edith and Dick, learning to know Edith and Dick and forget that time

had left his hands red. He saw himself taking them nutting in the fall. He saw himself smoking by his own fire-side of a winter evening. He saw the buds bursting in the spring. He tilled the soil of his own garden.

He heard himself laughing and felt himself playing, and this had been to him as rain on a desert. But John Brown was running amuck at Harper's Ferry, and people were reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and Beauregard was firing on Sumter; and the inevitable morning had come, with Edith numb before him.

'Oh George—George!'

'I have no choice, Edith.'

'I know. . . . I know.'

'I'm leaving you Dick.'

'I must have Dick.'

'I'll be back.'

'Goodbye, George.'

What had McClellan said about war? . . . Can't let the war touch Edith and Dick. Got to get the rest of these lads home to their folks. . . . Made a mess of Edith's life. Couldn't be young together. We'll grow old together. And Dick? Never a lad like Dick! No, the war can't touch Edith and Dick. *It ends tomorrow at the lane.* I'll end it there—

"Raynolds!" McClellan peered curiously up at him.

He gave a start, then relaxed.

"Lee will be expecting us at his center," droned Porter.

McClelland bent over a map. "Possibly," he agreed. "Lee has Hill's corps along the Hagerstown turnpike. What did you learn this evening, Raynolds?"

Dick's letter, and Edith, and the civilians at the Middle Bridge, the men around the negro, and the groans he had heard swept through his mind in confu-

sion; but he shook it off and looked back at McClellan with a smile over one clear thought: *I'll end the war tomorrow at the lane.*

"Very little, sir," he returned. "Just a lane."

"Is there any reason," suggested Porter, "why we can't mass a superior force there and cut Lee in two?"

"Only one, Porter," reflected McClellan, studying the map. "I refer to Lee himself. We never know what he will do."

"Well," urged Porter, "he's got the Potomac behind him, a stream he can't possibly ford. That's a blunder."

"Lee doesn't blunder," said McClellan. "He didn't have to go there. He had some special reason for it. I wish I knew. If Lee expects us at his center, you can depend on it we'd better try any other point. How about it, Reynolds?"

"If his left isn't vulnerable, it could be made so."

"How?"

Raynolds picked up a pencil and drew a line east on the map to another representing the turnpike. "You probably observed that lane—I'll come to it in a moment," he said, quietly. "If Lee expects a center attack, the right kind of a feint will look like one to him. If so, he will draw on Hood for reserves for Hill. In that event, we could shell old Jubal's cavalry out of position and shake Hood up with canister for an infantry thrust. By throwing Sedgewick in with Hooker for a mass attack later, we might be able to smash that left and roll Lee up from the south. The subsequent shift of position would leave Sumner and Burnside on our own left with a combined force sufficient to bottle him up completely."

"What kind of a feint?" quizzed McClellan.

The tip of Raynolds' finger ran lazily along the line he had drawn. "It depends upon the nature of the land in this vicinity," he explained. "The approach from the Middle Bridge to the lane is sheltered by enough corn to screen an advance. The hills taper down on both sides of the lane, leaving a long, narrow flat broken only by two plowed fields. There's open meadow about six hundred yards and only about half that wide, directly in front of the turnpike. One brigade could be made to look like our whole army there. The advance would take no more than ten minutes. Lee would then support Hill from his left. He would have no other choice. His position is such that he must keep his right intact south of Sharpsburg, in case retreat is necessary."

Porter sat forward. "What would you use—infantry?" he asked.

"Bayonets. Empty guns and cold steel, Porter."

Porter stiffened. "Raynolds," he cut back, "you over-stress this cold steel thing. I don't like it."

"Has the science of war ever given us anything better for breaking morale?" argued Raynolds. "The knife was one of the first weapons. It cuts and slashes. Men have an instinctive horror of anything that looks like a knife. Bullets are a great deal like germs in the air. You can't see them. They mean nothing till they knock you down. But cold steel—men get goose-pimples and feel it in their guts at the first glimpse of it, no matter how far off. They go into panic. Men multiply before them. That's what we need tomorrow."

"But empty guns—why?" demanded Porter curtly.

"For this reason," Raynolds told him. "When men have powder and lead in their guns and the going gets rough, they stop and fire them. The effect's lost. But when they know their lives depend on steel alone, they get desperate—go crazy. They'll drive on and rip up anything that moves—to get it over as soon as possible."

McClellan called an orderly. "Request General Sumner to report here immediately," he said.

Sumner came in wan and bearded. At McClellan's request, Raynolds repeated the details of his plan.

"Sheer butchery!" cried Sumner.

"Has war ever been anything else?"

Sumner's face blanched. "I know," he admitted in a whisper, "but it means the sacrifice of one of my brigades—of every man in it. Those boys have no choice in the matter. They won't have a chance."

"That's quite probable."

Raynolds' cold, impersonal manner enraged Sumner. "Then how can you suggest such a thing?" cried the old veteran. "Here's a point worth considering, Rocky. One of my spies brought in some information a few moments back. But before I go into that, let me say a word about Lee. Nothing orthodox about him. He counts a lot more on the spirit of his men than upon maps and mathematics. . . . Ever heard of Colonel Gordon's 'Coonskin Roughs'?"

"The usual army talk, Sumner. I know little about them."

"So I thought," Sumner cut back. "Now I want to tell you why I can't countenance the idea. I knew Gordon before the war. A big, black Scotchman, and a fine fellow—a born leader. Owned a couple of coal mines up in the

mountains where Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama jut into each other. Well, the South seceded, so he organized the mountain men around there into a company. The South couldn't even fit them out with uniforms and guns, let alone paying them. But that didn't matter to Gordon and his hill-billies. All of them wore coon-skin caps. Fine. Caps were uniform enough. That's where they got the name. They had their own guns—the long pea-ball rifles they had grown up with. Any one of them can drive a tack at a hundred yards—"

"They're human enough to know the significance of steel coming at them—"

"Well, more hill-billies joined them," Sumner continued. "They're the roughest lot in Lee's army, and only Gordon can handle them. They're not afraid of bullets, weather, steel, or the devil himself. That's why Lee has them on his center in that sunken turnpike—two thin lines worth a couple of regiments. The spy saw them there. Had on a coon-skin cap too. Lee won't weaken his left to strengthen them. He won't need to. Now I'll tell you what they'll do, Rocky. They'll just lie there and grin till they can see the eagles on our buttons, then they'll mow us down. Every boy in that brigade will go to his death, sir."

Raynolds had known Sumner a long time, in Mexico, in California, and elsewhere. Their friendship had grown out of years in the service together.

"I don't think you quite understand me, Sumner," he returned, his eye on the map. "I know that a brigade can't survive down there. I know what the cost in life will be. But if we have to send a thousand, five thousand, or ten thousand of our best men to their graves, it will save people more of the

kind of a tragedy I saw this evening at the Middle Bridge, and it will hold the Union together. It isn't the immediate, it's the ultimate that counts, Sumner—in mercy as in other things. What is a brigade shot down in a few minutes, compared with the hosts that will be shot down through years of the kind of campaigning we're doing—with fever, and prison camps, and all that this sort of thing means?"

McClellan listened intently. Sumner's fists clenched.

"Rocky," he retorted, "I've been a long time in the service, but I'll swear to God I've never gotten to the place where I have to look upon men as pigs in a slaughter house. Suppose one of those boys were your own."

The script of Dick's letter fled through his mind. Tonelessly he replied:

"Sumner, I've thought that every time I ever sent men into action."

"No one would think of it. You can talk like that. Your boy's safe at home."

Raynolds' gray eyes looked mildly back at Sumner.

"What brigade do you propose?" McClellan intervened.

The question thrust him back into his past again. At Fort Benjamin Harrison he had taken boys from Indiana farms and crushed the individuality out of them that they might be cogs in an inhuman machine; and he had drilled into them the religion of steel on the ends of guns. He had coloneled them through the campaign of West Virginia. He had thrown them into the breaches at Manassas, at Yorktown, at Williamsburg, at Hanover Courthouse. He had led them into the terrible rains and floods around Fair Oaks, into fever-ridden swamps, into

the leaden hails of the Seven Days, of Malvern Hill, and of Alexandria; and they had loved him and called him "Rocky Raynolds" because he sat his great bay Diablo like a statue of granite that no bullet would touch, because they would have marched into hell itself for him, with steel on the ends of their guns. And he had loved them. Face inscrutable, he replied: "My old brigade, sir. They know how to use steel—cold steel."

Sumner slumped down on a chair, head bowed.

Porter turned away with an oath.

McClellan had been a railroad executive before the war. He knew how to listen to pros and cons on any critical issue. And having listened, he made his decision with the finality of the executive and the commander-in-chief both.

"With all due regard for you and Porter, Sumner," he said, formally, "I'm strongly inclined to agree with General Raynolds that what is at stake justifies such a movement and its sacrifices. We can't let sentiment enter into our decision. We have a battle on our hands, and with it the future of a nation. . . . Burnside will hold his position, both to head off Lee and to intercept Jackson, should Jackson attempt a dash up the Antietam side against our left. Porter, you will join Hooker shortly before dawn. Sumner, you will send Hooker two regiments. Sedgewick and Sykes will throw their commands into the same concentration. I shall post Taft's, Langner's, Von Kleitzer's and Weaver's batteries of 20-pounder Parrots on the first line of hills overlooking the Antietam, to the right of the road near Frye's house. Weed's 3-inch and Benjamin's batteries will go to the crest of the hill in the

rear and to the right of Bridge No. 3. Raynolds, I shall be riding along the front with Hunt, Duane, Colburn, and a couple of orderlies. Station yourself upon some point conveniently near Richardson, where you can both observe the center and developments on our right. I shall keep you closely informed. We'll give them a taste of artillery, then send down enough infantry to make it appear as no more than a demonstration against the Confederate left. When this action progresses, you may at your discretion, depending upon circumstances around the lane, order that brigade forward. Simultaneously, I will send Hooker's whole force against Lee's left. Gentlemen, good-night."

During the remainder of the night, Raynolds stood beside Diablo. They had ridden through many a hardship and danger together. "Well, old fellow," he muttered when the stars began to fade, "we're about ready for the pasture, you and me. I'm going to turn you out in some Wabash meadow one of these days. I'm going to sit around in the shade and smoke my pipe and watch you switch flies. I'm going back to Edith and Dick for good. We've seen enough of this business, haven't we. . . . You devil," he gruffed, fondling the bay's muzzle. "Haven't forgotten the first time I was on your back, have you? Running round with wild horses, back there in Idaho. Well, we got you in a trap at last. I can hear you screaming yet. Took a nip at my leg and sun-fished. God, how you shook me up! . . . But it was worth it, Diablo."

And so he talked to the bay. He had to talk, or he'd crack up inside. The dammed up talk of a lifetime was ready to break through the barriers of his old restraint. . . . Ah, a touch of

frost. Kind that brings the butternuts down. There's the sun, Diablo!

He listened instinctively for the singing of birds. There were no birds.

He threw his arm over the bay's neck and twisted his fingers in the long, black mane.

He drew back his arm. He looked at his watch. Six-thirty, Diablo.

Diablo nipped at some wet clover.

Behind Raynolds now the muffled tread of feet, a long file of blue moving over to Hooker's bivouac, told of the first human materialization of his plan. Harness clanked. Gun-carriages rumbled over the cobblestones.

Down below, to the east, mists were lifting over the valley; and there, in a map of corn and stubble, and potatoes and meadowland, ran the lane waiting for cows and calves and colts and pigs—waiting for his old brigade. Dimly beyond it, ant-like, Lee's gray veterans were moving up, company by company, to the line.

He lifted his face to the sky. It was flawlessly blue.

An orderly cantered up.

"You may go down and tell Richardson to hold my old brigade in readiness at the Middle Bridge," he said. "Richardson knows the rest."

When the orderly had gone, he turned again to the valley. . . . See that old Dunkard church off there, Diablo? Last Sunday night people were washing each other's feet under its roof, thanking God for the blessing of the valley—for the blessing of life, Diablo. . . . Foolish of me, isn't it—when all those boys in gray are gathered there. Well—

A detonation from one of Taft's Parrots shook the morning. Its reverberations rolled out over the valley. A

little back of the church a tumult of black earth belched up.

Another crash of sound deafening to the ear. Another! And another!

Fifteen minutes, and smoke was drifting through the elms and willows along the river, drifting out until it lay in downy masses around the meadows along the lane, green and sunny for the caperings of lambs. At that distance, lambs would look like daisies on the grass.

But the lambs were gone with the whim of fancy that had brought them there; and he knew that stringy, leathern-faced mountain men with coon-skin caps on their heads were ramming hickory rods down long barrels and capping tubes, and smoking cob pipes, and drawling out lazy oaths at each other, and grinning at the open space before them on either side of the lane. He knew that Hill had masked his batteries on the Roulette and Piper farms. He knew that those batteries were charged with grape, and that they would send a withering cross-fire down upon the four columns of his old brigade. He could picture those columns swinging out of the corn. He could catch the glint of sunlight on their steel. He could hear their battle shouts. He could see them going down one by one and thinning out to nothing. He could see them in clusters of blue, motionless on the grass where the lambs of his fancy were.

A little to his right a long line of men moved down to the trees bordering upon the river. Then they dashed out across the valley. A crackle of musketry followed. Distant shouts in the smoke traced charge and counter-charge. Big guns boomed from the heights. A barn to the right of the church broke into flames. He rubbed

Diablo's nose. He fixed his gaze upon the lane.

An orderly from McClellan came galloping up with a dispatch. He ripped it open. It read:

Serious opposition on Confederate left, but everything progressing nicely. Hood fell back and rallied in good order. Early out of range. Hooker ready. You may send that brigade at the lane when you deem best.

McClellan.

His eyes lifted from the dispatch to the lane.

The orderly said: "Oh, yes, McClellan asked me to bring you this letter. From some recruit in Richardson's division. Very insistent that you get it, sir."

Raynolds' fingers broke the seal. There was no trace of feeling in his face when he read:

Dad:

We got in at midnight. Had to talk hard to get them to take this to you. Glad to be in your old brigade. See you after the battle. We're going through to Richmond together.

Luck to you and Diablo, Dick.

Raynolds' arm crawled up Diablo's mane and hung loosely over his neck. Eyes steady on the lane, he thrust the note in his pocket.

"Any message back to McClellan, sir?" said the orderly.

"Why yes," returned Raynolds tonelessly. "You may tell him that I'm ordering that charge at once. You may also tell him that I'm leading it in person."

And that is why the villagers of Sharpsburg, few of whom remember the battle, still talk of a white-haired woman, who until the turn of the century, used to come each year on September 16 and wander down the lane they know as Bloody Lane.

KEEP GOIN'

MARJORIE H. LYON

"HE won't last long," some said of Jim Hollis when they learned he had bought the Baldwin Farm. "He's bit off more than he can chew." "I hear he's aimin' to work the place alone." "That so? He can't be a farmer. A farmer would have better sense." Thus over kitchen tables and fences, from wagon seats and milking stools and rocking chairs, the neighbors discussed the fate of Jim Hollis.

They foresaw it coming about in one of two ways. He would struggle for a year or two, then give up the job before he had scarce begun; or he would stay on for a longer time, letting the place decay little by little, then finally give up anyway, leaving rank weeds and brush growing on the land, rain seeping into the buildings. They had watched it often enough. Other farms had been bought by people who thought potatoes grew wild in the earth and apples on the trees, that the life of the farmer was serene and secure, people who drove through and saw the green grass and the flowers and knew they loved the country. In the summer they loved it until they got a closer, more intimate view, a view of potato bugs crawling over the vines, worms boring out of the apples, puzzle weed choking the vegetables, until they learned that the heavy, hot smell of cows was more lasting than the fragrance of blooming, black currant. Then they hated it. In the winter they hated it at sight without learning anything.

Once more it was going to happen. "They say he ain't paid more'n a quarter of the full price." "Old Man

Baldwin'll have it on his hands again before a great while, run down, too. I wonder he didn't show better judgment." "Well, he was itchin' to sell and he sold."

The women watched from their kitchen windows as Jim Hollis drove by that first day. The men came to the doors of their barns and stopped their work in the fields. He was driving a good team of horses, steady on the pull and well taken care of. They saw that his household goods were not enough to furnish the fourteen rooms of the Baldwin house. It was a good house, built back in the time when houses were not thrown together over night, and it had been kept in repair through the years. "He probably thinks he'll furnish it out of his first milk check," one of the watching women smiled thinly. Milk checks went mostly toward grain bills and taxes.

They saw that he was one to know that crops didn't spring graciously out of the abundance of the earth. He had the look of a farmer, heavy shoulders, thick arms and red, roughened face. And his wife seemed a sensible woman, not given to fluffing her hair and galivanting around, a woman willing to work and not complain. There were two children, but both of them too young to be of any help around the place.

After two years they came to accept Jim Hollis, temporarily. He was not a neighborly person, never the one to start a conversation, and never the one to prolong it. His voice was heavy and not fluid, as if it were used too seldom to come easily out from his throat. His neighbors found no fault with his taciturnity. They had no liking for big

talkers. Still they thought of Jim Hollis and his family as strangers who had stopped but would move on after a time. Driving by, they looked carefully at the cattle in the pasture; they studied thoughtfully the fields of hay and potatoes. He seemed to be making out as well as could be expected—so far.

In the winter of the third year it was rumored about that the government was going to pass a law against tubercular cows. If the law were passed no milk could be sold unless it were pasteurized or came from a certified herd. The city dairy was not going to install a pasteurizing plant. People wanted good, raw milk. The cows would have to be tested. The farmers knew what that meant. They had heard how those testing people condemned a whole herd of cattle, cattle that had given no evidence of lung trouble. At best the heavy milkers would be condemned. It seemed, from what they heard, that it was always the soundest looking creatures outside that proved to be inwardly rotten with lung disease. All that winter they waited, hoping the government would forget about their cows.

It didn't. In the spring the law was passed. Men came through to test the cattle; and in the end it all worked out as they had feared.

"Every last one of them except a scrawny heifer that warn't good for nothin' anyway," Jud Lyter said, bitter and discouraged. He was standing in the stable watching Jim at his milking. Those who would talk to Jim Hollis must seek him out in the fields or the barn and follow him as he went about his work.

"It was the same here," Jim said.

"As though we didn't have too much trouble already without the government

stirring up more. It's enough to drive a man to drink. I don't see no way but to sell and clear out."

"I don't know's I'd go so far as to say that. You'd meet up with something else in the next place."

"What do you figure to do?" He was angered by Jim Hollis's enormous, tranquil patience. He could sit there humming tunelessly above the incessant droning of the milk, but what was he going to do when that cow against whose flank he leaned was carried away with all the others?

"I figure to keep goin'—someday." The last word trailed off, searching for the way. The last word considered gravely the farm unpaid for and needing to be restocked. How?

Jud Lyter left the stable knowing he hadn't intended to sell all along. He would replace the condemned herd with cows guaranteed to be free of infection. He would have a slip of white paper from the government to tack up on his milkroom wall giving him the right to sell his milk. So would Jim Hollis. "I figure to keep goin'."

Seven years, and Jim Hollis was still on the Baldwin Place, clumping as heavily over the land, speaking as little. If he had changed, the neighbors didn't notice it. If his arms hung heavier and his face was hungrier, it went without comment. They saw only that the fence posts were replaced as they rotted, that the brush in the pastures was cut away each year. He even painted the house that seventh year, two coats, and during the eighth year he shingled the barn. Time was proving that he would make a go of it.

Then came the summer when the trouble with the city dairy grew most acute. The price per quart went down.

The size of the milk checks dwindled. The dairy installed a system of testing the milk for butter fat and paying accordingly. The milk tested always low. There was a general feeling among the farmers that this was just a new fangled way of bringing the price down. They knew their milk was not thin for lack of cream. The dairy also was marking large proportions of the milk as surplus and paying half price for it. The farmers were indignant and helpless.

"What can we do? That's the whole story in a nut shell. They know we can't do anything."

"I'd almost sooner feed it to the pigs. It'd amount to as much in the end."

George Shaw, over on the back road, offered his place for sale. Late frosts and dry summers he could reckon with, but how to make a living selling milk for less than it cost to produce was beyond him. He sold, finally, and moved away.

The story got around that Jim Hollis had given the dairy notice. One of the drivers of the milk truck said so. It was bound to happen. With single-minded concentration he had turned all his energies toward producing milk. Others among them had apples and potatoes and poultry to sell. Others worked on the road for the town. "That's what comes o' puttin' all your eggs in one basket. He's a man with a one track mind." But they were sorry he was giving up. No one had worked harder than he. No one deserved more to make a go of it.

"I hear the dairy won't be pickin' up your milk come the end of the month."

"That's so. I give 'em notice."

"I don't know's you was wise to be so hasty. You might've hung on till you sell."

"I wasn't thinkin' to sell. I figure I'll keep goin'."

"How're you goin' to get rid of your milk?"

"Retail it in the village."

"Peddle it from door to door? My God, man! It'll take you the better part of the day."

"With a little hurrying I aim to get through by noon."

"When in Sam Hill will you work the farm I'd like to know?"

"Afternoons and evenings. There's nothin' to hinder me doin' the chores after dark."

"You'll kill yourself with work, Jim Hollis. This place is more than any man ought to handle alone, to say nothin' of peddlin' your milk out in driblets, a quart here, a quart there. They say some of them villagers buys it by the pint. There's the winters to think of, too. There's many a time in the winter when it ain't easy to get to the village."

"I guess if you had to you could get there."

So Jim Hollis bought some glass bottles and built some cases to put them in. Each morning he changed his earthy overalls for lighter colored ones, clean and white striped, and went to the village to retail his milk. They saw him start out, sitting high on the seat of the yellow market wagon, worrying the reins until the horse broke into a trot.

It was a mill village where the men went about in shirt sleeves and the women did their marketing in housedresses. But even in these unstarched streets Jim Hollis did not pass without notice. It wasn't so much his lumbering motions or his unwilling speech; it was that he was always hurrying, hurrying heavily, ponderously from back door to back door, his bigness looking cramped and

clumsy as he ran through the closed-in streets and alleys of the village. He was like a dray horse on a race track, and the jockey that rode him was time. The village boys mimicked him. "Old Farmer Hollis, Old Farmer Hollis. The bull's in the china closet." And getting no attention, they made their sing-song bawdy, finding unfathomed words in the dark places of their minds. He never seemed to hear them. Perhaps he hated the village. He never showed how he felt.

"He won't last long at that," the neighbors said. "You have to have a quick tongue in your head. You have to jolly your customers along." That might have been a handicap at first. Not finally though, for those wives of the mill workers had an eye for measuring the cream line on a bottle of milk. If they got good milk they could do without talk.

Always until thick dark the neighbors could see Jim Hollis working in the fields. Thus he made up for the time lost in the village. At night they would pass by as late as eleven o'clock and see the yellow of his lantern in the stable windows. Had it been another farm they might have nodded their heads knowingly. Lawbreaking. There were barns around the countryside where the liquid produced was more potent and higher priced than milk. Not Jim Hollis. "That's no way," he would say. "It don't work in the long run." He was still at his chores—eleven o'clock—and still at his chores. He would be at them again before five in the morning. "He'll kill himself with work, Jim Hollis will," people said. They saw now how bony he was for all his bulk, how his knees jogged out from the fullness of his overalls. His eyes were deep

sunken and his mouth enclosed by furrows penetrating far into his face, furrows so deep that dust and hayseed lodged there. He looked far older than his years.

In the winter they saw him shoveling his way to the village, carefully covering and uncovering the steaming horses as he stopped, shoveled, lunged on. Often they came to help him shovel. The milk would be covered with quilts, and there would be lanterns burning underneath them to keep the milk from freezing and cracking the bottles. One time he was gone for seventeen hours. The trip took four in summer. That was the day the wind swept the snow before it so five minutes after he passed there was no sign of sled or horse or shovel. That was the day he froze both his ears.

At the end of fifteen years Jim Hollis had firmly established himself on the Baldwin Place. He had been selling his milk in the village for eight of those years. He was not one to boast, but he did boast of that. "Eight years," he would say, "And I ain't missed a day." You forgave him the boast when you remembered the winter he had the gripe and a fever of a hundred and three for four days running. He pulled himself up the back stairs by the rails those days. His face was gray and dripping with sweat.

Fifteen years he had been on the Baldwin Place. The children had grown up, two lanky long-legged girls. They worked in the fields with their father, but there was increasingly more work to be done. Always he was plowing up land and seeding it back to better growth. Always there was something being raised on the place that hadn't been raised before. He built silos and

grew fodder corn to fill them. He planted a patch of land to alfalfa. The neighbors regarded with interest the lush green of the leaves and the purple blossoms. Seeing that it sprang to quick, hearty growth three times during the summer they contemplated turning a piece of their own land over to this rich, new fodder. The house and barn had been painted more than once during those fifteen years, and he seemed ever watchful of leaking roofs and sagging gates. It was during that fifteenth summer that he had a bathroom put in the house. That spoke of luxury. Newly planted fields and newly painted buildings were necessities to those with a long eye to the future. But few farmers could go further and modernize their houses with bathrooms and running water at the sink. So after fifteen years they forgot their prophesies. By unending strain and struggle he had reaped from the soil a meagre recompense. They begrudged him none of it. Whatever he had he deserved, he and his wife both.

In August of that year the near neighbors of Jim Hollis were gathered together in his yard. They stood there in a clump. The women's light dresses were beaten to their bodies by the rain and lay upon them like withered second skins. Their arms were folded across their chests, weary and resigned. The men's faces were patchy red, their eyes sore from the sting of smoke.

"It hit the stable first, you know," Jud Lyter's wife was saying. "I was upstairs closing the windows when I saw it. It's Jim Hollis's barn as sure as I live I said to myself."

"I took no notice of the clap. It warn't no louder than as though it'd hit a tree."

"Well, there ain't nothin' to do now. There ain't nothin' you can do once it gets in the hay."

"He only finished hayin' yesterday. A fine, heavy crop and no more than two loads rained on. He was tellin' me last night."

The men stood with their hands hanging heavy and limp by their sides or clasped behind them in the attitude of the old and the thoughtful.

"Well, it's all goin' up in smoke now." They knew what it was to harvest a crop of hay, to get it cured and stored unstained by the rain. The dust of their own harvest was still in their throats, the ache of it still in their shoulders.

The first flames crept timidly, experimentally through the shingles of the barn. Inside the fire crackled and snapped, eating through the hay. Smoke, acrid and piercing, poured out the wide doors.

"There was a calf burned there in the stable. I could swear I smelled him burning when we took out the horses."

"It's a good thing the cows were at pasture."

"Yes, it's a good thing."

"I always heard horses turned back into a fire. Those horses didn't. They was willing enough to come out."

"What do you figure he'll do now?"

"God knows. It's enough to drive a man mad. It's more than a man can stand. Work and slave for fifteen years and it comes to this."

The flames had run to meet each other on the roof and were flaring high and hungry as though they would eat the very air itself.

"Any insurance?"

"No more than the rest of us likely,

no more than one-tenth the value. Premiums come high where there's no protection and big risk."

"He'll have to sell dirt cheap to someone with money to build again."

"I wouldn't say for certain. The house is left. How does he take it?"

"You can't tell. He ain't one to show what's goin' on inside. If it was me I'd be a mind to jump into the middle of the stinkin' mess and have an end to it once and for all."

Behind them Jim Hollis was standing alone. They didn't go to him. They had helped him bring out the horses and the harnesses, but now they left him alone. The frosts and the condemned herds, the droughts and the corn borer they had worked against together. But this was his personal trouble to bear the best he could. And if he couldn't they didn't want to shame him by being there to see. It wasn't easy to stand stolid, despair shut tight behind a calm face, to watch helplessly while fire laid waste the work of fifteen years. Those other things you could battle back at or patiently endure. Not this.

One of the men lifted his face to sniff the smoky air. He sniffed anxiously, twisting his neck and sniffing all round him. "The wind's shifted to the West. It's clearing and the wind's in the West."

There was no more standing about in groups and talking. People surged urgently toward the house. Men yanked with fretful haste at the kitchen range, and lugged it, dropping lids and legs across the yard. The rooms were cleared with wasteful, crowded confusion. Bureaus and bedding were thrown impartially from the upstairs windows. Through their distraction

they saw Sarah Hollis rushing shapeless with arms filled with clothes. Her long hair was loose and running down her back. They looked away in startled embarrassment as though they had come upon her in nightgown and naked feet. It somehow had the same effect, that wanton hair always before seen wound tight about her head.

Flames, urged by the wind, reached over and laid firm grasp on the roof of the house. Men clambered up to fight it with blankets and pails of sod. The well was far across the pasture. The engine that pumped the water was in the barn, unapproachable, untouchable, probably already twisted and misshapen by the heat. A loud red truck squirmed through the other cars parked beside the road. Men flung themselves from it and began to unwind hose, volunteer firemen with slickers and no helmets. They unwound wildly, stood uncertain, suspended in the center of their unreasoning haste. "Where's the well?" Those who had been working with blankets and sod came down from the roof when the fire advanced and threatened to eat it away from under their feet. "Where's the well?" a fireman asked, anxious to be removed from his inactivity. "Across the pasture where your hose won't reach. There's nothing you can do. If I was you I'd move the truck a ways down the road where it won't go up in smoke with all the rest. It might come in handy putting out a chimney fire in the village some day."

The yard was a house turned inside out. Underwear and quilts and crumpled oilcloth sprawled damp and tramped upon and mud smeared. There were bureaus gaping drawless with jagged mirrors and broken legs. A

comb with teeth missing and an alarm clock with smashed-in face lay together in a saucepan. Here was the life of the family, exposed, astonished and abashed, an exhibition to amuse the curious.

"Looks like they was just taken from the line," a woman said, stooping to gather sheets and pillow cases and shirts lying limp and dragged on the ground.

"She was always as neat as a pin, too."

The men were at work moving furniture into the tool shed before it became wetter and more warped with the rain.

"Jesus, man! The barn warn't enough. The house had to go, too."

"Why those things happen only God knows."

"And he don't give a damn."

The neighbors went away to their suppers and their chores, but they returned again in the darkness, the women with bread and meat, the men with milk pails and lanterns. Their minds were filled with concern for Jim Hollis. "What's to become of him now? He worked like a slave on the place. He's old with overwork already. Fifteen years. Sixteen hours a day, sometimes seventeen, eighteen, day in and day out. Fifteen years." As they rounded the bend they missed with renewed shock the familiar bulk of the barn and the sprawling white house. A formless mass of flames reached up to redden the sky.

The women went to the tool shed where Sarah and the children were. "You'd best plan to sleep at our house tonight," Jud Lyter's wife said. "There's room and more to put you up."

"That's kind, but I can as well make up a few beds here. Tomorrow we'll set up the stove." The stove sat solidly legless on the dirt floor of the shed. There were round rusty spots on it where rain had fallen. The shed was crowded and dirty. Hens had roosted in it undisturbed all through the summer. They were driven out ruffled and squawking. The women moved about like white shadows in their house dresses.

The fire burned steadily now, almost wearily, as though determined to leave nothing remaining. Tonight it would sink to a dull, sullen smouldering. For days it would smoulder, sending up stinking, acrid smoke. Then there would be only the ashes and the black, charred beams that the fire had left. There would be twisted, rusted nails, bent hoops and misshapen pipes and the broken, blackened remains of the new bathroom. The chimney would stand gaunt and useless without the house around it, and one by one, as time went by, the bricks would tumble into the ashes below. In the yard there were the two maples with seared leaves clinging sickly to the limbs. Those maples would never leaf again.

"Where's Jim?" the men asked, standing together, swinging their milk pails and their lanterns.

"I ain't set eyes on him since I come back."

"Maybe he went to the village for somethin'."

"He couldn't've. The car was burned."

"My God! That too?"

Mark Alden came to stand with them. He was an old man. He walked always with his head stretched forward, his eyes looking down. It came from long

years of straining to get the furrows straight as he followed the plow. "Thirty years I been here, and I ain't never seen nothin' to make me feel worse," he said. "He was a good neighbor, as good as we ever could hope to have." Already they were talking of Jim Hollis in the past, as though he were gone from among them, or dead.

"You ain't seen him around, have you?"

"Seems like I saw him headin' down the road a while back with a rope in his hand."

"A rope in his hand?" They looked uneasily from one to another. "Down the road with a rope in his hand?"

"I wonder what he was aimin' to do?" Jud Lyter was remembering Pat Flynn. He had cut him down from a beam in the barn. The others recalled the body with the marks plain upon it. It was after his horse broke its leg and Pat had to shoot it that he had hung himself. That hadn't been much of a reason, and there were some to say he had been lacking in strength and forbearance. Others said nothing, knowing that it wasn't the horse alone, knowing how things piled up and preyed on a man's mind.

"I guess we better take a look." Reluctantly they moved away from the light of the fire. Their lanterns flickered feebly against the darkness.

"He was always a brooding man, quiet like and brooding."

"He was probably downright sick and discouraged."

Their feet thudded on the hard-packed dirt of the road. From the swamp came the thin, lonely singing of frogs. Somewhere on the back road a dog barked. All the sad sounds of the night.

"There'd be no call to blame him."

"He wore himself out on that place. He warn't young any more." Day after day, year in and year out. Fifteen years without a let-up. Fifteen years of dragging to bed dog-tired at night; fifteen years of dragging out again in the gray morning, tired, always tired. They knew how he had worked. And it wasn't the work alone. You got to feel for a place after a while. You belonged there and nowhere else. You knew every rock in the ground, every board in the floor of the barn. Then to watch it wiped out before your eyes . . .

They stopped beneath the scrawling branches of the two cider apple trees. The grass deadened their footfalls as they walked beneath the branches, holding their lanterns high and peering up. "Not here, anyway," one muttered.

"The grove is the next likely place."

They heard the uneasy lowing of the cattle crowded together near the bars of the lower pasture. They were waiting to be taken to the barn. One moored out above the others, incessantly calling to her calf.

"They ain't used to being left so late."

"We'll come back to milk them after—"

"They're all milked but one." The voice came heavy and unwilling above the monotone of milk droning against the pail. The men left the road to look over the stone wall, their eyes straining out beyond where the lantern light ended. There, against the disembodied white of a cow's flank, they made out the hunched over figure of Jim Hollis.

THE OLD WORKMARE

CONRAD PENDLETON

SUNSET had begun to yellow the air in Deep Grass Valley, the tawny earth to exhale a dry milk sweetness, and a lark to riot his song from a post in an orchard fence. A pastoral haven; at least, that's the notion the neat cupped valley might give to a stranger, romantic of mind, gazing down at the pastures mellow with autumn and declining day and dotted with cocks of timothy, like heaps of golden fleece, on strips by Haley's Brook. All hayers had ceased and ambled to hearth and supper, their pitchforks left to windrow or part-filled rack.

The valley and everything in it appeared contented—contented, indeed, with the fields full of cattle and sheep, the orchards on every hand full of smoky gold, the lofts full of hay, and the snug farmhouses full of peace. But near a stable and out in the bleak lane stood an aged gray mare—an image of hunger and resignation, gazing across the zigzag fence at the tract, newly mown and raked. There she used to work in sunny weather and snatch, now and then, in harvest time a bit of wheat in head or clover; there she used to search the culverts and thickets in winter for red grass; and there she once suckled colts—horse or ass—whichever she was mother to. Her breathing grew wheezier, her underlip flabbed still lower from her stumps of teeth, and her matted tail switched at gnats and flies. Up her spine, so like a ridge-pole asag under flabby canvas, three ravens hopped, pecking for ticks, till a man popped his big, unrejoicing face through the stable window; he shook his fist at her and cursed. The birds flapped

up and cawed to a thorn nearby, and a brown mongrel streaked, with rancorous barks, from a manger out for the old nag's heels. The mare loped with a limp down the lane, her ears twitched back, but so slow that the dog soon bloodied her hocks anew.

Three figures—an old woman, a middle-aged one, and a small boy—shuffling in the road across the valley, arrived at a crook in the lane where the mare now stood at bay. Immediately the boy hurled a stone at the mongrel. It missed, but the dog gave over and slunk toward the barn with growls. The women seemed not to notice; the middle-aged one was upbraiding the older.

"There ain't no speck of use of you takin' on so, ma, like the world was comin' to an end; you're jest contrary, right down so, that's all and you know, like as not, it's the only way out."

The middle-aged woman towered head and shoulder above the bent old figure she guided along and glared down at. She saw a twig of a woman in unclean black, with brass-rimmed spectacles, a spare old woman with a cough now and then in her throat, weeping quietly. No grief came out of her mouth, stretched to a line on the toothless gums, but tears edged over her leathery wrinkles and dampened the tatters of shawl pinned round her rope-like neck. She wore an archaic hat of crepe askew on the top of her grey hair untidily knobbed at the rear of her head; an overcoat with only one button adangle by a fugitive thread; a full skirt sleazily mocking her scrawny hips and twitching behind in the dust; a wedding ring, worn and dull, on the dark-veined hand that carried a satchel.

Ahead she looked with eyes long clouded by age. She clenched her fingers till the knotted joints—monuments to her drudgery—showed white.

“Ain’t wantin’ to talk, huh? Well, any way, it’s high time you’re learnin’ it’s the dutiful thing by Derek with him bein’ your one son only and poor’n a church mouse and wantin’ to marry poor Eppie the way he does and not havin’ the means of keepin’ a roof over her and you both with you so poorly of late and gettin’ bedfast with ever weency puff of chill in the air. Yes, it’s the one dutiful thing for you to do by him with you, like as not, becomin’ a care on his hands any time now with that cought in your lungs hangin’ on so, and your hands givin’ out on you. The idear, you takin’ on so; for the life o’ me I just can’t figger. Well, it jest wasn’t right to Derek I says to myself nigh to a dozen time day after day once Eppie and him got so moony one on the tother and then waitin’ so long and her like the way she is. Well, with what pretty near happened last night (I’m thankin’ the good Lord it didn’t) I says right strong to myself: ‘Samantha, you got to be seein’ things’re different now on twixt them two, though you be losin’ the grandest hired girl ever there be in this neck of the woods.’ I give myself fits for waitin’ so long.”

Her capable red hands gripped the old woman’s arm with exasperation; she squinted down in disgust at her. They shuffled on, the humped old figure with quiet dry sobs. The boy dropped behind. The lark gave over and settled to the meadow by a tussock of golden-rod brightened by the falling sun.

Samantha continued, “You’re contrary, that’s all, contrary like I don’t

know what not wantin’ him to marry agin and tryin’ your levelest to keep him thinkin’ on Martha-Jane that’s been in her grave these four years now. Well, the dead’s dead and it ain’t no wrong for him to go and marry agin and it ain’t right nowhere you standin’ twixt Eppie and him no more like you be these three years comin’ and him lovin’ the very ground she walks on and her eatin’ her heart clear out for needin’ of him. Oh, yes, Derek wasn’t sayin’ nothin’, but he was feelin’ it hard. And I helt my tongue down hard, sometimes most bitin’ it in two. But last night when things come to so awful a turn, it showed me how desperate she was and grievin’, and I knowed my duty right off.”

The small boy, clothed in stained blue overalls worn through in the seat, lagged barefoot behind, his gray eyes regarding the women mournfully. Chapped face, shaggy hair light as a stook of rye, rusty hands and running nose that he wiped sometimes on the sleeve of his filthy shirt. He ached deep down to defend his granny, but he was a mild creature, afraid of his aunt so terrible her squint glare was and her goitered neck and her thick red hands, which had knocked him whirling a short time back when he’d begged her to quit being mean. She was buxom, as big as two women, with a pale brown skirt definin’ her hams and creasing up at her abdomen, and a green-and-orange checked waist stretched over her great uncorseted breasts. Somewhat lame in the ankles, she rocked with legs apart, almost dragging her run-over heels in the dirt and turning her feet obliquely outward. There was on her head of indefinite grey a wide hat of straw. Though she smelled of perspiration, her

garments were clean. A managing woman chock-full of orders at home, with no sympathies that blocked her duty or what she believed was right. Her voice, with its goitery under-hiss, gave added meanness to her words. Ceasing her gabble for breath, she glowered at the unanswering woman; then gritting her jaws she gave a jerk forward to the arm she clutched to hurry her up. The old woman, weeping quietly, did not resist or complain, and the sad boy behind made no effort to protest, but the streaks of tears from his eyes increased; his lowerlip trembled.

"Quit that balkin'," the big woman finally stormed; "You're near draggin' the arm off me. Oh, yes, I see plain as day what you're thinkin' even if you ain't sayin' it out: You're thinkin' it right down hard how you worked your poor old fingers to the bone keepin' house for Derek and helpin' tuh care for Martha-Jane that never knowed the like of a well day and how you scrimped and scraped to get us younguns all raised. Fiddlesticks and tarnation, I say. Let what's gone be gone and not go mopin' and heckterpatin' about it."

They reached the makeshift bridge over Haley's Brook. Evening was dusk-ing the valley. By a fallen pine log the women stopped, and Samantha glanced back at the lagging child.

"Little Ricky!" she bawled out, "march right up here, young man."

Not till his aunt had barged into a clump of salal, did he go to the log. Climbing upon it, he sat by his granny and gazed pityingly up at her face. She fumbled a handkerchief out of her satchel and swiped the tears from his cheeks, then from her own. Then drawing the end of her shawl about him, she cuddled him to her. She was pungent

with grease, coal oil, and turpentine rubbed on her breast and flanneled over. Again and again she stroked back his hair and gazed unseeing at the haw boughs' gathering darkness.

Presently the buxom woman crackled out of the bushes. The boy pulled wildly away and backed off in fear.

"That's it, shy way like I was goin' to brain yuh," screamed his aunt; whereupon he threw his arms up over his head to shield it, but she didn't strike him. Instead, she joined his granny, took her arm. They went on, the small boy following just in range of the gabble. "And you're thinkin' how your poor little lamb won't be took care of like he ought. Well, that Eppie'd tend him proper the way she takes to younguns and won't be hurtin' a hair on his head. And she won't be lettin' his hindend out and won't be churnin' flies in the butter and leavin' the filth pile up in the house so it only looks fit for pigs. Not Eppie, mark my words, not Eppie. She sure is true gold even if she's ugly as home-made sin."

The two women paused, while the old one coughed and coughed into her palm. The meadows were bluing and the air whitening along the brook where the fog of autumn was being born. Their climb of the slope proceeded.

"Well, I helt my tongue long as I could, but last night was the very last straw when we got poor Eppie out of the brook-pond drippin' and pale like death by the lantern. We jest helt our breath jest fearin' she wasn't comin' to, but she did and called right off for Derek and then started moanin' she wanted to die for her shame, jest moanin' and moanin'. And I knowed thing's got to the very last notch for the worse—the very last notch—and I knowed

right off how you'd jest have to bide with Jasper and me or the poor-farm. And knowin' how you and him hate the very inards of tother since the day me and him run off, I says it was sure *this* for you." She gestured, as they topped the hill by a tall iron gate of severe design, towards a long, squat building of stone in a draw a few yards below and vague in the half-fallen darkness.

The old one stiffened in her tracks and stared down dimly. Vague lights were here and there in the lower windows. Samantha yanked a cord that jangled a bell at the poor-house. By-and-by a dark form emerged from the front and crunched toward them over the gravelled path, the swinging lantern throwing his shadow grotesquely upon the gloom.

The big woman lowered her tone from its raw upbraiding: "Derek and Eppie'll marry right soon when I tell him what's wrong, and him doubtless willin' once he gets back from freightin' to-morrer and learns, and I'm tellin' you right straight, maw, you got a tell him you come here on your own free will and don't you budge to go back, or he won't take Eppie, and God Amighty knows what'll it all come to, with her like she is."

The old woman nodded; her arm being released, she turned around. She saw Little Ricky forgotten under a hemlock tree and limped to him, creaked down on her knees and clasped him close to her flattened bosom.

For the first time on the journey she spoke. Her voice was catchy and droney with years. "Be a good boy, Little Ricky, like I learned you to be and say—."

"Granny, don't leave me," he pleaded, then sobbed brokenheartedly into her shawl.

"Ma, ma!" yelled Samantha, advancing upon them, "can't you hear? He's got the gate ready." She tried to assist the aged woman up, but the small boy clung till his aunt tore him loose and socked him behind. "Hush that, you."

The gate clicked shut. The padlock snapped. The lantern swung two shadows grotesquely across the gloom. The child threw himself, face-down, in the road by the gate and shook with grief. At this his aunt jerked him up by the arm, brushed the dust from his front, and dragged him away. Just once she cuffed him but didn't scold. He straightened. Then she gazed down the road unsteadily.

She had led him, hushed now but sorrowful, half down the hill. Once she dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief as she thought to herself, "I never think I'd bring her round with her bein' head-stronger'n all get-out and dead set agin comin'. I never think I could, but I knowed my duty and done it."

Slow stars were scattering across the night, while gusts swished over the brittle grass, bearing ripe apple smells to their nostrils. Near the crook ahead in the lane they perceived the old mare, blurred by the night, limping along, her whinny mingling with the rancorous bark of a dog. Then quietness, until from a lit milkshed, as they passed, came a dairy-maid's hum and the clatter of pails and pans as she rinsed them to tilt, at dawn, in the dew and the sun to sweeten.

NEVER A BEGINNING

MARY FASSETT HUNT

THAT her voice had not been quite right Marget Clayborn knew at once from the way the clerk looked up at her when she asked for her letters. It was a sudden, direct, and challenging look that the wife of Chelm Clayborn ought not to have provoked. She lowered her own gaze and turned away, drawing back from the old suspicion deep within her that she was not really good enough for Chelm. Crossing the lobby toward the hotel elevator, she quickened her step now that in a moment or two she would be back in their room, alone with him again. Her inward eagerness and the swift ascent to her floor made her breathless and warm as she walked through the corridor over the heavy, grass-like carpet. She arrived at their door still slightly panting, and was relieved that Chelm had left it ajar. Pushing it open, she saw him through a haze of tobacco smoke, sitting at the desk writing a letter.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello, Chelm darling. Am I late?"

"Not very," he said lightly. "At least no more so than I expect you to be."

She laughed, but she thought unhappily, He hadn't noticed I was late; he didn't care.

She would have liked him to stop and look at her, to lift his young-old face with its shaggy front lock of hair falling into his eyes, and really see her, all that she hoped was lovely in her. But he didn't. She wondered if there had ever been a beginning for them, haunted as they were by the shadows of Chelm's old life.

Seating herself on the bed, she asked: "Is Rita coming for dinner tonight?"

Chelm didn't lift his head. She fancied a flash of discomfiture in the way his eyelids quivered. Then he said, tersely, "Yes," and went on writing.

Marget opened her purse and found a cigaret, lighting it thoughtfully. So it was to happen at last, the long-planned meeting between herself and Chelm's daughter. She felt a bit panicky, really, with something of triumph that at last she was to be given a kind of late recognition by those two who still held so great a part of Chelm's interest and emotion, his daughter and his former wife. She had always felt their invisible power and she had an unwilling, too perfect acquaintance with Helen, the wife, through her nervous awareness of Chelm's reactions.

To Chelm she said: "You know you've hardly talked of Rita, and yet I almost think I could recognize her if I saw her somewhere."

"She's probably the reverse of everything you'd imagine. That's the way it always is," he said, crumpling up his empty cigaret package. "Let me bum one of yours."

She tossed him the package and watched him take one out and light it. Suddenly sensitive she began to brood again, over how she had been pushed out of the sphere in his mind occupied by Helen and Rita. He never allowed her to enter it by even so much as a word, somehow conveying to her long ago that she must pretend always to be unaware of where his thoughts were

gone, sent flying to his daughter by the sight of a young woman her age, or to Helen, that other wife who seemed in some strange way far more secure in Chelm's life through divorce than Marget was through marriage.

Yet she was honest and humble enough in her love to admit that it was not strange she and Chelm weren't close to each other. There were whole worlds separating them, the worlds created by possessions. She smiled a little sadly, remembering how once she had believed the only differences between them were of money and the advantages of education. She had not suspected then the existence of those realms of association, tradition, and tastes in which he lived and moved but from which she was barred. She supposed that in time any one in Chelm's position would be led into a kind of innocent arrogance; not that he was ever consciously superior, she insisted with quick loyalty. She longed for some strong unbreakable bond between them.

"Chelm, I'd give anything in the world for a baby, our baby," she said suddenly, with a tenseness that coarsened her voice.

The scratching of his pen ceased. An awkward silence followed. Then he looked at her kindly.

"I wish you did have a baby, Marget."

It was not, of course, the first time the subject had come up; but now because of the imminence of Rita it had peculiar emphasis. They were both embarrassed, and Marget wished with aching desire that she had kept still, still, still. But silence and patience are bitter words to a woman like her. So she added, knowing she said too much: "It would be easier for us, having a child.

It would make everything all right, wouldn't it?"

"Everything is all right, isn't it, Marget?"

The answer closed her up inside again. It was too pat, too quick. She wanted to cry out, 'No, nothing is all right between us. You know it isn't! Don't be so deceitful!'

Her voice heavy with the misery of dissemblment, she said: "Why, yes. I only meant we'd have so much in common in a child."

She got up and began to dress, arranging her hair, watching him in the mirror take up his pen as if nothing had happened. Well, nothing had happened, she thought; nothing that mattered to him, at any rate. He could go on with his letters, letters to Rita or even Helen, doubtless; what did it really matter? But she was not fooling herself; some one inside her cried on a small, sharp note, 'But it does matter; it does matter.'

She hated being ready for lunch ahead of him, but when she could no longer pretend she was still dressing, she said, glancing at her watch, "It's almost two, Chelm. Aren't you hungry?"

"You wouldn't want to go on ahead and get a table? Just tell the waiter I'm coming, can't you?"

She lowered her eyes, "No, I can't," she answered. "I'll wait till you're through."

She seated herself, imagining that he was thinking, 'Damn, why doesn't she go down?' It was unjust of him to expect her to do everything alone when they were on a sort of holiday together. Besides, she'd been out all morning; he ought to have finished arranging about Rita by now.

Reminded again of the evening ahead of her, Marget felt a faint foreboding. Yet she knew it was what she wanted most, this meeting with Rita. Secretly she believed that if Rita and Helen could be caught up with and triumphantly faced, she could cope with them. Up to now they'd darkly had the best of things, the deep enchantment belonging to shadows.

Through with his writing at last, Chelm sealed the envelope swiftly and put the letter into his pocket. He got up with a keen glance at his wife, his expression suddenly tender.

Marget smiled at him. He turned away, straightening his tie at the glass. What was it? she wondered sharply, what happened when he looked at her like that? Did he know then that he didn't love her? He had often failed to return her smile, and once he had told her she was prettiest when she was pensive.

I'll never smile again, she thought wretchedly. Still there had been smiles enough before they were married. But had Chelm really been different then? Confusion closed in around her like a fog.

He put on his coat and they went out together. Marget enjoyed the trip down in the elevator and the publicity of their entrance into the large dining-room. She fancied such whispering as, 'There's Mr. and Mrs. Chelm Clayborn,' and she was radiant over being Chelm's wife, over belonging to him, over having him belong—only he didn't belong to her, really. He'd never really belonged to her; pathetic, she thought it now, after having once supposed herself triumphing over Helen, after having believed that Chelm was

divorcing Helen to marry her, Marget Reilly.

But the moment had come when she knew with the certainty of death that he had only been divorced because Helen divorced him. His wife had not been cut off; she had merely cut him off as one cuts off the shoot of a plant when it hinders growth. She thought now that he had been kind enough not to tell her; he had been kind in many ways.

He ordered lunch with the attention typical of everything he did, taking it for granted as usual that she would most prefer what he chose for her. She had lately begun to be amused at this habit in him, but then she reflected that her taste in food, as in everything else, had been largely formed by him. Guided at first from ignorance, she was led now through habit and his failure to notice that she no longer needed constant patronage.

"What did you do this morning?" he asked, leaning back in his chair with his arms folded precisely at the neat, pressed elbows of his coat.

She hated to tell him the same old thing, but she had to. "Oh, shopping," she said.

There was nothing else she could say. He had formerly been accustomed to call her attention to occasional exhibitions of art; but after dutifully standing in front of the pictures, she had never made anything of them; so he had stopped asking her about them, sensing her embarrassment.

She began now to tell him of her morning's adventures, of her purchases, of lovely gowns and furs she had seen. Then chillingly it dawned upon her that he was not listening, that his thoughts were reft off as if by a

complete physical pull in the opposite direction.

It's those two, she thought, savoring fully the poisonous taste of the knowledge. He's thinking of Rita and Helen. Only her habitual control kept her from saying, 'You're not thinking of me, Chelm, not me. You hardly ever think of me, but I know who it is you're dreaming of.' Such an outburst might afford some small relief doubtless. But it would be a dangerous relief, holding the risk of losing him, finally, forever—the thing that was not to be faced.

She had gone over it in her mind a hundred times; and always, reaching the point of severance between herself and Chelm, she had backed down, clinging to her shell, for it gave her what she could never have expected. She had only to close her eyes and remember the home from which Chelm rescued her, its perpetual wash of blue shirts hanging on the line; her mother, long lost to youth, the Celtic blood turned acid in her with the impoverished years; her father, red-faced, coarsening a little with each new job, ever ready with loud-voiced complaint; the continuous bangings of her brothers and sisters as they followed their noisy pursuits; the old, uncertain stove in the parlor with all of them huddling around it on a cold day. She could wrest joy from even the blessed pervading warmth that was taken for granted everywhere she breathed. Chelm might have been touched had he known her honest gratitude for ordinary every day comforts. What seemed so natural to him was infinite luxury to her, and she was possessed of sufficient gratitude to appreciate it

quite aside from her right to it all as his wife.

But today, this moment, longing for him to be aware of her, she sat silently while the waiter placed their food in front of them. Then she said:

"Chelm, why do I never seem important to you? Why aren't you interested in me as your wife the way other men are interested in their wives?" With her words came an idiotic, revolting desire to burst into nervous, high-tensioned laughter that kept having to be suppressed.

"What are you getting at, Marget?" His voice was steady. "You know quite well you're important to me."

"I don't think I'm as important to you as Helen and Rita," she returned quietly.

She saw his knuckles whiten around the stem of his water goblet. Lord, how he hates my saying this! She felt exhilarated; the feeling drove her on: "To this day you resent the indiscretion that put me in your life, don't you, Chelm? You wish to God that Helen had been willing to overlook things, to understand a little, don't you?" Her voice had grown more and more prodding, digging into him, and she leaned across the table, driving her words home in a long steady look. Then the change came over him, and such a change that she was all at once weak and sorrowful, as weak and sorrowful as the way he looked, staring down at his plate silently until Marget couldn't stand his silence. "Never mind," she said wearily. "It's true, of course; I've known it for some time now."

Chelm looked directly into her eyes. "I guess I've made a pretty poor kind of a husband for you, Marget."

"You've been a grand husband," she

cried swiftly. "You've done everything for me, everything in the world. You couldn't help it if you were thinking of your other family most of the time. But, Chelm, why couldn't you see that I never wanted to separate you from your girl? I've always wanted you to have Rita, to see her and to have her visit us."

It was true. She had wanted always to lessen the glamor of the unattainable for Chelm by making Rita available to him. She scarcely recognized that she also wanted desperately to be accepted by Rita. It was why the meeting she faced that night was of such importance to her; Chelm must be proud of her before his daughter.

He looked steadily back at her.

"It's why I'm so excited about tonight, Chelm," she went rapidly on. "Don't you see?" Her voice rose on a quick, exuberant note. "I want to make friends with Rita, for your sake. I'd have done it long ago if—" She broke off—"But now after five years, Chelm, surely things can be worked out, can't they?" Her eyes were soft and eager.

His answer numbed her a little. "You're a very pretty woman, Marget. You're prettier right now than Rita will ever be."

She had no joy in the compliment. She knew it was masking something else, something he didn't want to say to her. Then she knew what it was, and she was seized with an engulfing despair, and suddenly all she wanted was to go up to their room and fling herself down on the bed to cry as loudly and vulgarly as she wished; for the first time since she had known Chelm she was lonely, longing for her

sloppy, comfortable family, those wildly wall-papered rooms in which she'd played and fought and been cuddled and had never rested until she escaped; she was tired of understanding Chelm—right now she wanted him to understand her. But he didn't; his face had turned from her.

"Let's go up, Chelm; I've got a headache."

"As you wish, Marget."

They rose immediately; near the elevator he bought her some aspirin. It was not what she needed, aspirin. In the room with the door shut, Marget said: "You don't want me to go with you and—Rita, tonight, do you?"

Her calm too easily reassured him. He brought her a glass of water and the white tablet and sat beside her on the bed. He said: "But you don't really care anything about it, do you Marget? After all, you're not interested in Rita; how could you be?"

She drew away from him. If he could say this to her now, after what she had told him, after the weeks of planning for this trip of which the focal point was the meeting with Rita, if he could say casually, deceptively, to her—"You don't care about it, do you? You're not interested—"

Blinded, paralyzed, as if injected with a spreading, blurring drug of resentment and disappointment, she realized fatefully that as long as she lived she would never forget this wound. From now on she would be scarred and ugly because of it. She turned and looked at him, and saw that he was full of pity for her. "It's not I who prevent your going, my dear," he said. "Couldn't you have guessed

it was Rita?" Then he added, "Please try to see how it is, Marget, can't you?"

She nodded with a dull inclination of her head. Yes, she understood every-

thing quite well. Not that it mattered just now. Her flesh and her mind had become somehow cemented together into a cumulative numbness, sparing her momentarily from further thought.

MY UNCLE'S FUNERAL

RICHARD SULLIVAN

IF you think these are bad blizzards we have had this winter you should have been in Port Washington the time my uncle was buried. That was eleven, twelve years ago, in March, just when everybody was waiting for spring. It was terrible. Oh, my God, it was awful. I don't think there has been a blizzard like that ever since anywhere in America.

I have never in my days witnessed anything like my uncle's funeral. I tell you, first of all it was like a sheet of glass in front of St. George's church. The janitor was inside the vestibule all the time the pallbearers were skidding over the sidewalk. He didn't dare show his face for fear of laughing. You would have thought he would at least have spread some ashes. Those six pallbearers between them might have broken twelve legs, not saying anything about the rest of our legs. Twice between the hearse and the church door the casket almost went down. The pallbearers were all holding it with one hand and holding on their hats with the other hand and it was all that slippery sidewalk underneath them and the wind blew the flowers off the top of the casket. One of them made a grab for the wreath and caught it by the ribbons and then the wind blew and he got the ribbons all wound around his legs, and he stepped

through the wreath with one foot and he sat down with that foot stuck up in the air so as not to damage the wreath, and of course he didn't let go of his handle, and that was the first time the casket almost fell. The second time was when they were on the steps and the janitor took it into his head all of a sudden to open the door for them and he banged it into the heads of the two pallbearers in front, who were leaning over to get their faces out of the wind. It knocked one of them flat on the steps and he started sliding down the ice to the sidewalk underneath the casket, and it jammed the derby hat the other one was wearing down on top of his ear muffs, and he began to swear at the janitor, who kept his head sticking out of the church door all this time grinning like a valentine. The other four pallbearers lifted their feet to let the first pallbearer slide through underneath them without being trampled on and sort of juggled the casket from one side to another until the undertaker got there to steady it.

I have never in my days seen such a funeral. At my uncle's house when they left the hearse got stuck, but the undertaker had two men ready with snow shovels and they got it out in a few minutes. They would have had even less trouble with it but right away one

of the men jabbed his shovel into a big bank of snow and almost cut the big toe off the foot of the other man—they couldn't see in the blizzard—so the undertaker had to take the shovel himself and help dig.

But they got the corpse to the church on time, and after the services Rev. Buenger said there would be no use preaching at the cemetery afterwards in such a blizzard because nobody would be able to hear him anyway. So he said he would say just a few words now. My other uncle, who is deaf, did not understand what Rev. Buenger had said, and got up to go, thinking everything was over, but my aunt pulled him down in the pew again and kept her hand in his coat pocket until Rev. Buenger got through. I never heard anything take so long and I never witnessed my uncle, the deaf one, who is known all over Port Washington for his temper, so mad at my aunt.

And then when they got the casket into the hearse again and we were all in our cars we waited for twenty minutes on Milwaukee Avenue for Rev. Buenger to come out. He was changing into some heavy clothes, the undertaker said. My cousin who was driving our car said, "My God!" he said, "what's he doing in there? Is he eating a turkey dinner in there?" My uncle, the deaf one, who was also in our car, almost lost his mind because they couldn't make him understand about all the delays one after the other. He began to howl to my cousin to go ahead and let the hearse catch up later. But by this time the snow had drifted across Milwaukee Avenue and the undertaker came along telling all the cars to turn their lights on and to follow him up Orange Street, because they

would never be able to get through straight ahead on Milwaukee Avenue.

And then Rev. Buenger came out all bundled up—from the looks of him he must have had feather ticking underneath his overcoat—and the funeral procession started. Rev. Buenger was the only one who got stuck on the way to the cemetery, and he had the janitor with him in his car with a shovel, so they got out pretty easily.

But I have never been in such a place as that cemetery. We went in the gate and way back around in a big circle to the same gate again, and then we had to wait in the cars until they put a tent up over the grave, which was just beside the gate. It was a hard job putting up that tent because the wind caught it like a sail, but there were six gravediggers and the undertaker, and they managed it without anybody falling into the grave.

We all stood up to our hips in the snow with the wind blowing so you could hardly see and you couldn't hear, and my deaf uncle and Rev. Buenger were the only ones in the funeral party who really got close to the grave. The six gravediggers pushed every single car out of that cemetery, and we heard later that Rev. Buenger gave the keys of his car to the janitor and told him to bring the car home because the undertaker said he would take Rev. Buenger home in the hearse. "Where are you going to ride in that hearse?" the janitor asked him, and Rev. Buenger said: "Right on the floor I'm going to lie down. Good laws! if I get stuck again I am at least going to be comfortable!" And on the way home when the hearse did get stuck on Orange Street he wouldn't even get out to push.

HISTORICAL SECTION

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CALAMITY JANE

EDITED BY PAUL C. PHILLIPS

Note: Calamity Jane is the subject of many stories. She was a real person during the last two quarters of the nineteenth century. She was known as a reckless woman with an ability to shoot straight and a willingness to kill under proper provocation. She was generous with what she had and expected others to show her similar generosity. She had many loves and was often charged with sex offenses. She was probably married a number of times and was the mother of several children. Her most romantic love affair was that with Wild Bill Hickok who was killed in 1876. Her later years were pathetic. She sought admission to the Gallatin County (Montana) poor house, and then appeared in the Black Hills, where she died in 1903.

After her death, Calamity Jane became a legendary character. Many spoke her name with no knowledge of the person who bore it. She was almost in the class of Paul Bunyan and Old Huh Glass.

In recent years Calamity Jane has received much attention. She is the heroine of Duncan Alkman, Calamity Jane and the Lady Wild Cats, and of I. A. L. Plunket, Calamity Jane. Sketches of her life are in Estelline Bennetts' Old Deadwood Days and in E. L. Sabin's, Wild Men of the Wild West and in J. E. Milner's, California Joe. The Literary Digest for November 14, 1933, has an article on Calamity Jane as a Lady Robin Hood and Sunset for July 1922, has an account by L. R. Freeman, Calamity Jane and Yankee Jim.

This account of Calamity Jane, by herself, was probably written in 1896 when the lady became a paid entertainer. The story was doubtless written as a publicity effort. It gives some of the main facts of her life and shows the mind of the author.

Life and Adventures

of

CALAMITY JANE

By Herself.

MY maiden name was Martha Cannary, was born in Princeton, Missouri, May 1st, 1852. Father and mother natives of Ohio. Had two brothers and three sisters, I being the oldest of the children. As a child I always had a fondness for adventure and out-door exercise and especial fondness for horses which I began to ride at an early age and continued to do so until I became an expert rider, being able to ride the most vicious and stubborn of horses, in fact the greater portion of my life in early times was spent in this manner.

In 1865 we emigrated from our homes in Missouri by the overland route to Virginia City, Montana, taking five months to make the journey. While on the way the greater portion of my time was spent in hunting along with the men and hunters of the party, in fact I was at all times with the men when there was excitement and adventures to be had. By the time we reached Virginia City I was considered a remarkable good shot and a fearless rider for a girl of my age. I remember many occurrences on the journey from Missouri to Montana. Many times in cross-

ing the mountains the conditions of the trail were so bad that we frequently had to lower the wagons over ledges by hand with ropes, for they were so rough and rugged that horses were of no use. We also had many exciting times fording streams, for many of the streams in our way were noted for quicksand and boggy places, where, unless we were very careful, we would have lost horses and all. Then we had many dangers to encounter in the way of streams swelling on account of heavy rains. On occasions of that kind the men would usually select the best places to cross the streams, myself on more than one occasion have mounted my pony and swam across the stream several times merely to amuse myself and have had many narrow escapes from having both myself and pony washed away to certain death, but as the pioneers of those days had plenty of courage we overcome all obstacles, and reached Virginia City in safety.

Mother died at Black Foot, Montana, 1866, where we buried her. I left Montana in spring of 1866, for Utah, arriving at Salt Lake city during the summer. Remained in Utah until 1867, where my father died, then went to Fort Bridger, Wyoming Territory, where we arrived May 1, 1868. Remained around Fort Bridger during 1868, then went to Piedmont, Wyoming, with U. P. Railway.

Joined General Custer as a scout at Fort Russell, Wyoming, in 1870, and started for Arizona for the Indian campaign. Up to this time I had always worn the costume of my sex. When I joined Custer I donned the uniform of a soldier. It was a bit awkward at first but I soon got to be perfectly at home in men's clothes.

Was in Arizona up to the winter of 1871 and during that time I had a great many adventures with the Indians, for as a scout I had a great many dangerous missions to perform and while I was in many close places always succeeded in getting away safely, for by this time I was considered the most reckless and daring rider and one of the best shots in the western country.

After that campaign I returned to Fort Sanders, Wyoming, remained there until spring of 1872, when we were ordered out to the Muscle Shell or Nursey Pursey¹ Indian outbreak. In that war Generals Custer, Miles, Terry and Cook were all engaged. This campaign lasted until fall of 1873.

It was during this campaign that I was christened Calamity Jane. It was on Goose creek, Wyoming, where the town of Sheridan is now located, Captain Egan was in command of the post. We were ordered out to quell an uprising of the Indians, and were out for several days, had numerous skirmishes during which six of the soldiers were killed and several severely wounded. When on returning to the post we were ambushed about a mile and a half from our destination. When fired upon Captain Egan was shot. I was riding in advance and on hearing the firing turned in my saddle and saw the captain reeling in his saddle as though about to fall. I turned my horse and galloped back with all haste to his side and got there in time to catch him as he was falling. I lifted him onto my horse in front of me and succeeded in getting him safely to the fort. Captain Egan, on recovering, laughingly said: "I name you Calamity Jane, the heroine of the plains." I have borne that name up to the present time. We were afterwards ordered to Fort Custer, where Custer City now stands, where we arrived in the spring of 1874; remained around Fort Custer all summer and were ordered to Fort Russell in fall of 1874, where we remained

until spring of 1875; was then ordered to the Black Hills to protect miners, as that country was controlled by the Sioux Indians and the government had to send the soldiers to protect the lives of the miners and settlers in that section. Remained there until fall of 1875, and wintered at Fort Laramie. In spring of 1876, we were ordered north with General Cook to join Generals Miles, Terry and Custer at Big Horn river. During this march I swam the Platte river at Fort Fetterman as I was the bearer of important dispatches. I had a ninety mile ride to make, being wet and cold, I contracted a severe illness and was sent back in Gen. Crook's ambulance to Fort Fetterman where I laid in the hospital for fourteen days. When able to ride I started for Fort Laramie where I met Wm. Hickock, better known as Wild Bill, and we started for Deadwood, where we arrived about June.

During the month of June I acted as a pony express rider carrying the U. S. mail between Deadwood and Custer, a distance of fifty miles, over one of the roughest trails in the Black Hills country. As many of the riders before me had been held up and robbed of their packages, mail and money that they carried, for that was the only means of getting mail and money between these points. It was considered the most dangerous route in the Hills, but as my reputation as a rider and quick shot was well known, I was molested very little, for the toll gatherers looked on me as being a good fellow, and they knew that I never missed my mark. I made the round trip every two days which was considered pretty good riding in that country. Remained around Deadwood during the summer visiting all the camps within an area of 100 miles. My friend, Wild Bill, remained in Deadwood during the summer with the exception of occasional visits to the camps. On the 2d of August, while sitting at a gambling table in the Bell Union saloon, in Deadwood, he was shot in the back of the head by the notorious Jack McCall, a desperado. I was in Deadwood at the time and on hearing of the killing made my way at once to the scene of the shooting and found that my friend had been killed by McCall. I at once started to look for the assassin and found him at Shurdy's butcher

¹Nez Perce. The date was 1873.

shop and grabbed a meat cleaver and made him throw up his hands; through the excitement on hearing of Bill's death, having left my weapons on the post of my bed. He was then taken to a log cabin and locked up, well secured as every one thought, but he got away and was afterwards caught at Fagan's ranch on Horse creek, on the old Cheyenne road, and was then taken to Yankton, Dakota, where he was tried, sentenced and hung.

I remained around Deadwood locating claims, going from camp to camp until the spring of 1877, when one morning I saddled my horse and rode towards Crook city. I had gone about 12 miles from Deadwood, at the mouth of Whitewood creek, when I met the overland mail running from Cheyenne to Deadwood. The horses on a run, about two hundred yards from the station; upon looking closely I saw they were pursued by Indians. The horses ran to the barn as was their custom. As the horses stopped I rode along side of the coach and found the driver, John Slaughter, lying face downwards in the boot of the stage, he having been shot by Indians. When the stage got to the station the Indians hid in the bushes. I immediately removed all baggage from the coach except the mail. I then took the driver's seat and with all haste drove to Deadwood, carrying the six passengers and the dead driver.

I left Deadwood in the fall of 1877 and went to Bear Butte Creek with the 7th Cavalry. During the fall and winter we built Fort Meade and the town of Sturgis. In 1878 I left the command and went to Rapid city and put in the year prospecting.

In 1879 I went to Fort Pierre and drove trains from Rapid city to Fort Pierre for Frank Witcher, then drove teams from Fort Pierre to Sturgis for Fred Evans. This teaming was done with oxen as they were better fitted for the work than horses, owing to the rough nature of the country.

In 1881 I went to Wyoming and returned in 1882 to Miles City and took up a ranch on the Yellowstone, raising stock and cattle, also kept a way-side inn, where the weary traveler could be accommodated with food, drink, or trouble, if he looked for it. Left the ranch in 1883, went to California, going through the states and territories, reached

Ogden the latter part of 1883, and San Francisco in 1884. Left San Francisco in the summer of 1884 for Texas, stopping at Fort Yuma, Arizona, the hottest spot in the United States. Stopping at all points of interest until I reached El Paso in the fall. When in El Paso I met Mr. Clinton Burk, a native of Texas, who I married in August, 1885. As I thought I had travelled through life long enough alone and thought it was about time to take a partner for the rest of my days. We remained in Texas leading a quiet home life until 1889. On October 29th, 1887, I became the mother of a girl baby, the very image of its father, at least that is what he said, but who has the temper of its mother.

When we left Texas we went to Boulder, Colo., where we kept a hotel until 1893, after which we travelled through Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, then back to Montana, then to Dakota, arriving in Deadwood October 9th, 1895, after an absence of seventeen years.

My arrival in Deadwood after an absence of so many years created quite an excitement among my many friends of the past, to such an extent that a vast number of the citizens who had come to Deadwood during my absence who had heard so much of Calamity Jane and her many adventures in former years were anxious to see me. Among the many whom I met were several gentlemen from eastern cities, who advised me to allow myself to be placed before the public in such a manner as to give the people of the eastern cities an opportunity of seeing the Woman Scout who was made so famous through her daring career in the west and Black Hills countries.

An agent of Kohl & Middleton, the celebrated museum men, came to Deadwood, through the solicitation of the gentlemen whom I had met there and arrangements were made to place me before the public in this manner. My first engagement began at the Palace museum, Minneapolis, January 20th, 1896, under Kohl & Middleton's management.

Hoping that this little history of my life may interest all readers, I remain as in the older days.

Yours,

MRS. M. BURK,
better known as Calamity Jane.

*From the Anaconda Standard
February 2, 1901*

IT IS CALAMITY JANE

Old Age and Poverty Make Name
Appropriate

Sent to the Poorhouse

Gallatin County Charity Shields the Famous
Frontier Woman From Want. Hers Has
Been an Eventful, Exciting Career

"'Calamity Jane,' the somewhat notorious character of the frontier days, is getting pretty hard up in her old days," said a man from Gallatin county yesterday at one of the Butte hotels. "A week ago, 'Calamity' came to Bozeman and was taken ill while in town, and having neither friends or money, was sent to the poorhouse. She stayed at the county institution for a few days, and then, having recovered her health, she left town and started to the eastern part of the state. This was the first time in the eventful career of 'Calamity Jane' that she has been obliged to accept aid from the county. The woman has led a life full of strange adventure, making her own living and contributing not a little to the exciting annals of the border. She was one of the famous characters in the West in her day.

"'Calamity Jane' wrote a history of her life some years ago," continued the Gallatin county man, "and she has been engaged in selling the little book as a means of livelihood since its publication. She was born in old Missouri, and came to Deadwood across the plains in the 60's. She donned male attire to enable her to ride with the men who were guarding the caravan against hostile Indians, and she did not lay aside this apparel when she arrived at her destination. It is related that other members of her family are well-to-do people in her native state and find little enjoyment in the fame 'Calamity' has always earned while a conspicuous figure in the western mining camps. There are few towns in the West where 'Calamity' is not known. She has worn the costume of a frontier scout for 20 years and clad in a fringed buckskin suit, she is a picturesque figure.

"'Calamity' has carried a six-shooter since her early years. She has accumulated a considerable amount of lead in the shape of bullets that have been fired into her from time to time in the encounters with the wild Indians of the West and the wilder men of the mining camps where she made her home. 'Calamity' has always been touchy concerning her matrimonial experiences. She made it exceedingly interesting for Samuel T. Clover when he was in Deadwood. Clover was a Chicago newspaper man at the time and was gifted as a writer of verse descriptive of western life. He met 'Calamity Jane' and the acquaintance appeared to give inspiration to the pen of the humorist. In one of his poems he described 'Calamity' as one of the women who made their home

"In mining camps and frontier town,
where life is full of ups and
downs,

"'Who lead a wild and reckless life
and scarcely know the name of
wife.'

"'Calamity' took an exception to these lines and went gunning for Clover. She kept him hiding out in the hills for several days while she searched Deadwood for him.

"'Calamity's' name at this time is Mrs. Dorsett. She married a man of that name in Livingston some years ago and they parted soon afterward. 'Calamity' went East for a time after her marriage and starred as the leading attraction in a Chicago museum. She was constantly in trouble with eastern people, however, for she could not stand the constant guying and continual inspection of the sightseers without allowing her anger to rise. She would be able to make a good living in the museum business, but I guess she will never go back to it. What will become of her nobody appears to know. Like the buffalo and the distinctive characteristics of the plains and mountains, she is a pathetic reminder of the vanishing glory of old pioneer days and the free and easy life of the border.

BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of ANDREW CORY

Editorial Note: In the interests of responsible reviewing, it is our considered policy to allow our reviewers uninstructed freedom in their criticism.

The Magnate, by Hermann Hagedorn. New York: John Day in association with Reynal & Hitchcock, 1935. \$3.00.

The Territory of Montana in the year 1869 was an isolated region in the Far West. Virginia City, its capital, was but a mining camp in Alder Gulch, famous in the States for gold, Vigilantes and Road Agents.

In May of that year there was born in Virginia City to William Thompson and Anne Boyce Thompson their first child, to whom they gave the name of William Boyce. Apparently the boy, though normal, was mediocre; but he had hidden talents of rare quality, which circumstance and opportunity, grit and a developing ambition, bore from obscurity to riches, affluence, and international fame.

In "The Magnate," Hermann Hagedorn has written a fascinating biographical essay of this extraordinary man. The Montana reader will perceive that the glamour of Montana's early days possessed the author as he wrote of Virginia City, or roaring Glendale, and of the great camp of Butte. There is plenty of atmosphere. To this, perhaps, may be attributed the carelessness of fact respecting climatic conditions, topographical errors, and the disregard of Montana history. The author writes of Will's parents with understanding and fidelity. Excellent people, they were deeply religious; their son was not. The story of this divergence is interesting, —the entire book is interesting.

Virginia City's decline caused the family to move to Glendale, and thereafter to Butte. At the great camp, despite his church training, Will developed a tendency for the bright lights, becoming in his teens a gambler with an especial propensity for the scientific game of poker. To the contrary, his father upon a reform wave became Mayor of the city.

The father, prosperous now to a fair degree, alarmed over his son's conduct and apprehensive of the future, sent him to Exeter. With unflagging interest the author tells of the boy's three years at Exeter, of his visit to the New York Stock Exchange which fired his imagination with a desire to play that hazardous game, of his matriculation at the Columbia School of Mines. Mining was ever in the thoughts of the now aspiring youth. At the end of his freshman year at Columbia, he was lured away from further college work by a silver prospect which promised to be-

come a mine; it did not fulfill its promise.

The years in which Will struggles with failure and discouragement would baffle the ordinary writer, but Mr. Hagedorn tells a romance. Will's experience as manager of the Boulder Chief, his father's silver mine, gave the young man the name of "Boulder" which he carried for many years; his failure in attempting to develop the "Dutchman" claim into a mine, brought him the acquaintance of George Gunn, who was to play magic in Will's tremendous future.

While living at Helena, Will happily married Gertrude Hickman, also born in Virginia City, daughter of Montana's first State Treasurer. The good sense of his wife prevented her husband from entering upon foolishly contemplated political excursions.

The story leads back to Butte where Will incorporated the Thompson Investment Company which took over the elder Thompson's mines, mining stocks, and what-not. Although the operations of the company were extensive and profitable, they fell far short of the young man's growing ambitions.

To New York with wife and child but with scant cash he went, staying at the Waldorf-Astoria. He must present a good appearance,—a "front." Then to Boston where copper stocks were saleable. The story of the Shannon mine, written with understanding and power, tested the mettle of William Boyce Thompson. In less capable hands, failure would have been the result, but Thompson's courage and vision won for him a signal success.

The invaluable George Gunn found a mine at Ely; in its development Thompson showed the real character of his ambition—which was to create, to afford large employment, to develop on a grand scale. Within two years after his return to New York City in 1904 he had made his first million.

The moving tale goes on. Nipissing, Gunn playing a large part, followed. Thompson made five millions in short order, and another million before he closed that chapter. His operations extended widely; at Ely, Bingham, Mason City. In Arizona he acquired and developed the great Inspiration property. He financed zinc mines in Missouri and Oklahoma, a coal mine in Wyoming, a lead mine in Washington, developed the Magma, a copper property. He sent his engineers all over the world. He worked without ceasing, his work was play. In addition to huge revenues from his mines, his

operations upon the New York Stock market far transcended his boyhood dreams. For diversion, he made extended excursions abroad.

There came a time when his extraordinary aptitude for the consolidation of business enterprises came into full play. Through his school-mate of Exeter days, Thomas W. Lamont, he became associated, although in an independent capacity, with the Morgans, who frequently sought his help. During the early days of the war, money came to him by millions, by tens of millions. When this country got into the war, with patriotic fervor he backed the administration with all his zeal, sold millions of Liberty Bonds, bought them by the half-million himself. This did not content him; he desired to participate in a larger capacity. Now came his opportunity, the greatest adventure of his life; he went to Russia with the American Red Cross Expedition, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Ere long all that distinguished company realized that its great man was Colonel Thompson. His was the steady brain of clear and penetrating vision. The Kerensky regime was in power following the downfall of the Tsar, but was threatened seriously by the Bolsheviki. It was clear to the Colonel that if a collapse of the Allies upon the Eastern Front was to be prevented, Kerensky must be retained in power. The solution of the problem was simple if the Bolsheviki could be induced to support the Kerensky Government, and to shun the intrigues of Germany. His sympathies were with the Russian people. His plan of action was approved by leaders of the Allies in Europe. It depended upon the money for educational purposes, and not much money as wars go. Here Will Thompson, intense patriot, rose to greatness. Having reason to believe that the necessary money would be forthcoming from his Government, and to avoid the danger which delay would entail pending its coming, he gave a million dollars of his own money to bridge the gap. And for this superb act of patriotism he was not given credit for supporting the Kerensky Government and the Allied cause, but was charged with giving that large sum to the Bolsheviki! The money from America did not come. Cablegrams sent to Washington at his own expense were unanswered. He was urged to go to Washington. After a thrilling escape from Russia, he reached England. Lloyd George congratulated him upon his great endeavor and gave him a message for President Wilson. The Colonel reached Washington with all speed. The President refused to see him. After exerting every resource at his command, his efforts to obtain an audience with the President failed. The Colonel sighed, "Hero in Petrograd is Zero in Washington." The Allies broke down upon the Eastern Front. Kerensky fell, Lenin and

Trotsky took over Russia. The story as told by Mr. Hagedorn is graphic and powerful.

The days go on with the Colonel. He is stricken. He boards the Alder and in search of health sails beneath the blue skies of the Mediterranean. He returns home, and then to Arizona to dream in the solitude of his castle upon the Crag of Picket Post. Finally he turns back to Alder, his palace on the Hudson, where he enjoys for a brief time the plant life of his arboretum. His own life closes. The Magnate is a great story.

Helena, Montana

Lew L. Callaway

Henry the Sheriff. W. C. Tuttle. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1936. \$2.00.

Run of the Brush. William MacLeod Raine. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1936. \$2.00.

Pistol Passport. Eugene Cunningham. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1936. \$2.00.

Rawhide Johnny. Dane Coolidge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1936. \$2.00.

The Smoky Years. Alan LeMay. Farrar & Rinehart, New York. 1935. \$2.00.

Wolf's Candle. Dane Coolidge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1935. \$2.00.

Wild Earth's Nobility. Frank Waters. Liveright, New York. 1935. \$2.50.

Bitterroot Trail. James W. Johnson. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. 1935. \$2.50.

Those of us who approach any study of literature with respect and earnest thoughtfulness have usually disposed of "Western" contributions with a brusque word and little consideration. Adventure stories have been consistently disregarded except for passing mention. Perhaps one reason for their doubtful reputation may be found in the psychologists' talk about escape mechanisms. Naturally, in this connection, one thinks of such writers as Zane Grey—who writes fluently and quite well—Knibbs, Tuttle, LeMay, Cunningham, Raine, Clem Yore, Gregory, Coolidge, Brand, McDonald, and a multitude of others, not forgetting the best of them all, the late Eugene M. Rhodes. But the fact that stories such as modern "Westerns" form such a large percentage of the total output should suggest to one that their place in literature may actually be important, and that they play a definite part in the interpretation, not only of the period in which they were written, but of the age they are supposed to portray.

A reasonable defense can be made of the proposition that "Westerns" are as truly representatives of the times they portray as the works of the realistic authors. More frequently than not, a properly discounted romantic tale is more instructive than the longest-winded realist tale, and a great deal of what has passed for realism recently has simply been a "discounted romanticism." In spite of the depths in which the West has been buried by the romantics of the past twenty years, it is still an easy task for the scholar of Western history to distinguish between the genuine and spurious "Westerns," not so much by subject matter as by certain attitudes which westerners recognize as belonging to themselves. If one were to attempt to name a characteristic of this cheaper western fiction, which reflects a social characteristic of the period of the initial development of the west, it is "casualness." This attitude is to be distinguished rigidly from any deeper callousness. Casualness is superficial—an overt attitude assumed to mask feelings and impulses which lie deeper. Those men who began the cattle industry in the west were a peculiar breed. Their conflict was twofold—with Nature which fought back bitterly, and with others of their kind who lacked moral fibre. A man was accepted or rejected in that sparse society on the basis of what he did. Judgments were based on overt actions; hence the desire of everyone to assume and maintain a casual and commonplace attitude toward whatever happened. Those happenings were apt to be violent in their impact upon a man, harsh in their effects, and far-reaching in their consequences. A man was God, Law, and Man rolled into one; but the responsibility was almost too great. He had to be casual, he had to hide a great deal, even from himself. When families appeared, this characteristic persisted. Its result was a careful concealment of emotionalism on the part of the men, manifesting itself in their richly sentimental attitude towards women and the homeland. (If any doubt this idea let him count, off-hand, the number of villains in western fiction who have wives and families.) A second primary characteristic is the propensity for exaggeration. This might be called an accentuated Americanism, shown for example in the tall stories of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. We find this characteristic behind accounts of details of the size of ranches, the speed of leather-slapping, the cattle tallies, and the imperviousness of heroes to the dangers of gunfire. When humor ceases to play around such ideas, and when casualness descends to callousness, the genuine Western characteristics have given way to the spurious.

For instance, Alan LeMay, one of the younger "Western" writers, mentions in *The Smoky Years* tremendous acreage, countless herds, and ranch combines nationwide in

scope. What humor the book contains is conversational. In contrast, with writers such as Rhodes and Knibbs, the basic idea of an entire book is very liable to be hilariously funny. LeMay also fails to convey any of that sentimentalism or concealed affection with which one man was prone to regard another. Rhodes called it "a heart that trod on fear." Consequently, we are compelled to question LeMay's title to being a genuine "Western," though we do compliment him for his good adventure yarn based on the theme of vengeance. Dane Coolidge varies his characters, but not his humor. *Wolf's Candle* is Mexican in locale, but American in treatment. The hell-for-leather gun-slinger appears as an innocent sewing-machine salesman; but just the same, he belongs to that quick-thinking, level-headed, gun-packing fraternity who are attached to their friends, and who disregard their enemies until pushed too far. *Rawhide Johnny*, who turns out to be a rough and ready copper miner, also turns out to be rough enough and ready enough to vanquish an astute Easterner. Eugene Cunningham's *Pistol Passport* was owned by a former Texas Ranger who found himself unceremoniously pitchforked over to the other side of the legal fence. And *Henry the Sheriff*, W. C. Tuttle's latest character, is a retired vaudeville comedian, whose quickwittedness prevails over such handicaps as too much stomach, too many higraders, and a few fast gunmen. Bill Raine is more sober about his full-grown Texas range war in *Run of the Brush*, but Raine has his own little ideas about humor which he constantly manifests. In *The Bitterroot Trail*, the major characters are prone to peer into the future for justification of their necessarily violent deeds. As a result, the book seems to be written backwards. There is not a proper casualness in it. Frank Waters, author of *Wild Earth's Nobility*, manages to be casual and humorous. His book is biographical in plot, and the leading character is all that could be expected: Joseph Rogier is stolid, uncommunicative, substantial, physically powerful, and mentally astute. His family is the unrecognized center of his life, and the primary source of his substantiality as a citizen. The scene is Colorado Springs, and the time covers the last thirty years of the nineteenth century. Many are the labors accomplished, many are the family ties that are strengthened and deepened. It is the author's fault that the whole does not quite ring true. There is too much philosophizing which is not entirely relevant either to the development of character or of action. Although the character of Rogier is finely drawn, it becomes much too complicated for the story.

Of the eight books we have considered, only one can be called dubious as to its genuine "Westernness," in the sense in which I have defined it. As far as style is con-

cerned, they differ widely, both as to merit and as to type. Five of them are by practiced adventure writers, established in their field; Johnson is a promising newcomer. The seven "Westerns" fulfil their primary function of entertainment. Waters' book is too flowery and indirect; it would be improved by careful simplification.

Denver, Colorado

Lauris Lindemann

The Golden Quicksand. Anna Roberson Burr. D. Appleton-Century, N. Y. 1936. \$2.00.

This new romance by Mrs. Burr first describes the journey of the young hero, Peter Stockett, from Philadelphia to Santa Fe in the early spring of 1846. There Peter becomes involved in the intrigues of the Mexican governor, Armijo, which—lacking historical evidence to the contrary—Mrs. Burr imagines to have led to the peaceful surrender of that city to the United States troops under Colonel Stephen W. Kearney, on August 18th.

Her accounts of Peter's search for a long-lost profligate brother, of the love-at-first-sight attachment between the hero and the proprietress of Santa Fe's most famous gambling house, and of the hair-breadth rescues from death of Peter and of a Pueblo Indian chief's son by each other, attain some plausibility because of her vivid portrayal of the romantic period and settings.

In fact the chief value of this romance lies in the skilful delineation of the life in Santa Fe on the eve of the American invasion and of the fascination which this life had for the inexperienced "yanqui" fresh from the hardships of the Santa Fe trail. The author describes Bent's fort and Kit Carson; the leaders of the U. S. army sent against Santa Fe; the *ricos*, owners of large estates in New Mexico, and their way of life; the *penitentes*, members of a religious cult addicted to flagellation; the Pueblo Indians of the villages along the upper Río Grande, who furnish in this book an equivalent for Cooper's good Indians; and the mountainous landscape between Santa Fe, Taos, and Las Vegas.

Perhaps this romance will lead the reader to such classic descriptions of the Santa Fe region in the first half of the nineteenth century as Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies*, H. W. X. Davis' *El Gringo*, and Garrard's *Wah-To-Yah*. Mrs. Burr specifically acknowledges her indebtedness to three more recent works: Harvey Fergusson's *Río Grande*, the *Journal of Susan McGoffin*, and the *Caballeros* of Mary Laughlin Baker.

The Golden Quicksand is good entertainment, even tho it is not another *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Mrs. Burr, like Willa Cather, has descriptive power; she has recreated in words a period and a locale.

But her characters are types—the common basis for both the popularity and the limitations of light fiction.

University of Denver *Levette Jay Davidson*

Take All to Nebraska. Sophus Keith Winther. Macmillan, N. Y. \$2.50.

The Cherry Bed. Karlton Kelm. Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis. \$2.50.

The Yankee Bodleys. Naomi Lane Babson. Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y. \$2.50.

Free Forester. Horatio Colony. Little, Brown, Boston. \$2.50.

These four first novels represent an interesting progression through the middle range of excellence, and are for the most part creditable performances. *Take All to Nebraska* attempts to trace the Americanization of a Danish family, that of Peter Grimsen, and to depict the struggle with the Nebraska farm and with social adjustment in an alien country. They lose the battle but instead of surrendering decide to become American citizens and start over again.

The book cannot be said to be successful. This is due not to any lack of sincerity on the author's part, but merely to his lack of imagination. This is apparent in the plot, a wholly conventional one; in the characters, who lack visual reality; and in the style, which is fearfully freighted with clichés.

The central character of *The Cherry Bed*, Grandma Corley, is forced by circumstances to give up her old home. She takes her turn with each of her married children, and is finally rather miraculously restored to her own home by her favorite son, Roy. At the same time that things work out well for Grandma, the wanderings of the son in search of faith come to an end when he falls in love with and marries Jana Blenn. When Mr. Kelm is depicting the pettiness, jealousies and provincial minds of his Wisconsin small-townners he is very good. There are passages which are very amusing, and uncompromising in their truth. But the novel is weakened by its ending, which while following the present fashion of optimistic affirmation fails to convince.

The Yankee Bodleys, third in the line of progression, is a chronicle of a diverse New England family from the 1850's to the present. As the family multiplies its numbers grow confusing, yet the author manages to leave a clear impression of a surprisingly large group. One remembers Serena, whose homemade cook book provides one of the most charming chapters; the three children of Gamaliel; and Jessica, who at the age of eighty danced crookedly in her kitchen from sheer joy of living, in the moving final chapter.

Mr. Colony's *Free Forester* is a remarkable first novel of pioneer Kentucky, departing markedly from traditional novels of that place and time. It is the rather simple story of Harley Boydley, the two women he loves, his hunting, and his wandering. None of the characters seem at all aware of being in a book, and it is this quality, together with Mr. Colony's style, which gives the novel its special merit. He has an accent all his own; one hopes he will come forward with much more of such writing.

Eugene, Oregon

Myron Griffin

Laughter Out of the Ground. Robin Lampson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1935. \$2.50.

The Song of The Messiah. John G. Neihardt. Macmillan and Company, New York. 1935. \$1.50.

One of the great critical artists among college professors, Joseph Russell Taylor, intimate friend of George Bellows, used to say: "Anything, anything which can be done in English prose can be done better in English poetry." Modern narrators in verse have done their part to support Taylor's thesis. As competitors of the dramatic narrative in prose, we might list a few modern poetic stories. Where in prose can we find the realistic humanity, the sad dust of the rumbling collapse of Arthur's kingdom, as we see them, so often through the eyes of the fool, Dagonet, in Robinson's *Merlin*? Where else is the man, the almost god-like, tragic man, Tristram, etched more concisely than in Robinson's narrative?

But to the books in hand. Both of these novels in verse, *Laughter Out of the Ground* and *The Song of the Messiah*, are historically accurate tales of the West. Robin Lampson plays his free hexameters over the California gold-rush. Samuel Gibson, New Hampshire farm lad seeking his fortune in New York, marries a girl many years his elder, who dies in giving birth to his son. Leaving the boy with his wife's mother, Sam sets out for California. On the ship he meets Gilbert Porter, a Vermont farmer, and they begin to build a life-long friendship. During the terrible journey down to Panama, across the Isthmus, and up the west coast to Frisco, Gilbert and Sam are drawn ever closer together. In California, after the great fire has left them penniless, after they have worked at odd jobs to get their mining equipment, the two New Englanders head for the great placers. Successful on their first claim, Porter goes back to the valley to buy a farm. Sam, robbed and almost murdered by a half-breed, finally settles down near Porter's farm, after having driven stage coach, witnessed the lynching of Bloody Irish Dick, and gone to San

Quentin for a politically framed murder. He marries Porter's sister, but is always morose and humiliated by his long months in jail. The rest of the story develops the conflict of Sam with himself, especially after his son, Thomas, comes to California. Fighting against revealing his imprisonment to the boy, Sam is finally forced to face himself, when Thomas is falsely indicted for embezzlement and thrown into San Quentin. Father and son are united:

"Like two fragments of steel we are
welded together again."

With all its wild melodrama, its mob insanity, its bestial grubbing for gold, *Laughter out of the Ground* is a great verse-novel. The cadenced hexameters swing from one inflamed situation to another, finding in Samuel the typical Forty-Niner, in Porter the solid farmer of the old California. From lawless romance and bitter emotional struggle, Lampson draws his unforgettable men, men who made the West.

Neihardt, older and more restrained, writes his final tale of the Indians' subjugation. *The Song of the Messiah* recounts the spread of the Ghost Dance among the Sioux, and their pitiful last fight against destruction by the pioneers in the 1880's. In regular, but never monotonous, rhymed couplets, the unearthly story unfolds. The Indians, inspired by a new, dark Savior, go wild with a religious fervor which flames into a mad, dancing rebellion against their white tormentors. The Sioux send their best men to investigate this new religion. One by one they tell their tales of what they saw—Good Thunder, Yellow Breast, Short Bull, Kicking Bear—tales of a new Shining Host come to rescue the Indian and to drive out forever the white master. Each interpretation is weighed and considered. Then Red Cloud, the old chief, says, "The time is near." In prayer and dance the revolt grows, until the alarmed Agent comes to investigate. The young men are eager to kill him and his well-fed Indian police. But for a while yet the fighting is delayed. One man cries out:

"Your people tortured Jesus till He
died!

You killed our bison and you stole
our land!

Go back or we will kill you where
you stand!

This dance is our religion! Go and
bring

Your soldiers, if you will. Not any-
thing

Can hurt us now."

But the gleaming ghosts which flitted everywhere among the Sioux were no match for white men's rifles. Sitting Bull was killed up on the Grand. The survivors joined Sitanka's band and fled to Wounded Knee, where the last massacre strangled in blood the last hopes of the Sioux.

These two stories, tragedy on the Plains, triumph by the Pacific, add their vivid narrative imagery to the glowing literary record of the Old West. More than that, they challenge our young poets to compose other novels in verse: the battle of the railroads, Alaska, Lewis and Clark, the building of the great dams, the growth of cities, the sinking of deep mine-shafts, the struggle of the ranchers with dry land—all the other dramatic narratives from the fantastic pattern of which the New West has been designed.

Butte, Montana

Melville Sayre.

Poems. Elliott Coleman. Dutton. New York, 1936.

Trial Balances. Edited by Ann Winslow. Macmillan. New York, 1935.

Terza-Rima Sonnets. Robin Lampson. The Archetype Press. Berkeley, 1935.

Anyone attempting to judge what outstanding American poets—ranging in age from twenty to twenty-five—are trying to do would be faced with the almost endless task of searching through periodicals. Obviously,—despite one's first feeling of God forbid!—an anthology is needed, a want that Miss Ann Winslow's *Trial Balances* amply satisfies. She is well qualified to bring out such a miscellany, for she has been instrumental in the publication of the magazine *College Verse* during the past few years.

Miss Winslow explains that she includes the work of thirty-two young Americans that is distinctive in content or technique. To the work of each she adds the criticism of some older poet such as Louis Untermeyer, Malcolm Cowley, Allen Tate, or Robert Hillyer. The miscellany, then, is something new: a nationwide cross-section of youthful experience and poetic expression. Of further aid in the attempt to determine what the young poet of today is working towards are Robin Lampson's *Terza-Rima Sonnets* and Elliott Coleman's *Poems*.

One is surprised at the large number of poets who are distinctly right-wing in their choice of well established techniques. A partial explanation may be inferred from the thumb-nail biographical sketches; for practically all of the group have at least one college degree. The inference is clear that they are making use of their academic training in literature in the selection of a poetic style. They are, however, by no means slavish imitators, for they modify the technique to suit individual needs.

The so-called Gyroscope Poets of Stanford University, with their insistence upon the generalization rather than the particularization of experience, pursue the classical ideal. One of them, J. V. Cunningham, himself educated as a Latinist, reveals clear-

ly the tendency towards the general, the concise, the epigrammatic in "The Chase":

"The wind swelling the eyes with tears
Moves slower than the startled doe.
Tailored and white, the rabbit veers
as if she had a whim to go."

Working in the Renaissance tradition are such poets as Ben Belitt and James Dawson, whose sonnets are Petrarchan in form. However, this influence is less noticeable in *Trial Balances* than it is in Robin Lampson's *Terza-Rima Sonnets*. As the title of his volume implies, he experiments with a terza rima sonnet of four three-line stanzas with interlocking rhyme and concluding couplet; and he develops a new form without division into octet and sestet. The chief defects in his work are occasional forced rhyme and vagueness; his poetic fire is at its warmest in the short sequence "Sonnets for Margaret."

The most marked of the traditional influences is that of the metaphysicals, probably because of a similarity between the 17th and 20th century tempers. Among the many who use this technique are James Dawson, Hortense Landauer, and Theodore Roethke. One finds in Mr. Roethke's "Death-piece" the intellectual quality of the conceit and imagery, together with the macabre tone:

"Invention sleeps within a skull
No longer quick with light,
The hive that hummed in every cell
Is now sealed honey-tight."

The work of Philip Horton, another of the disciples, represents not only the virtues of the school but also its fault of the strained conceit.

Others draw upon a variety of 19th and 20th century writers: Emily Dickinson, Rupert Brooke, the Imagists, the Fugitives, or T. S. Eliot or Hart Crane.

Hortense Landauer, for instance, reproduces the crispness of phrase and the short line of Emily Dickinson in "For Emily Dickinson." Imagism is not a dead issue; for the free verse of the Imagists packed with sensuous detail one comes upon also, as in Millicent Laubenheimer's "Preludes to Fairytales:"

"Gold on her throat lies gleaming;
golden her gown;
Cold on her cheeks the tears drop
slowly down."

Elliott Coleman has chosen Rupert Brooke as his maestro, following him in the use of the dramatic sonnet and the idyll with a thread of narrative that gives it body. Of the sonnets one of the best is "Lachrimae Christi," in which conscience conquers over flesh; and of the idylls, "In Tryon Wood," in which hounds and hunters bring movement and color to a quiet landscape. One finds Brooke's manner of defining a mood by means of an effectively incoherent series of pictorial flashes reproduced in many of Mr. Coleman's poems. There are, moreover, scattered allusions to Brooke and one that occurs in the

opening piece "Grantchester" reveals Mr. Coleman's power of imaginative suggestion—"the far chanting of the Skyrian seas."

One finds the pedantic quality, the wit, the irony that marks the poetry of the Fugitives in such work as that of W. R. Moses. The most 'modernistic' effects are gained by poets who like Muriel Rukeyser, Alfred Hayes, or C. E. Hudeberg adapt the contrast-method of T. S. Eliot or Hart Crane. In Mr. Hudeberg's "Passage of Spring" we find the disassociation, the allusiveness, the ironic juxtaposition, the unorthodox vocabulary:

"Delaying for your faint appraisal
of say then hawthorns by a time-
less wall,
once amorist or amoretto,
you see your mind divorced and vir-
ginal
and sense a change abstergent as the
sea."

Mr. Hudeberg at his best arrests attention in his handling of this 'modernistic' method; however, he, like others employing it, runs the obvious danger of obscurity from the use of private imagery.

In these volumes only a few poets are attempting narrative. George Abbe, drawing on his experience as a New Hampshireman, paints with remarkable penetration such a village character as "The Storekeeper," in a manner reminiscent of *The Spoon River Anthology*. Another writer of narrative is James McQuail. In his poem "Pard and the Grandmother" he sketches a vain, empty-headed old woman. Occasionally he obscures outlines; occasionally he is too obvious; but for the most part characters and drama are well realized.

The moods, emotions, and ideas of the poets are as varied as their styles. Some find calm enjoyment in the simplest experience: Josephine Mills, for instance, in "Interior" describes the contentment that the rising sun brings as it shines each morning in her room; Renel Denny in "Norwich Hill" tells of the beauty of a winter scene near Hanover; or Lionel Wiggam writes with a tone of Keatsian wonder in "The High Hill":

"Time stopped breathless just below
the summit.

Curving apples halted on the air."

There is also the mood of complex detachment and abstract reflection about time and death in such an excellent piece of writing as Mr. Roethke's "Death-piece:":

"His thought is tied, the curving prow
Of motion moored to rock;
And minutes burst upon a brow
Insentient to shock."

Throughout Mr. Coleman's work there is a unifying strain of mysticism; he writes for example, in "Dies Irae:":

"Their hooves are curveting the sky
Their nostrils spew a leprous froth.
Man has discerned the monstrous lie
And Lucifer is wroth."

Many of these young poets express the frustration, pessimism, and melancholy disillusionment that are characteristic of our century. Mr. Horton in "Antiphony for Thursday" writes with fine scorn of science; Clark Mills in "Portrait" ridicules grimly a representative man of middle age who lives not for the intellect but for the senses; and Winfield Scott, with a tone of generalization, laments in "The Temple in the Wilderness" that which "the vain tongue" has "wrought."

Among the poets there are a few active propagandists who are wholly dissatisfied with the world that we adults of thirty or more have created. Like Milton, Mr. Belitt and Mr. Lampson occasionally use the sonnet for polemics; Mr. Belitt in "Contemporary Suite" attacking war, Mr. Lampson in "Outraged Hand" industrialism. As might be expected the depression has produced rebels and Mr. Hayes, now a Communist and an editor of the *Partisan Review*, preserves a vivid account of his experiences as job-hunter in his poem "In a Coffee Pot:":

"Who's handing us a runaround?

We hold our hands for sale arms
brain

Eyes taught to figure accurate ears . . .

We hang diplomas over kitchen sinks
Our toilet walls are stuck with our
degrees . . .

Shall we squat out our days in agen-
cies?"

Despite the ephemeral quality, the life and masculinity disclose genuine poetic power.

There is an outstanding fault in the work of these thirty-odd poets but it is the fault for which one makes allowance in youthful writing: the obscurity that inevitably creeps in at times. However, a few of them, notable Miss Rukeyser, Mr. Roethke, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Belitt, Mr. Denny, and Mr. Hayes in their best poetry have achieved a clarity that is unusually mature. Most heartening, however, is the independence that the greater part of them show. They experiment with every conceivable tradition not because it is fashionable to experiment but because they wish to shape a style of their own best suited to their particular needs.

Williamstown, Mass. W. R. Richardson

King Jasper. E. A. Robinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1935. \$2.00.

This symbolic narrative poem in exquisite blank verse closes the earthly career of E. A. Robinson. The poet of successful failures he has been called. And we who have read with answering minds and hearts such things as "The Man Flamonde," "Captain Craig," and other pieces of the poet's impressive total work at once assent. No less was he the poet of defeated success. In the *Children of the Night* volume lay Richard Cory, whom all

in his town but he envied. In *Amaranth*, next to the last thing he sent forth, he mystically studied life's tragedies and comedies of ambitions, aptitudes, callings, clashing of aims and attainments. And now at last an almost Dantesque story of American business success in tragic defeat.

King Jasper! Why a king? King of what? And why so commonplace a name for a king? An aggressive, ordinary man, Jasper, with a milder, inventive partner, Hebron, started a business, the Chimneys. Hebron hit upon a promising scheme. Jasper tricked him out of his share, crushed him to defeat and death. Glowing success in business through the Chimneys, a palace for wife and Prince Jasper, their only child,—king, queen and prince. But Honoria, the queen who had "everything

That other women would have suffered for,
And many enough would ardently have sold
Salvation and intelligence to possess"
felt
"The touch of hidden fingers everywhere."

Hebron's death had darkened the lives it was meant to lighten. No matter what the source: whether rooted in the nature of things and coming from what men have chosen to call God, or, as many think, made by man for man, for man at least right is transcendent. There are ways of acting, of living, that bring mastery and splendor but not peace.

Prince Jasper has met Zoe, healthy Life:

"She is too free and holy,
Or so he says, to let herself be bound
Or tangled in the flimsy nets or
threads of church or state."

Queen Honoria, gloomy from brooding, can not live in the house with so vital a person. King Jasper would clasp her to him but she seems to carry a dagger that would thrust him through! Young Hebron, dark avenger of his father's death, feels her overmastering charms at sight, would force her to join him but she drives a knife to his heart. Only Zoe survives the wreckage of King, Queen, Prince and their Avenger, young Hebron. Life (Zoe) moves on alone when the Chimneys have fallen, the royal family is slain, palace burned. "Nothing alive was left of Jasper's kingdom. There was only Zoe. There was only Zoe—alone."

Robinson belongs from the beginning to the end of his work in the line of the grand poetic tradition. He perfected himself in poetic forms, sought no specious new ways to utter poetic truth, saw the chaos of life about him with "the disenchanting and re-enchancing faculty" of the poet. He did not do the impossible: speak as bard and prophet showing an integration of our turbulent times, but left a memorable body of writing

that reveals a man who saw the "tears in things" but smiled amid his tears.

"There is no royal road to Robinson. The summit though is worth the ascent." This last little book to one who will read it with the concentration required by its chosen brevity will speak as only seers have spoken.

Robert Frost has added an introduction in which he has combined a playfully serious suggestion of the poet's function with a gentle appreciation of Robinson whom he loved and whose work he plainly so truly apprehended.

Missoula, Mont.

W. P. Clark

Apache Agent. Woodworth Clum.
Houghton Mifflin Co. New York.
1936. \$3.00.

John P. Clum, when only twenty-three years of age, was appointed Indian agent to the Apaches, at the time the most dreaded of all American Indians. This book is the story of his life. He began his contact with the Indians in 1874, and died in 1932. Most of the intervening years he spent in the Southwest, where he was a man of great importance in many fields other than Indian affairs. He was Tombstone's first mayor. He founded and published its famous newspaper *The Tombstone Epitaph*. He was captain of the Citizens' Safety Committee, played the "heavy" in amateur theatricals, sang in the church choir, and knew everybody worth knowing in Tombstone and Arizona. In his last years he prepared notes and wrote of his life with the Indians and the pioneers, but died before his manuscript was ready for the press. His son, Woodworth Clum, has used these notes to present the man's biography. It is an extremely interesting and readable book and a genuine contribution to the history of the Southwest, and particularly to the history of the Apaches.

John Clum was one of the most remarkable Indian agents ever known in the United States. Though he was agent of the Apaches for only a few years, his influence upon them was deeply felt and is easily discernible today. The Apaches at the San Carlos agency are remarkable today for their manly, independent, and self-sufficient character. This is in no small part due to the sensible, courageous, and kindly treatment given them by Agent Clum. Clum organized Indian police and an Indian court, got the troops removed from his Agency, and made the Apaches virtually self-governing, with admirable results. If the greed of army contractors and the stupid vanity of army officers could have been forestalled, the Apache wars with Geronimo and his scoundrels could never have taken place. The best chapter in the book is that which tells how John P. Clum arrested Geronimo and his band and put the treacherous old chief in irons. A great deal

of false glamour has been attached to the name Geronimo but Clum had no illusions about him. He knew too many loyal Apaches who had suffered far greater wrongs than Geronimo, but who nevertheless made a firm and lasting peace with the government and lived up to their professions even under the most trying circumstances. Such Indians, of course, are not well known to the readers of Western thrillers. The story of Clum's dealings with the Apaches is a bright spot in the generally foul darkness of American dealings with the red man.

The book tells in its later chapters of Clum's life in Tombstone as a newspaper editor and mayor. The author insists that Tombstone in its worst days was a rather quiet frontier town and that only trouble-makers found that community dangerous or unpleasant. During the year of his service as mayor of the town, only three murders were committed. Clum says that a great many killings which took place in other towns have been attached to the name of Tombstone by Western writers. Very effectively he punctures the high-fallutin legend of his home town.

In the very last chapter Clum returns to his beloved Apache Indians and tells how Geronimo was finally tamed and made into a hero and showman by the Whites. The last words of the book are a bitter reproach to the public for their stupidity in ignoring the heroism of the other really great men of the Apache nation.

The first part of the book, narrating the early history of the Apaches, is preliminary to the life of Clum which begins in Chapter XIV. Parts of the book are well-written, but on the whole its style is not up to the subject. One feels that the parts contributed by Agent Clum himself are better written than those added by the author of the book. One also feels at times that the speech put in Agent Clum's mouth lacks authenticity, since it contains terms unknown in this country in the 1870's.

Norman, Okla.

Stanley Vestal

The Texas Rangers. Walter Prescott Webb. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. \$5.00.

Walter Prescott Webb is so well known for his historical work on the Western Plains that a new book of his in that field is always received with pleasure. Here he has a subject worthy of his steel and one which he handles very adequately, though in the spirit of a hero-worshiper. This year, 1936, is the Texas Centennial. The Texas Rangers have just been abolished by legislative action. Hence Mr. Webb's book is timely in a double sense. But because it is so readable, so well documented, and so authentic, it would be welcome at any time.

The early chapters of the book naturally

deal with the revolution and the early days of the Republic of Texas,—the battles with the Indians (both native and invading tribes), and service in the Mexican war. After the Annexation of Texas the Rangers were ready to have a hand in Sam Houston's plan to capture Mexico. Later they engaged in various local wars in Texas and dealt with one after another of the "bad men" of the Southwest. Some of them served as Rough Riders in the Spanish War and distinguished themselves in the World War. They fought a great fight with bootleggers and kidnapers after the frontier was closed. This story abounds in adventure and duty well done. And the account of their work is studded with personal recollections from the earliest days of the organization down to the shooting of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker. This is the first authentic and comprehensive account of this world-famous organization. The Texas Rangers as presented here are typical of the quiet, soft-spoken, competent, and courageous officers representative of the best frontier stock. It is a satisfaction to know that the Texas Rangers will be incorporated with the State Highway Patrol in a Department of Public Safety. Their tradition should be invaluable to any system of state police.

This book is one of the best collections of anecdotes known to me. Mr. Webb has done justice to his subject.

In the nature of things such a compilation as this book cannot be a unit. The effect is scrappy and gossipy, but every chapter holds the reader's interest and sends him on to the next. Numbers of documents are reprinted in facsimile and the book is lavishly illustrated with photographs, drawings, and maps.

Norman, Okla.

Stanley Vestal

Ordeal by Hunger. George R. Stewart, Jr. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1936. \$2.75.

Snow Covered Wagons; A Pioneer Epic. Julia Cooley Altrocchi. Macmillan Company, New York. 1936. \$2.50.

A few month's ago, Hoffman Birney's *Grim Journey* was reviewed in this magazine. Two more books have appeared on the same subject, the famous Donner tragedy in the snow-bound Sierras in 1846-47. Although based on the same source material, widely different literary forms are represented by the three volumes, in consequence of which each should find its own audience of widely divergent tastes. Birney's realistic, fictionized account, as a contemporary might have written it, bids strongly for the attention of the seeker of adventure and emotions in the raw; Stewart's is for the student of history, with an appeal to the general reader by virtue of its unobtrusively dramatic treatment; the liter-

ary-minded will find interesting and commendable Mrs. Altrocchi's endeavor to add an epic to the all too few existing examples of that form in American literature.

This sudden interest in the Donner episode may seem somewhat indiscriminate to the serious-minded reader who demands of his books that in addition to being entertaining they help enlarge his human experience and aid in the essential grasp of history. To such a reader the Donner incident will seem of little value as human document in that it is merely another testimony for the doctrine of the survival of the fittest and its corollary, destruction of the weak under rigors of nature. And it will be evident that in the wide canvas of the history of this nation's growth the Donner Party and its fate is of little import.

Whatever be his motive for undertaking the subject, Mr. Stewart has certainly made of the incident all that the historical material will allow. *Ordeal by Hunger* is an accurate presentation of fact, and a critical survey of existing opinion on causes that led to the disaster. Moreover, when opportunity offers, the narrative is enhanced by skillful dramatization of events, as for example in Chapter XX, in which the mounting obstacles to the progress of the heroic first relief party are juxtaposed with the daily increasing privations of the marooned emigrants. The staccato passages alternating between the rescuers and the unfortunates in the camp rise in a crescendo that will move even those who are familiar with the story. A number of drawings by Ray Boynton, as well as maps and reproductions of old illustrations help to visualize the episode. A comprehensive bibliography is also included.

A fair idea of Mrs. Altrocchi's work may be had from the following excerpt from her preface:

These verses do not always march.
They do not always sing. They
stumble through the dust and snow,
even as these pioneers.—If my verses
fail,—they failed! The book, then,
is an epic, by virtue of its material,
not its treatment.

This, Mrs. Altrocchi's own admission that her verse is mostly pedestrian, tallies with the impression that one gets from the poetry. It is a damaging admission when uttered in the same breath with the claim that the book is an epic! Setting forth a theme in noble phrase is one of the main requirements imposed by the epic form. Furthermore, an epic develops its theme in the region of the ideal; its subject, ennobling and broadly human in its aspect, is usually some significant event in the life of a people. All this is foreign to Mrs. Altrocchi's poem. That her work fails to establish itself as an epic is really not entirely her fault; it is the subject, or, the pioneers, that failed her—a ver-

dict, that she herself has unwittingly anticipated in the preface.

Though failing in her objective, Mrs. Altrocchi's poem is undeniably a very readable narrative containing a number of passages of not a little poetic value. The following may be quoted as representative of Mrs. Altrocchi's best:

Burn, fire!
Fierce element of life!
Beat on these bodies.
Slush them with the mocking glow
Of carmine health.
Inflame them through and through!
For they shall know
The flight
Of breath,
The pinched blue
Lips of famine
And the white
Of snow
And death,
Burn, fire,
Fierce element of life!

Oakland, California Malozemoff-Smolakov

Jessie Benton Fremont, A Woman Who Made History. Catherine Coffin Phillips. John Henry Nash, San Francisco. 1935.

Miss Phillips undertook one of the most difficult problems in the art of biography. Not only was the task complicated by the close personal relationships of the author to the subject of her biography, but it was also burdened with a point of view which, considering the material, it would be hard to justify.

In dealing with the first difficulty Miss Phillips has not been entirely successful. Her problem was to show the importance of Jessie Benton Fremont, in her own rights and as a woman, during the great historical movements of her time. Another method than the one employed would have to be used if women like Mrs. Jesse Fremont are to be convincingly shown as making history. In this biography the foreground is almost entirely occupied by Jessie's father, Senator Thomas H. Benton, and by the husband, John Charles Fremont. In the background and subsidiary to these men and events is Jessie Benton Fremont, a charming hostess, a loyal, sympathetic daughter and wife. No doubt such services are invaluable, but they do not make history in a very positive fashion. Another result of Miss Phillips' method is to obscure the reality of the forces which made John Charles Fremont their largely unconscious puppet. The winning of the North American continent for Northern industrialism was the chief story of Fremont's day. Fremont was tossed up to play a role he did not understand and which did not accord with his abilities. For that reason he failed, although not ignobly. His wife contributed to this main story loyalty and sympathy, but in

order to play an historical part she needed either understanding of these forces or great personal power. She had neither.

If this criticism is severe, it is not out of unkindness but out of an attempt to judge this biography by the very objectives set by the author of it. The book is very competently written and it is an excellent example of the bookmaker's art, as are most of the works by John Henry Nash.

Seattle, Wash.

E. H. Eby

In Tragic Life, Passions Spin the Plot. We Are Betrayed, No Villain Need Be. Vardis Fisher. Caxton Printers and Doubleday, Doran.

The more one thinks about this ambitious confessional tetralogy with its Meredithian titles, all taken from a single sonnet of "Modern Love," and its so un-Meredithian lack of form and of poise, its indirection, restraint, objectivity, the less one thinks of them as novels at all. They become instead an extraordinary personal history, extraordinary not because of what happens in them, neither because of the adventures, moods, passions, fears, ideas and follies, soul searchings and absurdities of the protagonist, Vridar Hunter. Other men have passed through as much or more, physically and psychologically. But extraordinary for the passion, the desperate earnestness with which through four big books Fisher remains in the confessional, the modern confessional of the psychoanalyst as it were, and reconstructs his hero's inner life as though his own life depended on the outcome. Nothing else in the novels matters much. What we get is the case of Vardis Fisher. And that is what he himself calls "honest writing." These books are most certainly honest writing; but Fisher seems to think that the test of honesty is autobiographical. That is his obsession, an obsession which supplied the driving force and saw to completion this absorbing and important history.

The sensitive, brooding boy, Vridar, grows up on an impoverished Idaho ranch, son of a crude pioneer Mormon family on his father's side and of a mother who has brought from the East a code of American-Victorian morals and refinement. There are few books and little society for the eager mind of the boy to feed its omnivorous appetite on. Shrinking from the drabness, ugliness, cruelty, poverty and restrictions of the life about him, Vridar's mind turns inward almost to the point of insanity, becomes enmeshed in a complexity of fears. All alone and in secret the boy fights against these nameless terrors, keeping his own counsel. And gradually he works out a way of life that enables him both to face his world successfully and at the same time hold fast to the secret fear and pain and joy of that "tragic life" that goes on within. Probably

no more valuable study of split personality in boyhood and early youth has ever been done. There is a hard core of courage in this passionate, introverted boy that enables him to understand in part his problem and to fight for balance and sanity.

In the second novel Vridar goes to Salt Lake City to college, a poor, awkward ranch youth with a first-rate mind but, because of his youthful isolation, a kind of Candide in a world which to his surprise is not all bright and beautiful. Instead of an intellectual and spiritual oasis, this half Mormon college is in good part hypocrisy, shoddy and hooliganism, the rest superstition, routine and somnambulism with a few bright spots among the faculty and student body. At the end of the novel Vridar is trapped by the re-kindling of his boyhood flame for Nelo, the half-Indian girl from the Antelope country, and by his need for love. He is married long before he is in any way ready for marriage.

The last two novels deal on the surface with Vridar's struggle for advanced education in Chicago, his life as teacher and professor, ultimately in New York, his plunges into literature, philosophy and all knowledge, his intellectual gropings and flounderings, his own forays into verse and prose, his life with his family, the coming of Athene into his life and the tragedy when Nelo, like Harriet Shelley before her, commits suicide. But the real story in these as in all the novels is what goes on inside Vridar Hunter. All the world's a stage for this tortured ego, and all the men and women merely shadows in the struggle it puts up to save itself, to find liberation.

Fisher sees the theme of his tetralogy as the struggle and victory of the spirit and mind of a man over the forces of defeat, fear, "Puritanism," fostered by a society shot through with false ideas and ideals. Vridar seems to shout at the end, "Look, I have come through—or at least almost." So Vridar goes back to the Antelope country to "write an honest book." But we see no regeneration here. From the time Vridar won his first boyhood battle with himself there is no change. Vridar is Vridar to the end but grown older and more ruly, perhaps, grown out of the periods of storm and stress, become more at ease with himself. But where is this victory? In the same sonnet from which the four titles are taken Meredith says, "'Tis morning but no morning can restore what we have forfeited . . ." No, nor take away what we have gained. Unless ye be born again . . . But the man Vridar Hunter has battled too long and too hard to ever surrender in humility to any power in Earth, Heaven or Hell. That ego reigns within its own orbit.

New York

Fred T. Marsh

Stubborn Roots, by Elma Godchaux.
Macmillan. 1936. \$2.50.

Story of a Louisiana sugar plantation and the cane—the abundant cane that pressed up against the fence as if to conquer the very land Marie Elizabeth's house stood upon—this book is a fine example of regional literature. The cane and its care, the sugar mill, the building of the levees against the river, and the hundreds of negroes dominated by the mystic Zero, were the life of Anton, but not of his steely-cased, magnificent yet scornful wife. How stubborn were their roots, both his and hers, stubborn as the roots of the cane!

Mrs. Godchaux has brought to life the slow rhythm of the fertile soil behind the levee, sunshine and hot nights, the growing cane. The soil must produce as certainly as Marie Elizabeth must bear her unwanted children; a son who was as impatient of the plantation life as his mother and who thus broke his father's heart, and a sensitive, understanding daughter who loved the cane as he did but whom he never could see. The narrative expresses this life, which the author allows to go where it will; yet her characters are so individual that the reader knows where the plot must lead. The simple, direct yet telling sentences pile up a rich atmosphere by their lush detail, so that the western reader feels he lives in an absorbing other world while he reads.

D. C.

LITERARY NEWS

Continued from front Advertising Section

It will appear as a quarterly from New York City.

Vardis Fisher's "No Villain Need Be" gets a plus rating from the *New York Times Book Review*, the *St. Paul Dispatch*, the *New York Herald Tribune Books*, the *Dallas Morning News*, the *New Masses*.

More forehanded than most writers, William Saroyan, whose second book was published in February, has his third volume ready for the press; perhaps because—to quote Scribner's (April)—"He has no new plans, 'just the steady ones: to write and to make it interesting and to remember all the time the men who long ago wrote greatly . . . To remember the days of poverty, including today . . .'"

Little, Brown & Company offer a Centenary Prize of \$5,000, (\$3,000 outright and \$2,000 as advance on royalties for book rights alone) for the most interesting American work, not fiction, submitted to them before Oct. 1, 1936, to be published in book form about April 1, 1937. Manuscripts of not less than 85,000 nor more than 150,000 preferred. Must deal with events in the United States and be written by citizens of the United States. The publishers hope that several books entered, in addition to the prize winner, will be worthy of publication.

Jeannette Maltby calls attention to a com-

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THE PRINTERS OF TODAY

bined meeting of the Secondary Education Group of the Inland Empire Council, of Teachers of English, and the National Council of English at the N. E. A., Portland, June 29. The topic of the afternoon will be "Recent Trends in Instruction in New Curriculum Materials in Secondary School English." The president of the Inland Empire Council of English has been asked to speak on the language Arts phase of the work, and Dr. Roberts, on the literature and reading phases.

Derrick Norman Lehmer's book of free ballads, "Fightery Dick and Other Poems," from the Macmillan press, is receiving excellent reviews. Dr. Lehmer is a member of the Department of Mathematics at the University of California.

COVERED WAGON

ELMA GODCHAUX' (New Orleans) novel *Stubborn Roots* (reviewed in this issue) was published in late March by Macmillan, and UPTON TERRELL'S (Salt Lake City) *Bury Me Not* will be published by Random House in the autumn. His story *The Island* and H. W. WHICKER'S (Missoula) *All American*, both from the winter issue of FRONTIER AND MIDLAND, were recently reprinted in FIC-TION PARADE.

ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY (San Francisco) returns with a long short story to this magazine after an absence of some years. Several issues have also appeared since JOSEPH B. HARRISON (University of Washington) has contributed an essay. This one, *Literature and Good Will*, is particularly timely. MARY FASSETT HUNT (Birmingham) contributes her third story. Her studies of martial relations are penetrative and human.

Oddly enough for these days, a ranch story optimistic in tone carries to the reader a strong earthy sense, *Keep Goin'* by MARJORIE LYON (New York.)

Three Oregon poets, H. M. CORNING, VERNE BRIGHT, and LYDIA LITTELL are well known to our readers. So are GERALDINE WOLF (Cuyahoga, Ohio), and G. A. KAUFFMAN (Berkeley), who is running a taxi from six a. m. to six p. m. Newcomers are LAWRENCE HARPER (Los Angeles), ELOISE HAMILTON (Portland, Ore.), and BOB ALBRIGHT (Seattle). PAUL D. ANDERSON, who sends his first trenchant piece from San Francisco, is a newspaperman.

CONRAD PENDLETON (Eugene) is writing a series of stories of pioneer life: this one is the second to be published in this magazine. RICHARD SULLIVAN (Kenosha) has generally been published as a poet. PAUL C. PHILLIPS (Montana State University) has charge of our historical section. Several issues of FRONTIER AND MIDLAND have been illustrated by CHARLES E. HEANEY (Portland, Ore.).

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FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

A Magazine of the West

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

VOLUME XVI

Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer, 1935-1936

MISSOULA, MONTANA

Published at the State University of Montana

by H. G. MERRIAM

Copyright 1935, 1936

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