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# FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Volume 17

WINTER, 1936-37

Number 2

## CONTENTS

Desert Christmas, <i>poem</i> .....	John Stahlberg.....	Frontispiece
	Decoration by Gladys Christiansen	
Home for Christmas, <i>story</i> .....	Roland English Hartley.....	77
Sonata for a Southern Town, <i>poem</i> .....	Gene Shuford.....	87
Rainy Interlude, <i>story</i> .....	William DeLisle.....	95
Flower Haunted, <i>poem</i> .....	Dorothy Marie Davis.....	101
Child Wonders in Eldorado, <i>article</i> .....	G. R. MacMinn.....	101
<i>Poems</i> —How Then Explain	Frederick ten Hoor.....	112
Resurrection .....	Tom Bair.....	112
Parents, <i>two stories</i>		
The Enchanted Room.....	Mary Gail Clark.....	113
Shadow Under the Sun.....	W. H. Gerry.....	116
Deep Sowing, <i>poem</i> .....	Fania Kruger.....	119
On Defeated Creek, <i>story</i> .....	James Still.....	120
The Brothers, <i>story</i> .....	Mary Fassett Hunt.....	124
The Pendulum, <i>poem</i> .....	Helen Maring.....	86
Disparity, <i>poem</i> .....	Glen Baker.....	134
WESTERN BOOKSHELF .....		134
Woodcut.....	Charles Heaney.....	144
HISTORICAL SECTION		
The Great West: Two Interviews II.....	Maurice Howe.....	145
COVERED WAGON, <i>notes about authors</i> .....	Front Advertising Section	
LITERARY NEWS.....	Front Advertising Section	

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*Published quarterly. \$1.50 the year.*

*Manuscripts, business communications, and subscriptions should be addressed to Frontier and Midland, Montana State University, Missoula, Montana. Manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage.*

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.

# Montana, A Dude's Paradise

by MATTHEUS KAST

The earliest and healthiest occupations of man were fishing, hunting, and agriculture. With progress in civilization he lost contact with nature and became captive in a cage of artificialities, comforts, conventions, and inhibitions. However, his primal nature, more than ever, wants now to reassert itself, and the only place at which to be one's self, is the dude ranch, a veritable oasis in a desert of civilized unnaturalness.

To the reader who does not already know, a dude ranch is a sheep, horse, or cattle ranch, which in addition to its agricultural pursuits operates dudes for an income. Dudes, in the vernacular of the West, are products of civilization, or people characterized by excessive attention to dress and other artificial requirements of modern times. They are generally novices in the art and trade of ranching and ranch life. Hence they have to be taught by natives, guides, and others who know. The term has no uncomplimentary connotation.

The first dude ranch in the United States was established by the Eaton brothers of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. When they had bought and occupied a ranch in Wolf, Wyoming, in 1904, they soon saw themselves confronted by a choice between ranching and entertaining. They decided in favor of the former by beginning to charge for services rendered. Peculiarly, this produced results exactly opposite to the Eatons' expectations. There were now those timid souls that were glad to accept the Eatons'



hospitality without blushing. Under the force of circumstances, the Eatons' ranch turned into a dude ranch. Commercial shelter and entertainment were then gradually taken up by other ranchers, and dude ranching became an established business. The general business aspects of dude ranching can be gleaned from the following table, giving results from a questionnaire survey of 72 typical dude ranches in Montana and Wyoming.

**Dude Ranch Acreage, Livestock, Equipment, and Valuations:  
1930\***

	Total for 72 Ranches	Per Ranch	Amt. for 72 Ranches	Amt. Per Ranch
No. acres owned or leased.....	560,000	7,947		
No. saddle horses owned or leased .....	5,100	71		
No. cattle owned or leased....	10,200	141		
No. range horses owned or or leased .....	1,600	22		
No. sheep owned or leased .....	37,000	528		
No. buildings owned or leased .....	890	12		
Estimated value of land, leases and buildings .....			\$3,500,000	\$48,611.11
Estimated value of dude ranch equipment and furnishings .....			1,220,000	16,944.44
Approximate value of entire outfits.....			6,100,000	84,722.00
Amount of Insurance carried .....			1,189,325	16,532.30
Approximate gross receipts for 1930.....			1,230,000	17,083.33
No. of former dudes who have settled in Montana and Wyoming .....	119	1.7		
Estimated value of their holdings.....			4,031,000	55,986.11

The principal dude ranch districts in the United States are found in Wyoming and Montana, although recently they have been spreading along both sides of the Rocky Mountains, and even into some Eastern states. However, by average size, number, and volume of business, dude ranching in Montana ranks first among dude-ranching states. This superior position is explained by several factors, most notably by the immensity and character of Montana's dude ranch settings, amidst rugged country, rushing mountain streams, whispering forests, pine-scented air, sunlit spaces, and solitude. It is in that atmosphere that jangled nerves are really soothed while the human ego is being considerably deflated, resulting in more wholesome recreation both physiologically and spiritually. However, dude ranching requires more than mere environment. Its success is inevitably connected with the personality of the dude ranch host. The President of the American Hotel Association, Thomas Greene, once said: "The successful owner-manager of a hotel must be a

\*From: "Minutes of the Fifth Annual Dude Rancher's Meeting at Billings," Published by the Pioneer Printing Co., Cheyenne, Wyo. 1931.

companion, friend, host, convivial entertainer, and good mixer in more than one sense." This same remark applies to dude ranchers. In no enterprise does the human equation in business operation assume greater importance than in dude ranching. Contact with Montana dude ranchers has shown them to be ideal hosts. It is invariably found that on their ranches millionaires, bankers, lawyers, artists, writers, school teachers, debutantes, dowagers, and cowboys mingle in carefree friendliness for a hilarious time.

The average dude ranch is nearly 8,000 acres large with an accommodation capacity of 35 guests, although individually the 20, 25 and 50 guest ranches are the most prevalent types. Their weekly vacation rates show considerable variations, from \$15 to \$150 per person per week. Those rates are expressive of enormous differences in types and standards of dude shelter, food, service, recreation and general entertainment features. They signify both the contrast in business investment and clientele to which they cater. Probably in no other enterprise can originality and ingenuity of management find as unlimited expression. Natural recreation assets may be so modified or improved as to correspond to the specific demands of the guests. It is not surprising then, that besides fishing, hunting, riding, mountain climbing, adventure, and the picturesqueness of the West one also finds urban types of recreation. Many a dude ranch has swimming pools, tennis courts, golf courses, rifle ranges, boating facilities, and even motion pictures and beauty parlors. It is the variety and variability of recreative outlets that make the dude ranch a superior vehicle of modern vacation use. One day a hike in rocky canyons by plunging waterfalls; the next day a pack trip into impenetrable forests; then a day in search of elk, bear, or mountain lion, followed by days of absolute quiet and domesticity, with social entertainment in the lodges or around a campfire in a setting of dark and shadowy pines, or miles of sagebrush appearing, under a full moon, like an ocean of silver.

The unlimited choice and freedom of recreation out of doors is matched by a corresponding variety of shelter facilities and indoor comfort. Many dude ranches possess both primitive and most modern accommodation arrangements—camps, tents, tent houses, cabins, bungalows, log buildings and head lodges, simply or most luxuriously furnished. They can not fail to appeal to both the soft or hardened dude, with little or plenty of money. From the view point of public conveniences, sanitation, and comfort a dude ranch may equal or even excel the best hotels in our urban centers.

Dude ranching has become particularly popular since the depression. Like farmers on highways trying to catch the passing motorists through commercial offerings of fruit, coffee, pies, or vegetables, many a rancher began looking for dudes in an effort to find a market for his home-grown products, such as chickens, eggs, fish, game, meat, or idle horses. However, the principal

stimulus to its growth came with the revolutionary developments in transportation. Highways, forest trails, airports have made ranches more accessible and brought them close to the city dweller. In 1936 more than 15,000 people from the far East alone were supposed to have visited western ranches. Of course, the devaluation of the dollar has contributed its share by making traveling abroad less attractive. Cooperative action and advertising by dude ranchers, railway, aviation, public road, national forest and park officials, as well as the sympathetic interest of the Biological Survey, hotel men, and others have produced further salutary results. The Dude Ranchers Association has helped in improving and unifying business practices and methods. All these efforts sprang from the desire to bring the West at its best to the visitor from the East. However, the most effective push to dude ranching has, and always will come from those who actually have experienced a dude vacation, for they have sensed, and will want to experience again something of a life that is typically American, full of adventure and romance.

Moreover, they have partaken of an experience that proved both cultural and aesthetic. For the jazz of tooting taxi cabs, jangling street-cars and shrill factory whistles they have substituted a symphony of sighing winds, babbling mountain brooks, and singing birds. Ugly and confining apartment walls they have temporarily exchanged for wide open spaces with balsam air and a constantly changing panorama of beautiful, artistic sights. No wonder then, that many dudes have turned meditative and questioned and compared the merits of urban recreation with that on a ranch. Incidentally, quite a few have decided in favor of permanent ranch settlement. These profound psychic enjoyments have been further enriched by a refreshing change in the Western culture pattern with its different folklore, legends, and songs, with its peculiar agricultural institutions as typified by roundups, cattle branding, bronco-busting and bull-dogging. While those novel culture features may have varying appeals, all dudes remember and will always long for their natural, good sound sleep, which automatically befell them after their daily routine of ranch pioneering, exploring and perspiring. It is the entirety of these experiences that has, when told to others, always instilled a burning desire to play a part in this interesting and wholesome life on western dude ranches.

Montana has over 80 dude ranches. To name them here would be impossible for lack of space. However, the reader may get a list of dude ranches in Western Montana indicating their location, approach, recreational opportunities, and costs by writing to the Chamber of Commerce in Missoula, Montana.

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# LITERARY NEWS

GRACE STONE COATES, Editor

Some quirk in the editor's office assigned to Grace Stone Coates in the last issue a book entitled "Vote Snatchers." That is a forthcoming book by Benjamin Appel.

The most constructive and charming critical writing that has come to my desk for many a year is Van Wyck Brooks' *The Flowering of New England* (Dutton & Co.) It is good for the school girl and the critic, the browser and the student—for everybody.  
H. G. M.

A commentary on the "social consciousness" of the reading public: Ortega's *Revolt of the Masses* (1934) shows but nine withdrawals from the Butte Public Library.

James B. Rankin, 423 W. 118 St., NYC., is cataloguing present ownership and location of original paintings, sketches and modeling of the late Charles M. Russell. He wants information of both publicised and fugitive work of the Cowboy Artist; the addresses of his surviving relatives; and the addresses of his protege, Joe DeYong, who did the end-pages for the late Pat Tucker's *Riding the High Country*.

Montana and Idaho, with the Pacific Northwest, will be honored by the temporary residence of Eugene O'Neill, thrice winner of the Pulitzer Prize for drama, and recipient of the latest Nobel award. He has completed the first draft of the early group of plays in the octology on which he is now working. Russel Crouse of The Theatre Guild releases the information that Mr. O'Neill's trip to the Northwest is for the purpose of doing research work for the middle group of plays in this cycle. Since he will spend a year or more in Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon he has offered for sale his home in Sea Island Beach, Ga., built five years ago. Mrs. O'Neill (Carlotta Monterey) is now with Mr. O'Neill in Seattle.

Fortunate possessors of the series of Chapbooks issued some years ago under the editorship of Glenn Hughes of the University of Washington will recall *The Art of Eugene O'Neill* by Joseph T. Shipley, dramatic critic.

Jon Webb, through his agents, Ann Watkins, Inc., got an immediate reading of his first novel manuscript, *Okay Warden*, with Harcourt, Brace & Co., within two days had an excited telephone call from the publishers; within a week a signed contract. Incidentally, he had destroyed all but thirty pages of the work as originally submitted for the Houghton Mifflin fellowship, got a new slant on the entire novel, and rewritten it. He has an acceptance from *Esquire* of a story: "The Idiot in Cell 33."

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Vardis Fisher was punch-drunk with beauty after he and a party of Idaho businessmen flew Idaho's primitive areas for aerial photos to illustrate "Idaho: A Guide in Word and Picture."

Caxtons will also publish "*Jugheads behind the Lines*, the story of a mule driver's experiences in the world war, by the late Carl Nobel of Grass Range, Mont.

Bill Gammon, secretary to the president of the slick Washington University, St. Louis, is reconstructing *War Years in the Mansion*, personal memoirs of Mrs. Jeanette V. Gardner, widow of a former Governor of Missouri.

Qualifications for a successful G-man seem not widely divergent from those valuable to an author. D. H. Dickason, "veteran crime-chaser, G-man Field Marshal," retired, last October in Butte, Mont., when asked by a reporter what he considered essential, answered: "Offhand, I'd name contacts with persons of every walk in life, an active, reliable memory, attention to minute detail, an inquiring nature, courage and loyalty to service—and these are not necessarily placed in their proper order."

Houghton, Mifflin company has just released James Willard Schultz' thirty-fifth book, *The White Buffalo Robe*. Mr. Schultz is supplying the Great Falls (Mont.) *Tribune* with a serial account of the segregation of Glacier park, and Schultz' contacts with celebrities visiting this region—Dr. Grinnell, Emerson Hough, Ralph Pulitzer, Gifford Pinchot, Henry L. Stinson. Mrs. Schultz will direct the government Blackfoot Indian craft shop to be located on the Hudson Bay divide between Glacier park station and St. Mary's lake. The building, of logs, will otherwise be a replica of Fort Benton, adobe.

Harriet Monroe, founder and editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* (1912) died in Arequipa, Peru, Sept. 26. The presentation of her Columbian Ode, followed by successful suit against the *New York World* for premature publication of the poem, made her front page news in 1892. Those she served know what her life work meant to them. The publication of *Poetry* will continue under the auspices of the University of Chicago, to whose library go all files of the magazine, and a unique collection of first issues—Vol. 1, No. 1—of innumerable publications, many now extinct.

Wallace Stevens received the *Nation's* poetry prize for 1936. The Hawthornden Prize was presented in London to Evelyn Waugh for his life of Edmund Campion. The two annual Houghton Mifflin fellowships of \$1000 went to Robert Penn Warren of Louisiana State University and to Clelie Huggins, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Alexis Carrel, author of *Man, the Unknown* was given an award of merit by the National Institute of Immigrant Welfare in New York. The in-

ternational judges Dr. Randolph Binding, Gaston Rageot, Johan Boyer, Hugh Walpole and Joseph Wood Krutch awarded the All-Nations novel prize of \$19,000 to the Hungarian, Jolan Foldes, for *The Street of the Fishing Cat*; and the \$4000 American prize to John T. McIntyre for his "tough" story of Philadelphia, *Steps Going Down*.

The Hudson Bay Company has spent some years sorting and cataloging its great body of records, and will turn them over to the Champlain Society of Canada to be edited and published. "This is the most spectacular coup to the credit of any learned society in many a day," says Constance Lindsay Skinner in her review of *The Honorable Company* by Douglas MacKay (Bobbs-Merrill). "It is arresting news in the historian's domain anywhere," she continues. "The Hudson Bay Company, existent now for 266 years, has been a factor in British policies, in world-wide commercial rivalries, in wars, in science and exploration; and beyond a doubt the study of its records will compel important revisions of history as we now accept it."

*It Can't Happen Here* is to be presented simultaneously by twenty-eight Federal Theatre Projects of the WPA. Sinclair Lewis came from his summer home in Woodstock, Vt., to supervise the NYC production.

The Poetry Society of Kansas will bring out the collected poems of the late Whitelaw

Saunders under the title *What Laughing God*, with foreword by Nelson Antrim Crawford. Nora B. Cunningham, Canute, Kansas, has charge of distribution.

*Portfolio* edited by Jim Booth, 807 E. Broadway, Sweetwater, Texas, is open for contributions from North America writers. Cash prizes. Prose, verse, drama, fantasy — poems to 300 lines, fiction to 15,000 words.

Noah Landau, Matthew Kamm solicit material for *Horizon*, a literary magazine, 2802 Brighton 8th street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

*The Verse-maker*, 5457 Monroe St., Hollywood, Jeanette Seletz, editor, opens and closes with last poems of the late J. Graydon Jeffries, who in his long sickness was the object of the affections and solicitude of many poets.

*Manhattan Poetry Parade*, 509 5th Ave., NYC, wants poetry, not too sweet.

*Green-Horn*, 2911 N. 7th St., Philadelphia, "A Herald of Coming Writers."

Henry Harrison distributed 40,000 copies of *Ten Years of Poetry Publishing*, which contains much worth saying and worth reading.

Carlyle Straub, 20 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, offers prizes to \$150 for poems in his forthcoming anthology *Muse*.

Harry Hartman's *Lantern*, 1313 Fifth Ave., Seattle, is highly readable book news.

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A rich intellectual experience renewed if  
you have known it.

## The Virginia Quarterly Review

begins its thirteenth year with no raven to throw a shadow or croak ill luck. If you do not like the cheapened trend of American magazines that are designed to be popular, you may find the flavor that is different in a magazine that entertains you while you think. Its articles are written with distinction but they can crackle too without creaking. The few stories that it publishes are memorable. The poetry it has printed has ranged from Robert Frost or Carl Sandburg, T. S. Eliot or Allan Tate, to new discoveries like Frederick Prokosch and Jesse Stuart. Its reviewers say what they think not what the publishers say for them.

## The Virginia Quarterly Review

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Agnes Swanson, Portland Library  
Association, Portland, Ore.; Gertrude  
Watson, Victoria Public Library,  
Victoria, B. C.

## COVERED WAGON

JOHN STAHLBERG, Missoula, is working on the Montana Guide Book being compiled by the Federal Writers' Projects. GRACE CHRISTIANSEN is an assistant in the Department of Fine Arts, State University of Montana, Missoula. ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY's quietly expressed stories have been appearing in *FRONTIER AND MIDLAND* for a number of years. He writes in Pasadena.

GENE SHUFORD is an assistant professor of journalism and English at Trinity University, Waxahachie, Texas. His long poem, "Now, Because in November," appeared in the November *Scribners*. WILLIAM DE LISLE, New York City, published his first story in *Esquire*; this is his second to be printed. He was born in Paris, was educated abroad and in this country, has been around the world three times serving as seaman on freighters, and has had "a short and rather maddening experience in Hollywood." DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS, a poet living in Pasadena, has appeared before in this magazine.

G. R. MACMINN, a professor of English at California Institute of Technology, is working on a book dealing with the theater of the 1850's in California. The material for this article was drawn wholly from original sources in the Huntington Library.

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FREDERIC TEN HOOR, born in the Netherlands, came to this country in 1896, was educated at Calvin College, and served with the 32nd Division overseas. TOM BAIR, another California poet, has appeared in *FRONTIER AND MIDLAND* many times. MARY GAIL CLARK, Buffalo, born in Berlin and educated at Vassar, is a music critic, and manages concerts. W. H. GERRY, a New Englander living in California "morbidly nostalgic for a decent succession of seasons," has had his fling at farming, factory work, clerking, copywriting, and book-reviewing.

FANIA KRUGER, born in Sevastopol, Russia, was "like most of the children-students in gymnasia" an active participant in the social-democratic party. "After the apparent failure of the 1905 revolution on the surface . . . there was work underground—in the cellars—where age and youth foregathered to unpack forbidden pamphlets and decipher cryptograms." When she was fifteen years of age the family thought best to leave Russia and emigrated to Texas. There, in Fort Worth, the children would sing revolutionary songs, and the father, "rubbing his long gold beard," would smilingly say, "Sing, children, sing. Here in America it's all right. In Russia you would be sent to Siberia for that." She has worked in a candy factory, a whiskey wholesale house, and an office. She is married and has two children. Her writing has appeared in several publications.

JAMES STILL, born in Alabama and educated in a "mountain university in East Tennessee," lives at the forks of Troublesome Creek, Kentucky, "a section as remote as any in Eastern U. S." He is librarian at Hindman Settlement School, and has nineteen circulating book collections "placed in one-room schools in shut-in coves and hollows." He has had poetry in *Yale Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Poetry*, *Esquire*, and other magazines. The *Atlantic Monthly* has accepted two of his stories. A poem and a story have appeared in previous issues of *FRONTIER AND MIDLAND*. Stories by MARY FASSETT HUNT, Birmingham, Alabama, have appeared in several issues of this magazine. HELEN MARING, Seattle, will have a group of poems in the spring issue of *FRONTIER AND MIDLAND*. GLEN BAKER sends his poem from Hutchinson, Kansas. MAURICE HOWE is Regional Director of Federal Writers' Projects in the West, and State Director of Utah. CHARLES HEANEY's illustrations come from Portland, Oregon.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

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## DESERT CHRISTMAS

JOHN STAHLBERG

Christmas in the desert, under the stars;  
Christmas under the blazing globe of Sirius,  
The flashing eye of Taurus,  
The sparkling accouterments of dashing Orion.

Christmas, alone, in the desert;  
Alone with the sage and greasewood,  
The cactus and the yucca,  
The mesquite;  
Alone with the peerless Arizona starlight.  
Christmas like the Christmas of the shepherds.

Alone in the desert, under the stars.  
How easy to imagine that the clumps of sage are  
flocks of sheep!  
How easy to fancy that the light fleecy clouds are  
the white robes of angels!  
How easy to interpret the murmurs of the night:  
*Peace on earth, good will to men!*

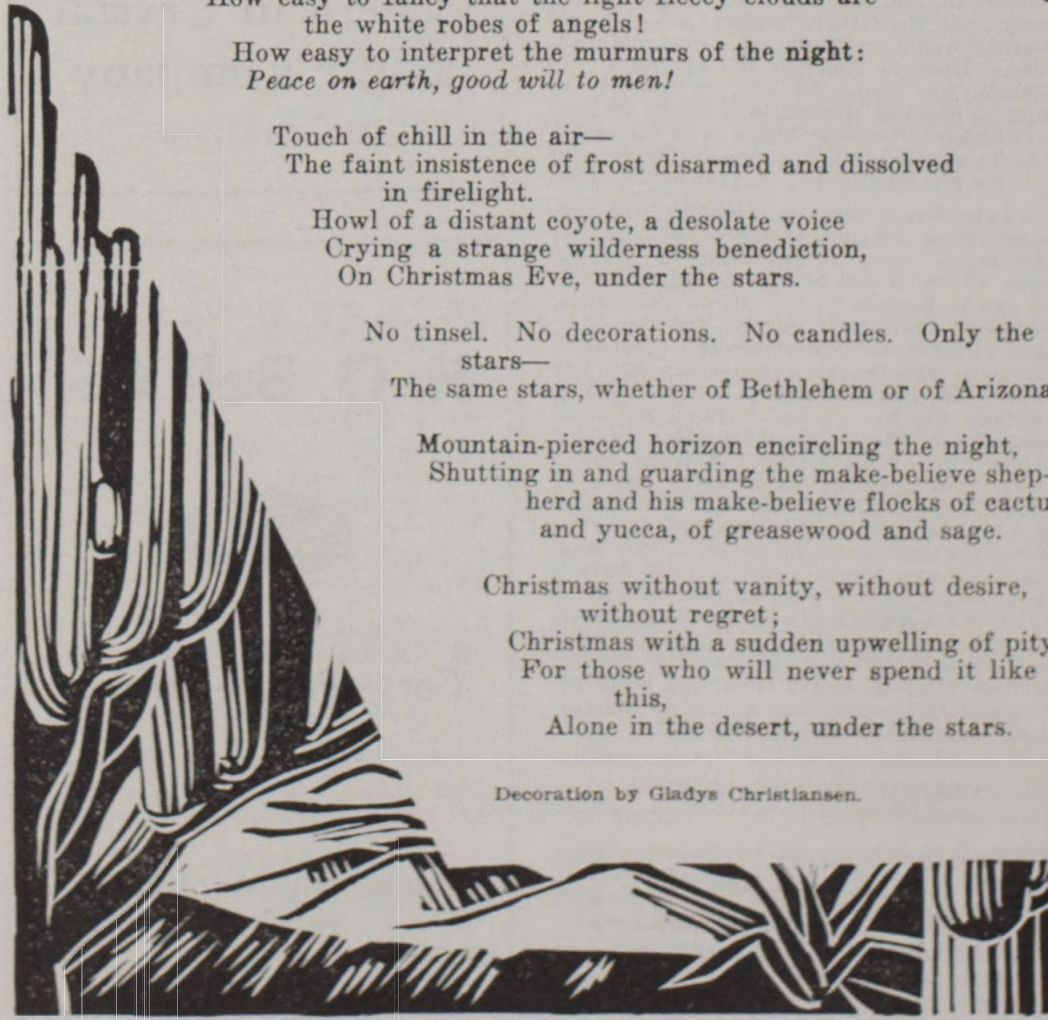
Touch of chill in the air—  
The faint insistence of frost disarmed and dissolved  
in firelight.  
Howl of a distant coyote, a desolate voice  
Crying a strange wilderness benediction,  
On Christmas Eve, under the stars.

No tinsel. No decorations. No candles. Only the  
stars—  
The same stars, whether of Bethlehem or of Arizona.

Mountain-pierced horizon encircling the night,  
Shutting in and guarding the make-believe shep-  
herd and his make-believe flocks of cactus  
and yucca, of greasewood and sage.

Christmas without vanity, without desire,  
without regret;  
Christmas with a sudden upwelling of pity  
For those who will never spend it like  
this,  
Alone in the desert, under the stars.

Decoration by Gladys Christiansen.



# FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. 17 No. 2

A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

Winter, 1936-37

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

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## HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

HE wouldn't be here until evening but by noon the house was ready. Blair's mother sat down for lunch at the table in the kitchen. After only a bite or two she was on her feet again. The urge of excitement drove her back to the living-room, carrying her glass of milk and a graham cracker. Out here she felt that he was nearer, somehow. She sat slowly rocking, looking about the room, forgetting the food she held. She was quite tired; it had been a long busy morning, but the hurry of the final happy preparations had left her dark eyes very bright and a little flush on her pale cheeks.

She sipped her milk, and rocked, and glanced about the room and wondered if Blair would like all this. The poinsettias looked very gay; she had cut some of the stalks quite long so that the flamboyant scarlet heads reached nearly to the ceiling. The little Christmas tree on a table in the corner was dwarfed by this magnificence. But perhaps Blair would think it was silly, their having a tree. She couldn't feel sure any more about Blair's likes and dislikes. Each time he had come home from college she felt how he was growing away from the past they shared; and now, of course, after a year at work, he would be even more changed. All the joy of getting ready for him had been tinged with this uncertainty.

When the glass of milk was finally finished she went for the dust-pan and

brush to take up the crumbs that had fallen beside her chair. Then she stood in the middle of the room looking for something more to be done. But there was nothing. She knew she should sit quietly a while, to be feeling at her best when he came; but her restlessness drove her out into the garden. And she was scarcely there when Mrs. Holmes, the new neighbor, as if she had been watching for her, came hurrying up to the other side of the fence, pushing aside the long rose branches, thrusting her round red face into this green frame.

"I guess you can hardly wait till he gets here!"

"Oh, I'm pretty good at waiting."

Smiling, she had moved over toward the fence too, but now she halted. Mrs. Holmes' hearty robustness always seemed to be shouting at her: "You're just a mite of a woman, Mrs. Benson; you're a frail little person that I can't help wanting to look out for like a child." While it was pleasant to feel this neighborly warmth, still the insistence of it made her stiffen and draw back a little.

"I guess you've still got plenty to do," Mrs. Holmes called over.

"No. Everything's about ready."

"Well!" The neighbor's blue-eyed stare was incredulous, almost resentful. "But then, you haven't got all these kids underfoot."

Blair's mother could hear the eager

piping voices from the house. She smiled. "It's children that make Christmas," she suggested.

"Make it an awful mess!" The wide warm face denied the words.

Blair's mother moved slowly back among the clumps of iris. "I mustn't be keeping you from your work." She added shyly, "I hope you'll like Blair."

"I certainly will, if he's anything like his mother!"

"I think he's much nicer."

She would have turned away but Mrs. Holmes' stern glance held her. "Remember now, you're going to tell him."

"You mean, about the . . . ?" The light was gone from her face.

"Yes; your operation."

"I don't know. I keep thinking about it."

"Well, you've certainly got to!" The urgency of the voice followed her all the way back to the house. "It's your last chance, you know. I can't see why you won't make up your mind!" She heard only the drone of the words above her own questioning. It would be a very slight matter, the doctors said. Nothing to be anxious about. Just a matter of routine. But with Blair four hundred miles away. . . . If she waited until vacation was over and wrote to tell him, he might think it was something pressing and be much more worried. If she told him now the few days might be robbed of their gaiety.

She stood motionless staring down at the worn fringe of the rug until Sir Percy, her big black cat, got up from beside the stove, stretched, and came over to press against her. "We'll do what seems best, won't we?" she said to him. Sometimes there was no one

else to speak to all day. When she went out into the kitchen he followed.

She set herself resolutely to making cookies. There were lots of them already—three large cans on the shelf; but here at least she could be sure of Blair's liking. There must be enough to give him a package to take away. He liked this kind especially, these that were only clumps of nut and raisin held together with a few crisp crumbs.

"We'll get along fine, won't we?" she said to Sir Percy who sat beside her, looking up. "There'll be so much left over we won't have to buy anything more till after the first of the month. Then there'll be some more money at the bank again." Fortunately, she wouldn't have to draw upon that meager income from the trust fund for her operation; that wouldn't cost anything, at the clinic. The chief thing now was that during these few days Blair should have no sense of stringency but only a glad fulness of living.

Her cheeks glowed again at the oven. Her eyes brightened from all that glancing at the clock. His train would be in at five and then it would take nearly an hour to get out here to the fringe of the city, by bus or car-line. But long before five she was dressed and ready. "Am I all right, Sir Percy?" The tawny eyes surveyed her gay apparel lazily. Blair had named her "Ladybug," in the years since he was the larger of the two. Now she pulled around the shoulders of her lavender house-dress the rainbow scarf he had given her two years ago. Her hair had grown much grayer since then; but it seemed to catch light from all this color.

Five o'clock now. Blair's train was in. Blair was crossing the city now,



coming home! Once or twice, though it was long before he could be here, she went out on the porch to look down the dark driveway that ran forward beside the apartment building from the little house in the rear.

About half-past-five, when she was lighting the oven again, there were quick steps outside, voices. It *couldn't* be Blair, so soon! The porch light wasn't even turned on yet. She got to the switch quickly. It *was* Blair's voice, out there in the dark . . . Blair's face coming into the light beneath the mass of the rose-bush . . . Blair striding up to her . . . his arms pulling about her. She felt blessedly sheltered and secure. She who had sheltered him could rest in this strong enfoldment.

"Come on along, Busy. You remember Busy, don't you, Mother? Busy Martin? One of the old gang out at Poly? He met me and drove me over. Well, look at the gay little Ladybug! You know Mother, don't you, Busy? Remember those cookies of hers we used to stow away after dances?"

They were indoors now. "Look at the decorations! Makes me feel like a parade passing by! Pretty fine, Mother! I guess it's Christmas, all right! And I see old Sir Percy's still among us." Blair went to the drowsy cat beside the iron stove and rolled him over roughly. "Get up and greet me, you old loafer!" Sir Percy, freed of the irreverent clutch, stretched with dignity and stalked into the kitchen.

Blair lifted his nose. "Home cooking! And not the kind they talk about in restaurants, either. How about the supply, Mother? Think we can stake Busy to a meal? He's a light eater."

Busy was sniffing too. "I can't guarantee that." Yes, she remembered

him—the tense dark face, the quick lithe body.

"Of *course* there's plenty. You get your coats off and I'll have it right on the table." She was standing close beside Blair; her fingers had moved out again and again to touch his sleeve. Now she put her hands on his shoulders and for just an instant let her head press forward against him. "It's so good to have you here, dear!"

He gave her another quick hug, a light kiss on the cheek. "Maybe you think I'm not happy too!"

If she had known anyone else was coming she would have set the table in the other room. But the boys insisted that they wanted to eat in the kitchen. It took only a few minutes to put on the extra place. The house seemed strange, crowded with laughter and loud talk. She wouldn't let herself feel distressed that she wasn't to have these first few hours of their Christmas Eve alone with Blair; after all, there were all the three days ahead.

Blair and Busy made a gay festival of the simple meal. "It's worth that four-hundred-mile trip just to taste this meat-loaf!" They said to her again and again, "Now you've got to have some more yourself." She made a pretense of eating abundantly from the bits she took onto her plate.

"Rice pudding, too! My old favorite! Mother, you've got a wonderful memory for a person of your advanced years."

She smiled across at Busy to make him feel at ease in this tender banter.

They insisted on doing the dishes: "You've done your job now, Mother. Go in and sit by the fire and soothe Sir Percy."

She wasn't comfortable about it. "You don't know where things go."

"Well, I'm going to be here for a few days. I can help you find 'em again." He took her by the arms and gently propelled her into the other room.

She built up the fire in the little stove. Sir Percy was eyeing her in a way that said plainly: "It's all very distressing, isn't it?" Whistling and singing came with the clatter of dishes:

*Hark, the herald angels sing:  
Soap and water is the thing.*

Several times Blair came to the door and smiled across to her. "All cozy, Mother!"

Once he came near and stooped with his head close to hers. "Do you suppose we could put Busy up for to-night?"

"Why, Blair, I don't see how." Her mind went darting about the narrow spaces of the two small rooms.

"I see there's a couch in the kitchen, and we could take one of the others out from here, and that would be fine for us fellows."

She got up quickly as if to make things ready. "I could sleep out there," she said.

"Nothing doing!"

"Well, I guess we could arrange it."

"That's fine, Mother. You see, Busy's folks aren't here any more. He just has a room in a private home. And I don't like to send him back there alone, on Christmas Eve."

"Of course not."

He patted her hair when he straightened up to go back to the kitchen. When the tasks were done he asked, "You haven't had a phone put in yet, have you, Mother?"

"No, Blair."

"I'll run around to the drugstore a minute. There's a message I want to attend to."

He was gone a long time, it seemed. Both she and Busy felt the effort of keeping up the talk. They brightened visibly when they heard Blair's step.

She was growing quite sleepy now. It had been a long day. Her attention kept drifting from their endless reminiscences of happenings at school. She was thinking of Christmas eves when Blair was a child. That had been the time for their celebration, with the lighted tree. "Shall we light the tree?" she asked suddenly.

They looked over as if they had forgotten she was there. Blair reached out to cover her hand with his. "You're pretty tired, aren't you, Mother? What do you say we wait till tomorrow?" His eyes said something to her about Busy's being there.

They popped corn over the coals in the stove and were munching at midnight with the Merry Christmas greetings. Then they got the beds ready. Firm against all their protests she took the couch in the kitchen. "It'll be much simpler that way," she insisted; under her breath she said to Blair, "about the bathroom and everything."

"She always insists on her own way," Blair told Busy. "She's the stubbornest mother I've ever had."

When she was in bed and both rooms were dark, he came out to her. "You sure you're all right here, Mother?"

She lifted her hand to his face as he bent over her. "I'm very comfortable, dear, and very happy."

In the morning there was a noisy confusion during their preparations for the day. While Busy was shaving Blair came out into the kitchen, already fragrant with coffee, put an arm about her shoulders, tucked an envelope into her hand. "I couldn't think what to

get you, Mother. It's hard to know what you need when we're together so little. So I thought I'd just give you this and you could get yourself a dress or something you really want."

She set down the pancake turner for his hug. "Will you watch these a minute, dear?" She went into the other room to get his parcel from the bureau drawer. Just a shirt and a tie. She hadn't been able to do much this year. She watched his face as he opened the package. He seemed to like them. His enthusiasm was warming. "They're beauties, Mother! And I certainly did need them!" He came near and dropped his voice. "Will it be all right if we ask Busy for dinner today? And maybe one or two of the other fellows? There's still a lot of the old crowd drifting around here unattached and Busy and I may round some of 'em up this morning." She was struggling with her hesitation, but he didn't seem to notice. "Shall we make it a real party, Mother? What do you say?"

"Of course, dear. I want it to be just the kind of a day you want."

Then Busy came from the bathroom and had to be shown the gifts. "Well, well! A gift tie that you can wear!"

Their magnification of the gift somehow made it seem smaller. While they were both in the other room she peeped into the envelope. Ten dollars. Dear Blair. A dress for her! She smiled. She was feeling much more comfortable now about their having other guests. It wouldn't matter now if the turkey didn't last beyond this first meal.

After the boys had achieved what they called "getting the house in order" they sallied forth for Christmas calls. When they offered to hurry back and help with the dinner preparations her start-

led face sent them into gay laughter. "Looks like we haven't made good around here, Busy." They were still laughing out around the car.

"I don't know just when we'll be home, Mother. Shall we say dinner some time in the middle of the afternoon?"

"Oh, we ought to be more definite," Busy said. "Let's say: between one and six."

Standing there, looking after them, she heard Mrs. Holmes' "Merry Christmas" over the fence. She made a quick start of escape; but it was too late; her neighbor was waiting there relentlessly.

"Blair has a friend staying with him," she explained quickly. "Tomorrow will be quieter and then I want you to meet him."

"Did you tell him yet?"

"Of course not! There's plenty of time."

"Well, you see that you do it!"

Blair's mother nodded as if it were all settled. "I'll have to be getting my dinner started now." She hurried in.

Another crowded day. Blair had asked if he might bring four or five, when the dinner had been planned for two! With the turkey in the oven she slipped around to the shopping district. Luckily, one of the markets was open. And there was the ten dollars in her purse!

It was hard not to know just when they'd be coming. Probably they'd be hungry before long. Better to be ready. She went nervously about the preparations, and even once or twice thrust Sir Percy aside with her foot.

It was about two when they came tramping in the driveway. She snapped the oven door shut and went to the window. Four of them. Her mind quickly

removed the sixth place from the table. Now they could all have the same kind of water glass.

"Two more waifs, Mother! Do you remember Fred, and Leo?"

"This is a darn nuisance for you, Mrs. Benson. Why don't you just tell us all to scram?"

She welcomed them warmly. "It means so much to Blair to have you," she said.

They were standing in a knot in the doorway and didn't notice the wire-haired terrier until he had worked his way between their legs.

"What are you doing here, Scoot?" Leo yelled at him. "Didn't I tell you to stay in the car?"

Scoot's first glance about the room had revealed Sir Percy comfortably drowsing on the rug beside the stove. There was a rush, a yowl, a frenzy of pursuit.

"Scoot! Get out of here!"

The table with the little Christmas tree went crashing over. Scoot was involved in the wreckage until Leo had him firmly. The black flash through the kitchen door was Sir Percy.

"Gee, I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Benson."

"That's all right. It doesn't matter at all. You tidy things up, will you, Blair? I've got to get back to the kitchen!"

She heard Scoot being thumped as Leo bore him back to the car. Blair came out for the dustpan and brush. There was the scrape and tinkle of shattered glass. "It's a darn shame," they were all muttering. But it really didn't matter. Blair hadn't cared anything about the tree. The turkey was much more important now. Its glossy brown skin was beginning to crack; savory

juices were oozing forth and sizzling in the pan.

"Can you come now, Blair, and mash the potato?"

He beat away briskly at it while she made the gravy. "This is a swell party, Mother. I'm sure having a happy holiday time."

At dinner the boys began teasing Blair about Julie. "You're lucky to get a glimpse of your son even at meal-time, Mrs. Benson, when Julie's in town."

Julie? Another of the dim figures in Blair's world that lay outside her own. Julie. They had been in college together. And there was that summer when the crowd of them worked in Yosemite. But now wasn't Julie teaching somewhere?

"Christmas is a great old institution," Fred was saying. "It throws us all together again and stirs us up with a flavor of sentiment."

"Pretty poor for a chemist!" they groaned at him.

Blair smiled across the table. "It's wonderful turkey, Mother."

There was a chorus of quick praise. "It's amazing to me," Busy said, "to see a whole turkey. I always thought they came into the world in slices."

"You'd better have some more," she urged them all. Julie, her mind was saying; what's this about Julie?

"Christmas comes but once a year," Blair reminded them. And they made a chant of it as the plates went round, tapping out the rhythm against the floor.

She had set the table in the living room, of course, but now they dismantled it, stacked the dishes in the sink, and got the table back into the kitchen to make room for sitting about the stove with their coffee and fruit cake,

while the cut-glass dishes of nuts and homemade candy went about freely. The boys were in the "do you remember" stage, living school days over. She watched the glow behind the iron bars.

Once when she went into the kitchen to refill a dish Blair came after her. "Can't we get started with the dishes now, Mother?"

"Let's wait till the boys are gone."

He took a drink of water, then he said, "I thought I'd like to go over and see Julie for a little while this evening."

She kept watching the salted nuts stream into the dish. "Yes, of course, dear," she said slowly; "if you want to."

His voice was excited when he went to the door. "Come on, fellows; last call for dish-washing."

She pulled his sleeve. "Truly, Blair, I'd much rather do it by myself, later."

"Let him go to his Julie, Mrs. Benson," Fred called out. "He'd probably break most of the dishes anyway, in that dreamy state of mind. The rest of us can help you."

They were all moving at once. The little room was full of them. She stood in the kitchen doorway, watching Blair. "The water isn't hot yet," she told them.

"It's a darn shame to leave you with all that work," they insisted as they got into their coats.

"No use arguing with her," Blair said. "She always has her own way."

"Is Julie like that too?"

"Come on; let's get going!"

"Thanks a lot, Mrs. Benson. It sure was a treat!"

"It was nice to have you all here."

"That's a dinner I'll remember when I'm old!"

"Give our love to Julie, Blair."

"Think of the great Blair Benson in a state like this!"

They were trooping, jostling, laughing down the driveway.

She took a long time straightening out the room while the water got hot. It needn't have taken so long, but every now and then she stopped quite still and stood there doing nothing, just thinking. Then the job with the dishes took a long time, too. She was yawning heavily before she got through. It would be good to have her own bed again. She might as well get some early rest, to be ready for tomorrow. She would just lie here resting till Blair came; then they could talk a while. She got up to go over and turn down the bed-clothes on his couch across the room. It was getting late now; surely he'd be here soon.

She woke in the dark, hearing his step. When she stirred he came over to kiss her good-night. "It's been a wonderful day, Mother," he whispered.

In the morning he was sleeping soundly when she got up. After an hour or so she had her coffee alone. Then she went out marketing, so that the rest of the day need not be broken. When she came back he had turned with his face away from the light. She felt an impulse to shake his shoulder. There was only today and tomorrow now.

"Hello there, Ladybug!"

She hurried in from the porch to face him sitting up and stretching widely. "Is this Saturday or Sunday? I've got a sort of Rip Van Winkle feeling."

"It's *almost* tomorrow!"

He flung back the covers and sprang out. "I'll have some of today first, please."

Their meal together was a happy time. He told her about his work and she tried to find something to tell him of her quiet days. They lingered at the table until she had to tell him he was drinking too much coffee. "You don't drink that much always, do you?" she asked anxiously.

"Mother, you have no idea what a dissipated life I lead!"

He was in a radiant good humor and made no objection to being led forth when Mrs. Holmes appeared at the fence. Mrs. Holmes beamed upon him. "I've certainly been hearing a lot about you."

"I wonder if I have to live up to that or live it down."

The neighbor looked puzzled, but her smile showed that she liked him. "You've got a dear little mother, and it's sure too bad you have to live so far away."

With this went a glint of intention that startled Blair's mother. It wouldn't do to have it blurted out! "It's pretty cold out here," she said hurriedly. "I think I'll have to be getting back to the fire."

It was cozy in the snug little room. The warmth had brought out a fragrance from the fir branches. She leaned forward to touch Blair's arm. "I like this best of all, just to sit here quietly together."

"It is nice, isn't it, Mother?" He was in a quiet mood, too.

She had never decided just how she would begin to tell him. It had to sound very casual. It had to let him know at once that there was no danger. No danger . . . and yet . . . the hospital . . . the unconsciousness . . . the pain . . . the inevitable uncertainty. It would comfort her to have Blair know. His

knowing would be like his arms around her.

"Mother," he said out of the silence, "I'd like to talk to you about Julie."

She felt a sudden fulness in her heart that was almost pain. He came over to stand beside her chair, leaning above her, with an arm lightly on her shoulders. "Of course we may not be able to get married for a long time . . . but Julie's willing to wait for me. I'm awfully happy, Mother."

He bent and gave her a kiss that was warm with his love for Julie. There was a ring of relief in his laughter as he went back to his chair. "Did you suspect it, Mother?"

"No, Blair, it never occurred to me that . . ."

"It is almost too good to be true!" He had to tell her all about their first encounters, their gradual conviction that it was "the real thing." He had to try again and again for the phrases that would do justice to the radiant Julie. All that he asked of his mother was her listening, her smile, her occasional word: "Yes, Blair. Of course, dear." Evening came into the room while he still talked and she listened.

"I want you to be happy about it too, Mother."

"Yes, dear. I shall be happy if you are."

"But I want you to be happy for yourself!"

"I will be. It's good to know that . . . if anything should happen to me, there's someone who . . ."

"Mother! What are you talking about?"

"Nothing — nothing special — but mothers don't live forever, you know; and if—"

He jumped up and caught her by the shoulders. "Now, listen here! I'm not going to have you depriving my children of their grandmother!"

He held her close against him and she was glad it had grown dusk in the room. Pretty soon she said, "I guess it's time we were thinking about our bite of supper."

They sat a long while, saying very little, over their teacups and the fragments of fruit-cake; and when the kitchen tasks were done he said, "You wouldn't mind, would you, Mother, if I go to see Julie for a little while? You see, after tomorrow I won't see her again for quite a long time."

She couldn't help thinking that this was true of herself as well; but she said, "Of course. Run right along."

"And I'd like it awfully, Mother, if I could ask here to come over here tomorrow. I want you two to know each other."

Again she said, "Of course, Blair. Tell her I'll be happy to see her."

She didn't go to bed. She sat by the fire. Again and again her thoughts made her shift in her chair, startling Sir Percy from his drowsing; and once when she gave a low moan he went quickly beneath the table, still mindful of yesterday's onslaught.

Julie was there by ten o'clock in the morning. Blair had already made several trips out to the street, wondering if she could have missed the approach to the little house in the rear. When he finally spied her he ran out and ushered her in triumphantly. She held Julie's hand and gazed into her face as if she were looking through her eyes into all the future years. Blair met the moment of constraint with a nervous buoyancy.

"Now you two are going to see a lot

of each other so you'd better make up your minds to be friends!"

In her calm Julie seemed more mature than he. She found herself approving the way Julie held back from committing herself to sentimentalities. She liked the girl's clean trimness, her light hair and gray-blue eyes. "Couldn't you tell she had a Dutch grandfather?" Blair chattered. Julie offered no flippant banter, but only looked at the older woman and smiled as if they shared the knowledge that men grow up very slowly.

After lunch Blair said, "We'll do the clean-up, Mother. I want you to see Julie on the job. She's the original Old Dutch Cleanser."

She left them to play over the task. For a few minutes she sat in the other room, doing nothing, listening to their merry voices; then a great wave of loneliness swept over her and carried her out of the house. She saw Mrs. Holmes hopefully approaching the fence, but she turned quickly out of her sight, to pace for a long while in the narrow driveway beside the apartment building.

She had thought that Julie would be leaving soon after lunch; but it developed that she was to stay and take Blair to his train. They went out together to shop for supper. And then she felt a comfort in turning to the fence where Mrs. Holmes was watching. After all, it would be Mrs. Holmes who was nearest to her now. "It's a friend of Blair's" she told her, "a girl who has her first school this year, off in the mountains."

"Have you had a chance to tell him yet?"

"No. I don't think I'll tell him."

She backed away from the protesting

glare. "Somehow that doesn't seem important at all any more."

She turned and went hurrying to the house. Julie's coat was lying across a chair. Blair's hat was tossed on it. They blurred out of her gaze.

The afternoon passed swiftly. She liked Julie more and more. There was strength in the quiet warmth deep in her eyes. She found a moment to whisper to Blair, "I do like her, dear." He couldn't keep his voice down. "Of course you do! She's glorious!"

That was the last moment alone with him. Not one second in which to stand beside him and say, "Blair, I must go through something serious before we are together again."

They had an early supper. There was still a twilight grayness in the street when they went out to Julie's car. While Blair unlocked the door, Julie turned to her.

"I come home pretty often, once a month, at least. May I come to see you?" She said it shyly, but what she saw in the mother's eyes let her open her arms and take the little woman close against her. "I'll come. Of course I'll come!"

Blair was beaming on them but he said, "Now you folks have had all day for that. Why do women always leave

the most important things till the very last?"

His mother, with Julie's arm still about her shoulders, reached out for his hand. Laughing, he gave his other hand to Julie. Now the circle was complete. Now she would not be alone. Now Julie would be with her and together they could sweep aside the miles that held Blair away.

"Sorry, ladies, but that train, you know . . ."

With a last little squeeze of her shoulder Julie stepped into the car.

"Well, good-bye, little Ladybug."

He held her enwrapped in the great woolly folds of his overcoat. This was the moment that had been marching upon her relentlessly all day. Over and over she had seen the car doors close, their two hands waving, the red light flowing down the street; and she had felt all of herself drawn after it, till nothing was left here but emptiness.

But now Julie was leaning out to her. "Remember, I'll be back very soon."

And Blair was patting her shoulder. "It's been a wonderful time, Mother."

She held fast to the fuzzy lapels. "Yes, Blair, hasn't it been a happy time! It was so splendid, dear, to have you home."

## PENDULUM

HELEN MARING

Love is a pendulum: when it swings  
I think such bitter heartless things;  
But I bite my tongue and look absurd  
And swallow the thought with never a word.



# SONATA FOR A SOUTHERN TOWN

GENE SHUFORD

## 1

In the spring the mocking bird bursts its heart among the lilacs  
The earth is big-limbed and ruddy, mystery of many forms:  
The leaf, the tendril, the lacework of frost.  
And the wet spring rain washes the town  
Fills the graves, the years are clean  
Lilacs and rose and hyacinth  
And heavy the night.  
The poet broods at his window  
In the warm darkness let him come down  
The streets are dark  
Who is there? For what is he searching?

Remembers long ridges in the sun  
White oak and black, red oak and dogwood  
And Judas trees scarlet in spring rain  
And grass creeping toward mountains  
This was the earth, these were the furrows, here fell the seed.  
Now the poet stands in the town and knows the harvest is here.  
It has come, it will be gathered, it will return to death.  
Where we are rooted we will die.

*Dream softly, poet*  
*Look on the faces*  
*Touch the bodies gently*  
*Hear tenderly the words of the dead*  
*Wisdom is deep-rooted*  
*Its foliage is low.*

## 2

"I gotta have change tonight  
And you tell him—yes ma'am . . . five cents . . . yes ma'am  
Three, that's fifteen cents one tax that's sixteen  
You gotta penny? . . . Nobody's ever gotta penny . . .  
Sixteen outa twenty-five that's NI-un cents . . .  
And you go tell him. . ."

They come in waves, the faces laughing  
The town moves and the earth moves  
The coins rattle on the counter.

No one has a penny.  
They had gold, and the rich merchant,  
he who sold enough salt, enough coffee, enough sugar  
enough silks calicos linseys

enough plows hoes axes  
enough candle moulds hunting-knives pistols—  
could lock it in safe  
could haul it away with oxen  
could ship it by boat from Van Buren  
to New Orleans to Saint Louis to Cincinnati  
could buy niggers with it  
could have black boy and silver candle sticks  
could drink whiskey from decanters  
scrolled with gold and silver cupids  
and before warm grate fire.

In the wide hall the logs blaze high  
pile them on, you black boojum  
fire is good is beautiful  
there is music tonight  
tinkle tankle of the spinet  
and young voices  
and how young God is tonight  
all music and laughter and milk-white flesh  
and there is a great bishop coming  
and God is already here  
among the silver  
among the laughter  
pile on logs, you old black joe  
there's a great bishop coming  
he likes good whiskey.

3

Felt leather and the long whips  
And in the sun sweat rivulets to hooves,  
And patient and strong, heaved against oak bows or hickory,  
Burden of the earth rocked, and wheels moved.  
And damned by Pat Hennessey and Tom Guthrie and the rest  
The while black-snake whip ribboned fire on hide  
Freight was eight dollars a barrel  
On salt hauled from Rolla, Missouri.  
And we were oxen, broad-backed and cud-chewing.  
We sleep, let us sleep.  
And Pat Hennessey and Tom Guthrie  
And all the other freighters  
The world is done with them  
Is done with freighters and oxen sleep too.  
But the earth is not done  
In the earth we sleep.

I hear singing  
 Better than at the foot-washing  
 Better than when parson bellows  
 Brass bull voice big as drum  
 Boom-boom-God; boom-boom-God  
 Hear Him myself way up here  
 That's why I come west.  
 If'n I want a cannon shot  
 I got old Betsy  
 She's rifle-gun my gran'paw give me  
 Way back in Kaintuck.  
 God ain't no squirrel settin' on a limb.

Man is deity that hides the germed cell  
 Fashions the bed, the spinning wheel, the coffin  
 Hews straight, planes smooth, pegs down the lid  
 Else we would die like beasts  
 Unhid from the awful countenance of heaven  
 Would be foaled like wild colts  
 At the edge of a wood.

How else swing steel  
 Lift hammer and let fall  
 At the forge beat shares and swords  
 Mould the guns of death  
 And at the clacking loom  
 Weave the sheet  
 To cover face of corpse?

The mill turns  
 And the wheel  
 And in the log, the secret.  
 Saddles were made, there were tanneries  
 The axe, the pick, the hoe—  
 These fell from nerveless fingers  
 Other hands lift them again.

*All, all under brooding hills  
 Under the dark arch of mighty sky  
 Only the poet listens  
 In Me there is no end  
 In Me there is no end*

*the veins dream. . . .*

Now the poet  
 Remembers Osage and Shawnee  
 Delaware and Cherokee  
 And flint-tipped death  
 Buffalo grazing near the wallows  
 When Frank Pierce came  
 And remembers McGarrahs and James Leeper  
 Stephen K. Stone and Lodowic Brodie  
 William McIlroy and David Walker  
 James Wilson and Seneca Sutton  
 Names that walls are built of  
 There were others. . . .

And can see the faces dimly  
 Here is one blunt, like the heel of the hand  
 And this sharp as axe steel  
 How else the wilderness to be cloven  
 To be bludgeoned down?  
 And there the dreamer, beard-hidden,  
 The poet, the mystic, the prophet—  
 Which neighbor stole his land  
 While he gazed on the mountains?  
 And this lawyer—they came to see him,  
 The bishops, the judges, the politicians  
 He used them all, his gaze was vast  
 It swallowed earth and men  
 Swallowed handful of houses in wild majesty of hills  
 Saw roads, saw stages, saw ox carts gone  
 The steel creeping in, highway of empire.  
 And the prophet: Be fruitful, multiply,  
 The richness of the earth is the Lord's and yours  
 The vine is heavy, let the seed be planted  
 Let the fruit ripen on the vine  
 For the harvest is not far off.  
 And the scythe fell with a faint clicking  
 The sigh of steel against grass  
 I give you the South suh  
 And not a damned Yank left this side of hell  
 The wounded screamed, hands bowel-thrust  
 But the dead were voiceless  
 They could not scream  
 They lay in the ditch  
 And were mute  
 This was the harvest

A toast, suh, to the Southern women. . . .

And the little corporal lying in the ditch  
 The sunlight like yellow butter  
 In the gaped cave of his mouth  
 Heard the canister burst  
 In the cavalry camp on the hill beyond  
 And the men running and rifle fire  
 Lead falling spent in the grass beside  
 And then did not hear  
 Nor saw flag more  
 Nor remembered the march  
 Nor wide dreaming fields  
 Nor mouth of woman

No glory no brass buttons  
 No starry eyes no southern honor  
 No whiskey suh with deep mint  
 By god suh with sabers  
 With pistols suh at twenty paces  
 All long ago when heaven wore crinoline

Now nothing but iron horror in breast  
 And mouth wide in corpse grin  
 The sunlight lies in the opened throat  
 Like a ball of yellow butter  
 Stained with red

The looting began  
 They burned the square  
 And the Baptist Church  
 But not the politicians

Gold and plate were buried  
 In the garden at midnight  
 But Uncle Dan Jobe went on making wagons  
 For whichever army occupied the town  
 And old Peter, "No suh, boss-yankee, we's poh  
 And old mahs ain' say nothin' 'bout no money  
 No silvuh cups no jewels  
 Ole Miss she sick and Quantrell he run off de mules . . ."  
 And Uncle Dan Jobe went on making wagons  
 For whichever army occupied the town.

The dead live in the town  
 And when the two million six hundred thousand brick have been laid  
 The great university is not complete  
 The dead lie in their coffins  
 They are stacked in their tombs  
 Time is the mortar between  
 And when the bricks have vanished  
 We see the wall that has arisen  
 It is built on the earth.

*The earth is everlasting  
 How delicate the faces, the young, the eternal  
 Soon they will vanish  
 Let them remain a little while  
 For those who love them  
 Let them remain.*

Fourteen Cherokee girls  
 Coppered flesh sun-burnished  
 Hair black and straight  
 Gold, the moons of their faces  
 Their eyes, spring

Here face is seamed  
 Her heart hickory  
 She is the ancient and withered virgin  
 How many have loved her  
 How multitudinous her sons and daughters  
 They people the earth  
 They are her flesh  
 Her virginity is fecund

“Sophia Sawyer,  
 Died February 22, 1854, aged 61 years.  
 She Hath Done What She Could.”

It is afternoon in the great university  
 The young girls are beautiful, the youths are beautiful  
 The body is clean, it is a temple  
 And now brick upon brick  
 Granite and marble sheath for steel  
 How the bells clang!  
 And the rushing feet  
 The beating voices  
 The unseen clapping of hands  
 This is the seed

These the voiceless vibrations  
This is the unheard voice  
This is eternity

*The skull is white  
It contains a little grayish ash for maggots  
Flowers bloom there.*

9

The houses, the streets, the people.  
The poet remembers, he walks back,  
He goes deep into Time.  
The seed stirs.

The smell of the news room  
Of boiling metal, of dead ink  
The hot dead smell from downstairs  
As if the type were fried in stale grease.  
Cigarette smoke and the broiling of the back shop  
who is born who is dead who is dying  
who was arrested who was drunk  
and did the goldenrod club meet Tuesday  
if he stole the ballots in August  
the grand jury wouldn't indict cesare borgia  
but there is an angel on the wall of the courthouse  
the names of the dead are there  
the names of all the dead are there  
the halls are cool  
and I think God runs a j. p. court in the attic

And now, thank you, I will go upstairs and talk to God  
Yes, he has white hair  
Yes, he is a j. p. and very wise  
All day he wraps his arms around his belly  
And stares out the window at the town  
When the lawyers yell he twiddles his thumbs  
And shrewdly spits through the window

How wise you are, God, above the town  
You have white hair and laugh  
But soon you will be dead  
I shall miss you

I shall miss you, God  
When you laugh, your belly shakes  
Very few wise people know this.

The murdered man sprawls in the ditch  
 The great singer hears the brass above the rustling strings  
 The ghost of a cornet bays gently  
 Is it the vanished aria  
 Or a boy in the village band?

Go down to the hovel at the end of the street  
 A mother is suckling her baby  
 He takes the milk in great gasps  
 Little bubbles of milk form on his lips  
 Do not forget him  
 The mocking bird spills notes down his shingles

In the operating room  
 The patient swoons under his ether dream  
 His viscera awaiting the caress of the surgeon  
 The gloved hands move with ineffable grace  
 Dancers with rubber legs above the gleaming whiteness  
 And the knife with swift delicacy  
 The pathetic stream of blood  
 How like a flower the secrets of the body  
 Once the sheath is laid back  
 The long coiling roots  
 Flow into the hands of the surgeon

Once a man had a lead bullet to chew  
 Thus stifled his screams

*O pioneers, you who came in buckskin,  
 The wheel turned in the earth, the road wound after  
 Now is the town, the Indians have vanished  
 There is no buffalo at the wallow  
 For the bird is metal.*

*Float over us, silvery bird  
 Are you prophecy or death?*

*Fade sorrow and pain and joy  
 But in the dust  
 Leave smooth and polished stone*

*Man holds the earth for a day, it is his  
 Rise, town, among the towering hills. . . .*



## RAINY INTERLUDE

WILLIAM DE LISLE

AS he walked through the woods, Greg had the feeling that he was walking under the sea. Green water—miles of it—was pressing him down. Little honey-gold globules of light floated airily above his head. The trunks of the trees, the color of verdigris on copper, made themselves into grottoes and arches that might have been rock. But when the rain came sharply and suddenly sizzling on the leaves, it was as though a fountain gushed upward in a wavering pattern of silver. It wove long strings of crystal beads that tangled about him. He stepped delicately along the path as if he were freeing himself from those encumbering strings, then he laughed loudly at his fancies and was a little ashamed.

“What a fool I am.” He hunched himself against the slanting streaks of rain. “This is the sort of thing that makes Muriel wild.”

Muriel resented so bitterly anything that she did not understand. Muriel with the face of La Joconde under a smart little felt hat that displayed all her forehead. Not so much an enigmatic smile as a meaningless one. La Joconde with plucked eyebrows and complacent lips overly reddened . . . Clambering up the slippery path, Greg reminded himself that he had been driven into this walking tour by the need of a temporary escape from Muriel. Sailing from New York to England on the same boat, they had become engaged on the way. Even now Greg sometimes wondered how it had happened. At home he had been in the same set as Muriel, but his regard for her had

been merely a kindly one devoid of any emotionalism, and now in England it had slipped back (away from the inescapable romance of ship-board life) to much the same thing. Anyhow, thank goodness, a holiday to Muriel, who loved clothes and people, could never include a walking tour.

There were no people here, Greg thought with a chuckle of satisfaction as he walked on, the rain sliding like drops of quicksilver down his khaki clothes. In the village below he had seen a crazy signboard with a notice that directed the passing traveler to a church in the woods. Gladly he had left the road, noisy with the rumblings of great charabanes and motorcycles, and taken to the clear green of the arching trees.

Looking down now through the boles of the trees he could see the Bristol Channel lying out green-blue under the filmy haze of rain. Away over the water the dim mysterious shores of Wales showed up for one brief instant then were lost for ever. The rain thickened, came down in a hurrying crescendo. It screamed through the trees, and the trees met it with their trunks like the twisted bodies of long, lean women. Puddles gathered on the path, and runnels of water slipped like threads of liquid jade from the tangled grass on the slope.

Stumbling, Greg knew a moment's weariness. Suppose the ascending path led nowhere after all? A damned funny place to build a church, miles from anywhere. Then suddenly a quick shoot of dismay seared his brain. Suppose there were no church at all!

Suppose he had only imagined the crazy signboard with the finger pointing to a far-off church! The mind played you strange tricks sometimes. *His* mind did at any rate.

Often he had had moments like these, when he was unsure of himself and of his ability to distinguish between the real and the unreal—moments when you couldn't be sure you were seeing the things that other people saw. Once he had said something of the kind to Muriel, and she had stared at him with her little contemptuous gray eyes.

"You're nutty," she had said. "Like—like—"

She had stopped herself in time and taken out a powder puff and powdered her nose, but Greg knew that she had been going to finish the remark with "Like your father . . ."

Greg hunched his shoulders as a fountain of rain sprayed over his neck.

He walked on, a little uncomfortable in his wet clothes. But he had come so far and there was no going back now. There might be a house by the church where he could put up for the night.

The path was curving up now between slippery boulders. Suddenly it narrowed and shot downward, disappearing into a green tunnel of swishing trees. There for a moment a dark figure stood poised against the flickering rain. A queer, hunched figure, shapeless, ugly. It was the black figure of a nun. Greg could see the spreading skirts, the raised headdress that lent a fictitious appearance of height. The figure turned, but it had no face. There was nothing but a dim, white blur. The faceless nun . . . Greg laughed, but the sound of his laughter in that eerie, rain-washed place filled

him with unease. He began to run. It had become an imperious necessity to catch up with that vanished figure. But the nun had gone. Once he thought he saw a flutter of black among the streaming boles of the trees, but when he reached the place there was nothing there.

"There never *was* anything," Greg thought despairingly. "It was a creature of my imagination, that was all."

Better reasoning came to him. Why shouldn't there be a nun in this place, since there was a church! He knew a quick relief. He would find her in the little gray church kneeling in front of the altar, her face yet unseen, but bent over her praying hands.

It was nearly dusk when he reached the church with an odd sense of thankfulness. It was a queer little gray church with an ugly truncated spire and low walls. He went inside. There was a cold unearthly smell. The woods flowed away outside, and the trees came pressing against the narrow windows, giving them a queer, sickly green look. Again he had the illusion that he was under the sea. The forest trees were great sea weeds swaying rhythmically outside the green glass. He stared at the ash-colored, worm-eaten pews with a sudden feeling of coldness. The nun was not there. There was no one in the church.

He went outside. The grass was soaking wet in the churchyard. It wound around his feet like slimy ribbons. The tombstones dropped long crystal drops. A faint moaning song ran over the tops of the trees. It would soon be dark.

Greg saw a cottage with a thatched roof beyond the hedge. There was a

sign outside that said, "Teas." He crossed over to it. Probably he would be able to get a room there for the night.

A woman came to the door, eyeing him a little askance yet greedily when he broached the subject of a bed and supper.

"There's a little room up under the roof." Her Somerset singsong was amusing.

"That'll be all right," Greg said. "I don't care what it's like, as I can't go back in this rain. And food. Anything. I'm starving."

He followed her up the narrow stairs and along the corridor where his feet found uneven places in the boards. When the woman had gone, he peeled off his outer coat, and exchanged his wet clothes for dry things that he drew out of his knapsack. He washed at a cracked basin, and dried his thin brown face in a rough towel, looking curiously at himself in the unframed mirror. These moments of strange uncertainty . . . a small boy afraid to open his eyes in the dark, for who knew what grotesque thing might be looking at him?

The woman came back, and, after another glance at her matter-of-fact face, he decided that he could not ask her if there had been any nun. He went downstairs in obedience to her piercing singsong.

Supper was set in the front room. It was both kitchen and a living room, with a fire burning in a stove at one end. The corners were crowded with goblin shadows that changed shape incessantly. There was a girl sitting back against the bricks. Her body was lost in the dimness, but her face looked out like a white flower from

the dark. She made no sign, but stared into the coals with an odd air of detachment that intrigued Greg's curiosity as he sat down to his meal.

He looked at her surreptitiously as he ate. She had been drying her hair. It clustered in little whorls of gold around her slender neck that was cream-white like the flowers of the wild parsley in the hedges. He looked down at her feet in ugly, shapeless leather shoes—at her dress, which fitted badly. Her clothes were all wrong. So were her hands. They looked as if they had been dipped in and out of hot water many times. Perhaps she milked cows, carried buckets from the well at the back of the house. Obviously she belonged here, was a daughter or a relative.

Presently the girl's gaze met his, intent and troubling. He turned away, feeling boorish at his lack of easy speech.

"Have you—have you had your supper?" he said, a moment later.

His voice was as shy and ingenuous as the voice of a boy. He felt that life had already become simpler, as simple as it had been before his ship-board romance and the glittering ring that bound him to Muriel, mysteriously and finally.

"Yes, I've had mine," said the girl drawing in her ugly feet with a faint smile.

Her voice was low with a strange singing quality. Even when she had finished speaking he still seemed to hear her voice in the room, like the mellow ringing sound of glass struck with the knuckles.

"Kippers?" he hazarded.

"Yes, kippers," she said gravely. "The cat finished them."

She sat with her hands folded on the coarse stuff of her lap, her face in profile, as if she were delicately listening. She would listen—not talk. Muriel talked, but she was a bad listener. He thrust the irritating thought of Muriel away.

“I went into the church,” he said slowly. “There was no one there.” He did not say that he had been looking for a nun. It sounded too fantastic.

“You couldn’t expect to find anyone there,” she said in a gentle reproving voice.

“No,” he said vaguely. He could hear the rain swishing against the windows with a thin crystal sound. He sat watching his wavering shadow on the wall. Narrow face and high beaked nose—jutting chin. Whenever he stirred, his shadows made grotesque ape-like movements. “I’m an ugly creature,” he thought. “I’m the kind that will shrink with the years, not expand. And I’ll go back to New York and sit in that classroom like a monkey in a cage, making shekels for Muriel to spend!”

His mind became quiet again. There was a smell of rain on leaves that penetrated into the room. A faint aroma of hay and wet stems and earth. The girl made no attempt to remove the dishes from the table. After the woman clattered in and out again carrying plates and a white bundle of cloth, it was as though she had never been.

“It’s so quiet here,” he said at length. “Is it always like this? Never anybody around?”

The girl nodded, spreading her hands so that he saw her toil-hardened palms and the blunt tips of her fingers.

“Nobody came here today, then?” he persisted, seeing again the black

hunched figure of the faceless nun between the streaming elms.

“They couldn’t,” said the girl indifferently. She looked at him with a sweet slant look. “There’s only this house and the church.”

“And she didn’t go *there!*” Greg said under his breath. And she must have gone somewhere—that is if there had ever been a nun, which he was beginning to doubt. The whole thing was foolish and incomprehensible. It had been a strange day. He had followed a queer road and it had brought him to this place. A fitting ending. He looked at the girl, and the thought came to him that she was ill at ease. Perhaps she was shy—uncommunicative with strangers because she was not used to meeting strange people. Now her eyes met his, and she stifled an elaborate little yawn, turning away quickly.

“You are an American,” she said in her soft unhurried voice. “But New York is so far away. Tell me about London. It’s so long since I have been there that I have forgotten it.”

“How long?” He held up a finger. “A year?”

“Longer than that.”

“Two?”

“Longer still!” The girl laughed childishly.

He held up three brown fingers and she nodded.

What could he tell her, this unsophisticated country girl, whose whole life was hedged around by such simple delights as flowery lanes and woods and purple moorlands edged by the sea? London with its teeming millions lay beyond the bounds of her comprehension. She wasn’t interested. He

could see that for her eyes wandered as he spoke of it.

And suddenly as he stopped speaking he knew that it didn't matter to him either. Nothing mattered. The answer to the whole sum of his existence seemed to lie between the walls of this shadowy room that held the singing echo of the hissing night rain. He knew a longing that was sharp and sweet as desire. Looking at her with a more acute discernment, he hungered to know more of her as she sat with her chin in her hand, preserving that aloofness, that fine air of delicacy, in spite of her clumsy clothes.

For a moment he seemed to be outside his body, to be suspended, as it were, in the air above, so that he could look down and see the two of them sitting there, one on each side of the fireplace. A picture completely satisfying and eminently right. Then in the flicker of an eyelid, in place of the girl with the golden whorls of hair around her neck, he saw Muriel—Muriel sitting the way she sat with her knees apart, her dress sagging in between. Muriel flicking the ashes off the end of her cigarette with a ruby-tipped finger. Then Muriel disappeared and the girl came back, looking at him with a wistful trouble in her eyes.

"Are you really there?" Greg asked, putting out his hand uncertainly. "Is it you, or simply the golden ghost of a girl sitting by the fire? I am engaged to marry a girl, but she's not a bit like you."

"No?" There was indifference in the polite inflexion of her voice.

"She's short, and she talks a lot," said Greg dispassionately. "She curls her hair so that the edges are always broken and brittle. And she smells of

perfume. Musk. Always of musk. I hate it."

"But you love *her*." It was a statement rather than a question. The girl stared down at her mud-stained shoes.

"No," said Greg loudly. "No!"

He was shouting, but he didn't know he was shouting until the girl got to her feet, pushing back the chair with a harsh scrape.

She crossed the room in a flurry of haste.

"Good-night," she said breathlessly. "I must go now."

He heard the sound of her feet in the hall outside. He sat motionless watching the coals in the stove fade to a rich rose that lost itself in a drift of pearl-white ash.

"Well, perhaps *she* wasn't there *either*," said Muriel, later, with her jarring laugh and suspicious eyes. "Perhaps she was like the black nun—a creature you imagined. Because there wasn't any nun, was there?"

"No." Greg looked at her gravely as she sat pouring tea in her aunt's London flat. "No," he repeated, "there wasn't a nun. I saw her the way people see ghosts. I am like that. But there was a girl. I didn't see her again in the morning because I left early. She may not have been out of bed—or, again, she may have been down in the yard milking."

"Milking!" Muriel twisted her diamond ring feverishly on her third finger, and laughed again. "I suppose you were in love with her."

"I don't know." Greg stared hard at the bright, green curtains, his deep-set eyes brooding. He couldn't be in love unless it was possible to be in love with a dream. And perhaps you could be that when a dream was steeped in

such loveliness. He knew that picture of delicate face and golden hair on cream-white neck would haunt him till he died. It would be a beautiful thing that he would want to take away to himself in odd moments, and think over . . . There was the nun, too . . . But she belonged to fantasy, and had to do with the black, lost part of his mind. And it was just because of that nun that he wanted to tell Muriel now that he couldn't marry her. . . .

Muriel cut short his meandering explanations.

"You can have your ring back," she said coldly. "I know you're asking for it, though you're too polite to say so in so many words. And it's all on account of that girl who can milk cows and pump water from a well . . . And faceless nuns! . . . Anyway I'd be a fool to marry a man who wasn't quite right in his head. I'd always be thinking of your father—"

"Yes," said Greg, with a soft humility. "I realize that, Muriel. I've always realized it, but I never would have said anything—if it hadn't been for this walking trip and what I found at the end of it. I would have just gone on with it . . . Perhaps it's just as well—"

"I'm sure it is, Greg," said Muriel, flicking her handkerchief so that the smell of musk filled the little room. She went out of the room hurriedly, her high heels clacking over the polished floor.

Greg sat staring at the curtains again, aware of the discarded ring that winked in the center of the table.

He was conscious of relief and of exquisite sadness.

In the novices' room in the Anglican Convent of Saint Mary that looked out

on a lonely piece of Somerset moorland, Novice Cecilia was talking volubly at the close of the recreation hour.

"It was like this," she was saying, flicking back her white veil with a graceful gesture. "I was spending my vacation, you know—and didn't I need one after six months in the kitchen!—with my mother's cousin, whose home is close to the sea. One afternoon I went up to that little church in the woods, all alone. I was to take tea with a friend of my cousin's, a woman who lives in a cottage next to that quaint little church. Well, I started rather late, and it rained all the way. I was nearly blinded by the rain, and the way my veil would keep blowing back across my face. I just had to pick up my skirts and run, and when I got there I was soaked to the skin."

Novice Cecilia laughed faintly, drawing her embroidery needle in and out as her companions leaned closer, hanging on every word.

"Well, I was so wet," she went on gaily, "that I had to get out of my habit and change into her married daughter's clothes. It was such fun. And a man *did* come in while I was drying my hair by the stove, and I had to pretend that I was just an ordinary person."

"What did he say?" asked Novice Margaret, biting a thread with her strong, square teeth.

"Oh, nothing much," said Novice Cecilia, her eyes smiling at her quiet secret. "I really didn't pay very much attention. Something about a girl he was going to marry, and the perfume she used. He was a thin, young man. Pass me the green thread, will you, Novice Catharine? I want to finish this leaf before the silence bell."

## FLOWER HAUNTED

DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS

No wonder lies in desert dawns for me,  
Nor sunset hues that brim the mountain ring.  
Long purple shades that robe the hills and swing  
Out of the west in measured royalty  
Are but fond spirits of the pageantry,  
The flowering glory of the desert spring.  
Ash-rose and violet, strange saffron fling  
Their spells across the dunes in mimicry.  
With what sweet patience, sterile-seeming sands  
Guard the mute seeds until that too brief stay  
When rainbows, earthbound, bloom a magic day.  
Aye, dawns and sunsets my heart understands;  
These are remembered fragrance-laden hours  
Still haunted by the wistful ghosts of flowers.

## CHILD WONDERS IN EL DORADO

G. R. MACMINN

ON a June evening in 1854, Miss Anna Maria Quinn, "a bright-eyed, beautiful little child, not yet seven years old," strode some thirty feet to the center of the Metropolitan stage in San Francisco and assumed what she took to be the aspect of the Tragic Muse. With careful correctness she wore the funeral habiliments of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, sword and all, and broodingly she agonized to know whether 'twas nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take some desperate action in the matter. It was her debut in Shakespeare on the grand scale, and she captured the house.

No mean house, either. The Metropolitan Theatre was one of the cultural triumphs of the luxury-loving Argonauts. It boasted three tiers of boxes, a stage over sixty feet wide and fifty deep, a seating capacity of two thou-

sand, upholstery in red velvet, and gas lighting. Opened just six months before, it displayed all the elegance which in those days was summed up and certified by the word "chaste." Gold-exalted enthusiasts called it "the most magnificent temple of histrionic art in America." The audience included hard-to-please critics, sentimentalists with their laughs and tears on a hair-trigger, and open-mouthed barbarians. What especially differentiated it was the fact that it contained more men than women, and that many of the men were separated by the space of a continent or more from their wives and children. A child actor was therefore no mere curiosity. From the first stride and the first spouted line, little Anna Maria was bound to be a darling to all persons of any romantic sensibility.

Even to the critical eye Miss Quinn was impressive. The dramatic reviewer

of the literary *Golden Era* found her Hamlet so wonderful as "to disturb all preconceived notions of theatrical excellence." He was struck by her depth of thought. He admired her "strut," her poses, her declamation. It was astonishing that she had learned it all herself, "never having witnessed any great performer in that character." "Judicious training"—oh, yes, she must still have that, to be sure—a dramatic critic could not let her have all the jewels in her crown at once. But "indubitably" she would soon take the lead of all the prodigies in the land.

A past good enough for a story she had already achieved. Anna Maria had come into the world on board a Mississippi steamboat, near Memphis, while her parents were on their way from their native Ireland to St. Louis. That was in March, 1848. Exactly five years later she made her first appearance on the stage in a St. Louis theatre where her mother served as costumer. The next month parents and child had started across the plains for California. Midway of the journey, a fever laid out both mother and daughter, and this delayed the emigrant train so long that all but one of the men who had been employed to take care of the stock deserted. The rest of the twelve hundred miles the family made on foot, averaging twelve miles a day, with all hands, even Anna Maria's histrionic pair, taking part in driving the cattle. It was November before the Quinns reached San Francisco.

In that fast-moving city the six-year-old actress was soon finding opportunity for launching her career. Already on the river boat from Sacramento there had been a demonstration of what Anna Maria's booster in *The Golden*

*Era* described as not only "the powers of the infant," but also her "extraordinary passion." Hardly had she come on board when the captain overheard her reciting portions of various plays. The passengers were assembled at once, and Miss Quinn, perched on an impromptu rostrum, delivered the old, old favorite of declamation contests:

*My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills*

*My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,*

*Whose constant cares were to increase his store,*

*And keep his only son, myself, at home.*

It was so "thrilling," says the chronicler, that the audience responded in the "spontaneous Western fashion," tossing money into the prodigy's lap—a typical example of what that distinguished and scrupulous Easterner, Mrs. Sarah Royce, was to stigmatize as the "corrupting" gallantry of the time. Now, in the theatre-loving city, the corruption promptly sprouted in Miss Quinns's impersonating Uncle Tom's little Eva so "marvelously" that "the sobriquet remained attached to her," and the play was carried on from the small Adelphi to the larger American for an "unprecedented" run. The next step up was the Metropolitan, and in that "temple" Anna Maria was soon a page in *Cinderella*, but better yet, Fleance in *Macbeth*, and still better, Little Pickle in *The Spoiled Child*. Then, in June, came the peak—her leap to Hamlet in her very own "benefit" performance as an authentic star.

For two months the glory lasted—some measure of it. Little Miss Quinn, "the greatest curiosity and prodigy of the age," as the *Era* continued to salute



her, ranged from Young Norval in the unquenchably popular *Douglas* to pathetic young Prince Arthur in *King John*. But the climax, while it occurred in the theatre, was not a scene of "passion." It was a "raffle"—a flourishing form of excitement in the San Francisco of that gambling age. The three thousand persons who had gathered at the Metropolitan eagerly watched Miss Quinn as she stood at Fortune's wheel. And when the young man with the lucky ticket received from her hand the grand prize of ten thousand dollars, what should he do but turn to bestow on the young lady a cool five hundred. Western gallantry!

After this high moment it appears that, sad to relate, our prodigy was no constant star but a vanishing meteorite. In September the now ungallant *Era* was stating briefly and quite unemotionally: "Miss Anna Maria Quinn goes to Australia under the superintendence of Mr. Vinson, the actor—to whose teachings she is indebted for her proficiency." What could this mean? Had fickle San Francisco so early chilled to its "phenomenon"? Was there easier gold in the Antipodes? Were other juvenile luminaries already in the ascendant? Did calculating Mr. Vinson think it expedient to put the Pacific between his *protegee* and any parental meddling?

Two last flickers come from our far-traveling child wonder. We are told that Miss Quinn made her first appearance in New York in 1857, playing seven different characters in the one play; and that she made a debut in London the next year. But another historian of the stage sounds a flatter, more drooping note: this juvenile actress from Australia, he says, when she brought her talents to New York, "created no sensa-

tion." *Sic transit*. Not yet ten years old, poor child. But the glory's gone—and doubtless the five hundred dollars from the raffle, long since.

Child actors were popular the country over throughout the mid-century, but especially in California, that remote frontier, where women and children were still by no means plentiful, where romantic sentimentalism descended like the dew and rose like an exhalation, and where homesickness was an endemic malady. Besides, the fancy for juvenile dramatics flourished along the Coast before the gold rush began. The Christmas "masquerades," for example, at Monterey. It was a boy who acted the part of the Archangel Michael, "superbly dressed" (as *The Californian*, pioneer newspaper, reported him) in "a sky blue silk tunic, a crown ornamented with a profusion of false pearls, his wings dressed off with muslin and lace, plaid sandals and a small sword." The Devil, too, must have been a boy, "with his red tongue, a headdress of black feathers, a red sash across the left shoulder and knotted under his right arm, dressed in a black suit, and a grenadier's sword in his hand."

Still better was the drama of Adam and Eve that capped the carnival at the beginning of the year. Here is how the Reverend Walter Colton, navy chaplain, alcalde, and newspaperman, enjoyed it:

"It was got up by one of our most respectable citizens, who for the purpose converted his ample saloon into a mimic opera-house. The actors were his own children, and those near akin. They sustained their parts well except the one who impersonated Satan; he was of too mild and frank a nature to represent such a daring, subtle char-

acter. It was as if the lark were to close his eyes to the touch of day, or the moon to invest herself with thunder. But Eve was beautiful, and full of nature as an unweaned child. She rose at once into full bloom, like the Aphrodite of Phidias from the sparkling wave. Every sound and sight struck on her wondering sense, as that of a being just waked to life. Her untaught motions melted into flowing lines, soft and graceful as those of a bird circling among flowers. . . .

"The features of Adam betrayed his affinity to Eve. It was a brother's pride hovering over a sister's loveliness. . . . When all was lost, Adam sustained himself in his irreparable calamity with majestic resignation. In a moment of forgetfulness he cast the blame on his companion, but her silent tears instantly subdued him, and he clasped her to his heart. . . . Tears fell here and there among the spectators, as the exiled pair left forever their own sweet Eden."

More imaginative than the Americans, the native Californians decked even their funerals in drama, and when the funeral was that of an infant, it was their children who suited the action to the joyful confidence that the dead had gone straight to eternal bliss. Six little girls, dressed in white, bore the coffin on their shoulders. At one side two musicians played cheerful tunes on violin and guitar; at the other, two men kept firing their muskets. But the best part of the racket was provided by the troop of boys who ran along both sides of the procession, exploding Chinese firecrackers by the pack. At least this is what a young American reported having seen and heard at the old Pacific capital in the year of the gold discovery.

Not so "full of nature" as these unrepressed Montereyans, more given to artifice, were the precocious little girls and boys who entertained the pioneers in San Francisco and the mining country. Everywhere *La Petite*—Clorinda, Cerito, Soledad, or even Lizzie—danced and sang, or rode a horse, or entered the cage of the "Splendid Spotted Golden Panther." Butterflies of a day, most of them—particles of stardust. But little Sue Robinson kept on sparkling for years, and Lotta Crabtree, having genius, reached a brightness of long-lasting magnitude. *La Petite Susan* remained "The California Fairy Star," no matter how often that flattering title might be borrowed or stolen from her. How could it be otherwise when her father was that famous "Yankee" Robinson, drollest and most original of the frontier comedians? In her own right Sue could captivate with *La Cachucha* or bring down the house with her mockery of the dashing Lola Montez in her Spider Dance. She could sing "Whisky in the Jug" for the miners as well as "Annie Laurie." An actress, too, she could play Colin in *Nature and Philosophy*; or, *The Youth Who Never Saw a Woman*.

But it was *La Petite* Lotta who soon or late surpassed without effort her every competitor. Six years old when her mother brought her to California in 1853, eight when she began her career; singing, dancing, acting comic parts; touring the mines, playing in little upstairs theatres, at the Opera House, or in one noisy, smoky "melodeon" after another, Lotta, soul of mischief and gayety, was fortune's favorite. Her story is well known, but there is a romantic footnote to add. In 1856, when Lotta was nine, there lived near her a

boy of thirteen, whose father had captured a bark from Tasmania to San Francisco in 1849, bringing a much appreciated cargo of potatoes and onions. Here is the recollection of the lucky J. H. P. Gedge:

"Our back yard cornered on one facing John street and there lived the immortal Lotta. For her I felt it a duty to gather the prettiest rose in the neighborhood every day. (Imagine yourself doing it as you recall your first love.) I'd wrap it up carefully and throw it into her back yard after dark, for if her mother saw the act, woe to me! When she and her mother left their home their route was down John street to Powell, to Jackson, to Stockton, to Washington, then through the Plaza to Clay and Kearny where she performed. Always I managed to pass them somewhere when she would fondle the flower in recognition, and all this time we talked only with our eyes."

Lotta's mother *was* a bit formidable, and her father, too, seems to have been a little difficult. This is indicated in a news item of 1859, when Lotta was twelve, telling of the predicament in which the young singer's teacher was caught one winter's day. Poor man, he found himself haled into Police Court on a charge of petty larceny, accused of stealing some music of his own composition ("\$200 worth") from his pupil's father. The musician, a boarder at the Crabtree home for several months, had just been ejected, and with natural pride and pique had carried off his music with him. Father Crabtree claimed this as *his* property in lieu of unpaid board. But the judge discharged the case, and Lotta's incensed parent doubtless resolved that his daughter's next in-

structor should be someone whose talents did not exceed his ability to pay for his keep.

Dimmed now by Lotta's sun, but shining enough in their day, were many other young entertainers. No doubt the audience delighted in those fairies, "but four or five years old 'apiece," who frisked in that first California production of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* in 1855. Concerning the moral safety of the twenty-seven children, ranging in years from five to twelve, who trooped through the musical, romantic drama of *The Brigand*, there seems to have been some anxiety until the management assured the audience that "all improper language" would be carefully avoided. But it was in stupendousness of vocabulary that the danger lay for "Professor" Anderson's pretty daughters. When this "Great Wizard of the North" came to town with his "Grand Eleusinian Spectacle" which would transform the Opera House into an "Enchanted Psychomanteum, with a Palace of Cabalistic Bewilderment," the program included "Puck's Own Pocket Book," with Miss Flora in the roguish part, and "The Modern Mnemosyne," in which Miss Louisa performed "astonishing feats of Retro-Reminiscent Orthography."

Let it not be supposed that the juvenile world of El Dorado was ruled, unchallenged, by girls. There was no other such ingenious contortionist as Master Tomasito. There was no more clever comedian than Master William Hamilton, aged eleven, starring in the role of that pompous, priggish tutor, Dr. Pangloss. There was no fiddler superior to the "Infant Paganini," Paul Boulbon, aged six, who gave his whole program unassisted, "playing seven overtures, fan-

tasias, medleys, &c., concluding with the Arkansas Traveler." And there was no acrobat who could offer a more "beautiful and chaste" performance than that of "Professor" Risley's six-year-old son—a boy who surely had the best of exemplars, not only in his father but also in the professor's associate, Monsieur D'Evani, the "Eighth Wonder of the World," whose "extraordinary flexibility" had been "the theme of admiration of all the scientific men of the age."

"Tambo and Bones," then in their heyday, naturally produced their boy artists, too. Early in the '50s Master Charles, for example, one of the Serenaders at the New World Saloon, was distinguishing himself as a "Boneologist," and also as a burlesquer of that already very active and disturbing champion of women's rights, Lucy Stone. When George Christy's Minstrels made their first appearance in California, several years later, they included three youthful specialists. Master Gus Howard was "the youngest Jig Dancer, Tamborinist, Bone Player, and Banjoist living," and Master M. Lewis was an "exquisite Character Dancer." But most distinguished was Master Eugene, "the great Nonpareil Vocalist, Danseuse [so feminized in the newspaper notice], and Impersonator of Female Character, whose Histrionic, Vocal and Terpsichorean performances" were already "the theme of universal admiration." On the occasion of Christy's Minstrels' combining with the regular dramatic troupe at Maguire's Opera House in a production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* it was Master Eugene who played Topsy.

In spectacular talents, however, none could lead the field but the circus boys.

Master Rafael was one of the principal attractions of Joseph Andrew Rowe's Olympic Circus, pioneer amphitheatrical amusement of the Gold Coast. The typical advertisement announced that Mr. Rowe would dance his celebrated horse Adonis to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and that this would be followed by "an act of horsemanship by the Little Rising Star, Master Rafael," who would "execute his daring Equestrian Feats, Leaping Whip, Garters, Hoops, riding upon his head, with the horse at full speed." After this the expert Joseph Andrew would bring out Adonis again in "the beautiful scene of the Indian Hunter and his Wild Charger." The boy's eyes must have been big with ambition while he watched the master exhibiting these wonders and beauties, for it was only a few months later that he himself was riding the incomparable Adonis.

At Lee's Circus (a worthy rival) Master Eugene and Master Francis, sons of the owner, were the constant winners of "tumultuous applause" with their "altogether incredible" skill. When the father put on his great act of "The Sports of Atlas," the boys supplemented it with "The Revolving Globes." They played their parts in the enactment of "St. George and the Dragon, or the Seven Champions of Christendom," and perhaps their talents helped to set off the muscular marvel of the "strongest man in the world" as he kept three cannon balls in the air. At any rate there is definite record late in the '50s that when *Mrs. Lee* was ascending to the top of the pavilion on a tightrope, Master Eugene followed her with a wheelbarrow "*a la Blondin*."

These various professional entertainers did not exhaust the field open to

youth for dramatic, athletic, or other imaginative and vigorous self-expression. The Spanish-Mexican boys, for instance, made a big time out of the annual punishment of Judas. It was the climax of Holy Week. In San Francisco the arch betrayer swung on a rope stretched between opposite houses. He wore cassimere pantaloons, with coat and hat to suit. His two faces stared hideously up and down the street. He was fat with straw and firecrackers, and he bore this placard:

I AM JUDAS ISCARIOT  
WHO SOLD JESUS CHRIST  
FOR THIRTY DOLLARS AND  
THIS  
IS MY RECOMPENSE FROM  
HEAVEN  
TO BE HUNG AND BURNT

Turpentine was thrown on the effigy, the match struck, and on each end of the rope the celebrants pulled and sawed to make the flaming Judas dance ever the more madly. At the end the boys fiercely, gleefully tore the remnants to bits. This was community drama.

Now and then there emerges from the newspapers or from reminiscences some individual boy who distinguished himself by a feat of strength or daring. For example take Joseph Gates, aged sixteen, weight ninety pounds, a fruit boy. In August, 1853, it was announced that on a certain Sunday the Mammoth Balloon "California," "the largest ever constructed in America, capable of carrying three persons," would make an ascension from Contra Costa. "Mr. Kelly," read the advertisement, "will leave terra firma for the upper regions, accompanied by a lady, which will doubtless be the most magnificent spec-

taele ever witnessed in California." But balloons have a way of balking plans. While the crowd of some two thousand watched impatiently, the big bag of yellow silk, eighteen feet in diameter, refused to fill beyond two-thirds of the needed volume. Mr. Kelly (not to mention the lady) was too heavy for that limited lifting power, even when the car was taken off to reduce the weight.

It took Joseph to save the day. His seat was a light board four inches wide, lashed across the middle of a light hoop an inch thick and three feet in diameter. Up he went—up and out of sight. At last visibility he was about a thousand feet high, and moving fast, northeast. After that it was estimated he must have soared to a height of two-and-a-half miles. The dreadful question was: Had the valve rope broken? Could he *ever* come down?

Yes, Joseph showed up again, on the evening of the next day, safe and sound except for a sprained ankle. He was on the Sacramento boat, and he had a story. The valve rope *had* broken, but courageous and ingenious Joseph had climbed up and cut a hole in the balloon with his penknife. That was a difficult thing to do, for the cords were only a quarter of an inch thick, and it was twelve feet from the hoop to the bag. Nevertheless, Joseph did it, the gas gradually escaped, and the boy came down in Suisun Valley, five miles from any house. It was a good story and Joseph surely earned the three or four hundred dollars he was said to have made telling it the next day. A later correction, to the effect that the youthful aeronaut had put his knife in his teeth and *tried* to climb up, but had not been able to make the distance, and that the gas leaked

out anyhow of its own accord, was probably the perpetration of an envious skeptic with no sense of romantic truth.

Prowess, in the very nature of things, was no rarity among the youth of the California frontier. Feats of physical strength and endurance were common, but not often turned to purposes of mere entertainment. Consider, for example, the powerful legs and lungs of young Elisha Brooks (to become, full-grown, a man of mark in the State). Elisha had come across the plains in 1852 at the age of eleven. Not long after, when he was working at a saw-mill in the mountains, he heard the exciting news that a big fair and a circus were on at Marysville, forty miles away. Having never beheld the wonders of either a fair or a circus, Elisha determined to cut and go. Off at sunrise, he struck into the Indian trot that he had learned from his aborigine playmates of the wilds. In four hours he had covered half the distance; by mid-afternoon he had arrived at his destination and proceeded to take in all the sights. Certainly he deserved free admission for life to the Biggest Show on Earth.

Quite another kind of precocity was admirable to only the rowdy and barbarous elements of the community, a horror to those many earnest Easterners who were trying to make the frontier safe for culture. Here it is, described by Mrs. Eliza Farnham, that able missionary of sweetness and light who might blanch but could never quail before the evidences of depravity. "I saw boys [in the mining country], from six upward, swaggering through the streets, begirt with scarlet sash, in exuberant collar and bosom, segar in mouth, uttering huge oaths, and occa-

sionally treating men and boys at the bars." The same phenomenon troubles also an English visitor. The hotels of Sacramento, Marysville, and like places, he notes in his journal, "are bad schools for children; some now running wild, not more than six or seven years of age, are already very conversant with the cigar, and with the oaths so frequently used by the American in common parlance. . . . Two of these children came into the 'gentlemen's parlour' last evening, late, each bringing a glass of whiskey toddy, smoking each a cigar, and drawing their chairs to the stove, threw their feet upon it in the most approved fashion."

On the opposite side of the ledger one may hasten to note the intellectual triumphs of a young German, apparently still only a boy, who carried off most of the honors at what was called San Francisco College. When Joseph Naphthaly entered the school in 1856 he "could not express himself intelligibly in English," and knew little of any other language. A year later he was winning first prize ("a large terrestrial globe") with 494 points out of a possible 500; he was reciting Parnell's poem, "The Hermit," "upwards of 230 lines;" he was acting the principal part in a Latin play; he was lecturing on "The Transmission of Sounds" and "Pneumatics," with experiments; and he was winding up the show with a declamation of "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc." By the end of another year our scholar was giving the valedictory address, his own composition, in seven languages—English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Latin, and Greek.

It is a long leap from a precocious polylinguist to a clever *Ursus horribilis*,

but no account of juvenile entertainers in El Dorado should snub "Father" Adams's bears at the Pacific Museum, pioneer menagerie of the Coast. The place was fitted up in the style of the old mountaineer's camp at the headwaters of the Tuolumne, and the principal bears were not mere exhibits, they were the hunter's cronies. Ben Franklin was a grizzly, only two-and-a-half years old when the menagerie was established in the middle '50s. He had been only a few weeks old when his master captured him in the Sierra. Ben grew up friends with the dog, followed Adams on the hunt, helped to drive off hostile Indians. Twice he saved the mountaineer's life, losing an eye in the first battle, when he defended the man against an enormous female grizzly. He was broken to harness and saddle, frequently carried Adams's pack, and on cold nights even shared his blanket.

Funny Joe and Young Fremont were the other favorites. Joe, a Rocky Mountain white grizzly, slightly younger than Ben, had been caught as a cub by the hunter's bare hands. His best tricks were to "take a gentleman's arm, and walk about, swinging his body like a lady, or chew tobacco and smoke segars, like a gentleman of the first stamp." Young Fremont's distinction lay in a romantic history. As Adams told the story to a newspaperman, once when he was making a trip to the Rockies he took along Ben Franklin and Lady Washington, his Russian bear. "Ben, being young, was carried a large part of the way in the wagon, but Lady Washington followed on foot. She took her own time in the savage wilds, made acquaintances among the white grizzlies peculiar to the range, but invar-

ably returned to her master's camp and partook of his meals. Young Fremont, her hopeful progeny, was born after the return from that journey, and his greyish coat, almost as grey as Joe's, betrays his paternity."

To return to the legitimate, there remains, as the most dramatic episode in the history of juvenile asteroids during the Argonauts' first decade, the rise and fall of the Bateman Sisters. Kate and Ellen were eleven and nine years old when their parents, Hezekiah Linticum and Mrs. Sidney Frances, brought them to California in the spring of 1854. Their celebrity as prodigies was already at an inflation peak. They had made their New York debut in 1849, six-year-old Kate playing Richmond to four-year-old Ellen's Crookback in the ever popular fustian of *Richard III's* climactic scenes. Their Shakespearean repertoire included Kate's Portia and Macbeth to Ellen's Shylock and Lady Macbeth; and by way of offset to these subtleties they played that sure-fire favorite, *The Spoiled Child*, with Kate as Little Pickle and Ellen as Tag. When Barnum took the sisters abroad, two years later, they made a special hit in the "petite comedy" of *The Young Couple* (Kate as Henrietta, Ellen as Charles), which they performed for "upwards of two hundred nights, at the principal theatres of England, Ireland, and Scotland." By 1852 they were back in New York; and now, in the very *annus mirabilis* of juvenile actresses, it was evident to the proud (and business-like) parents that their phenomenal offspring would reap a fortune in California.

It was Ellen who carried the chief guaranty of triumph. Kate was credited with more beauty, but her younger

sister had "genius." In *The Young Couple*, which for California as for England was the big favorite, it was Ellen who excelled in her sudden changes, her mixing of "childish passions with affected maturity," "the assumed dignity of newly married people glittering all through with gems of real childhood." In Hamlet, too, she put the Quinn upstart in the shade. Mr. Frank Soule, *litterateur* editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, was so gracious as to say that Miss Ellen's melancholy Prince was "something more than the teachings of others—there was intellect, native as well as acquired; intelligence and feeling which did not come from without, but which flowed outwards from the head and heart, and carried with them the heads and hearts of the audience."

This praise, however, was by no means universal. *The Golden Era* sniffed that it had not been "carried away" by the acting of the Bateman children. "From what we had heard of their genius, we had prepared ourselves for something wonderful—but, as the man said to Noah, 'it was only a small shower after all.'" The sisters were not "finished artists," they were only "sweet and amiable little girls." Even more impolite was *The Wide West*, which gave the impression of having been more pleased by "a learned pig" or by a goldfinch that could draw its food and drink up to its perch.

Father Bateman perceived that he must do something flattering to a community so lacking in unanimity of praise for his daughters. In April he offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best three-act drama containing two characters suitable for Kate and Ellen, the scene to be laid in California and the incidents to be strictly local. The

winning play was to be produced in San Francisco, "with no heed to expense," and published.

Response was prompt. Some score of local authors submitted plays. But with what result? One and all, their works were rejected—none was found worthy of Kate's beauty and Ellen's genius. The prize was arbitrarily awarded to an unidentified outsider for a dramatic composition called *The Mother's Trust*. And immediately the winner presented the thousand dollars, not unostentatiously, to the Orphan Asylum.

Suddenly the truth shattered the tense air. The author of the winning play was no other than Mrs. Bateman herself. And she added insult to injury by having composed the work in three days, and "in the midst of domestic cares."

San Francisco was outraged. The dice had been loaded, the cards villainously stacked against her just pretensions to a capacity for any cultural demand that might be made of her. The *literati* of the State had been flouted and grossly "humbugged."

An immense audience turned out, near the end of June, to see the production of the prize drama at the Metropolitan. But the disgruntled reviewers were merciless in their scorn and ridicule. *The Era* said bluntly that *The Mother's Trust* was "as vile a composition as ever disgraced the stage." *The Pioneer* recorded it as general opinion that the play was a failure, "whether we look at its moral, its 'characterization,' or its literary merit." Not only was the work bad in itself—the attackers shouted that it was a theft. "Were the play original," said *The Wide West* down its nose, "it would be beneath criticism, but stolen as it is, from a children's story



book, it can inspire no other feeling than contempt." "Direct and unequivocal" was the plagiarism, as the *Era* spotted it, from another woman's little work entitled *All Is not Gold that Glitters, or California in 1849*. Still worse, it was a "mutilation," for, "not content with the appropriation of ideas," Mrs. Bateman had "actually distorted the language, evidencing a shallow intelligence of the mother tongue."

The climax came when Mr. Frank Soule, the cultivated gentleman who had so warmly praised Miss Ellen, spoke his mind on the indignity of the prize award, in the columns of his newspaper. Mrs. Bateman's reply (which was suffered to take the same channel) was a bitter retaliation, and, as *The Wide West* delightedly pointed out, blunted its force with a mixture of figures quite unbecoming to a literary lady, for she accused the editor of "promulgating a sting" and inviting the "re-echo" of his "pointless venom." But Mr. Bateman took the way of direct action. *He* was out for blood.

This is how *The Pioneer* reported the affair:

"Meeting Mr. Soule at the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, he struck him with his fist, and afterwards drawing his pistol, fired several shots at him, none of which took effect. A large crowd gathered at the spot, and the excitement was intense. The parties were separated and Mr. Bateman taken before the Recorder, where he gave bail for his appearance next day. Mr. Soule and others addressed the crowd, and it finally dispersed."

The upshot, it seems, was that the irate Bateman was let off with a fine of

"only," as *The Pioneer* put it, three hundred dollars. But reverberations of sarcastic laughter continued for a while. "We understand," said the *Era*, "that a number of philanthropic citizens of San Francisco are making efforts to send missionaries to the remote tribes of the California 'Diggers,' for the purpose of educating them in 'belles-lettres,' and that several copies of *The Mother's Trust* will be taken along as a *guide* for these benighted but 'naturally literary' people. The success of this praiseworthy enterprise cannot be doubted." By the end of the summer even the laughter had thinned; the smoke of Mr. Bateman's "ruffianly and cowardly" attack had dissipated, and the glory of Kate and Ellen with it. By November the sisters were performing again in New York, and their mother may already have been incubating her play of *Self, or Life Among the Upper Ten*, which was to make a mild sensation two or three years later.

It would be pleasant to stage a revue of these bright juveniles who entertained the pioneers of El Dorado. If they could be brief about it, we might arrange to have both Anna Maria and Ellen essay to pluck out the heart of Hamlet's mystery. We should choose Lotta, wearing the Gedge boy's rose, to lead *Les Petites* in singing and dancing. Master Rafael should ride Adonis for us while Master Eugene Lee pushed the wheelbarrow up the tightrope. We might even permit Ben Franklin to go through his bearish buffooneries. But probably it would be wise to exclude from the show any fathers and mothers who might be suspected of carrying pistols or prize dramas about their excitable persons.

## HOW THEN EXPLAIN

FREDERICK TEN HOOR

Did man adventure among jaguars  
And buffaloes with death upon each horn,  
Travail upon the seas, and out of forests  
Hew himself towns where he was less forlorn;

And did he bore his way into the rock  
For opulence, and make the rivers burn,  
And lately cast himself upon the air  
And go where meteors go, and yet return—

These brave accomplishments are of a kind  
To mark him conqueror. How then explain  
His lack of what he needs to make him whole,  
And death's abrupt, unanswerable disdain?

## RESURRECTION

TOM BAIR

And when the dusk came  
He climbed into the hills to look at the  
    new land.  
Here the wind came up from the south like  
    great horses running,  
Here the light burned in from the far calm  
    sea, a pathway  
For his heart to follow to a new peace!  
New land! New peace!  
He cried within himself, and dropped his palms  
    to the earth in worship,  
Rejoicing with closed eyes at his own death.

Then, after a long time, he felt  
The ice-sharp stars like a bright band of thorns  
    and opened his eyes.  
Desire lifted him to his feet and he  
    was not surprised  
To find a heart in his breast again.

# PARENTS

## Two Stories

### I. THE ENCHANTED ROOM

MARY GAIL CLARK

OUTSIDE the windows the snow is falling softly and interminably, making my eyes move up and down, following it until I am drowsy. Drowsy warm room and my little boy stands there drawing scratch squeak at his blackboard.

"See, Mother! Look! See my house and garage! Come over here and look at it!" Little high voice breaks the stillness, breaks through the warm air in the drowsy room. Darling little voice.

"Yes, dear. I like your house. Is this the garage?" My voice sounds gentle and loving. I am loving. This nursery is full of my love for Roddie, all vast and enveloping, and Roddie's love for me. How can I go out of this familiar room with the tiny worn down chair, the blackboard with the silly picture across the top, the smooth high bed and the stuffed animals lying about on the floor. I even like the books sprawling open with crayon scribblings across their pages. The snow shuts us in and time stands still.

Do I want time to stand still? We're in a dream world. A drowsy dream world. It's unreal. No, nothing is real but this warm room and our two selves and the snow falling. I'd like it to go on and on and on, but I must go out and break the spell. Perhaps when I come back the enchantment will be greater still. Wonderful it will be to come back to it. He'll throw himself at me, so glad and excited that I've come back again.

"Roddie, Mother is going out for a little while."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to a party."

"What will you do at the party?"

"We'll talk and sit around drinking cocktails and somebody will sing."

"Mother, don't go. You stay here with me."

What soft hair he has and what an adorably round smooth head under my hand. "Hannele will stay with you. You know what fun you and Hannele have together."

"Don't go, Mother! I want you to stay with me!"

"Dearest, I'd much rather stay with you, but Mother must go out once in a while and talk to grown-up people or she'll forget how to talk to them." I can't ever bear to go out any more. Is it because I'm not young that I feel this way?

"Now, don't cry. Kiss me. Darling! Here's Hanni. Show her your picture. Hanni draws wonderful pictures too."

He'll stop crying after I'm gone two minutes. Flattering mirror. Red on my lips for going out into the unreal world. Suitably pale face for the present mode. I don't care whether my hat's becoming or not. Ah, cold fresh air full of snow smell. The snowing has ceased. Surcease from sorrow. Surcease from snowing. Beautiful black elms edged with snow. All outlined. All pure. How strong I am walking in this snowfresh air under the

black arches. My legs swing and stride and I like their movement.

This moment of standing on the doorstep of a lighted house. Push the bell, fool, and wait for the plunge. Heaven prolong this moment. Peaceful here on the street in the snow. Cars rush by, but they don't know me and I'm alone inside myself. Soon it will be Nanette! Nanette! Where have you been! Ah here it is crashing over me. A room of chatter. Chatter rising out of smoke. Faces. Teeth. Screams. "Nanette! Nanette! What have you been doing with yourself! Nanette! Where's Henry?"

"Henry was awfully sorry. He's working. Doesn't get through until late."

Henry is good. He's always working. I feel so tall. That peaceful room back there with snow drifting past the windows. Roddie scratching at his blackboard. I must be seven feet high and of a great sombreness. How they buzz around pushing at me. Poking their personalities at one. This arm-chair will perhaps shrink me. Shrink my seven feet. Pleasant gin aroma. Wine of the juniper. Music? "Brian's going to sing!" Ah yes, Brian. Little Irish playboy. Voice from heaven. I can lie back and listen. Ravishing. Actually glad I came. "What're you going to sing, Brian?" "Brian didn't bring any music!" "What'll we do?"

Vivian to the rescue. You might know she'd have those songs in her head. Sits there on the piano bench. Cocks her dark birdhead at the keyboard. "Let me see. What key? Do you sing this?" *Wohin! Wohin!* Oh, this is from another life! I'm afraid I'm going to cry. This is heaven. He pours out his voice easily. It flows

out over the room with a lightness—into our ears:

*Ist das denn meine Strasse?*

*O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?*

*Wo-hin? sprich, wo-hin?*

He implores. But not too much. His eyebrows implore. Lawrence leans against the mantelpiece watching with narrow eyes through the cigarette smoke. Freddie's about to eat a sandwich but stops, listening. Two sharpbright girls, poised on the arms of somebody's chair, glasses in hand. No chatter. Everyone transfixed with listening. His voice floats on . . .

*Fro-lich nach,*

*Fro-lich na - - - - - ch*

and everything drops away into silence. No more piano. No more voice. Then a burst, splintering the silence. Screams. A wave, a crescendo of chattering. Applause. "Brian! Marvelous! Sing another!" "Vivian, you're wonderful!" The room is splitting with their noise. The men are pouring out drinks and everything is in movement again. The wave subsides. He's going to sing some more. Hush of waiting. They've found a piece of music. Brian says, "Only a Catholic can sing this song." What is it?

*How oft-en at midnight in days long  
since fled,*

*Dear chil-dren, I've watched with  
deep joy by your bed;*

Rachmaninoff, is it? The giant with shaven head who sits bowed over the piano on a big stage.

*How oft-en your brows have I signed  
with the cross, -*

*And prayed there: God keep you from  
sorrow and loss;*

*The love - of the Father protect you.*  
The giant with shaven head stalking through a nursery like a great gaunt

tower. Little pale night light and children in bed. The gaunt giant bends over their beds and makes the sign of the cross. How calmly he's singing it. So beautifully that it pierces me suddenly, and my bones melt.

*But now, in the nursery reigns stillness and gloom,*

*Gone, gone the glad voices, no sound in the room;*

*No lamp lights the icon that hangs by the door.*

*My heart aches - The children are children no more! -*

*What anguish to lose them forever!*

Not an immortal song, but I am shattered. What is he saying now?

*O chil-dren! . . . .*

I've stayed too long in the nursery. I don't know how to behave in public. Must go back to the room where it's quiet. Roddie will be wanting me to come back. He's stopped now. I can leave.

"Yes, it's been wonderful. I've loved it. Thank you. I *must* go. Good night."

Door shut on the noise, turning it off. A black night with wind. Trees, ice creaking. Mad rush of cars. Rachmaninoff a jinn, immense, tall as the elm trees, moving in the wind with them. Huge hands. Lamps beneath the icons.

*The children are children no more -* Irish face and yellow hair. Whiteheaded boy. Wide sensitive girlface. Cold black wind. I've been miles away. Sharp faces. Flat faces. Faces full of talk.

I turn the key in my door and there is Henry reading the paper. Good Henry.

"Mother! Mother!" He knows I'm back. Comes in a rush.

"My darling! My darling!" I bend

over, and we embrace. He throws his little arms around my neck and I take him in my big arms. We dance together hand in hand.

Dinner is a celebration. Roddie has had his supper with Hanni. He puts on a tall paper hat and marches around the table. Henry and I sit there, smiling at him as we eat. I tell Henry bits about the party.

"They asked for you. Brian sang. Masses of people there. Mushroom sandwiches."

Roddie catches my inner excitement. He runs wildly around the table. He sings and shouts. After dinner he doesn't want to go to bed; but the time comes, inevitably.

The nursery with the opened bed breathes peace and security. The lights are soft and the shadows in the room comfort me. Roddie, in his night garments, stands on the bed, a king in his own domain. He is tired, now. I stand and watch him.

"I'm not going to take any flings tonight," he says solemnly.

"Oh yes," I say. "Take a good fling but look out for the head-board." I am still excited and very happy. Roddie turns his back to his pillows and lets himself fall straight back. He falls too near the edge of the bed and bounces off, like a plummet, crash to the floor, miles below. No more sound. I am frozen, unable to move. Is he dead? Is he dead? Thank God, he is screaming. I can move. I fly across the room and pick him up. Take him in my arms, little shuddering sobbing form. "Where does it hurt?" Henry comes in, white, appalled. "He bounced off the bed." I made him do it! "No, he didn't hit his head—his shoulder. There's a lump. There seems to be nothing broken."

We put him to bed. His weeping turns to whimpering and finally subsides. I sit by his bedside, my hand under his head. Henry, worn and tired, stands watching, then goes back to his newspaper. It is dark in the room. An oblong of light comes in from the hall.

*No lamp lights the icon.* The room is filled with my love. Far off, down the hall, Henry's newspaper rattles. On the street a car honks, faintly. The tall bed-posts loom, marking the darkness. I listen to the quietness and time stands still.

## II. SHADOW UNDER THE SUN

W. H. GERRY

**B**ECAUSE it was Saturday and not a factory morning, dark and early, when he would have had to leave the little boy kitted in bed, the father was glad. The little boy, who was his son and was not yet five, was glad. Now and again, as his father helped him dress, he would suddenly pat the man's arm swiftly and lightly three or four times in a spontaneous elfin way, and when his father glanced up saying "Stand still now!" he would smile.

"I guess we'll put on the red sweater too this morning," said the man, noticing the faint curls of frost in the window corners. He had finished pouring the cold water from the pitcher into the antique white bowl on the stand and was busy soaping behind the little boy's ears and between his fingers. "And perhaps, after breakfast, we'll go for a walk down back and see if the gentians are still there." The washing done, he took his own military brush and began smoothing the child's hair, that was russet and soft and fine like a Spaniel's ear. With the other hand he held the small chin and cheek cupped to steady the brushing. "Would you like that?"

"Ye . . . e . . . ess, I would." The way the little boy said it was akin to a slow parting of lips, a widening of eyes. It

was real and delicious and awesome, the sound, so that the father's ears hoarded it, and a tremor of deep pleasure went through him as always when he was listening to strong music. This is actually *my* son, he heard himself telling himself.

"Will we go way down past the stone wall, daddy?"

"We'll see."

They went down the narrow back stairs then, into the kitchen where the woman was waiting to give them breakfast. She was old enough to be two grandmothers, a grandmother to the father and a great-grandmother to the child; but neither thought about that. For them she was only the woman who owned this farm where they now lived and boarded, and she was still hearty enough, rather like a firm dumpling, and silent mostly, though agreeable when spoken to.

The little boy rushed at once to clasp her two Boston terriers who lapped at him prodigiously while their eager claws slipped and scuffled on the linoleum flooring and they danced up around him thrusting their ugly gargoyle faces and moist pop-eyes close to his face.

"Get down, Trixy! Winky!" The woman slapped at the dogs with her

apron. "Go on now. Back to your box!"

"Leave them alone, Billie, and come eat your cereal." The man glanced up briefly from the table where he had already seated himself. (The mother, several years divorced, had no place in this life; she lived and worked a hundred miles away.

"Come, Billie . . . Mind now!"

"My daddy's going to take me for a walk," exclaimed the child, facing the woman with a brief possessive defiance before climbing into his chair.

"Is he? It's a good day to be out," she said.

"Yes," agreed the man, "Indian summer almost." He was gazing out the window at his elbow to the loose yellow tree with the molten leaves dripping sunlight. It stood among the lesser shagbarks inside the woodlot fence, behind the apple trees.

When breakfast was over, he and the little boy went eagerly outside to stand a moment in the crisp shadow of the rear porch with the wide warmth of the barnyard below them. Brightness was a tide which rolled over the frost-scoured garden and broke lavishly against the poor gray of the hencecoops, splashing up here in clumps of golden-rod. And here it was the strut of the white cockerel and his abrupt crowing which made the child disengage his hand hurriedly from his father's.

"I'm going to look for eggs." He hopped down the steps two at a time and at the bottom stopped, not forgetful. "Can I, daddy?"

"All right," said his father. He was not listening. The slow rejuvenation after his weekly release from the walled factory routine was always this way, a seeping thing. But a part of his eyes

followed his son scampering through the ground leaves toward the coop. I must get at these leaves, he thought absently. Then all his consciousness shifted to focus in the child, all the growing delight he took in the day. Everything he felt was rough and fierce because it was strong and overpowering, so that the very truth of his love for the boy constricted his nerves and quivered through his mind as a sigh.

When the child reappeared outside the coop door, the father could see the whiteness of one egg through the tight clenched fingers of each small hand. He watched him start away, then remember and turn again to the door, reaching on tiptoe to shove the clumsy bar into its slot. And as if he were a soothsayer dealing in destinies, a witness now before one of the grave crises of the world, the man took within himself the head-on collision between presentiment and fact, as one egg slipped from the child's grasp and split upon the ground.

Still watching, the father felt transfixed, as the shock of the simple and unimportant crumbled the morning, withering his tongue and chilling his eyes to slate. It was as if he had again been standing tense at his lathe in the factory and someone had crept up behind to drop a heavy box at his heels to see him jump. Only yesterday someone had done that. He retreated now into yesterday, into that moment when his anger flared, into the hard factory mood.

The little boy was running back now, forthright, unafraid.

"I dropped the other egg, daddy. It slid right out of my hand when I was closing the door."

The man said nothing, standing mo-

tionless and looking down. There were words coming which he tried to stop. But he could not stop them, or temper their harshness. It was again the factory harshness, the obscene harshness spewed by men grimy with the dust of machines, fighting time, damning hour rates, lunging against the inexorable shafts, belts, hammers.

"Don't you know better than to try and close the door that way?"

The child stared in wide wonder. "But daddy, you said to shut it every time."

"I didn't say to do it when your hands were full of eggs, did I? I thought you had more brains than that."

The boy's face quivered and all its openness drained away.

"You're too clumsy to carry eggs," said the father. "You can't go after eggs again." He was like two selves, one hearing and shuddering while the other whipped. His eyes reached down and bound the child fast while his tongue smote again. "Here, give me the one you've got before you drop that too." Then, as the child wavered, terrified before this unknown, "And don't stand there like that. Go off somewhere by yourself. Do you think I want anyone who's been naughty around me?"

For a second more the child remained, then ran with backward glances of fear into the garden. The father could see him there moving slowly under the apple trees, little and stricken and afraid. He was not yet five and already his heart was broken. He stayed in the garden crying terribly and almost silently, the whole tininess of his body flexed and trembling. There was no sun touching him, only the cold

shadow that dulled the bright red of his sweater.

Seeing him cry, the father remained impassive, yet at the very moment felt his own instant suicide. All the quick love he had for the child grappled at his throat, sliced across his arteries. He had but yesterday come alive; now he was dying. He longed to rush to the garden. His arms were aching, his tongue swollen with aching. But he could not move. The corpse love had killed in fierce vengeance was stone. But its ghost spoke sharply.

"And stop that crying right away, Billie! I don't want to hear any more of it."

Then, with the ghost itself fading, dissolving swiftly toward death, he left the porch and came down into the shadow of the apple trees. He held out his hand to the little boy, his son.

"Come along now," he said. "If you'll be a good boy next time and not drop any more eggs, we'll go for our walk."

The child took the hand, smiling at once and happily, a small Christ raising a Lazarus; and they began to walk together out of the shadow into the sun.

"Look!" said the child, stooping suddenly. "Want to see how far I can throw a stone?"

Watching, the father looked as through dazed eyes. How strange—already he has forgotten, he thought—he has already forgiven. He strode, brooding, after the child's headlong dash down the bright field. The sun labored warmly trying to resuscitate his early mood, but the chill of his passion clung still like burrs in his mind. With his love turning after the bobbing red sweater, now darting squirrel-like along the frayed stone wall just ahead,



the man felt himself still unwarmed and cried loudly and silently to the September sky: O winds, forever exorcise all demons in me. Cast them out. Give me a sign.

He was walking slowly, the little boy shouting him on. And slowly he perceived the bent grasses before him—the fringes of Queen Anne's lace lifting again from where they had been crushed under the child's wild feet. And as he turned to stare back and down at his own steps in the field, he felt the sun. Fascinated, lifted in quick jerks of new happiness, he watched the slant stalks lifting slowly, jerkily, the wind and the sun under their armpits. This is the answer, he thought. This is the sign.

And laughing he called to the child, who was now squatting by the gentians. He is the grass, the father thought. I am the grass. We are risen inevitably into the sun. He stopped to brush off the small brown burrs clinging to the cuffs of his pants.

"What do you want, daddy?" The

child was up to him now, an eager puppy.

The man looked up a moment at the trees ferned over by the wind, then down at his son, smiling. "How'd you like to have me make you a kite?"

The little boy gleamed. "A *big* kite, daddy?"

"Oh, medium-sized." He reached for his son's hand, cherishing its warmth in his own. "Well, come on now. We'll have to go back up to the barn to make it. You run in and ask Mrs. Johnson for some string."

Trying to remember which was the best kite to make, he scarcely noticed the child tug away from him as they came back into the garden and scurry madly toward the house. But he could hear the excited feet climbing the porch steps, the small imperative voice, the quick lilted voice he loved, again flecked with its defiant note of possession.

"My daddy's going to make *me* a kite! My daddy wants some string, Mrs. Johnson."

## DEEP SOWING

FANIA KRUGER

O aching heart, transcend and fortify  
 Your hurt with lyric words, by tender sowing,  
 Till you can voice, above life's troubled cry,  
 The raptured wisdom of eternal growing.

## ON DEFEATED CREEK

JAMES STILL

I WAS jist reckonin to myself that the foxes was traipsin thar on Defeated Creek, and wishin I had a pack o' hounds, when I come on Crit Middleton layin stretched in the road where it ducks out of the creek for a fifty-foot spell through a sand bar.

The ivy shade was purty black on the sand, though the moon was bilin on the water and makin the trees look like straw stacks, but I knowed it was Crit the minute I sot eyes on him. I would a-knowed it was Crit anywhere from the mouth o' Buckhorn to the head o' Troublesome. When he gits plum bootle and busted drunk he gits loose-jinted, his arms and legs stickin out helpless, like they was sewed on.

When I first seed Crit, I dead-reckoned I'd go along to the squar'-dance at Miles Jarrells' like I'd started. A fellow with a grain o' sense ain't a-goin to run round with Crit Middleton, and him sartin to come to a puore bad end. Hit was a-layin for him, and I didn't want to be around when it happened.

Then I thanks to myself a fellow oughten to let even a bull yearlin git their necks cracked with a wagon wheel if they can help it. Besides, Crit might have a leetle dram on him and I was beginnin to want a sup, so I kicks him hard on the boots an he wakes up. Pon my word and honor he ain't half drunk as I thought, but he'd been tastin right pert.

"Crit," I says, "what the hell you doin smack-ker-dab in the road asleep?"

He gits up gruntin and breshin hisself. "You tan yore own hide," he says, "an I'll peel mine."

"You was layin right crank-wise purty to git yore brains stepped in," I says, feeling his hip-pocket. Crit don't have a drap o' likker.

"Jist had enough to take the dew-chill off," he says.

"A fellow kin git drunk and still act like he had a bushel o' sense," I go on.

"I ain't drunk," he says. I know he ain't, but I don't let on.

"Whar you started to?" Crit asks me and I tell him.

"You jist come along," I says. "They're going to have a passel o' fiddle players from Rockhouse Creek, an every Carr Creek girl that kin shake a leg will be thar. And Cumine, too."

I knowed he'd been sparkin Cumine nigh on to five months and I knowed Sam Avery had been cuttin in mighty nigh that long.

Thar was a time allus ago when I was sort o' sweetenin on Cumine myself, but Sam and Crit had done put the cat on me.

Crit tuk a step away, then he turned back to me like a dog tryin to talk when he's hurt.

"I been waitin here for you," he says. "Me and Sam Avery is goin to settle our debts this night."

"Whar is Sam?" I asks. I knowed I could see hell and damnation a-bilin in what he said.

"We got it all fixed," he says, "and he's waitin this night for me at the mouth o' the creek. We're goin to fight, best man gittin the right o' way."

"Crit Middleton," I says. "Yore a damn fool if you thank I'm goin to git mixed up in yore serapes."

"Let's git us a drank," Crit says. "I

ain't had a drap for an hour most."

I figured there ain't none nigh, but Crit says Tater Bill Hopson got a still yon side of the ridge.

"Tater Bill sells the sorriest likker on Defeated Creek," I says.

"I ain't cullin nothin this night," Crit says, "come backins, singlins, or rotgut."

We tuk up the ridge bearin to the left and come out on top in a leetle open patch where the moon broke through the leatherwoods.

Crit tells me to stay thar and keep quiet an he sneaks off. I heerd his brogans screakin like a nest o' crickets, and soon I didn't hear nothin cept Toll Adams's hound dog barkin a two-mile full away, and Shep Simpson's puore blood bull bellowin and blowin down in the next hollow. And a mock-inbird went to cuttin up and a-singin squar over my head. I looked up but couldn't see a busted thang with the moon-ball puttin my eyes out.

If it hadn't been for wantin a dram so bad my tongue was prickly as a bull-nettle, I would have skeedaddled. Instead I jist sot thar on dry leaves thankin whata damn fool I was and cussin myself to every devil in torment, and wishin Crit would come back. I was wantin a drink that bad.

Purty soon I hears a pistol crack, then it cracks again. I drops flat on the ground and listens. I didn't hear nothin else till Crit's brogans starts squeakin way off, and he plugs up into the clearin.

"What you gone and done?" I asks.

"Come on," Crit says. "I jist shot to scare Tater Bill. He tuk down the ridge like a deer."

Tater Bill's still was hid clever as ever I seed. We was goin through the

foxgrape vines seein nothin, then right thar it was tucked under a wedge o' rock hangin like a big toe off the hill. Thar was a fire goin under the kittle, an everythang was sot for a big run, but thar ain't nary a drap o' likker.

Crit cussed powerful. After we'd looked and looked and made our minds up to it, Crit went over to the barrel o' still-beer, dipped his doubled hands in and tuk a deep drank.

"Damn it, Crit," I says. "Come out o' that stuff. That thar beer is pizen as rattlesnake spit."

He jist kept on drankin and I reckon he tuk on a half-pint or more afore he quit. It made my belly retch to see him.

When he got through we lit out to the top o' the ridge agin followin a crookedy path right abast the hills, and comin down into Defeated Creek t' other side Loss Ramsey's homeseat.

I was figurin Crit would git sick for shore, but he didn't, though he belched powerful enough to make his shoes squeak when he was standin still. I reckon Crit's got a cast-iron belly, lined with slate and greased with resin. But he began to git drunk. Leetle by leetle I knowed Crit was gittin drunker and drunker.

A quarter of a mile yon side o' Loss Ramsey's I heered Loss's thumpin keg same as if it had been settin right in the middle of the road. I told Crit to wait and I went back up the hollow for a spell. Loss had a big run on, and looked right figgety when I come up.

I told him he'd better put some britches on that thumpin keg if he didn't want the law drappin in. He give me a pint. Hit was fresh-run and warm, but I tuk a long drank and stuck the bottle below my belt underside my

shirt. When I come out I was feelin more like goin to that dance at Jarrell's than ever.

Crit jist shook his head when I told him I was sot on goin. "You wait till we git this settled," he says. Then he asks me if I got anythang from Loss, an I lied like a dog. "Not a dribble," I says.

Purty nigh the mouth o' the creek we was walkin along, me followin Crit over the rocks when thar was Sam Avery waitin pine-blank in the middle o' the road. I don't reckon Crit saw him afore I did, cause he jist stopped sudden and straightened up. They jist stood thar a-lookin a full minute.

Then I steps in front and went up to Sam. "Ho Sam," I says, and I starts right in tellin him the trouble him and Crit is goin to git into. And I says Cumine ain't goin to thank one grain more o' nary a one o' them.

Sam jist grunted and gives me a bad name and says he wishes I'd stop runnin off at the mouth like a mad dog. He asks me if I remember me and him havin a fight over Cumine when we was both goin to school at the Center two years ago. I knowed he was drankin some. I make out I don't remember sech a thang, but that sort o' put the cat on me. I know thar ain't no use, come a thousand years, to talk to Crit.

Sam and Crit ain't said a word to each other, but they finally sort o' gits together and goes off and sets down on a dead chestnut log. I flops down where I was and takes a stiff sup out o' my bottle and waits. I waited till I got mighty tired and I drewed on my likker agin and felt easier.

I knowed Crit and Sam ain't sayin much, but they was talkin cool as mint. I hear ever word but my likker started

workin on me and I didn't pay much mind. Besides, I was thankin o' makin rabbit tracks to the dance any minute I tuk a strong notion.

After a while Sam and Crit comes over to me and tells me to git up and tie their arms together. Sam was holdin a piece o' plowline about as long as a full-growed black runner. I was done yon side tryin to stop them, and wasn't thankin much about what they was a figurin on doin.

I put a square knot round Crit's wrist tight as hickory bark, and Sam bein left-handed, I tied his left wrist in a skin squeezer that would o' tuk the puore hide afore it would slip off. I reckon thar was six inches o' loose rope betwixt their wrists.

When I got done they sidled crawdab-like out in the road whar the sand washed up last spring tide. They grabbed each other's hand makin the loop hang slack.

Sam retched back and drawed his gun out and handed it to me. His face was drawed and thar was leetle tight wrinkles on his cheeks. His eyes was set and hollow like a dead man's.

Then Crit retches to his belt and draws out his pistol, the same one he parted Greb Tillet's hair with last August, and hands it to me. I tuk 'em both and put 'em on a rock.

Crit says for me to give them a drag out o' that bottle I got up at Loss Ramseys. And me believin all the time he didn't know about me gittin some! He tuk it, pulled out the wad o' shucks in the neck and handed it to Sam. Sam pulled down hard on it.

Crit tuk a short sup, the leetlest I ever seed him take, and that was right good likker too, even if Loss Ramsey did make it. As he handed the bottle

back to me I got a right good look at his face. Wall, thar was nothin particular about his face, but his eyes was lookin purty quare, jist like I'd seen them many a time afore. His eye-spots kept flickin round like a jay-bird in a cherry tree, and one eye-ball wandered like it wasn't hitched to the other one.

Then I knowed Crit was in a bad way, in a puore bad way. The moonlight was so bright I could see that plumb for shore.

Crit says for me to git back. I stepped back a leetle, and he says for me to git away back. I back off about a dozen yards. It comes over me sudden like a crack o' lightnin what they was a-goin to do. Both retched back and drawed out their knives. I seed the blades pop out o' the handles and I stood thar froze. I couldn't a-moved if I'd a-knowed the hill was goin to fall squar on me.

Oncet I seed two wild cats a fellow had tear into each other, but that wasn't nothin. You know a fellow kin see a thang, and not see it neither, cause he don't believe it, knowin all the time it's the pine-blank truth.

I ain't for shore now who struck first, though it must o' been Sam. I reckon for shore it was Sam. He sort of swung his arm out and come down. If thar had been any wind his knife would have whistled. I heerd Crit's shirt rip like a saw goin quick through a pine saplin.

Crit had his back to me and I couldn't tell. The knife must have struck him in the side. He didn't say a word; didn't make a sound. He jist swung back like he was a-goin to cut the key notch in a chestnut oak and struck. He must o' split a couple or three o' Sam's ribs. Sam swayed back and sort

of shook hissself. He didn't groan. He sort of gurgled, like water squigglin up through the ground durin a rainy season, sort of like a pig swillin in a bucket o' slop.

I reckon I was puore drunk or I would have done somethin. My feet jist growed roots in the ground. My legs was cedar posts without a jint in them. I begged them to stop. I bel-lowed myself hoarse till I couldn't git a sound out, then I shet my eyes and fell down on the ground cryin. Them was the first tears I'd shed since I was a baby and they come hard and sot my eyeballs on fire.

Well, I jist kept on callin long after my throat quit workin. Then I stops and looks up. Sam and Crit was leanin agin each other to keep from fallin. Their faces was cheek to jowl and the blood was spreadin. They was plumb sopped up in blood, and it looked green and sticky in the moonlight. It was pine-blank green.

I vomited. I reckon I throwed up everythang I'd swallowed for a week. I couldn't quit to git my breath.

From then on all I remember was seein Sam sink his knife sort of slow to the hilt in Crit's side, and Crit brang his under Sam's short ribs. They shook thar, swayed, and went down with their arms locked round each other and laid still.

The first thang I knowed I was runnin down Defeated Creek, runnin with-out any wind in my body and my chest abustin. I reckon I would have run till I dropped else I reached Prony Simms's house at the mouth o' the creek if my bottle hadn't worked out from under my belt and fell down my britches leg.

I retched for it and throwed it twist-

in down the road. It fell in a patch o' rocks and never busted, and when I cotedched up with it, I snatched the stopper out with my teeth and turned her up. Thar must o' been a quarter of a pint and I drained her to the heel.

I didn't run no more. I couldn't. I jist walked along pert and kept thank-

in what Crit said to me oncet about bein buried in a chestnut coffin so's he'd go through hell a-poppin.

And I kept thankin about what I'd thought many the time, nigh goin on two years—about me havin a chance with Cumine if it wasn't for Crit and Sam cuttin in.

## THE BROTHERS

MARY FASSETT HUNT

WHEN Clifton found the old powder-pistol that had belonged to his grandfather, he thought Lee might like to see it and he took it downstairs to show her. She was by the window of the living-room, watching the cold spring rain. After she'd admired the pistol, he stood smiling at her because he loved her, loved looking at her. But he could do little more than look; to express an emotion was painful to Clifton. For even at forty-two years he hadn't learned what his brother Aubrey had always known, the way of a man with a woman. He said, "Lee, it's queer I expect you to like what I do. I guess I've imposed on you since you've been here, showing you things."

She shook back her dark hair with a gesture that made him feel old. "But I'm interested, Clifton. I envy you this lovely old house in this terribly aristocratic town. It's wonderful to have a background like this."

She spoke wistfully so that Clifton declared how dull it got when he and his mother were there alone. "You've done us a favor by staying this winter," he said. "We never see anyone except when Aubrey comes down from New York."

"I'm curious about your brother.

I've never met a famous photographer." She glanced at Aubrey's pictures on the walls, several effective studies of city streets.

"You'll meet him. He pops in about this time every spring."

"You adore him, don't you?"

"Why—yes, I suppose I do. Aub's different from anyone I ever knew."

"So are you—different," Lee said. "You've stayed in this house all your life with just your dogs and the affairs of the town as diversions."

Clifton, embarrassed, searched in his pockets for his pipe. "The war was a diversion. Aub and I were both overseas, you know. Afterwards Aub went to the university for graduate work and I stayed here looking after things." He added soberly, "I suppose this strikes you as a dull life."

Hearing the disappointment in his voice, she denied that it did. "How can you say that when I've stayed so long, not even planning a future?"

Clifton said slowly, struggling against reserve, "I wish you'd never plan any future—that would take you away. I wish you really needed us as much as we need you."

She laid her hand on his arm. "You're a dear, Clifton. I can't help telling you so."

He liked the feel of her pretty, slender hand on his arm. He said, "Thank you, Lee. Thank you a lot." He wished helplessly that he could say more. This would have been the time to settle something if he only could. But he couldn't; he couldn't tell Lee that he loved her, simply because he did love her so very much. He kept thinking how well Aubrey could have managed everything. Lord! He admired Aub's poise. But he could only stand awkwardly there. "Please don't go for a while, Lee," he said. "Stay as long as you can."

"You're terribly good to me."

"No, I'm not. I'm selfish. I'm even selfish enough to wish you weren't quite so appallingly young."

She said quietly, "I've gone through a lot, you know. That ages one."

Whether he should or not, Clifton took that as encouragement, and was very happy.

It was that night Aubrey came; Clifton remembered it afterwards with no special grudge against providence, loving Aubrey and knowing that in the inherent way of things Aubrey's return was inevitable; his entrance into the warm lamplight of the room where they all sat was only what they expected. Clifton found himself over-joyed at the sight of him, his great-coat flung debonairly over his arm, his brilliant, handsome face sure of welcome. He brought new drama into the room.

There always was drama with Aubrey. Dramatizing himself was both a gift and an art with him, the gift having come first. He couldn't help knowing his effect on people; he couldn't help striving for such an effect. He knew that he was dynamic; he knew that he was glamorous, almost legend-

ary, with the force of his various romantic and heroic achievements. Just now he was tired of the lingering New York winter; he'd come home to spring-time in Southwood, to his mother, to Clifton; and he found, unexpectedly, Lee.

Mrs. Hagarty embraced him against her three long strings of pearls; Clifton grasped his shoulders, looking deep into his eyes. Aubrey thought he was older, thinner than he remembered him. The conviction depressed Aubrey. Could he himself be changing? He was only two years younger than Clifton.

As if envisioning his thoughts, Clifton said, "Aub, you don't grow old, at any rate."

He lied: "Neither do you." He wished he'd sent Clifton a check now and then. Expensive business keeping up the house these bad times. He could have spared the money.

"Did you come down by plane?" his mother asked.

"As far as Atlanta. From there by train."

He looked at Lee, then, interested by her quick attentive face, her slim tallness. She smiled and spoke to him, "Hello, Aubrey."

Clifton interposed: "Forgive me, Lee. Aub, this is Lee Fenwick, a cousin of ours."

Aubrey was buoyed by Lee's presence. He felt younger, increasingly revived. He said, "Imagine being kin to you!"

"Not much of kin: only second cousins."

"That may be all the better."

But he thought she drew away from the implication, and he was piqued, wanting to feel secure in his power of attraction. For Aubrey couldn't re-

member doing anything in his life without one anxious eye fixed on the spotlight, coveting it, reckoning the means of achieving it. He never willingly relinquished the leading role wherever he was. That was the secret of his success. He was quite aware of this obsession, and a little ashamed. But there it was.

While they sat smoking and talking in the lamplight, Aubrey described his life in New York: his roof-top studio; famous people who were photographed there, names known even to Lee and Clifton; daring plane rides attempting unusual photographic effects. As he talked, he couldn't help trying to win Lee's interest; he was sensitively aware of her, her hands, her hair, like a soft coil of curly-edged smoke. But she was not beautiful until she smiled, and she smiled now only at Clifton. He saw she admired Clifton. I could love a girl like that, Aubrey thought. He didn't really mean it. What he felt was only the life-stirrings of a new desire. He could imagine himself wakening the emotions of this Lee Fenwick. It was Aubrey's vision whenever he met a pretty woman. Lee was obviously young and proud and unused to the exigencies of sex or love, identical words to him, and he longed to quicken her to them because in arousing her he would himself become aroused. To Aubrey she was a symbol of mingled love, youth, and achievement. Victory over her meant new victory over himself, another intriguing method of rehabilitation, of flouting old doubts of his abilities and their impression on the minds of others. It was characteristic of him that the weary sentimentalism of his return should be banished merely by Lee's presence, that she should

immediately distract his interest from his home, his mother, even from Clifton.

The next day he scarcely saw her. He spent the morning in his mother's room, the afternoon with Clifton, walking about the grounds under newly budded maple trees, speculating how soon the dogwoods might blossom. Spring at home meant something to Aubrey.

At sunset Clifton and he were examining a new pointer puppy in the shabby stables behind the garage when Lee appeared. She said that a reporter had come from the *Southwood Democrat* to interview Captain Hagarty. She looked softer, more approachable in a dress of dull blue, and Aubrey liked the way she said "Captain." It sounded as he had thought it would when he was struggling for it. The war for him had been a series of titles: Lieutenant Hagarty, Captain Hagarty, oddly mixed up with the medals on his uniform.

"Look here, Clifton," he said, "go see this fellow for me, won't you? That stuff's devilish embarrassing to me."

Clifton stroked the pointer's head, making time for his answer. He didn't want to leave Aubrey here with Lee. "But Aub, it's *Captain Hagarty* he wants to see." He stressed the title humorously.

"Yes, quite definitely it was the Captain," Lee said, smiling.

"Well, in that case—" He only pretended reluctance now. After all, it was very decent of the local press. He asked, "Would you go up with me, Lee?"

"No, I'll finish the sunset with Clifton."

"It'll be duller with him." For the briefest second he held her eyes. Then



he shouldered his way out of the stable.

"Mother and I want to help Lee," Clifton had said to him during the afternoon. He'd appeared eager to talk to Aubrey about the girl, to interest him in her as a friend. Aubrey had understood the implication under the words. She was impoverished, without practical training. They wanted to help her become independent. Young, impressionable, intense, it would be a pity if any great emotion should disturb her now, especially one without potential happy realization. The flattering premise was that Aubrey could disturb her. He'd been both amused and annoyed, wondering what Clifton in his queer, reserved way was really getting at. Then from the special tenderness of his face when he said her name, Aubrey divined the truth: Lord! He's in love with her, he thought. He saw that Clifton didn't say exactly what he meant. He knew his brother wasn't suggesting any previous right over the girl; to do that wasn't in him. Rather, it seemed that he was afraid Lee might get hurt, and loving her, he was anxious to keep things clear for her. Poor old boy, Aubrey thought. There was something strong in what bound him to Clifton, something enduring in his gratitude that this close-of-kin loved and admired him without question. He was never sure with others; but with Clifton he felt eternally at his best, at the best he aspired to. Aubrey loved him for this.

Still, Aubrey couldn't stop thinking about Lee. He wanted to talk to her, to sound her out as a musician wants to learn the tones of a new instrument. But she eluded him, purposely, he felt, until one day when she came into the old book-room where he sat alone. She

didn't see him at first. He said, "Hello."

She said quickly, crossing to one of the shelves, "I won't disturb you, Aubrey. I just came in to get your mother's new novel."

"You're not disturbing me. I was bored to death. Sit down and talk a moment, won't you? I'll take the book to Mother later."

She sat on the corner of a table in an oddly defiant attitude; it seemed to suggest an insolent "Well?" as though he must produce some good reason instantly for keeping her there.

"What's wrong with me, anyhow?" he asked her.

"Is there anything wrong with you?"

"Of course. But I thought we were going to be friends. The way you spoke to me at first. It hasn't panned out that way, has it? Did I do something to spoil it?"

"Don't be silly. You've just been too busy with your family. After all, you're a famous person."

"That's ridiculous." Still, he liked the sound of it.

"Clifton and the Southwood Democrat say you are, and I believe Clifton."

"You should, about most things. Was he the one who told you to avoid me?"

"Nobody told me to avoid you."

"Then you told yourself, for you've certainly avoided me. It's been very disappointing."

She looked young and defiantly remote from him in a quaint black dress that buttoned tight at the neck and faded the blue of her eyes to a pilgrim gray. I could love that girl, he thought as he had before, but could she love me? It was the question he longed to have answered affirmatively. He didn't

think of Clifton; he wasn't used to thinking of anyone but himself; he didn't look past the moment of that possible affirmation. To him, Lee was the center of a new world, the deciding force in a contest he arranged for himself, the climax of which should be her emotional submission to him. His life had been a series of climactic arrivals beyond which he didn't think.

Lee said, "You're not often disappointed, are you?"

He searched her eyes for any trace of irony, but they were merely questioning.

He answered moodily, "Certainly I am; more than most people."

"Perhaps you want more than most people."

"Maybe so. I admit I want a good deal. Right now I want you to be kind to me; but you're not. I feel you analyzing me unkindly. You are, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not, Aubrey, really. I was thinking what an attractive man you are, and how easily people must have given you whatever you wanted of them."

"You're wrong there. I work like hell for everything I get." That at least was true, he thought, with bitterness, recalling the years he'd spent in experimental developing of pictures, hundreds of them, trying for a single originality of effect. In darkness and solitude, without money, he'd labored at the work that was immeasurably harder for him because he lacked honest enthusiasm for it. He always thought most of success, fame, fortune, not of his job. Consequently, he had no warming inner radiance of satisfaction after the hard brilliance of his accomplishment, and he knew at last that

he'd missed the heart of everything. He couldn't tell that to Lee. He couldn't have put it into words.

She said, "In any case, you've succeeded, Aubrey. You've not had to feel you were a failure. Failure must be the most terrible thing in the world."

"Failure—or success. You won't understand that, though. You're too young and too sweet. Lee, could you ever feel attracted to me as I am to you?"

She slid from the table. "Are you attracted to me, Aubrey?" She began looking rapidly through the shelves.

He stood up and held out a colorful new book. "Is this what you want?" When she took it, he asked, "Why shouldn't I tell you I could love you? You've known I would some time, haven't you?" He half expected she would lift her eyes and give him the permission he wanted to touch her, perhaps to kiss her. But she didn't.

Her voice was iconoclastic when she spoke again, and her level eyes were much too cool. "Yes," she said, "I've known you would."

As she reached the door, he said, "Wait a minute, Lee, please. You don't understand me."

She turned. "There'll be other days, Aubrey. Can't we wait?"

"I can't," he began, and stopped, thinking it was what she expected him to say.

When she'd gone he felt dissatisfied and tired. The treacherous thought that he was getting old attacked him; to cast it out, he got up and found a looking-glass. Not very old, after all, he saw at once. His few gray hairs added only to the look of thoughtful sophistication. Reassured, he was turning away when he noticed a similarity

in the mould of his features to Clifton. Only the faintest resemblance, he decided. He was right; where Clifton's look was tender and open, Aubrey's was worldly and guarded. Aubrey's face was handsomer; Clifton's was kinder.

As always, the thought of Clifton comforted Aubrey. Just now, it caused him a moment's shame, reminding him of their conversation. Not that it mattered, he thought with wry amusement. His brother underestimated Lee's ability to take care of herself. For all he knew she might be in love with Clifton; but he didn't believe it. He never believed anything disagreeable to him. He shrugged the thought of her away, remembering how tired he was, how he needed only Clifton's love and companionship, his mother's petting.

It was a beastly cold spring, he thought, glancing out at the tree-buds shaken by the wind. At this time in the afternoon his mother would be sitting by a cozy fire in the living-room; Clifton would be warming up with a nip of whisky after a long ramble across the fields. Aubrey was in time to join him, entering the room where his mother sat, a moment later. Clifton, looking very rosy and fit, was pouring himself a drink. "Have one, Aub?" he called.

"Where have you been all day, Aubrey?" asked his mother, putting down her book on its face.

"Getting a chill in that old library of yours," Aubrey grumbled.

"We need a new furnace in the house," Clifton said. "I'll have to put in one next fall." He looked at the light through the amber of his liquor.

Aubrey thought, I must give Clifton a check towards the furnace.

"Where's Lee?" demanded Mrs. Hagarty. "She's so pretty, Aub. Why don't you pay her some mind? She's tired of Clifton and me."

Aubrey said, "I'm getting too old for such things, Mother."

Clifton, thinking of his own love for Lee, said, "Perhaps we're all too old, Aub."

"Nonsense, Clifton," his mother said; "Aub'll never be too old for love affairs."

Clifton corked up the whisky bottle precisely, brooding on his mother's implication. He said, "Aub, I just tested out the pointer pup again. He's working nicely. Going to be a great hunter."

Aubrey's eyes softened. "You're a funny old chap to be a hunter," he said. "I can never understand your wanting to kill anything."

"I don't want to kill anything, really. It's the outdoors and the tramping, and the picture of the dog, rigid, pointing."

Aubrey said slowly, "I can understand that." He thought, Yes, I can understand, the drama of a hunt for the thing wanted, the whole magnificent effort of approaching it, the elaborate setting up of machinery around it, working always to the end, the final, exciting, maddening brief second of readiness before the actual shot, the falling bird, the feel of it in the hands. He knew it all well. He knew also the sweetness of the voices crying, "Magnificent shot!" "Splendid!" "Splendid!"

And he knew, besides, the careless bagging of the dead creature, the ending of the drama, the immediate necessity of getting another and another.

"The only thing," Clifton said, "is

the look in the little dead eyes of the birds. I don't like that part of it."

"It must be dreadful." They all turned at the sound of Lee's voice, and saw that she'd come in.

"It is dreadful," Clifton told her, smiling gently, "but inevitable."

"Unless, of course, you didn't choose to hunt at all?"

"But one does, of course."

"Yes," she said soberly, "I suppose one does."

Seeing her there in the doorway, Aubrey forgot his pique and his decision to ignore her. He thought no more of Clifton, or of anything except how desirable Lee was, how he should like to vanquish her reserve against him, soften the strength of her will, bend her emotions under the force of his.

But she was apparently determined to avoid him. He wondered that she managed to disappear completely in the house which was only moderately large.

One morning at breakfast, he asked her to walk with him. She hesitated, evidently aware of the romantic complications impending between them.

But Mrs. Hagarty said authoritatively, "Go on, Lee. Give poor Aubrey a little amusement. It's terribly dull for him here."

Clifton pretended to be absorbed in the morning paper.

Lee said, "I'll come, Aubrey, of course, but I'm not very amusing."

Aubrey felt like a school boy whose first romance is the subject of family comment; it was absurd to make so much of a casual morning walk.

The conversation went badly. When he said, as they left the house, "Look, Lee, the wisteria is beginning to

bloom," she said, "Yes, it's lovely." Then there was silence, except for the sound of their feet on cracking twigs along the woody path.

"I used to tramp down here as a boy," he told her. "Plenty of squirrels to shoot at in the woods, and rabbits, too."

"It must have been fun," she said mechanically.

Her indifference stung him so that he suddenly swung around, facing her.

"You think I'm an awful fool talking like this to you, don't you?"

She stood staring at him; he didn't wait for her answer.

"You think I'm a fool," he repeated. "I've got the chance now to say anything I like to you. I have, haven't I?" he asked almost roughly, but with a look many women had found a little suffocating. Lee seemed to find it so, for she caught her breath in sharply, and her mind seemed held by his, her mind and her flesh, since it didn't move when he came towards her, nor when he took hold of her shoulders and saw by her eyes that she wanted his kiss and his arms.

He laughed, his blood quick from this familiar yielding mood of a woman, and he felt the excitement mounting in him as he held her. "You see," he said, "you are in love with me, Lee."

It was all the more painful, the shock of her sudden escape from him, and the violence of her outburst.

"Of course I'm in love with you!" she cried out in a voice that astonished his ears. It was his turn to stand and stare.

"Why shouldn't I be in love with you?" she demanded with an odd, fierce intensity, and with no love in her face. "You know quite well that wom-

en are in love with you because you're everything all women want for a lover!"

He interrupted her. "Nonsense, Lee! For God's sake, stop it!" He was trembling.

"It's not nonsense! You're a kind of dream, Aubrey, every woman's romantic, glamorous dream—they're all in love with you, and it's so terribly, bitterly unfair."

He was stung to protest, but she wouldn't listen. Her hands were thrust deep in the pockets of her sweater. "All right, Aubrey, I'm in love with you. So what? So—nothing. There couldn't be anything, because I'm not anything to you really. I'm Clifton's bird with the little dead eyes. Just another thing you've wanted and worked for and got. Only you didn't have to work as hard for me as you did for the war medals and your airplane photographs."

He was foolish enough to mutter something about wanting her to marry him.

She was only amused. "Wouldn't you hate me if I did? You don't want to be married, ever. You'd be a dreadful husband."

He said, a little bitterly, "You'll get over this, Lee. In a month you'll have forgotten all about me."

Her answer was bitter, too. "I won't forget in a month; but *you* will. In a month you'll have fitted me into a composite of all the women who've ever loved you."

She turned away then, going off along the path under the trees, her black hair that had been silken against his face blowing in a cloudy mass.

That had been the beginning of a surprisingly painful hour of thought for Aubrey. He got back to his room,

somehow, and sat down alone with his aroused senses, feeling shaken and weary and incomparably older. If only she hadn't kissed him! He knew he was more stricken because of his moment of triumph over her. But he tried not to be stricken. Nothing had happened really to a man like Aubrey Hagarty. He'd succeeded in reaching the girl. The trouble was with her, not with him. She exaggerated things, apparently expecting him to be different from the way he was; yet she liked the way he was. Just a silly, immature kid, that was all. Aubrey stressed that thought because it was a healing one; it almost restored him to his high place in his own regard. It couldn't quite, because he knew the girl had repulsed him even when her senses desired him.

There was a knock at his door. Immediately his nerves sang out that Lee had come to him. She was there at his door, full of soft contrition. The belief was a tonic. He sprang to open the door, and confronted Clifton holding a silver tray on which were two small glasses and a bottle of Scotch.

"Oh," he said. "Come in."

"Yes, I thought I would, if you don't mind."

He entered and set the tray on a table. Then he poured out two whiskies, straight.

It occurred to Aubrey that he was glad to see him, now that it turned out to be Clifton. He guessed if he'd chosen to be with anyone other than Lee just now, he'd have chosen Clifton. Good old Clifton! So easy, so uncomplicated, so willing to believe the best of everyone. Curiously enough, Aubrey was little disturbed at his responsibility in any future unhappiness for his brother; the important thing was that

Clifton loved him beyond his desserts. The complacent thought relaxed him, loosened the taut cords knotting his heart. He swallowed the liquor in two gulps, flattening his lips afterwards in a sustained tingle of taste. "You know, this is what I needed. How did you happen to bring it up?"

"I wanted drinking company," Clifton answered. But he hadn't come for that. He came fresh from a scene with Lee in which she'd described what had happened. He'd come to see Aubrey, to talk to him about Lee. He spoke quietly of the house, the planting he'd accomplished in the garden, getting up once to open the window and point out some new bird tenants in the hedges. Aubrey thought how Clifton fitted the old house and how it gave back a certain solidity to him. "You're happier here than I've been anywhere," he said.

Clifton looked at him gravely. "That's because I'm content with so little."

"You haven't so little. You're a respected gentleman of the town with a good home and lands and dogs. You're not badly off. Besides, you've the sense to enjoy it all," he said gloomily.

"That's it, of course. I'm satisfied to take the edge of things. You've always wanted the heart, and you've had it—and then thrown it away."

"Yes, I suppose I have. It's always been nothing in the end."

Clifton said, "I know. It's why I've wanted you to stay away from Lee."

Hearing her name roused Aubrey's watchfulness.

"Whatever you'd get from her would be nothing, finally," Clifton pursued. "You have no need of it, or of her; but you'd have taken what you couldn't give back."

"What makes you think I could take anything from a girl like that?"

"You've already taken too much." The words were spoken quietly, and at first Aubrey scarcely realized their significance until with a rush he understood why Clifton was there at all. "She told you!" he exclaimed, jealously irritated at Lee's running back from his arms to Clifton's paternalistic counseling.

"Only because she was ashamed and frightened and heartbroken."

"Girls don't get heartbroken any more."

Clifton took his pipe out of his pocket and filled it from a bright blue can of tobacco. The familiar, quiet motions of his hands brought back to Aubrey countless tender scenes between them in the past: long days of idle fishing in homely flat-bottomed boats on the river; winter evenings before the fire, studying together as schoolboys; hours of an all-night vigil over a sick dog; days during the war when they'd both worked for the Liberty Loan drives, he on the platform haranguing the citizens of Southwood and Clifton dutifully passing the slips of paper on which money could be signed away. Clifton always admiring him, always looking up to him. Why couldn't he have been generous about Lee? He'd known Clifton was in love with her.

He said, "I suppose you know I'm devilish sorry about it all."

"Yes," Clifton said, not looking at him.

For the first time in his life Aubrey was afraid of what Clifton was thinking. Something in him was lost and frantic to know the extent of his brother's feeling against him, and he was angry and impatient at Lee because

she'd brought this on him. "It's all so absurd, Clifton. Why, I saw her alone only on two occasions."

Clifton took his pipe out of his mouth and blew a coil of smoke. "Yes; so she told me. You know, Aubrey, when you were off photographing India I had a dog. I called him Sir Kay. He died before you came back. Lord, he was a wonderful hunter. He really showed off at his work. I mean, he knew how grand he was."

In Aubrey's listening brain the words halted and went back, over and over: "He knew how grand he was!" Everything in Aubrey stopped ceremoniously while he looked with complete attention at the third gray button on the tweed vest Clifton wore. He knew it was the third button, because he kept counting down to it from the top and up to it from the bottom. There were six buttons on the vest.

Clifton said, "It was funny sometimes, watching that dog work. After he'd found a covey and I'd kicked up the birds and shot into them, he'd hold his point, proud of himself, knowing he'd done well. Poor fellow, it was appreciation he wanted. I wish you'd seen him, Aub."

Aubrey prodded himself to a question: "Was he affectionate?"

"Very; but more of a one-man dog than most pointers. He was pretty loyal always to me."

"You loved his loyalty."

"No, I loved his perfection most. He was great, but he wanted to be told about it, and that kept him going."

Aubrey said, "I wouldn't think you'd put up with a bore like that, even a dog."

"Oh, I was fond of him. He wasn't

just a show-off. He always found the birds."

Aubrey got up and went to the window, standing with his back to his brother. When he could, he said, "Clifton, love is a life-time affair with you, isn't it? I mean, if you once really love a person, even if he disappoints you, you still love him."

Clifton, embarrassed, said, "Why, yes, of course. It's all a matter of making allowances." But he thought the phrase was inadequate. One didn't make allowances for an Aubrey; one stepped out of his way. Well, he loved Aubrey. He loved Lee. But he loved Aubrey with an old love, one already tried and strengthened through countless disloyalties, manifold disappointments. In Clifton love was a fixture, never an illusion; and finally there was no one else in his world like his brother. He'd told that to Aubrey once, coaxing him out of a black mood: "But, Aub, nobody expects you to do what other people do. You're yourself, and that's enough." He believed that always, even now. He said, "The queer thing is, you *want* to make allowances." Then he stopped; he knew what he meant, but he couldn't say it to Aubrey, ever. He didn't need to. Aubrey understood, and was grateful. He felt suddenly that the day was beautiful. The peace of it brought him a warm feeling of security. Nothing was changed, really, except for the better. He knew Clifton loved him; he had renewed assurance of that. Now he could do what was needed. "I must go along to New York for a while, Clifton," he said. "I promised to do some pictures of a new Austrian movie actress."

"But you'll be back?" Clifton asked.

"Yes, I'll be back."

## DISPARITY

GLEN BAKER

To understand  
Those things in me  
That make for such  
Disparity,  
Think of a field  
Where oil-rigs stand  
And slush ponds make  
A scabrous land;  
Envision towns  
Grown overnight

Where rough men live,  
And lust, and fight;  
And thinking of these  
Try to recall  
How green the ivy  
Along a wall,  
Or better still  
Try and remember  
Wild geese flying  
In late November!

## A WESTERN BOOKSHELF

Edited by V. L. O. CHITTICK, Reed College

**Rim of Christendom: A biography of Eusebio Francisco Kino, Pacific coast pioneer.** By Herbert Eugene Bolton. Macmillan. \$5.

Author of no fewer than twenty-five volumes, himself the pioneer among American historians in the use of manuscript material in the development of Hispanic American history, Bolton has never, perhaps, been more happy and more completely at home in any of his writings than in *Rim of Christendom*. Many years ago, when not a single original Kino manuscript was known to exist in the United States, the great Jesuit pioneer of the Southwest caught Bolton's attention, and since then has never ceased to hold it. Book after book by him on other subjects found their way into print, but meanwhile he was always preparing for the definite biography of Kino. In 1907 he discovered Kino's own lost history, the *Favores Celestiales*, and in 1919 he published that. Other volumes by Bolton had their element of relationship to the Kino theme—*The Spanish Borderlands* and *Outpost of Empire*, for example—but for Kino, Bolton was still gathering materials from the archives and private resources of three continents, Europe and the two Americas. At length, he had several thousand pages of original Kino material assembled. And not only that, but, except for the grave and the hereafter, it is a great question if Kino ever set foot where Bolton has not followed him, from

the place of his birth to the wildest portions of the frontier country which was the field of Kino's labors.

Indeed, to one who knows the learned Berkeley historian, the book is about Bolton, in a thoroughly modest and attractive way, almost as much as about Kino. His preface he calls "An adventure in archives and on the trail." Adventure is what it has been for almost forty years. It might even be called romance, or the savant in quest of a hero. For example, quoting Kino's description of the difficult climb to the famous watering-place of Las Tinajas, where Kino arrived by moonlight, Bolton goes on:

"Two and a third centuries behind Kino, I too, with my companions, arrived by moonlight, the most brilliant I have ever seen. Nearly the whole night through it was light enough to read large print. . . . Soon after arrival I sat down to read the diaries on the spot where Kino camped, but I had scarcely started when a snake sought asylum under my blanket. This caused a little stir, and a slight break in the reading."

In yet other ways, too, one senses Bolton as well as Kino, to whom he must bear a great resemblance. There is, for example the story of Kino's journey in company with the German Jesuit, Baegert. Baegert did not like the country or the people visited, and in fact every single hardship hit him a terrific jolt, while Kino, vigorous and un-



tiring, felt only happiness in his work. In the world of scholarship there is an excess of Baegerts along the trail, but Bolton has always been a Kino. "Vacations are chiefly for persons who do not find joy in their work" is a Boltonism, one from the many in the book.

Kino, of course, was one of the great missionaries of all time. This book goes far beyond Kino in its value, however. For what Kino was, and what he did, so also was the entire Spanish frontier, whether it might be in Sonora and Baja California or in Paraguay and Chile. He who reads of Kino, in the most detailed and accurate story of a Spanish missionary that has ever been written, can appreciate what was his manner of life and will learn how, through these soldiers of the cross, Spain not only saved souls, but also expanded her dominions. The missionary was just as much a conqueror—perhaps more so—as the man of the sword. Kino, for example, extended the Spanish conquest in the regions he traversed, and also paved the way along the vital land route for the eventual occupation and retention of Alta (or present-day) California.

The book itself is of fascinating character, worthy of being a best seller, as well as a masterpiece of history. It is in the usual chaste and pleasantly keen Boltonian style. Here and there, sentences strike the eye for their very perfection. Bolton has long had a genius for titles. The one chosen for the book could hardly be surpassed. The chapter headings have been also happily selected: "Strange shapes in the clouds;" "A jack-rabbit jumps into history;" "Quicksilver and blonde women." In one respect Bolton is different in this work from what he is in others. Enamored of his subject, almost like a child with a toy, he writes as he might talk to a college class or a group of friends. In consequence, little side quips and bits of humor creep into the text. When an opportunity came for Kino or another padre to be sent to the Philippines, to which each wanted to go, neither would make the choice—"It was a case of Alphonse and Gaston." When "clouds of arrows" failed to hit a certain padre, "The chronicler regarded this as evidence of divine protection—a scoffer might suspect bad native marksmanship." When Atondo did not take part in the next expedition, "Perhaps his blisters were still tender." And Juan "seems to have been the favorite name for Indians, like 'George' for Pullman porters."

Maps, illustrations, index, a remarkable showing in materials, they are all here. In fine, a great book. By a man, about a man, both of whom exemplify the Boltonian remark (p. 138): "He was like the artist, or the scholar, much of whose labor would be unbearable drudgery to one not inspired with the zeal of a devotee." Such was Kino. Such is Bolton.

Charles E. Chapman

Selected Poems of Vachel Lindsay. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Poems of People. By Edgar Lee Masters. Appleton-Century. \$2.50.

The People, Yes. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

The Big Money. By John Dos Passos. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

These are the days of literary revaluations. But no sooner have the critical pundits with all-time finality of judgment stored away on the library shelves the still uncollected works of the authors of yester-year than the publishers bring out additional volumes, posthumous or otherwise, to call the appraisers' ratings in question. A striking instance of what has been going on is afforded by the recent second guessing as to the ultimate standing of most of that group of poets introduced to the public in the midst of the now nearly forgotten Imagist furor by Amy Lowell in her *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters, and Carl Sandburg, and one other not included in Miss Lowell's gallery of studies, Vachel Lindsay. Why Lindsay was omitted has never been made clear. Certainly he had as large a following as those Miss Lowell considered worthy of a place in her exhibit, and as much to do with the fixing of any *tendenz* discernible at the time in American taste in verse. It is a singular commentary on her implied estimate of Lindsay's importance that the same year which sees Miss Lowell chosen as the subject of a definitive biography sees Lindsay chosen as the subject of another.

"The boo-hooings of the aboriginal Zulu!" is the invariable exclamation with which a friend of mine dismisses the poems of Vachel Lindsay. There is more humor than truth in the outburst. That the boo-hooings, or rather the tom-tom beat, of the aborigines are present in Lindsay's poetry these latest selections from the whole range of it show undeniably. But they reveal quite as undeniably much besides. Perhaps no songwriter to the nation knew better or came closer to the heart of our people, from pioneer days down to his own. The gospel of beauty which he undertook to carry to his countrymen he derived, in large part, from them and from their story. And here are "The Santa-Fe Trail," "Old Andrew Jackson," "Johnny Applesed," "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," "The Ghost of the Buffaloes," "The Golden Whales of California," and many more of similar genesis to prove it. It is one of the major tragedies of American letters that Vachel Lindsay was never able to break through the iron ring of circumstance that tightened around him. Once he said, "To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name." Through such of his

work as his *Selected Poems* contains he lives in both.

Among the names being posted of late in the lists of Those Who Are Through that of Edgar Lee Masters has appeared rather often. The mere array of his books for the current year ought to offset the bright boys' opinion of him, a little. *Across Spoon River*, an autobiography, a full-length life of Vachel Lindsay, *The Golden Fleece of California*, (announced), and the volume of his poems which, with others, occasions this review is not a half-bad showing for a Has Been. All in all there seems to be some corn juice in the veins of the old rebel yet, even if it isn't quite up to its original central states potency. Like the subject of his latest venture into biography, Masters has remained what he was from the first, and what his creation of Fiddler Jones, Father Malloy, Lucinda Matlock, and the rest then disclosed him to be, a lover of the folk and of the folk's loves. His recent collection of verse might just as well have been given the title "Poems of the People" as the one it bears. But with all his affection for the popular idols of the common man, Mr. Masters rarely produces anything that successfully communicates his feelings toward them when they are drawn from the ranks of the conventionally time-honored, the publicly mourned for, the saluted with guns, or the "parlor broke." Witness his poems on Catullus, De Soto, George Washington, Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*, Commodore Perry, and the sentimental offerings at the end of the volume. In the main it is only when he writes of those simple small town souls of the type known to him in his youth that he reaches his one-time effectiveness. Witness again his poems on such unheroic figures as Rebecca Carvallo, Tirsey Potter, Lute Crockett, Bobby Burke, Dick Woodward, Fred Hartley's boy, Bill Schultz, and Ecanus Brooks. Their very names suggest how much at home they would feel along the banks of Spoon River. In expressing a by no means solely personal nostalgia for an American that has passed, or is passing, Mr. Masters has no peer.

Carl Sandburg is another of the venerables lately waved toward the scrap-heap by the younger critics. They tell us that he has gone soft and "cushy" and has lost his class-consciousness in the debilitating sunshine of an assured reputation, and perhaps of a steady job, and that he moons too much over the mystic whispering of the prairie grass and the wide dreaming pansies of deserted brickyards. It is true that in his most recent work he splatters neither blood nor guts about, nor does he extol the virtues of dynamiters. Moreover, husky, brawling Chicago, once his pride as hog-butcher to the world, has become for him "something over and beyond" where eventually there may appear the "crossroads of great gladness." But just the same he is nearer today to being the

two-fisted Carl Sandburg of his brawny shouldered early poems than he has ever been since. And he is still the champion of the under-dog. *The People, Yes*, except for occasional interpolated passages of his own homely thought, is composed entirely of epigrams, maxims, wise-cracks, *bons mots*, and folk lore gathered from the talk of the man in the street or close to the soil. To collect such a wealth of proverbial wisdom Sandburg must for years have kept his ear to the ground and his pencil in his note-book with a diligence equalled only by that with which he compiled the frontier riches of his biography of Lincoln. That a production belt flow of this sort of thing could make a poem seems incredible. Yet a poem it is, and a unified one, measured by even the austere creed of the school of Eliot. There is variety in it too, and not merely that of subject, but that of unending shift in the cadence, with every shift fitting the matter like a glove. The sense of exhilaration which the reading of this book gives one is nothing short of amazing. And that is because of both what it says and how it says it.

As a contemporary writer who is said to believe in the people John Dos Passos is usually given high rank. One will hardly discover why from reading his latest novel. Nor does it help much to be told that it is the people of the past, and not those of the present, he believes in. His thesis is, of course, that the easy money of the post-war era corrupted all who touched it; but since to drive home the idea he employs a cast of characters who from the start are such inherent rotters that they would have gone to pot in any age he succeeds only in having to sweep everybody into the discard. Like his other best-sellers *The Big Money* is built on his familiar club sandwich model, recurring layers of story, "newsreel," "camera eye," and something unnamed in which he presents word portraits of various recent notables. These last, by the way, stand out as the very peak of his writing skill. The sketches of Henry Ford, Isadora Duncan, Thorstein Venlen, and Frank Lloyd Wright, are especially notable. Aside from the effect of their generally low-grade make up, the persons of the story proper are pretty thoroughly unconvincing in the parts assigned them. There's Charley Anderson, for example, who plays the leading male role as an aviation motor inventor and big business promoter. He fails to show the slightest spark of inventive genius, except for mixing cocktails, and as for promoting a deal—well, he's the sort who couldn't sell new dollar bills for ninety-nine cents apiece. In getting up his data about business and industry—and "high" society—Dos Passos has put in some hard licks, for the most part with telling results. But in this enterprise, unlike Sinclair Lewis, whom otherwise he resembles as an indefatigable gatherer of facts, he errs often enough in little things to awaken at least the

wonder whether he is quite as right in more important details as he seems to think. In a matter of other than trifling significance the author of *The Big Money* also goes wrong, and that is in failing to listen carefully enough to present-day speech manners to reproduce them with entirely convincing accuracy. And here again he reminds one of Sinclair Lewis—by falling short of him in mimetic fidelity. People like Charley Anderson and his social set really talk a very dull line, and they make it duller by their unvarying adherence to the most limited range of the so-called Anglo-Saxon expletives. Charley is altogether too adroit in evading this monotonous practice. Mr. Dos Passos may some time write a great novel, but it will not be until he finds himself a task more to his credit than looking up all the synonyms for buttocks.

V. L. O. Chittick

Marcus Whitman, Crusader. Part One. 1802 to 1839. Edited by Archer Butler Hulbert and Dorothy Printup Hulbert. The Stewart Commission of Colorado College and the Denver Public Library. \$5.

So much has been said in reviews of previous volumes in praise of the general plan of this series and the excellent manner in which it is being carried out that further comment on the point seems needless. The publishing of documents or reprinting of those concealed in obscure publications is an important work, and especially important when the documents relate to the Whitmans and Spaldings about whom so much controversy has grown up.

The present volume is the first of three to be devoted to Whitman. The documents are mostly taken from the files of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, although a few of the letters, particularly those of Mrs. Whitman, are gathered from miscellaneous sources, some reprinted from Mowry and the *Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, and several, hitherto unprinted, are taken from the Whitman College collection. Perhaps the most important single document is the report of Samuel Parker to the board, only a small portion of which had been previously printed.

It is interesting to note, throughout this volume, the growing dissatisfaction existing between the missionaries and their board. Green, the secretary, criticizes them for the amount of money which they have spent and for their elaborate plans for their missions. He recommends that they concern themselves only with the religious instruction of the Indians, whereas Whitman and his associates consider it highly important that the Indians be instructed socially as well as religiously, taught agriculture and persuaded to give up their migratory life and settle on the land.

"... While we point them with one hand to the Lamb of God . . ." wrote Spalding, "we believe it equally our duty to point with the other to the hoe. . ." Later developments of the controversy sent Whitman east in the winter of 1842 to justify his viewpoint and to gather a colony of "pious settlers" as a reinforcement for the mission.

The documents are prefaced with a biography of Whitman up to 1839, and a history of the missionary movement. This introduction gives an adequate historical background for the documents. There are a few errors in the introduction and footnotes which indicate a lack of precise knowledge of the fur trade period on the part of the editors. This period is somewhat out of their field, however, and the editing as a whole is admirable.

Throughout the volume the chatty and informative letters of Mrs. Whitman make a spot of color among the formal, hurried, and rather drab correspondence of her husband and the other missionaries. The reading of the more complete file of these letters, published in the *Transactions of the Oregon Pioneer Association*, 1891 and 1893, in connection with the volume will heighten the interest in the documents here presented and aid materially in giving a complete picture of the mission life.

Irene Upson

The Honourable Company. By Douglas MacKay. Bobbs, Merrill. \$3.75.

Douglas MacKay, archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg, has accomplished successfully a task which I am frank to say had always seemed to me impossible of accomplishment. He has written a brief but amazingly complete history of the mighty Hudson's Bay Company and, what is more, he has turned out a readable book. I believe that it is not over-stating the case to call *The Honourable Company* the finest volume in print dealing with this two hundred and sixty-six year old enterprise. Prompted by a commendable attitude of modesty, Mr. MacKay states, in his foreword, that *The Honourable Company* is in no sense official. Thank heaven, we sigh, parenthetically! "My association with the Company," he continues, "has not meant that any archives or resources were at my disposal that are not within the reach of any student of the subject." While this may be true in theory, anyone who reads "The Beaver," the Company's magazine so ably edited by Mr. MacKay, knows that he has a wealth of information at his command. He has, in addition, the background, the pride of association and the personal enthusiasm to make his history a vital and thrilling document. No, Mr. MacKay need make no apology for the circumstance which enabled him to do that

which other students have had neither the gift, the urge nor the opportunity to do as well.

We learn, early in the narrative, that the idea of trading into Hudson's Bay first occurred to a man named Radison who carried his inspiration over to London and apparently "sold it" to King Charles II and a group of associated gentlemen. Mr. MacKay's first chapter takes its title from the writings of this same Radison and is entitled "We Are Césars." Thus is introduced the author's discussion of the original company charter and of various subsequent charters. When one contemplates the vastness and influence of the H. B. C. today, it requires some imagination to realize that all was not smooth, at one time, for the Hudson's Bay men. There was frequent internal dissension as well as strife with rival concerns. Indeed these differences eventually reached such a crisis that the British Parliament was forced to take a hand though, as the author tells us, the "Honourable Company" emerged with a clean bill of health. In the pleasant course of his narrative, Mr Mackay devotes considerable attention to the various Hudson's Bay leaders who brought about the famous amalgamation with the North West Company.

From this point onward in the story, there is a good deal to interest residents of the Pacific Northwest for not only does Sir George Simpson, who visited Fort Vancouver three times, come in for a lengthy treatment but also our own Dr. John McLoughlin is accorded his rightful place in the general scheme of things. Naturally, since this is purely a company history, the presentation of Dr. McLoughlin will seem a rather disappointing one to many readers. Somehow Mr. MacKay's final appraisal of the doctor as "a big man who just missed greatness," even allowing for the sympathetic and essentially fair portrait he paints, seems slightly inadequate to those of us who naturally lay more stress on the "Father of Oregon" angle. Dr. McLoughlin's true greatness arose from his activities outside the Hudson's Bay Company. Even this, however, may be open to debate. We learn much, from these absorbing pages, about the wise rules and policies of the Company—how it fought to eliminate liquor as a medium of exchange for furs with the Indians, how it required its men to treat their native wives with respect, how it struggled to stamp out slavery among the red men and how it encouraged its officers my making partial ownership in the enterprise possible for them. We must not allow ourselves to think of the Hudson's Bay Company as belonging solely to the past for this huge concern, although no longer a monopoly, operates today on a world wide basis and is more influential than ever. One of the author's most intriguing chapter deals with the status of the Company at the present time. A better book on this subject may

some day appear but I'll hazard the guess that we shall have to wait a long time for its arrival.

Richard G. Montgomery

Wake and Remember. By James Gray. Macmillan. \$2.50.

I Am the Fox. By Winifred Van Etten. Little, Brown. \$2.50.

Youth North. By Olaf Hall. The Caxton Printers. \$2.50.

*Wake and Remember* is a convincing novel. The action of the story moves in a modified *Strange Interlude* atmosphere that penetrates beneath the surface life of all the characters and interests the reader in the forces that make them what they are. It is the story of how Alexander Rankin escaped from the effect upon his life of the death of his wife Linda; escaped from her, and with her too, in a psychological sense, back into the world of normal, active existence.

Every character in the story plays a part in Rankin's awakening, and each character lives a life in his own right and does not exist as a mere prop to the principal actor. Oliver Cary, although he does not appear often in the story, leaves an unforgettable impression. The two children are more convincing than any children I have ever encountered in the modern novel. They are children, but they are also human beings with thoughts and feelings of their own. For them alone the novel will be long remembered.

*Wake and Remember* is a distinguished and dignified novel full of deep-burning fires.

The Atlantic \$10,000 prize novel, *I Am the Fox*, is no doubt a perfect novel for its purpose. It is a good story and moves smoothly within its rather clever technical framework. Selma identifies herself with the fox as she watches a poor fox pursued in the hunt. As she watches she listens to the ardent words of Gardner Heath who wants to marry her. Each chapter of the story has a prelude in which a section of their conversation is given, and the episode that follows presents a significant experience from Selma's life. There is never any doubt in the reader's mind as to what her final answer will be—and a rather sappy answer it is.

The episodes that make up the book are nearly all good and often exciting. But they are presented with such a narrow personal reference that the whole social complex seems to exist for Selma, as though the world had been created for her special benefit or in order to thwart her individual life. "The Saga of the Bible" is a good case in point. In this section a vivid picture of the impoverished rent farmer is given, but the only interpretation offered is that all this poverty is very bad for Selma's state of mind.

Mrs. Van Etten writes her story with admirable skill. I doubt if any reader would

ever say he had regretted the time it takes to read it, nor would it leave any impression to disturb his thoughts after he had finished.

Mr. Olaf Hall boasts too much in his novel, *Youth North*, of his education. He can't forget that he has been to college and he doesn't seem to remember much of what he learned there. His story is written in the first person and wanders for many pages without any point of genuine story value. In his favor it must be set down clearly that his treatment of the love affair with the prostitute is well done. The situation created has high spots of real feeling and fine drama.

*Sophus Keith Winther*

**The Olive Field.** By Ralph Bates. Dutton. \$2.50.

Any reader who is willing to work rather hard for an ample reward will enjoy *The Olive Field*. That is to say, any such reader who will tolerate its implicit revolutionary ardor will like it. This should include a great many readers who are not revolutionists but who will accommodate themselves to any philosophy, in a book, which does not interfere with art.

On one thing all readers will unquestionably agree, that Ralph Bates knows Spain as very few Anglo-Saxons can possibly know it. From Andalusia to Asturias, from peasant to nobleman, from Catholicism to church-burning, from olive-field to factory he knows Spain. Even the lazy reader will, I think, close the book with a shock at finding himself again in his own different world. For Spain is quite evidently unique. The sixteenth century and the twentieth exist side by side in Spain; and so do the cathedral and the munitions works, the immemorial olives and the Popular Front, reverence and dynamite. The Popular Front is the strangest phenomenon of them all. That out of so much temperament and violence and tradition and iconoclasm and communism and anarchism a Popular Front could rise is explicable on only one assumption: that a quite intolerable pressure from above has brought about a fusion in which a thousand incompatibles are merged by a common necessity.

It is so, for instance, with Caro and Mudarra, whose rival loves for Lucia produce a situation beyond forgiveness were it not for the Revolution which demands their brotherhood. It is so because Don Fadrique has sought escape into antiquity from the social problems that have arisen amidst his olive trees; and because Argote his mayordomo has given the same devotion to the olives that his master has to sixteenth century art, at the cost of the same ruthlessness toward the human beings who tend them. They are fine, Don Fadrique and Argote, each in his separate passion, and there is no better scene in the book than that in which the former looks over the latter's

papers after his death and discovers him to have been both a scoundrel and a kindred spirit; but their fineness is not enough, and the surge of human need overwhelms them.

The book is rich in character and scene and situation. The style meets demands ranging from delicacies of sentiment to high passions, from folk humors to birth and death and despair. For these reasons it is ungracious in a reviewer to confess his frequent confusion in matters of detail; his suspicion that certain opacities in the book are the result not merely of his failures to keep up with a freely experimental narrative technique but also of the writer's own irresponsibility in even such matters as grammatical and rhetorical usage; his final doubt about the author's having integrated his splendid procession of scenes into one work of art.

*The Olive Field* is nevertheless required reading for anyone who wishes to understand the current situation in Spain, just as it will be good reading for everyone long past the current season.

*Joseph B. Harrison*

**Swish of the Kris: The Story of the Moros.** By Vic Hurley. Dutton. \$3.

In the preparation of this work the author has relied upon the best general histories of the Philippines, military records, the *Mindanao Herald* and records of the local Jesuits, as well as upon native stories and tradition, the stories of Westerners who participated in the last years of the conflict between the Moro and the white man, and upon personal observations. The result is altogether creditable. Not only is the book interesting reading, but it is good popular history.

The story begins with the peopling of the East India islands where the author hazards some suggestions which would probably not meet with the wholehearted approval of the anthropologist and ethnologist, but from the time of the introduction of Mohammedanism among the Moros in the late 14th century he is on firmer ground. The story of the long and bitter conflict between the Spaniard and the Moro is told in all its gory details from the first Spanish expedition in 1578 until the Americans took up the mantle of the conquistadore in 1899. Unless one has a liking for blood and brutality the story of the many futile Spanish expeditions which attempted to Christianize and subject the native to tribute, and to which the Moro replied with piracy and enslavement, becomes wearisome. No less depressing are the fifteen years of brutal struggle during which the Americans beat down with steel and lead the last resistance of the native, left him his religion, but forced him to sheath the *kris*, abandon his business as a warrior, pirate and slave trader and take up the life of an agriculturist. It is not a

pretty story—this triumph of the white man's "civilization" over the natives' "barbarism," and with concern one considers the possible revival of warfare between the independent Filipino and the Moro who will not be subjected to him.

It is with a distinct relief that one turns from the ambushade, where Wood, Pershing and Bliss won renown, to examine in the last few chapters something of the Moro's social habits, his laws, customs, traditions, ceremonies and political institutions. Altogether the Moro appears as the author intended him to appear, primarily a fighter and a piratical trader, but in this role he displayed such strength over so long a period of time that one is anxious to know more about the character of the supporting cultural pattern. A more detailed study of his social, religious, economic and political institutions would be a fitting sequel.

Earl H. Pritchard

**Tales of the Northwest.** By William Joseph Snelling, with an Introduction by John T. Flanagan. University of Minnesota Press. \$3.50.

**Early Americana and Other Stories.** By Conrad Richter. Knopf. \$2.50.

The first of these books is a reprint of one originally published in 1830. The other is dated 1936. The stretch of time between these years of publication just about measures the advance in the art of writing the short story which separates the earlier book from the later. One might gather from the editor's introduction to *Tales of the Northwest* that its author was a sort of anticipatory Hamlin Garland. Accuracy and truth, and actuality too, are indeed to be found in Snelling's work, but nothing approaching realism. And the claim of vividness and vitality for the character portrayal which resulted from his first-hand information regarding aboriginal life throughout the upper Mississippi watershed during the eighteen-twenties is pushed somewhat hard. Note especially the unnaturalness of the dialogue: " 'Villain,' he shrieked, 'This is your—your work' " ! It is true that Snelling lived with the Indians, but not with the Indians he wrote about. The staple of his book is tale and legend as he encountered them handed down by hearsay. And as for his being sound in his revelation of Indian psychology, that seems exceedingly dubious. Snelling was far too unsympathetic with the tribesmen of his time on the frontier, and generally, to be trusted as to his insight into the workings of their mind. He set them down as barbarous and ignorant, and with that prejudice firmly fixed reported them capable of being governed only with "law martial," the chief virtue of which, to him, appears to have been the speed with which people under it whose

complexions happened to be copper-colored were tried, condemned, and shot. Even the fact that he presents the invading hunters and soldiers whose activities he records as on the whole decidedly more bloodthirsty than the Indians they dispossessed makes little difference in the impression he creates of being definitely convinced of the red men's inferiority. There is no discounting, of course, the value of his accounts, often written with great exactness of detail, of Indian manners and customs. And his editor is right enough in pointing out that his work in respect of fidelity to its source matter is by and large better done than that of most of his contemporary annalists of life in the Old West. It is significant too in being our earliest example of literature about the plains Indians. In paying honor to an undeservedly forgotten author the University of Minnesota Press has done its part handsomely, from dust jacket to type.

Shift the scene from Wisconsin and Minnesota to Texas and New Mexico and the time from 1820 and before to 1850 and after, substitute cattle raising and hides for beaver trapping and furs, read Comanches for Chipewas, and dust storms for snow storms, and you have the raw materials with which Conrad Richter works. What he has done with them will never need to be reprinted as literary *curiosa*, but if outstanding skill in recreating, in the Conradian sense of making one hear, and feel, and see, a people and a way of living now lost to sight is to deserve it, then *Early Americana* will be reprinted many times. Steeped in the records of the settlers who preceded the railway into the southern grazing areas, as he gleaned them from newspapers, rare books, manuscripts, and from word to mouth, Mr. Richter set himself the task of making out of them not history nor romance but life, and in a style contrived to suggest that life. And he has succeeded, notably. His publishers, inexplicably, have chosen to give his stories a binding about as inappropriate and ugly as could well be imagined.

V. L. O. Chittick

**High Trails of Glacier National Park.** By Margaret Thompson. The Caxton Printers. \$3.

In writing *High Trails of Glacier National Park*, Margaret Thompson has filled a long felt need for something more than a guide book or a scientific study of the flora and fauna of Glacier Park. How many visitors to this great northern wonderland have thumbed frantically through pamphlets and guide books to find only the barren statistics of distances to be traversed and altitudes to be gained, when what they longed to know was what a certain trip was really like,— what they would be likely to encounter, how steep a trail was rather than how long, and how far they might see when they had

climbed a particular peak. That is what this delightful book is about.

Through most of the pages the reader is conducted along the high places, where banks of eternal snow and patches of brilliantly colored flowers lie side by side. Panoramas of awesome peaks and glaciers, plunging cataracts and cradled lakes, lying in the cold blue shadow of the continental divide, unfold as one reads, while all the while one is regaled with bits of woodcraft and mountain lore.

An invigorating freshness, an atmosphere of windswept ridges and limitless blue vistas make this book one not merely to be read, but one to be lived with. Frequenters of Glacier Park will find their own enthusiasm rekindled, while those for whom park trips are as yet an untried adventure are likely to become infected with the malady known in northwestern Montana as "parkitis."

Photographic plates of startling beauty, which illustrate the volume in satisfying profusion, alone are worth more than its price. Then there is an excellent aeroplane map of Glacier Park, and a useful trail map for hikers. Three original paintings are reproduced in color.

Agnes K. Getty

**Navajo Indian Silver-Work.** By Margery Bedinger. The Old West Series, Number Eight. John VanMale, Publisher. Denver.

Those of us who are interested in Indian art have often visited Indian stores in both cities and reservation villages and have been bewildered, if not disgusted, by the articles on display. We have often felt the need of such books as *Navajo Indian Silver-Work*.

In the tightly written, yet very readable, forty-three pages are treated in considerable detail such topics as the following: the origin of the art, the variety of articles, the material and the tools, the technique of working, the significance of design, and how one may recognize what is genuine as well as what is old. The book contains a valuable page-and-a-half of critical bibliography and is well illustrated with plates made from photographs.

As Miss Bedinger says, "One of the first acts of Mr. Ickes, when he was made Secretary of the Interior in 1933, was to forbid the sale in any of our National Parks of articles falsely labeled 'Indian made.' This should help train the public taste." But there are many Indian stores not in national parks. If the customer would have genuine objects, he must know enough to be able to recognize the spurious and degenerate and must be willing to pay enough to make it possible for the Indian craftsman to be true to the traditions of his art as well as to his native ability to create superior design. The author quotes the following: "Do not blame

the Navajos, or any other Indians, for letting themselves be debauched into curio makers. They are very poor, and they have to make sales. If a barbarian market insists on gewgaws and 'quaint souvenirs,' they have to make them. If we provide a demand for good things, the supply will appear immediately."

Lloyd J. Reynolds

**Root, Hog, or Die.** By George Dixon Snell. The Caxton Printers. \$2.50.

Mr. Snell, who gave us in *The Great Adam* an arrogant, vital individual, stubborn against time and tide, alive in an active western community, has here in his second novel approached his materials too timidly and allowed himself to be cramped for space. The novel opens in the right tempo and swings with strong stride toward a convergence of episodes into an epic story. The pictures of early Mormonism in Kirtland, Nauvoo, Far West are dramatic and linger in the memory. Some of them are dynamic. But all too soon the obligation to expound Mormonism enters the story and tunes down the motor. We have, for example, as early as page 106 the explanatory description of the Mormon marriage rite, which lives only through curiosity in the reader. From that point to the end of the novel the expository mood chokes the flow of narrative, save for such occasional dramatic and moving incidents as the killing of Mark Brent. It is true that the reader must understand something about plural marriage, early Mormon communism, the development into capitalism, the rise of ignorant strong men into high Church positions, the hostility of Gentiles toward the Saints; but this comprehension should come in spacious action that develops the story.

An epic story of Mormonism needs, too, a thousand pages of canvas crowded with vital individuals and masses of people, with sturdy movement, with bold scene. It needs long passage of time. It needs expansion. Jim Brent does dominate this story, but not sufficiently for epic effect. The reader, rather, comes to understand ideas, with Brent, his wives and his sons appearing among them. One asks for teeming, irrepressible life; a settlement bursting into a city, a state; almost horizonless miles of country subdued by the undaunted land husbandry of rigorous Saints; masses of hymning, pious men of abounding energy—of men, women, children, youths. The style of the writing, too, should suffer from neither cramp nor the expository mood. A confident, broad pen should be wielded by the writer, with gusto.

Yet *Root, Hog or Die* is the best novel I know about Mormonism and I recommend it to any reader curious about that cult's history and customs. The psychology of a religious sect growing under unbounded conviction of righteousness and under persecu-

tion is exactly and finely presented. The reader knows how the Mormons looked upon and felt the rightness of their beliefs and customs, ordained by God and yet not tolerated by Gentile neighbors. Jim Brent, his son Zeke and grandson Mark are sympathetically conceived and expressed, and fully redeem many a non-narrative passage. I hope that with this enlightening book behind him Mr. Snell will attempt the task again allowing himself freedom, space, mass effects. He is equipped for it.

H. G. Merriam

Lane of the Llano. By J. L. Cook and T. M. Pearce. Little, Brown. \$2.75.

Texas Ranger's Diary and Scrapbook. Edited by Ann Jensen. Kaleidograph Press. \$1.50.

Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground. By Earle R. Forrest. The Caxton Printers. \$3.

The Old West is now irrevocably gone, but its full, rich flavor can be partly recaptured in personal reminiscences, diaries, and histories. The three books which form the subject of this review represent respectively these three methods of describing and preserving certain aspects of the cowboy frontier.

As recorded by Professor Pearce from a series of interviews, *Lane of the Llano* recounts the experiences of one of the few surviving cowboys and pioneers whose memory goes back to the sixties. The son of a trader and cattleman, Cook, or Lane, (he adopted the latter name for reasons of his own after the Lincoln County war) shot his first Indian at the tender age of nine. Captured by Comanches, he escaped in three years; aided Mackenzie in rounding up wandering Indians; broke out of the McSween house in Lincoln with Billy the Kid; irregularly collected a debt from Uncle John Chisum; became foreman of Two Circle Bar Ranch; held a responsible position with the famous X I T; tried ranching in northern Alberta; and is now hoping to establish a Wild West park to revive the days that are gone.

This tale effectively recaptures the spirit of the cattleman's west. Though Cook may be mistaken in such details as the naming of the Chisholm trail, he conveys, through his skillful amanuensis, not only the adventurous aspects of plains life, but also the routine of riding range lines, of rounding up the herds, of trail driving, and of selling the cattle at the rail heads. Unwittingly Cook also reveals the wasteful practices by which he helped destroy the west whose passing he deplures. In one winter season, he and his Indian wife shot over five thousand buffalo.

The *Texas Ranger's Diary and Scrapbook*, edited by the author's daughter, consists of entries made by Alonzo Van Oden from 1891, when he became a member of the Rangers, until his marriage. Only a fraction of the slender volume deals with the police duties of the troop, but this is explicable, by soldiers dislike for talking about war experiences. Consequently the book is largely composed of poems, songs, excerpts from Bob Ingersoll, tales and current witticisms, along with comments on courtship, the purchase of a new outfit of clothes, or the proprietress of a sporting house. The value of the diary lies in showing that the everyday thoughts of the Ranger were entirely human.

*Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground* is a history of the celebrated Graham-Tewksbury feud. As history the book leaves something to be desired. Although Mr. Forrest, who has sought all possible information, knows more about the Pleasant Valley war than anyone else, he has been forced to use oral tradition. Thus the reader often obtains information at third hand. The documents produced are of little value; the court records relate either to what is well known or to events which are unverifiable or unimportant. The author himself admits that many facts of the feud are irrecoverably lost, and that loose ends remain. Attempts to obtain accurate accounts of minor incidents are, of course, historically defensible, but the results in this case are insufficient to justify the extensive critical apparatus. As an adventure story the tale does not lack bloody and violent action, but is marred by the crude and repetitious style that characterizes too much western fiction.

Alexander U. Kern

Express and Stagecoach Days in California. By Oscar O Winther. Stanford University Press. \$2.25.

A state may be relatively young and still have a definite character. California is the best example of this. If one had to name the three states with the most unmistakable flavour they would be Virginia, Vermont, and California. It will be noticed that one of these is very small, and another very young. California's characteristics are not only recognizable (by friend and foe) but are consciously cultivated. To get at California one must penetrate the Hollywood veneer, just as one must free one's mind of Chicago in order to see the Middlewest, Hollywood and Chicago being, as Herbert Agar has shown in his *Land of the Free*, merely examples of the worst kind of decadent internationalism.

To get at the character of a region or state means, of course, to grasp its past, for character is that which a man or a region carries over from past experience, in contrast to the superficial physical life of present experience. Oscar Winther, of the De-



partment of History, Stanford University, has made an interesting contribution to regional scholarship in his *Express and Stagecoach Days in California*, a study well supported with footnotes, extensive bibliography, and a wealth of detailed information. One of the most attractive features of the book is the illustrations, often reproduced from sketches made in the stagecoach days. Though there is a short introductory chapter on California before the Gold Rush, most of the volume is concerned with the period from the Gold Rush until the Civil War. "The day of pack mules, wagon freight, pony express, and even stagecoaches was passing in many parts of the United States when the rush of immigrants to California revived their use in the Far West."

This type of work exemplifies the sort of thing specialists—and only they—can do for us in making our consciousness of America richer and more various.

Joseph E. Baker.

**Charles Coulson Rich, Pioneer Builder of the West.** By John Henry Evans. Macmillan. \$3.50.

Charles Coulson Rich joined the Mormon movement in Illinois in 1831, two years after the founding of the faith. He became a general of the Nauvoo Legion, and was a leader of one portion of the great migration to Utah in 1846. After the settlement of Salt Lake City, Rich was an agent of Brigham Young in founding settlements in the San Bernardino Valley, California, and in the Bear Lake Valley of Northern Utah and Southern Idaho. He died in 1883 an apostle of the church and president of the Bear Lake community.

Mr. Evans is well able to speak authoritatively of the life of Charles Coulson Rich, as he is professor of church history at the Latter-day Saints University and has had access to such unprinted primary source materials as the Rich Journals, letters in the Rich family, and other journals in the possession of the Latter-day Saints. The interesting passages quoted from these sources reveal their great value and occasion regret that they have not been published in their entirety.

When presented, however, with such a mine of documents descriptive of a stirring epoch in the development of a region and of an institution, a student is likely to allow his enthusiasm to narrow his perspective. Such is obviously the case with Mr. Evans in this biography. In striving to portray Charles Coulson Rich as an outstanding figure in the events of 1831 to 1880, Mr. Evans has reduced contemporary figures to miniatures, yet he fails to convince the reader that Rich was a giant among men. Moreover, the narrative falters and becomes episodic, and the style suffers because of repetition for purposes of transition from the back-

ground to the main character of the story. For example, one finds within twenty-three pages two passages so similar in content as to be annoying, and when this happens time after time throughout the book, the reader loses patience.

In spite of such criticisms, the writer feels that Mr. Evans offers the student of regional history a valuable picture of heroic pioneer people too little known and too little understood.

Dorothy O. Johansen

**Treasure Express.** By Neill C. Wilson. Macmillan. \$2.50.

**The Great Plains.** By Walter Prescott Webb. Houghton, Mifflin. \$5.

Here is a rapid narrative of the rise of the great express companies that carried the gold from the California mines back east to civilization. Although based upon standard histories and much newly-discovered material in the form of pamphlets, manuscripts, and company records, this book has the freshness of personal reminiscence. It is illustrated with reproductions of old photographs and drawings, but the word pictures are most vivid of all.

The author, Neill C. Wilson, has succeeded in striking the happy medium between dry-as-dust history and hair-raising melodrama. The movement of his prose suggests the almost irresistible progress of the cross-country stage coach, which pushed on in spite of red devils, road agents, and high water. Generously scattered through the book are descriptions of the early mining towns, the business men who managed banking and transportation, and especially the drivers and the guards on the treasure express coaches.

It is a pleasure to find a popular study of a significant phase of the Old West which is not only readable but also reliable. May the volume under review be followed by many similar.

The reprint of Professor Webb's classic study of *The Great Plains*, first issued in 1931, appears at a time of growing interest in the economic backgrounds of western life. Although it contains many exciting stories of courageous pioneering, its chief value lies in the clearness and the completeness with which the scholarly author presents the basic elements for life itself in the semi-arid region of the trans-Mississippi West.

Most appealing to the general reader is Professor Webb's story of the part played by the Colt revolver, the windmill, and barbed wire in making possible the conquest of the plains by the white man. Following the introduction of these tools new legislation had to be developed to supplant the lawlessness accompanying the new ways.

This book is well illustrated, documented, and provided with bibliographical data. Cer-

tainly it should be in the library of every serious student of western culture. Of especial delight to this reviewer is the chapter entitled "The Literature of the Great Plains and about the Great Plains." Not alone in the matter of natural resources has there been exploitation and misrepresentation, but some of the greatest crimes against the true West have been committed in the name of western fiction.

*Levette Jay Davidson*

Tall Grew the Pines. By Sigman Byrd. Appleton-Century. \$2.

Broncho Apache. By Paul I. Wellman. Macmillan. \$2.

Sigman Byrd is a young Texan whose stories have appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. His book, not properly a novel, contains nine stories, most of them very good of their kind, laid in the town of New Hope and dealing with an interrelated set of characters.

In many ways Mr. Byrd shows a skill unusual for one of his years. His people stand out clearly as human beings, all the plots are well made, all the climaxes come off; so long as he restrains himself in sentimental situations he is very readable.

The book has little or no regional value. In the first story Mr. Byrd makes a few passes at the Texas background and after that quite ignores it.

*Broncho Apache* is a fictionalized account of Massai, an Indian warrior who was captured with Geronimo, escaped the prison train in Illinois, and at length made his way back to Arizona. There, before he could settle down peacefully into his old life, he was betrayed and captured again. Once more he broke away, killing his captors. Then began a long series of vengeful raids and murders. We see soldiers sent on his trail again and again. There are many battles, many exciting escapes, a romance, and a great deal of the Sierra Madre country before the Indian is finally trapped and killed.

The first half of the book, dealing with Massai's journey to Arizona and his second escape, is excellently done. Thereafter, as the tale grows more dramatic, Mr. Wellman grows progressively more melodramatic, until he attains one or two passages which cannot be read with a straight face. The ending, however, is once again believable. There are several notable studies of Apache cruelty.

*Myron Griffin*



## HISTORICAL SECTION

*Old letters, diaries, journals, and other materials relating to the Old West will be welcomed. They will be carefully handled and, if desired, returned. Accepted material cannot be paid for.*

### THE GREAT WEST: TWO INTERVIEWS

MAURICE HOWE

*(A series of reminiscences of old pioneers, as related to Mr. Howe, director of writers' projects under the Works Progress Administration in Utah, and regional director of writers' projects in the Western states. Other interviews will appear in future issues of*

*FRONTIER AND MIDLAND.)*

#### MRS. DAVID ECCLES RELATES HER STORY OF PIONEER DAYS

A pioneer of 1867, who crossed the plains by ox team, Mrs. David Eccles, widow of one of the great industrial leaders of the west, in 1934 told of the journey to Utah and subsequent events in the development of Ogden.

"I was born in Aarhus, Denmark, January 30, 1857. My father was Christian Jensen and I was named Bertha Marie. My own mother died when I was only two years old and I was reared by my stepmother, Karen Jensen, who lived to be 94 years old. She died about 1918. My father died in 1875 at the age of 57.

"Early in June 1867 my parents, my little sister Mary, then about two years old, and myself left Denmark for America. From Liverpool we sailed on the steamship Manhattan. This was the first time that a large party of Mormon emigrants had used a steamer to cross the Atlantic.

"My father was a well-to-do landowner in Denmark and he aided twenty-one other persons to get to Utah. Some he helped for the entire distance and some for at least a part of the journey.

"On the journey across the ocean we traveled in the steerage. . . About 400 English emigrant converts joined us at Liverpool. Unlike most of the early day emigrants who required many weeks on the ocean we had a rapid trip, requiring only 13 days.

"There were only about two days of rough sea, the rest of the time being pleasant. I recall that one stormy morning I awoke unable to find my clothing and shoes. The pitching of the ship had tossed my apparel out of the bunks and down the aisles and I had to recover my belongings from a heap of cloth-

ing piled at one end of our quarters.

"I saw a funeral at sea when a child died and was lowered over the ship's side.

"We arrived in New York Harbor on July 4, 1867. The cannon were booming and the usual celebration was in progress. The following day, after we had been examined and released from quarantine, we went ashore at old Castle Garden. There I tasted my first American pie. It was cherry and full of seeds. Like Edward Box, who has written of his early American experiences, my first impression was that there were more stones than fruit.

"Next we embarked on a river steamer and journeyed up the Hudson to Albany. Our first ride in this new country was very enjoyable. All day, and as long as light lasted, my father and I stood out on deck watching the beautiful scenery and marveling at the fine homes and gardens in the pleasant green valleys along the river.

"From Albany we traveled to Buffalo, N. Y. and there we 'camped' in a large warehouse. The immensity of the building impressed me, and I thought it was a queer way to camp, all the families in one big room. There I suffered a great disappointment. Most of the older persons went to Niagara, a short distance away, to see the falls, and being only 10 I had to go bed early. I cried bitterly. It was many, many years later, in 1893 when I was on a trip back to Europe with Mr. Eccles, at the time of the Chicago World's Fair, that I had a chance to see Niagara Falls.

"Next we took a train to St. Joseph, Missouri, and from there we went by river steamer up the Missouri to Council Bluffs.

There father bought his outfit and helped many others purchase theirs. There were several returning missionaries in our party.

"The Union Pacific railway at that time had built as far west as North Platte, Nebraska, and father learned that for ten dollars each we could ride from Omaha to the end of the line and wait there for the wagons to arrive.

"The railroad equipment was very poor at that time and I recall that we sat on benches without backs. The cars, having no springs, rattled and jolted us over the newly-built roadway. I got tired and wished to sleep, so I stretched out on the floor under the seats. I remember the conductor kicking my feet, which were sprawled out into the aisle.

"We had to wait three or four weeks at North Platte before our outfits arrived. There were about 600 or 700 persons in the emigrant train, in charge of Captain Leonard G. Rice. Our company was the first large independent company of converts to come to Utah. Up to this time the church had always sent wagons and teams and other assistance to companies crossing the plains, but this year no aid was forthcoming.

"Father had a fine outfit of three wagons with four oxen yoked to each wagon. Although father had never driven oxen in Denmark and knew nothing about them, he soon learned. He had purchased a big Texas long-horned steer that frightened us at first.

"New to the country, and easy prey for a trickster, father had bought a brindle ox with no teeth. He did not know that the buyer should inspect the teeth. The ox was healthy but had a hard time feeding because he couldn't chew the tough grass.

"It fell to my lot to care for the ox. Father bought a quantity of damaged flour from an army post, and mother baked this into bread for the ox. Whenever we passed green herbs or weeds I gathered as much as I could, and a few times we passed little patches of volunteer corn that had sprung up from a few kernels spilled when freighters had fed their teams the preceding year. I gathered these young corn stalks and thus got a little tender forage for the toothless ox. Every time the wagon train stopped it was part of my duty to feed the animal a piece of bread. Each evening we fed him at the

wagon before turning him out with the others. In that way we got that ox to Salt Lake valley in as good condition as any of the stock, and he worked in the yoke every day but two when father hitched up a milch cow in his place.

"Another job I had was the collecting of dried buffalo chips for fuel. We always had a sack of them hanging on the side of the wagon on the plains.

"No buffalo were killed by our party but we did see a big herd coming towards us one day. We were fearful lest they stampede into our train and frighten the cattle, but just as the herd got within a few hundred yards of us the leaders veered off to the east and passed around our party.

"The weather was good most of the time; and since we had plenty of food, we did not suffer any particular hardships as many of the pioneers did. No Indians disturbed us.

"I recall that one woman died during the journey. Another time one of the men was accidentally shot by a rabbit hunter. We halted a day or two to attend to his wounds; but, after suffering for some time, he died and was buried along the trail. After that the men were forbidden to do any hunting in the vicinity of camp.

"Whenever possible our camps were in grassy flats along streams or near springs. I always detested camping in those sticky, yellow weeds that infest much of the west.

"At that time I had not learned the English language and consequently do not recall the names of all the places along the route.

"I remember one time, when the wagon train was near a large mountain that looked as if it had been split, something broke on one of the wagons and the men halted to fix it. The women and girls walked on ahead expecting the wagons to come up soon.

"We walked for a long time; and, as the day was hot, we got very thirsty. Soon we were out of sight of the wagon train and we could find no water. Then off in the distance we saw a group of tents and a man near a little ditch. We went over and made signs that we were thirsty and he gave us some milk to drink.

"One of the men there took a fancy to me, the only little girl in the group, and tried to get me to go with him over to a

group of buildings nearby. Finally my father and some other men came riding up on horses searching for us. I was glad to see my father. The man still wanted me to go with him, so father nodded that it was all right and the stranger took me by the hand. Just as we got near the buildings I could see soldiers drilling in a courtyard of the garrison and I was frightened. I remembered the war between Germany and Denmark and the coming of the soldiers in 1866. When we were almost to the fort I pulled my hand away quickly and ran back to my father. The man went on to the fort and came back in a moment laughing and presented me with a big bag of stick candy which he made me understand I was to divide with the others.

"There were several cows with our livestock so we always had milk and butter along the way. We used to average about ten miles a day and I believe that I ran an extra five miles trying to gather feed for the toothless ox or buffalo chips for our evening fire.

"Once I nearly stepped on a rattlesnake. A teamster yelled 'Jump!' and I jumped.

"In the evenings the older people played games and danced to music, but I was usually busy helping my mother in camp and then I had to go to bed early.

"We traveled up the Platte river, then up the Sweetwater and over South Pass, down to Fort Bridger and then through Echo canyon, and over the mountain to Emigration canyon and down to Salt Lake City, arriving there October 5, 1867, just at Mormon conference time.

"We attended the first conference services held in the newly completed Salt Lake tabernacle, and I recall how the organ attracted us.

"Father sold his outfit and bought a farm in Huntsville. There was only a log house on it. The house had a dirt roof and six panes of glass. Coming through the eastern states, my mother had seen many fine homes and she admired those painted white with green shutters and trimmings. She often said, 'That is the kind of house I shall have when we get to Utah.' But she was very glad to have even a log house after the long journey.

"The following year father and mother and I mixed mortar and white wash and plas-

tered the inside of the cabin. Father shingled the roof. Three years later he built a brick house, which is still standing. Mother lived there the rest of her life.

"My brother, Peter M. Jensen, was born there.

"I remember the rough road through Ogden canyon. We had to pay a toll of 75 cents for a loaded wagon and 50 cents for an empty one to make the round trip through the canyon in those days. A man named Dinsdale was toll keeper and he lived in a cabin near the mouth of the canyon.

"Father had purchased our farm from Joseph Parry. After selling his oxen he bought the running gears of a wagon and a team of horses from Bill Kelly.

"The winters were very cold in Ogden valley. I went to school at Huntsville.

"I remember that Indians used to come and camp on the south side of the Ogden river where the old road went over the hills to Peterson. In the early 70's we fought swarms of grasshoppers, so thick that they darkened the sun. It was difficult to raise enough to eat.

"I worked for a time at the home of Mrs. D. H. Peery. On December 27, 1875, I married David Eccles who came to Utah in 1863 from Scotland. Mr. Eccles was born in 1849 and lived until 1912.

"Mr. Eccles lived with his parents at Eden when they first came to Utah and his father ran a lathe and wood-turning machine. While still a young boy he used to make trips by team down Ogden canyon to Ogden to sell rolling pins made from native woods on his father's lathe. He also hauled logs and wood for fuel from the mountains.

"Later he established a lumber yard with entrances on Lincoln avenue and on Twenty-fourth street where the Anderson lumber yard is now located. We lived in a house on the east side of Lincoln avenue (then called Franklin street). The site is now occupied by the Bamberger Electric railroad tracks. Twenty-fourth street used to be called Fourth street.

"When my sister, Mary, grew up she married William Emmett, who was the finest band leader Ogden ever had.

"Mr. Eccles used to have sawmills back in the forest on the headwaters of South Fork and also by Monte Cristo. Many of the older

houses in Ogden contain native pine lumber cut in his mills.

"About 1899 we bought this house at 2580 Jefferson avenue. It had been built about six years previous by a man named Armstrong, who married a Miss Dee.

"Sometime in the eighties, Mr. Eccles extended his lumber interests into Oregon. He first bought a mill on North Powder river, Oregon, from a Mr. Hall. Then he went into the Hood River country. He also had a mill in Pleasant Valley, Utah, near Scofield; a mill in Idaho and at one time had two in Washington.

"Mr. Eccles served as mayor of Ogden in 1887-1888, if I recall the dates correctly. Previously he served on the city council. His term as mayor was followed by that of Fred J. Kiesel.

"The beards on the men celebrating Pioneer day remind me that when Mr. Eccles was mayor he was prevailed upon to grow a beard, as many people said he was so young he needed whiskers to lend dignity to his appearance. So he grew a beard and had his portrait painted. That portrait should still be in that collection at the city hall.

"Sometime prior to 1900, Mr. Eccles became interested in the sugar industry. I remember a group was attempting to interest him in a sugar refinery down in Sanpete county. Finally he said, 'If a sugar mill is a good thing for the people of southern Utah it ought to be a good thing for the people of Ogden so I will build one here.'

"That was how the Amalgamated Sugar company was started. I believe he put up at least one-half of all the necessary funds for the first factory here.

"Later he established a factory at La-

Grande, Oregon; Logan and Lewiston, Utah; and Burley, Idaho.

"Mr. Eccles was always active in promoting industries and developing the resources of the country. He promoted the Utah Idaho Central railway, the Sumpter Valley and Mount Hood railway, the Logan City street railway, the railway line in Ogden canyon and he was interested in the Los Angeles and Salt Lake line. He had ranch properties in Utah and Nevada, coal mines in Utah and Wyoming, and the Eccles building here in Ogden, hotel and bank in Logan and was president of the First National Bank of Ogden.

"During his term as mayor he was active in straightening out the affairs of the Ogden City waterworks system, which had been in private hands some time previous, and he helped secure the property for the citizens.

"I recall that when Mr. Eccles was building the railroad line in the canyon he was advised that the line would not pay. His answer was, 'Well, I traveled up and down that canyon on wagon and on horseback and suffered so much from the cold in past years that I would like to provide a more comfortable means of transportation for the people of Ogden valley.'

"When he was a young man, he froze his ears one cold day in the canyon and had to dip river water on them to thaw them out.

"He was always a believer in the great possibilities of the West and he worked for the development of the county. He was interested in the Utah Construction company and helped that company get the contract for building the Western Pacific railroad.

"Since my first journey in 1867 I have been to Europe five times."

## MRS. PEERY, AT AGE OF 88, RECALLS HER PIONEER DAYS

A resident of Utah for seventy-one years, a pioneer of 1864 and a member of one of the most prominent families in Ogden since 1866, Mrs. D. H. Peery, 88 years old in 1934, tells of her experiences in the early days of the West.

In her interview in 1934 Mrs. Peery said: "I was born on Friday, January 13, 1846, but the day did not prove unlucky for me. My parents, William E. Higginbotham and Louisa Ward Higginbotham, were in Nauvoo, Illinois, at the time of my birth, but owing to

the persecutions of the Mormon people they returned to Virginia, their native state. I was named Elizabeth Letitia Higginbotham.

"I was raised in Burke's Gardens, Tazewell county, Virginia. We lived there peacefully until the Civil war. Mr. Peery, whose first wife was my sister, Nancy, had a farm and store at Clear Fork, Virginia. He and my brother Simon enlisted for the Confederacy under Colonel Swan, who placed them in the commissary department.

"In 1862 the Northern soldiers came into

Virginia and burned the store and farm buildings and did a great deal of damage. My sister Nancy died during a typhus fever epidemic. By 1864, my folks deciding to go west to Utah, my husband and brother hired substitutes to take their places in the army and we started out.

"My father had died in Virginia. The party consisted of my brother Simon, my brother Frank, my mother, Mr. Peery, and his little daughter Letty aged four, Oscar Harman and myself. When Letty grew up she married C. C. Richards.

"Simon was sent on ahead to Missouri to buy oxen and prepare for our journey across the plains. The rest of us with our belongings in two wagons started out to cross the mountains. Colonel Swan of the Confederate army sent a party of soldiers to guard us from guerillas and robbers until we reached the last of the Southern lines.

"One night while we were traveling through the hill country of Kentucky, we were attacked by robbers. Our screams brought a neighbor whose presence frightened the desperadoes away, but they took a trunk which contained all the belongings of my dead sister.

"We took a flatboat down the Sandy river to Picketown, Kentucky. Then we traveled down the Ohio and up the Missouri river to Omaha by steamboat. Due to many marauding bands of guerillas, I recall that the steamer would put out its lights at night to avoid capture.

"At Omaha we awaited my brother Simon with the outfits. After camping two weeks at Fort Kearney, we started out across the plains. A party of Missourians going to Oregon joined our party. There were about twenty wagons in the train in charge of Captain William E. Pritchett of Virginia. There is an interesting story regarding the election of Captain Pritchett.

"At the beginning of the journey it was decided to elect a captain, as was customary with all parties traveling in the wilderness in those days. Our boys were not familiar with oxen nor western ways so they decided to elect an experienced captain who had formerly lived in Virginia, Mr. Pritchett. The Missourians put up another candidate, but our man won.

"The Missourians were then disgruntled

and said they wouldn't travel under a Mormon captain, so they took their wagons and started off by themselves after they had tried to start trouble in camp. They had named their oxen after leading Mormons and thought they could pick a fight with our men by insulting us. We let them depart and did not see them again until some weeks later when we came upon them one day in the Black Hills.

"During an Indian attack, all their livestock had been taken away and they were a very contrite, forlorn, stranded group of people.

"We had plenty of cattle with our outfit so Captain Pritchett directed us to share with the Missourians. We let them have enough oxen to pull their wagons as far as Green River, Wyoming, where they purchased enough stock to get them to Oregon.

"We didn't get any buffalo on the plains, but we had plenty of good food except fresh vegetables. We had fine outfits and were equipped with sheet iron stoves and we did not have to sleep on the ground. We had spring beds in the wagons. We slept on featherbeds.

"For provisions we carried hams, bacons, dried beans, dried fruit, sugar, coffee, tea, flour, corn meal, rice and canned goods. We had two milch cows with us, hence plenty of thick cream for our coffee each morning. Mother carried a tin churn. We would place the cream in the churn, and the jolting of the wagon would churn it into butter during the day's travel.

"When we ran out of wood to burn we used buffalo chips for fuel. When they were dry they made a good, hot fire. Mother baked sour dough and salt rising bread in our iron stove.

Pioneer life was not always attended by hardships and hunger! Here was an outfit that was well equipped and enjoyed good meals, good beds and easy traveling all across the plains in 1864. A veritable picnic!

"I remember we craved fresh vegetables very much. When we got to Echo canyon we met a teamster with a load of potatoes and onions. I was so eager for some fresh food that after we had purchased some vegetables, I took a big onion and sat down under a tree and ate it raw.

"While we were on the plains we always

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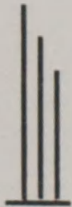
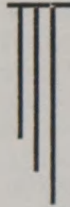
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stopped on Sundays. We had some trouble with the Indians in the Black Hills. We had stopped near a fort while a train of freight wagons we were following kept on.

"Sue Pritchett, the captain's daughter, was a very fine looking girl with pretty tan skin and dark hair. Two Sioux Indians came riding up and were admiring Sue. Oscar Harman jokingly asked them if they wanted to buy 'that squaw.' They replied they would gladly give two ponies for her and turned to get the horses.

"A teamster nearby said to Oscar, 'Well, now you will have trouble, because Indians do not joke with white men. They think you mean what you say.' Sue ran and hid in a wagon. The Indians came back and parleyed and were angry when they could not get Sue. They went for a war party and we were afraid of an attack.

"All day we traveled along while the men kept guard. When we were about two miles from a stream the Indians tried to attack us, but apparently were afraid of the constant vigilance of the armed white men. Soon we came to the camp of the freighters and numbers left us safe from attack.

"A wagon train ahead of us had been attacked and a boy shot with an arrow while he was herding the company's livestock.

"Shortly after that we met a war party of two or three hundred Arapahoe Indians who were going to fight the Sioux. They were friendly to us and asked where the Sioux were located and then departed. We felt the Lord had sent the Arapahoes to protect us.

"I remember seeing Independence Rock where the names of the old trappers, explorers, soldiers and pioneers were carved. We also saw Jim Bridger, the scout, at his fort on Black's Fork river, Wyoming. He had an Indian squaw for a wife.

"We got into Salt Lake City by way of Emigration canyon, September 1, 1864. Although I had been back east to Virginia by train many times, I had never been over the old trail as far as Echo by automobile until last autumn. Then my sons took me in a car to Echo, Coalville, and down through Parley's canyon. It was almost 70 years since I had seen some of the old camping grounds along the trail.

"When we got to Salt Lake in 1864 we stayed with a friend in Cottonwood for a month and then went down to Provo where some other friends named Robey lived. Mr.



Robey helped my father build a log house at Midway, near the Hot Pots, not far from Heber City, Utah.

"We didn't like the climate there. The winter was very cold. We didn't see a fence all winter. The following spring I married David H. Peery, April 10, 1865, in Cottonwood. Elder Farr, the father of Lorin Farr, performed the ceremony. A year later we had a ceremony in the Salt Lake Endowment house. My son Henry was born in Cottonwood in 1866. That autumn we moved to Ogden.

"We lived in an adobe house on the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Washington avenue until 1868, then we moved to a house where the Egyptian theatre now stands. This house, too, was of adobe. Washington avenue was called Main street then.

"Mr. Peery started in business then. He bought the general store owned by Bishop West. Later Mr. Peery built a store where the Egyptian now stands, but it burned.

"Sometime in the '70s we moved to an adobe house on the bench where the White City is located. Later Mr. Peery built a frame house and then he built the Virginia, a fine big house of red sandstone on the corner of Adams and Twenty-fourth street. We entertained many famous people, including Brigham Young and William Jennings Bryan. Sure, Mr. Peery liked company: we had a house full most of the time. Thirty years ago I established a home in the Ogden canyon.

"Mr. Peery was well educated, having attended college in Virginia. When he was a young man he taught school there for \$400 a year. He succeeded in handling a school of unruly boys after all other applicants had given up. One day he gave some of them a licking and a Mr. Whitton, a member of the school board and father of some of the boys who had been punished, congratulated Mr. Peery for his discipline.

"Mr. Peery served on the city council and was mayor of Ogden. He took an active part in business in Ogden, as a banker, flour mill owner, store owner and real estate operator. He died in 1901 at the age of 77.

"I have had ten children, David, Henry, Joseph S., Nancy May, Horace, Eldredge, Elinor Virginia, John Harold, Mrs. Elisabeth Louise Fulkerson, Francis Simon, Louis, and Harman Peery, the present mayor of Ogden. Five are still living."

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State of Montana, County of Missoula—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of the Frontier and Midland, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Managing Editor, H. W. Whicker; Business Manager, Grace Baker.

2. That the owner is: Harold G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

H. G. MERRIAM, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of October, 1936.

E. J. THOMAS,

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