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FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Volume 19

Autumn, 1938

Number 1

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Western Folkways

SOUTHERN PLAINSMEN,¹ by Carl Coke Rister, is announced for October publication by the University of Oklahoma Press.² For the writer and the reader of Western Americana, here is a needed and new approach to life in the early west. In no other region were the influences affecting the folk-pattern similar: when once the pioneer had adapted himself to a strange environment, he became a plainsman, perhaps not superior but unlike any other regional character. During the settlement period, these plainsmen—whose territory was bounded by the Platte and the Rio Grande, the Mississippi and the Rockies, 300,000 square miles with few trees and sand-choked streams, used barbed wire, adobe and sod instead of the conventional wood of earlier frontiers. All of this set a pattern for a new civilization. This was the country of the most famous of the frontier types: the buffalo hunter, cowboys with trailherds up from Texas, bullwhackers with covered-wagons, land speculators, ranchers and homesteaders, and well-mounted Indian raiders—people who through necessity and isolation developed a culture and way of life unique to American colonization. It is the incident, anecdote, the social history of the region that Carl Coke Rister portrays—an exceedingly satisfactory and meaty book for any western book shelf. See your bookseller, or write the Press.

¹\$3.00.

²Norman.

Announcement

You Will Want to Read all Issues
of **FRONTIER AND MIDLAND**
This Year.

WINTER NUMBER—off the press on December 10—All prose and verse in this issue, aside from book reviews and historical material, will be supplied by writers on **THE FEDERAL WRITERS' PROJECT** of the W. P. A. Contributions will be received from writers all over the United States.

SPRING NUMBER — A FRANK BIRD LINDERMAN issue. Linderman, author of about twenty books about Indian and early day prairie life including **Indian Why Stories, Lige Mounts, American and Red Mother**, died in May, 1938. In him the West lost an authentic interpreter of its life. He left several manuscripts, some of which will be printed in this spring issue of **FRONTIER AND MIDLAND**, to the pages of which he was a frequent contributor from 1920 to his death.

SUMMER NUMBER—All material in this issue will be written by **PACIFIC NORTHWEST** writers. A significant feature will be a journal kept by a ranchwoman during the early nineteen-thirties.

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LITERARY NEWS

Under the editorship of Grace Stone Coates

Eric Lundberg, co-owner of the Atlas Bookshop, and dealer in rare books, has moved his business from New York City to a 150-year old house in Vermont. He will conduct his rare-book business by mail.

A. W. Peach, President, Better Library Movement of Vermont, writes as a biased witness to the *Satrevlit*: "... we have here in Vermont the first state-wide public library service in just what the phrase should mean and not in mere library jargon. . . . Vermont has its Vermont State Library. . . . It has also its free public Library Commission with its library to which residents, native and summer, may 'write in' for books or come and find a highly competent staff ready to serve them; and the service covers about every request that the mind of man can conceive in relation to books and requests that have only a dim relation to the human mind. In addition, beginning this month, the entire state will be covered by book-wagons—automobiles designed along original Vermont lines for carrying books."

Regionalism from the standpoint of integration rather than separation is the thesis of *American Regionalism*, by Howard W. Odum and Harry Estill Moore (Henry Holt & Co.) "They start by devoting 253 pages

announcing

NEW DIRECTIONS 1938

Edited by James Laughlin

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New Directions again presents the new work of the most interesting experimental and creative writers.

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Among the contributors: Patchen, Eleanor Clark, Lechlitner, Maas, Charles Ford, MacLeish, O'Reilly, Zukofsky, Saroyan, Delmore Schwartz, Laughlin, Pound.

An innovation this year is the section "New Directions 25 Designs," illustrated with photographs.

25 Writers

320 Pages

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NEW DIRECTIONS—NORFOLK, CONNECTICUT

to the rise and incidence of regionalism, then examine, in turn, what has been said about it by geographers, anthropologists, ecologists, economists, political scientists and sociologists, giving 141 pages to that, and close with 195 pages of description of the six regions into which they divide the country," says Gerald W. Johnson, reviewing the book in the *Herald Tribune Books*. Bringing into discussion a body of material no serious student can afford to ignore, the book, Johnson says, "is an important contribution to the debate now engaging the finest minds, not in this country only but in all the world—the debate over whether or not self-government and enduring civilization are compatible."

Patent No. 2,127,956 is for a new printing ink that dries by explosion—15 to 30 percent more covering power, 50 percent saving in time.

The celebration of the sesquicentennial of the Northwest Territory will call attention to the vital character of books and maps of that region. Lawrence C. Wroth, in his *Notes for Bibliophiles* discusses certain of these invaluable documents. He mentions a manuscript map drawn in 1674 for the Comte de Frontenac by Louis Jolliet after his return from the expedition of 1673 to the mouth of the Arkansas river; the Jesuit map of 1672; the early supremacy of the French in map making; the ascendancy of the English after 1755—when an important lot of data was collected "without design and at the cost of pain and danger and distress of body by travelers of one sort or another who would have preferred being safely at home." Worth continues his account with a discussion of the books and pamphlets of that period, convincing any reader of the justice of his comment that "there is hardly to be found anywhere a group of titles of greater intrinsic interest than this wherein are recorded the advance of the English in North America from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and their construction of something bearing the shape and size of an empire after a century of life in the original narrow fringe of settlements of the Atlantic coast and its tidewater regions."

Frontier Nebraska has its continued inings in *Golden Empire*, by Chalmer Richardson (Greenberg, N. Y.) In *Three Frontiers* Robert C. Pitzer records the migration of his family from Kentucky through Iowa to Colorado, where his father settled in 1860.

As an experiment—to see what public response there will be to Ryder's effort to present the truth as he sees it—"Far Eastern Affairs Pamphlets" are being issued from 447 Sutter St., San Francisco, by David Warren Ryder.

News from Random House sounds particularly fascinating—*The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud* the fastest selling title on their

Modern Library Giants. It sold 10,000 copies in two weeks and left the publishers with shelves empty and mouths open. The Studs Lonigan trilogy will be published complete in one Modern Library Giant the same day Vanguard publishes Farrell's new novel, *No Star Is Lost*.

The Roycroft Shops of East Aurora were sold in August by court order for \$121,000. Frederic G. Melcher, editor of *The Publisher's Weekly*, makes the sale the occasion of comment on Fra Elbertus and his *Little Journeys*. Starting as a mail-order soap manufacturer, Elbert Hubbard eventually "wrote for the popular audience with the brevity of an ad man, and gave to business men classics in a form for which they were willing to pay luxury prices."

James B. Rankin, 423 West 118 St., NYC, wants help. "Do . . . tell me about the Columbia River Expedition of 1926," he asks, continuing his labor of love on the C. M. Russell biography. "After Charlie Russell had been operated on for goiter in July he and Mrs. Russell joined the expedition and went part way with them on the homeward trip to Great Falls. Who organized this affair? Where did it go? Who made up the party?" Who will give him the information he wants?

Elmo Russ, poets' composer, gives musical setting lyrics of contemporary poets, and has included many readings of poems appearing in *Frontier and Midland*. This summer Mr. Russ presented two programs of poetry reading weekly. In January he will appear in 30 concerts in Florida, and hopes to be in the West next February.

And for brawnier entertainment—Michigan's birling competition calls the rip-roaring lumber men of the white waters from Middle West, Pacific coast, Maine and Eastern and Western Canada. Last year Joe Connor, 26-year old University of Minnesota student (forestry) won the title of "King of the White Waters" from Wilbur Marx of Eau Claire, Wisc., who had held the crown 10 years. The greatest birler of them all was Paul Bunyan who rolled logs in the swirling water with Satan for three weeks and three days before Satan lost his balance leaving Paul victorious.

Carlyle Stroub's *Muse Anthology*, long delayed, is off the press and commands favorable reviews and full space in NY literary weeklies.

A. L. Sperry's *Avalanche* recounts a life experience in the Glacier park region.

The Horse and Buggy Doctor, Albert E. Hertzler, is a book Mary Ross calls an honest and objective self-record. Its setting is Kansas.



Montana's Tourist Traffic Industry

WILLIAM J. NASH

Montana's recognition of her possibilities as a lure to year-around vacationists, has lead rapidly to the wholesale exploitation of her scenic wonders and her rich historical background. In approximately five years her tourist industry has grown to such an extent that 1937 saw her tourist total soar to one-quarter million more than twice that of her entire population. Nearly 85 per cent of the 1,333,721 travelers can be considered for all practical purposes under the general heading of "vacationists."

Slow to realize her vast potentialities in this field, Tourist Traffic may now be listed as one of the largest industries of the Treasure State, ranking comparably with agriculture, farming and transportation. The recession current in 1937 was not the major deterrant in this business as on the other large enterprises which have ever been of major importance to the state. So minor was its effect in retarding this trade that a drop of two million dollars from a 1936 total of \$30,000,000 can be interpreted as a result contrary to all expectations and even contra-seasonal.

A comparison with the mining industry is immediately enlightening. 1936 heavy production and high wages in Butte, the center of the Montana mining scene, fell in 1937 to one of

the worst doldrums this industry has ever felt. Activity slowed until in the early months of 1938 all mines were shut and men were thrown out of work by the thousands. The drop in state wage totals and the resultant decrease in buying power was immediately reflected throughout the state and especially in western Montana. Far from true in the tourist industry, though the number of visitors to the state were fewer, the average expenditure for each person jumped from \$3.88 to \$5.72 per day. This increase accounted for the relatively small drop in gross tourist receipts from 1936 to 1937.

Data compiled by the Montana Highway Department for the year 1937 in a survey of the Tourist Traffic Industry for 1937 states: "Port of entry stations located at Culbertson and Miles City showed a decrease in the number of tourists entering while all other stations showed an increase. This fact would tend to show that we have suffered on tourist business from the east probably due to the condition of the highways in our neighboring states to the east." (The port of entry station eight miles west of Missoula and in other parts of Western Montana correspondingly showed an increase last year. This year, although there has been a decrease in the registrations at the Missoula station, there have been 19,809 cars register there from June 15 to September 11; over 6,600 cars per month!)

To expand on this data, distributed by the Montana Highway department, and compiled from replies of more than 25,000 tourists, many results are highly interesting. The questions asked cover a multitude of tourist problems and impressions which they experienced while in Montana.

Of more than 250 cars entering Montana from a typical station, such as the one west of Missoula, there was an average of 3.19 persons in every car and each person averaged \$20.75 for his stay of nearly four days in the state. Almost 57 percent of these people enter the state to spend all or part of their vacations, many of whom come for the sole reason of seeing Glacier and Yellowstone Parks, and nearly all leave the state with a highly pleasant memory of the beautiful mountain scenery of which western Montana has a near monopoly.

The next largest group explained that they had come to visit friends and relatives, many adding that they had also come to enjoy their vacations fishing, swimming, hiking and motoring through the Rockies. It may therefore be said to all intents and purposes that these two groups may be included in the general group "vacationists." A surprisingly small number who came to visit friends and relatives lived with them while they were here. Of the total there were 28 percent who entered Montana for that purpose and only 5 percent of the total who actually were guests in the homes of their relatives.

The others availed themselves of the accommodations offered by hotels and tourist camps. 1,133,663 people paid lodging at hotels and tourist camps or more than 4,115,000 days paid for in those places and representing several more million dollars distributed in Montana through these enterprises in payment for food, wages and upkeep.

Of those who entered the state for the purpose of transacting business there was 9 percent of the million and a third total visitors.

Favorable comments were many. Hundreds expressed their appreciation of the courtesy shown them. Others said they liked the roads. Among the most often repeated comments were: "liked the scenery," "liked the historical markers," "will come again." A large group enthusiastically said they "thoroughly enjoyed everything" or that they had "no suggestions, all O. K."

On the other hand, unfavorable comments were few but indicative of needed improvements in towns and on the highways. The comment most often starred on the questionnaire was "not enough road signs." The other criticism most often voiced expressed a wish for better tourist cabins.

Montana tourists included visitors from every state, from Alaska, Hawaii, Mexico, France, England, South America, China, Canal Zone, South Africa, India, Cuba, West Indies and Switzerland. Californians will boost Montana for years to come as their representation led all others with Washington running a close second: 13 and 12 percent respectively. It is quite interesting to note that several eastern states sent large tourist contingents. New York and Michigan license plates were prevalent on the highways.

Illinois sent more tourists than Idaho and between them accounted for more tourists than from Nebraska, Wyoming, South Dakota. North Dakota's representation though smaller than that of Illinois' was larger than the combined total from Iowa and Ohio. 3.5 percent of the tourists called Oregon their home. Tourists from the above 12 states and Minnesota comprised more than half the total who visited the state last year.



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FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. 19 No. 1

A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

Autumn, 1938

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

FIGHTIN' COCK

LOIS IRVINE COLLINS

TROMPIN' up from my lower farm to Scot's dryland pasture. Scot's bay mare Juno is due to foal any time now, thinks I; with this here storm a-brewin' I'd best be keepin' an eye on her, since Scot's got no date on her hisself. Got no more idea of her date than a jackrabbit. He figures Juno must have fin'ly taken up with some damn' canner stud after turnin' up her bay nose nigh seven year, havin' nothin' to do with some of the finest studs in the Solace country.

Sure flabbergasted Scot an' Sue when they saw the old mare a gettin' hefty. "East, West, an old fool's best!" snorts Sue. "A ketch-colt, the flighty old Jezebel! And me always aharpin' on her keepin' true to Nick; braggin' that she's a monog'mist!"

Daughter Sue is notional. Come of her always adiggin' in them school-marm books Maw lugged West in '84.

I jest snicker—snicker and kep' my fool mouth shut. Jest let her and Scot go right on afiggerin'. Never ketch me sayin' a word. Nossir! Never git me openin' my trap to smooth over that there ruekus Scot kicked up over seven year ago—seven year last October, the damn' young fightin' cock!

Son-in-law, Scot is. Come over from the Old Country 'fore he was hardly dry behind the ears and started workin' on ranches. Worked a couple of year fer a horsebreeder over in the Gallatin takin' care of the highfalutin'

stallions 'fore he drift here to Solace in the August of '14.

Never did see a man handier with the harvest. Once he got my Crail shocked that fall I kep' him over fer the threshin'. Then I sent him around to the neighbors with a team and bundle-raek; payin' back my harvest help whilst I went on with my dryland seedin' and plowin'. 'Twas right after that I broke him in on the dryland.

Funny sort of duck, Scot. Never seem to be ketchin' the drift of the joshin' that goes on amongst a bunch of men threshin'. Kinda bashful. Careful of keepin' the burr off his tongue, too, careful as all git out—only when he's riled or flustered.

Men liked to busted a hame string, right at first, tryin' to show him up fer a greenhorn, but it didn't seem to worry Scot none. Jest kep' that there blank look on him and turned out a day's work as good as the next one. Look like they's no gettin' around them level gray eyes a settin' back in his hard-bit face sorta gentle, like a couple of doves in a blasted juniper. Time fin'ly come when the smart alecks see their smartness ain't a gettin' 'em nowhere; stop acallin' him "Scotland" and "Sandy" and "Bluebell"; settled down to plain "Scot." Suited him, somehow.

Sure savvied horses. Handle my stallion almost as good as I could myself. Cheerful cuss—always a singin'

and whistlin' whilst he's feedin' and harnessin'. Dodgin' around curryin' the eight, ten horses in the big barn. Spry as a squirrel fer all his heftiness. Curryin' and a polishin', singin' that there *La Paloma* he's so stuck on, horses a stompin' and chawin' contented in their stalls.

In sight of a week after Scot starts aplowin' fer me, I see he's agittin' dead stuck on the dryland. After all them years I'd been a dryfarmin' alone, gettin' cussed to hell-and-gone in the bargain, purty nice runnin' acrost a feller that see it the way I always had: man git up on the dryland with his five-horse team aturnin' under the stubble—stubble that ain't hardly cooled off yet from the harvest; cast his eye over the seeded fields alayin' heavy with young wheat; somethin'—somethin' powerful deep and cocky bound to come swellin' up his innards.

Sorta mockery now rememberin' the native grass arifflin' in the wind, rememberin' the first furrow my outfit turned on the dryland. Stir a man, that first slice of virgin sod arollin' from his moldboard. Like his hand and seal on a brand new cov'nant, his mark set in the clod! Rememberin' the rain, rain on young wheat green ag'inst the stubble and the fall plowin'. Holdin' the teams from the field, cloggin' the seed drill, gummin' the disks, callin' a halt to the binder. Spring and fall run-off racin' and roarin' down the courses and coulees, ragin' in the Rattlesnake Canyon like a gauge fer an outfit's glory!

Irrigated land, down there in the valley. Ain't no fool but what could git a crop down there! Look like bearin' jest comes natural to that there valley loam. Tame, mighty tame, 'long-

side the dryland. Git a crop off the dryland a man mighty near rips it out of her, sorta like that there bornin' of Caesar. Caution the things a man gits ahold of. Betwixt the Book and a man's own women folks she sure is a holy terror.

Take them suckin' colts, Juno and Jupiter. 'Twas Sue give 'em those high-toney handles. Had her heart set on that team since the day they was foaled. Why Scot taken such a shine to 'em—'count of my youngster. Sorta caught the Old Man nappin', right at first! Ideas, ideas about love and all, look like, even in them old-time school-marm books.

Pert little piece, Sue. Sixteen. Always kep' her sorta corraled, me and Maw had. Kep' her right on the home range after grade school. Give her them books and a piano; give her a slashin' good saddle horse; let Nature take her course.

Ever since she was knee-high to a grasshopper ridin' acrost the dryland. Seein' me workin' the summerfallow, seedin', harvestin', got under her skin, too, I reckon. Dead stuck on the dryland, like her daddy.

Stood right up to me, though, about that raw-boned Scotchman! Maw kinda sic her on, too. Purty cute, Scot gittin' on the right side of Maw from the very first, pettin' the cow to ketch the calf. But I put my foot down on 'em amarryin' till after Sue's eighteen—dammit-all, sixteen ain't hardly more'n a baby!

Come freeze-up Scot left the Solace country. He and Sue wrote to each other. I warn her I'm agoin' to ask to read some of them there letters. 'Course I never did, jest thought that'd keep 'em awalkin' the chalkline. But I hadn't changed my mind about them

awaitin'. Reckon I kinda thought they'd fert it, give 'em time enough. Might of known better. Stubborn tyke, Sue is. And Scot, once Scot gits his teeth in an idea he ain't never a goin' to let loose of it.

Stood my ground, though. So after while Scot got his neck bowed. Went back to Scotland. Joined up fer the war they's ahavin' in Europe. Peculiar sorta duck, he was. But I kinda missed him. Times I'd go into the big barn of a mornin', think I see him there ahustlin' around, harnessin' up and asingin' *Paloma*—sorta got me. Wished to hell I'd never stuck out fer their waitin'. Too late, then, though.

Had my hands full, anyhow, with the dryland. Toppin' the peak of her perfection. Got the valley land skinned seven ways fer Sunday. Sure kep' me ahumpin'. Yessir, more to do than go amoonin' around over that singletrack Scotch thistle.

Boom times, they was, fer this country. Gov'ment sickin' a man on to plant more acreage. Yessir, to plow up this here very land they's abelly-achin' so about now. Plow her up and raise wheat fer the Allies.

Outsiders like to broke their necks pourin' in here, same everywhere, I reckon. Purty nice, savin' the world and afeatherin' your own nest in the bargain. Tickle me, though, see the valley men atryin' their hand at it. Plowin' up the range they'd been havin' Jeeminy-fits over.

Come a day this country's fightin'. Men lookin' down the draft sheets. Figgerin' when their sons was born. The chances fer exemption.

Never see such a stampede fer land in my born days. Nossir, I swear I never did.

Full eight year I'd been dryfarmin', alone. Gettin' cussed fer plowin' up the cattle country. Tellin' me I'd ought to be rode out of the country on a rail. But I'd showed 'em. Finest wheat soil in the world, the dryland. Fallin' over their own feet they was. Patriotic as hell . . . And the rain sorta given' 'em its blessin'.

Trompin' acrost my lost dryland. Headed fer Scot's pasture. Never come up here on the dryland she don't git me; hit me right betwixt the eyes, like an old salt comin' sudden on a shipwreck. Dry as a bone here the last of April. Grass scarce as hen's teeth even on sod that never had a plowshare stuck in her. 'Count of the drouth ahangin' on so long. The 'hoppers and Mormon crickets. Wind hit the old worked land, wind only jest sorta sigh acrost her and it sends up a cloud of dust like a buffalo herd's astampedin'.

Somethin' about them clouds of dust afoggin' acrost his deserted fields that gits a man. Starts him seein' things: horses, the ghosts of his dead and gone teams. Necks stretchin', flanks heavin', plowin', diskin', seedin'—never any call fer harvestin'. A man's teams in the dust. Dust got a little thicker with each passin' season. Like a shift-in' measure, like a loco sand-glass measurin' an outfit's failure. Bound a man to his outfit, somehow. Fightin' side by side them bitter years, in the heat and cold, bankin' all you got on seed-time and harvest, done somethin' peculiar to a man and his horses. That's how she is with me and my old black stallion, Nick. How she is betwixt Scot and Juno.

Me and Maw gave Juno to Scot and Sue. Gave 'em Juno and Jupiter fer

a weddin' present. The spring of '19. Set up dryfarmin' fer themselves, those two turtledoves. Got a lease and option on the Dorgan place. Single-track Scotchman'd been a savin' up his army pay all through the war. Figgerin', ever he got back, to dryfarm', him and Sue.

Sorta proud of him, I was. Couldn't see that he'd changed much; only that he's older, sorta bleak like in them gray eyes—like maybe they's still a seein' things that ain't never goin' to bear tellin'. Purty soon, though, he gits some of these here colored spectacles and they cover up his eyes so's you can't see the bleakness. Pant legs cover up the shrapnel scars so's a man that didn't know he'd been off a soldierin' might of thought Scot had never left Solace.

Didn't let no grass grow under his feet. Nossir, settled right down in the collar. Turnin' a furrow sober and earnest, like he was maybe plowin' under more'n jest the stubble and the fan-weed. Seedin' like a man sowin' somethin' more'n jest ordinary Turkey Red. Look like the dryland hills done him good, jest to watch 'em. Like the valley was somethin' healin'. Kep' my ear cocked, couple of years to hear him start asingin' that there *La Paloma* but he fooled me. Look like they wasn't any singin' left in his gullet. Yessir, it sure did.

Minute I git in sight of Scot's pasture I see Juno. Close to the line fence betwixt my lost dryland and Scot's quarter. Down, mare is jest restin', maybe; but she's down flat and it sorta jolts me. Know Scot's got his heart set on plowin' ag'in with Juno; figgerin' quick's the drouth's broke to be up here plowin' ag'in like him and

me done together. Hand in glove we was, thicker'n thieves—up to seven year last October.

Swear I see the mare move. Cinch she ain't dead, after all. Long way acrost the fields, though, gittin' me sorta winded. Look like my old leg is afixin' to play out on me. Time a man's in a hurry when he figgers he's gittin' old.

Flock of curlews start gangin' up, minute they see me. Circlin' the dryland, screechin' and swoopin', crackin' them long crooked bills at a man like they gone clean out of their senses.

Thunder starts amoseyin', lazy-like along the Tobacco Roots acrost the river; cracks back, sharp's a rifle shot from beyond the Saber Tooth country. Goin' to ketch it comin' and goin'. Rainin' right now, sorta uncertain, like her joints had stiffened up on her, too consid'able. Sight fer sore eyes, the dryland with the rain sweepin' acrost her. Sorta tantalizin' and secret, like a woman with her long hair aswirlin' around her.

Juno gits up whilst I'm crawlin' through the barbwire. Nicker. Nicker and flop down ag'in as I come puffin' and blowin' alongside of her.

"Jeemeses Rivers! What in tarnation you lollin' around fer?" I bellers, "You bay Jez'bel, you afiggerin' on doin' anything you better git busy!" And I leans down, runnin' my hands acrost her shinin' carcass, makin' a fuss over her, way a man will. Jest kinda sigh, she does, and let go a minute, like a man does when he's under the weather and Old Doc Plymouth sets foot in the house. Only I ain't no Doc Plymouth.

Make a man feel downright cheap jest asettin' here. Waitin'. Knowin'

they's nothin' he kin do fer her—not yet, anyway.

“Git a move on!” I grumbles, “Buckle down, you single-track chump, buckle down and tend to your knittin’!”

Jest asquattin’ there beside her nature takin’ her course and takin’ her time in the bargain. The rain comin’ down slow and gentle like she was abein’ sorta tempered out of pity fer the mare.

Juno’s gittin’ along in years fer this here business. Ain’t had a colt fer seven year—not since the ruckus. ’Fore that Scot’d always brought her to my black stallion, Nick. Horse colts, every foal Juno had by the black Percheron. Standin’ joke with Scot and me—joshin’ each other over them coal-black spunky little devils; spittin’ image of their sire. Mincin’ around on them gangly legs; growin’ up into strappin’ fine geldin’s fit fer a man to tie to.

Horsekiller, dryfarmin’. And Scot was a hard worker. But I never see a man set more store by his horses; nor one that gloried more in clean summerfallow. ’Twasn’t but five, six year till he’d got him a damn’ good reputation. Proud of him, I was, ’cause ’twas me broke him in on the dryland. Done me good seein’ how the land had got under his skin. Chirked him up, too, it had—consid’able.

Recollect we was agoin’ home from his threshin’, bunch of us valley men and drylanders; Scot was comin’ back from the elevator with his empty grain-wagon, drivin’ Juno and her three-year-old geldin’. Noticed all day long Scot was feelin’ powerful cocky. We’d jest finished the clean-up on his Turkey Red—thirty bushel to the acre.

Gittin’ dusk, she was. White splinter of a moon asailin’ down to the Rockies. Heard the clatter of his outfit aswingin’ through the Rattlesnake Canyon. Heard the beat of his horses’ feet, sharp in the twilight, sorta like a tune to the muffled sound of our bundle-racks acrost the stubbled fields. Joshin’ and cussin’ the men was raisin’ Cain like they always do at threshin’s, when all of a sudden, sweet and clear she came, driftin’ up to the wheatland from the Rattlesnake—thing I’d give up cockin’ an ear fer.

Pulled up our teams, first Baitey, then Slim and me and Sharon—one after another till the whole crew’s come to a standstill, listenin’. Listenin’ with that there hang-dog look a man gits when he’s doin’ somethin’ sorta peculiar and knows it but doin’ it jest the same. Set there, quiet, every Adam’s son of us until the Canyon walls gather up the last cocky note and float her up to the moonlit stubble—*La Paloma*. Spanish tune, she is. Somethin’ about the sea, the sea and a damn’ dove. Fit in somehow, though, with the dryland and Scot as I’d first known him.

Scot took up his option on the Dorgan place, usin’ his crop money fer the down payment. Dickered to run his face at the store till another harvest. Plowed, seeded. Rustled wood and fed stock all winter. Kep’ his summerfallow clean’s a hound’s tooth all the next season. Fit to bust over his fine stand of ripenin’ Turkey Red; bankin’ on a record-smashin’ harvest. Only they ain’t no harvest. Hail clean him out, lock, stock and barr’l.

Jarred even that raw-boned fightin’ cock. That storm chargin’ down on his wheatfield. Turkey Red astandin’

stiff in the zero-hour quiet. Shudderin' from head to root in the first barrage of hail and thunder. But goin' down at last sorta gallant—mark fer a man to shoot at.

Scot borrowed money from the bank to meet his land payment and square up at the store. Clopped a mortgage on all his stock and the crop he's seedin'. Started over.

But she'd set her hand ag'inst us, Nature had. Drouth. Season after season, follerin' up the hail. Pulled up stakes, drylander after drylander. Not Scot, though. Single-track, Scot is. Couldn't of found a better dryfarmer; but he fin'ly gits to the end of his rope, start diskin' her in, sorta desperate. Not that I blame him. I know what he was up ag'inst.

'Taint but a matter of time till Scot's rustlin' work in the Butte mines all winter and comin' back to Solace in the early spring. Plowin', summer-fallowin', seedin', hopin' year after year fer a harvest that'd put him on his feet. But they ain't ever any harvest to speak of, betwixt drouth and high winds and hail and hoppers. Still, there'd be his summerfallow, sneerin', coaxin', leadin' him on.

Hard luck git on a man's trail they's no end to the grief apilin' up on him. Ain't no range grass that last summer, but a stand of Russian thistle, second growth, sprung up on deserted summerfallow. Couple of Scot's Holsteins, jest ready to calve, bloated on that there damn' tumble-weed. Next thing he knows Jupiter cashes in his chips. And in sight of a week Juno's oldest geldin' gits hisself straddle of a barb-wire fence. Scot had to shoot him. On edge, Scot was. Hair-triggered. Why him and me had that ruckus.

Sold him some third-cuttin' alfalfa, I had. Frosted, jest a little. Scot fed it to his stock a couple of weeks. Then a rain come and souses his piddlin' little haystack plumb to the ground. Scot went right on a feedin' it. Fed wet hay before, he had, lots of times, but this here stuff was green and purty well frosted. Bloated his last Holstein. Yessir, last of his dairy magpies. Him and Sue bust out to the barn in their shirttails, they hear Old Sally astrugglin'. 'Tain't no use, though. 'For they kin stick her she's dead's a doornail.

So Scot skinned her. Mad as a hornet, he was. Hadn't paid me fer the hay yet, neither. So he skins Sally; brings her pore old hide down and hangs it on my haycorral fence. First payment on the frosted hay, he tells me.

Got me. Yessir, it sure did. Tell him to git his damn' cowhide off my haycorral fence. Git the so-and-so out of my sight and stay there.

But Scot says the hide's astayin' right where he put her, 'least till he gits the hay paid fer. Says he ain't agoin' to bust hisself, neither, but when he gits around to it he'll fetch ever damn' cent he owes me. Says when he does come, though, and that there hide's been took off the haycorral fence, some roan-whiskered blather-skite's agoin' to git the pants whaled off of him.

Oncet he'd gone and I'd cooled off a little, I see I hadn't ought to let it git my goat. Hadn't ought to flew off the handle. Not with Scot, anyway. Figger I jest let him alone, though, he'll come to his milk the quickest. Ought to known better. Sue tell him I was feedin' that same third-cuttin' to my

own stock; but he's got his neck bowed by then. All git out ain't agoin' to turn him, the damn' fightin' cock.

It kinda put him up a stump, though, about this Juno mare. Couldn't bring her to my Percheron, Nick—blind man could see that. Sue tell me he taken Juno first to that there horse acrost the river. But Juno, she's got ideas of her own—won't have no truck whatever with that high-falutin' Belgian.

Course of time Scot taken her to three, four other studs, pedigreed ones, but it never got him nowhere. That's when Sue starts aharpin', sayin' Juno's jest akeepin' true to Nick—monog'mist, she calls her. Scot finally give up hope of ever gittin' another colt out of Juno. Turn her and her geldin's—all that's left of his horses—back in the hills beyond Saber Tooth. Waitin' fer the drouth to git done with.

Feed gits so short he starts sellin' his stock cattle. Weedin' out, at first, lookin' to the heifers fer a fresh start. Time come feeds so out of sight them heifers is eatin' their heads off, so one by one he sells 'em, turnin' the money to the bank—int'rest on the damn' mortgage.

Lost the old Dorgan place. Had to quit Butte, 'count of Sue abawlin' her homesiek eyes out.

First thing I know Scot's borrowed on his life insurance. Bought up this here dryland homestead. Right 'longside my old lost dryland, layin' here low and sheltered in the big swale betwixt Saber Tooth and the Pine Hill. Goin' back to sod, now; hundred and thirty acres of plowland. Never a furrow turned on her since the first hail. Pulled out then, feller that homesteaded her.

Fences all shot and no buildin's to

speak of but a gutted log cabin. Lay-out look good to Scot, though, suit him and Sue right down to the ground. Thirty-two hundred feller ask fer that quarter, 'fore the drouth hit; Scot git her fer a song and sing the song hisself. But he know he couldn't be farmin' her yet awhile, not till the drouth breaks.

Seven year of her! Yessir, seven if she's a day, Scot been aworkin' fer the dryland, instead of on it. Got a job cuttin' timber. Then Forsaken Hope diggin's start up ag'in and he goes muckin'. Live on their new place, him and Sue, Scot drive to the mine in a Tin Liz he pick up somewhere. Strugglin' to keep his head above water; cuttin' down on what he owes the bank fer the Dorgan deal. Lookin' every season to see the backbone of the drouth abreakin'. Seein' the young geldin's growin', unbroke, to their prime. Watchin' this here Juno mare agrowin' downright old.

Yessir, seven year aworkin' fer the dryland. Sorta like that there Jacob feller; only they ain't a palmin' off no tender-eyed Leah on Scot—not so you could notice it! Singletrack, Scot is. When Forsaken Hope peter out, year ago last winter, they ain't a job around Solace man could git fer love nor money. Gov'ment, Sue tell me, try to palm off that there irrigated project stuff on Scot. Want him last spring to take up this re-settlement proposition. Gov'ment stake a man to forty acres, few head of stock and a mortgage.

Kinda like them European peasants, Scot tell her; said a man that'd ever owned his stock, got used to castin' his eye over a fifty-acre field of Turkey Red, knowin' they's another fifty,

sixty acres of summerfallow awaitin' fer his seed drill, he ain't agoin' to bust hisself to cash in on this gov'ment business.

Looked there fer awhile like the gov'ment's afiggerin' on takin' a man's dryland off of him—land that shouldn't never've known the plow they call it—pick him up by the seat of his pants and set him down, come hell or high water, on an irrigated projeck. Petered out, though, I reckon; like that there border-to-border shelterbelt business.

Gov'ment got a diff'rent notion these days, sickin' a man on to plant his own shelterbelt. Offer to help him git his land fixed up ag'inst erosion, l'arnin' him strip-fallow and contour plowin', lend him a hand storin' up the run-off; git the dried-up springs arunnin' ag'in; git the pastures and ranges agrowin'. Right today Scot's out with a bunch of valley farmers scatterin' gov'ment poison oats fer the prairie-dogs and gophers. Figgerin' next week, Sue tell me, to start a poison dustin' the Mormon crickets.

Never did see folks ahustlin' around so to beat Nature's time! Git some rain ag'in there'd be no call fer all this monkey-shinin'. Oncet the drouth breaks all these here things'll jest git fixed up by theirself. Oncet she breaks—and she's breakin'. Been mighty long-winded; hung on like grim death to a nigger's heel, but she's breakin'.

Got me soaked plumb through to the hide. Juno alayin' like a drowned rat that's been pulled through a knot-hole backwards. Bust loose, two, three hour ago, rainin' pitchforks with the tines down. Stomp out the ranges and the valley; stomp out every damn' thing but me and Juno and the circlin'

curlaws. Alone up here in a world to ourself, here on the naked dryland.

Down on the Pine Hill road I ketch the racket of a splutterin' car turnin' north from the Rattlesnake canyon. No chance of flaggin' her down now, though. They ain't no help this side of the valley. Only I'd spotted that there car when she first came out of the Canyon!

Don't know that I ever see the dryland alookin' so downright deserted. Sorta like a sea without no sail. Only them curlaws circlin' and screechin' like a passel of loco brown gulls.

Had it comin' to me, I reckon; gittin' myself in this jack-pot. Start cussin', cussin' a blue streak; workin' with the game old mare. Sweatin' like a couple of niggers at election. Makin' a purty mess, she is, of this business; sure is havin' merry hell. Done all along what I could fer her. Looks, though, like it'd be a good idea to git a man to lend me a hand with her, man that savvies horses, some husky feller, but gentle as git out.

Sorta set store, myself, by old Juno, more'n I ever been lettin' on to. Got my fool heart set on a livin' foal; countin' on it more'n I'd realized. Figgered all along, Juno show up with this colt afollerin' her—Scot—Scot's agoin' to let bygones be bygones.

Peculiar duck, but I always missed him. Seven year of keepin' tabs on him. Knowin' every move he's amakin'.

Know how he felt, last spring when his geldin was killed on the railroad crossin'. Time the cloudburst taken out his fence. Bunch got mixed up, all but Juno, mixed up with the midnight F'lier. Team he'd been bankin' on plowin' with.

Look like sorta Prov'dence, comin' acrost her. My ketchin' Old Juno, day the geldin's was butchered, standin' there, alone, at the gate to my lower farm. Last of Scot's horses—jest waitin', the damn monog'mist.

Jolt me, though, findin' Slim at the barn; waitin' in his Tin Liz to take me afishin'. Know all about the ruckus, Slim did; seen him alookin' down his nose, now, at the old cowhide saggin' low on the haycorral fence.

Sure flabbergasted me, him waitin' there. Clop on my thinkin' cap in a hurry; let on I'm s'prised as all git out when Juno shows up at the corrals and Nick starts astompin' and hollerin' in his box-stall.

"Now how in tarnation'd that wall-eyed slut git on this ranch?" I bellers, "Got a damn' good notion to git my shotgun and pump her carcass plumb full of buckshot."

Pulled the wool over Slim's eyes all right—too good: "Git a halter on her," he grins, "we'll lead her out as we go, turn her loose on the County Road." The meddlin' coot.

"Drive on up to the house and we'll eat first," I tell him, "Maw's havin' chicken and cornbread." Bach, Slim is, wild horses couldn't drag him away from that there dinner.

I shut the barn door behind me, case he's asnoopin'. Scoop up a handful of oats on my way to Nick, loose in his box-stall; fetch him a swat on his damn' old rump as he shoves his nose in that skimpy feed.

"Mind you don't upset my appplecart, you black sonofagun," I warn him; swing the door from his stall to the haycorral open. Snarlin' things up consid'able on the Jacob and Laban business.

Whilst Slim's still smackin' his chops over a second helpin', I git up from the table: "Guess I'll be gittin' a halter on that mare," I fumes, "can't rest easy, somehow, with that Jez'bel on the premises."

Tickled me, sorta, pullin' the wool over Slim's eyes thataway.

But it ain't agittin' me nowhere. Goin' to cash in, she is, spite of all I kin do. Need a man, need a man worst way, to help me.

Cussin' and strugglin'. Sicken' on the dyin' mare to do her damndest. Gittin' a foothold, slidin' and slitherin' in a reg'lar loblolly. Sweat and rain atricklin' in rivers; gittin' in a man's mustache and in his eyelashes; tanglin' him up on whether he's cussin' or prayin'. Mare give up strugglin' at last and jest lay there, too wore out fer dyin', let alone agivin' birth.

Known 'fore this the flavor of gall and wormwood. Only now she's a little sourer'n what she used to be, 'count of gittin' along in years, I reckon. 'Count of tyin' up me and Scot with that there story of Laban and Jacob's ruckus. 'Count of lookin' for'ard to the foal sorta like 'twas some damn sign betwixt Scot and me, a cov'nant, safe ground.

Know 'fore I look up, it's him acomin', sloshin' hell-fer-leather acrost the streamin' field.

Stop, though. Stop stock-still, soon's he see who's aworkin' with Old Juno. Climb right up in my gullet, my fool heart.

Then Juno rouses a little, buckles down ag'in to her knittin'.

"Git a hold here" I bellers fit to wake the dead, "Git a hold here, you damn young fightin' cock."

Git the knot out of his tail then. Never open his trap, though. Jest sets his shoulder to the wheel—husky feller, man that savvies horses, gentle as all git out. Me and him, together. Ain't nothin', look like, agoin' to stand out ag'inst me and Scot—not when we pull together.

It ain't till after Juno's arestin' easy and we're larnin' the little stud what them gangly legs was meant fer, it ain't till then we look at each other. Sheets of rain ablurrin' the whole creation. Waters ragin' in the Rattlesnake Canyon. Man could mighty near see the Turkey Red agrowin', pasture grass arifflin' in the wind. Grinnin', Scot is, grinnin' from ear to ear sizin' up that half-drownded colt betwixt us.

"Hell, Paw," he says, "hell, mon, it looks like the drooth's about over."

Know what he meant, all right. Jest give him a little dose of his own medicine: "Thought so last spring," I tells him, "ain't more'n three, four hour ago, though, dust was afoggin' off the dryland."

"Aye, but it started last spring," he says, stubborn's a mule, gittin' that there blank look on him. "Aye, around the time of the cloudburst—time the Flier met up wi' my geldins'."

"Why, dammit-all, I reckon you're right," I come back at him, "Yessir, 'bout the time Old Juno here must have took up with some measley canner."

"Canner! Canner!" Scot hollers, "Mon, mon, I ken Nick's colts when I see one." And his eyes slide into mine, sorta roost there, like they been too long from homin'.

Aimed to keep my fool mouth shut, I had; but 'twas me broke him in on the dryland. "Heard you turned down that there re-settlement proposition," I growl. "Never was one to hold out ag'inst a monog'mist. Look like jest sorta Prov'dence," I tell him, uncertain of my ground, testin' my footin', "jest sorta Prov'dence, Nick gittin' in the haycorral."

Sneak a look at Scot. Safe, ground is. "Yessir, jest Prov'dence, pure and simple. Skin a man out of his eyeteeth, though, betwixt 'em. Prov'dence and that damn magpie."

Never bat an eyelash, Scot don't, "Aye, aye, when it comes to monog'mists, Paw," he says, "they's nane tae compare wi' Pr-r-ovidence, the roan-whiskered blatherskite."

Ain't a thing from now on betwixt Scot and me but what's as safe as if 'twas in God's pocket.

ON SHIP

JULIA CHAINE ROGERS

Lifted today toward plenty,
 Tomorrow plunged into dearth—
 A man must have stout sea-legs
 To walk this giddy earth.

THE CASE HISTORY OF GLENWAY WESCOTT

PATRICK F. QUINN

Glenway Wescott, Wisconsin literary sensation of a decade ago, now 37, sailed for France this week, seeking inspirational atmosphere.

Wescott, author of the 1927-28 best-seller, "The Grandmothers," said he had been trying for two years to write a novel about New York family life and that he had about decided he couldn't write any more.

Admitting that he was once the "white hope of American letters," he said, "I know I still have lots of good taste, characterization, and the will to work, but the talent of writing has escaped me." Perhaps, he added, the perspective would help him finish the novel he's toiling on.

From *The Milwaukee Journal*, March 12, 1938

WHEN Gertrude Stein remarked to Ernest Hemingway that his was a "lost generation," she phrased very memorably and very concisely what is probably the most plausible myth in recent American literature. Before the war, the expatriate author was an exceptional phenomenon. Henry James is the only important example. But when the war was over, it somehow became understood that the place of the American writer was in Paris. I suppose there are two general reasons for this. In the first place, a group of writers who had seen service in the army chose to remain in France rather than return home. If some did come back, it was only for a brief visit. But in 1922 the *emigre* motif suddenly realized itself in astonishing fashion. In that year Harold Stearns and many of the others who had helped in the writing of *Civilization in the United States*, determinedly severed ties with a country in which they had lost all hope and interest. And so, for almost a decade following the war, the Left Bank replaced Greenwich Village

as the center of American literary activity.

The reasons for or against this literary exodus have never been made clear, nor has it ever been exactly determined in just what sense that generation was "lost." Unquestionably there was a spirit of Byronic romanticism in the air, and in the expatriates more self-consciousness than solemnity. Most of these men have since quietly returned to this country, and have tried, in various ways, to find places in the environment they once rejected. In short, it is doubtful whether the "lost generation" phase is an important one in our literary history.

But in March of this year another emigration took place, and so far from being in any sense a shallow publicity stunt, the event has, I believe, a significance that ought not be overlooked. The departure of Glenway Wescott was very quiet. There was none of the journalistic fanfare that surrounded Stearns in 1922, no *Civilization in the United States* hurled into the teeth of the American public to mark the occasion. Only by chance, through a small notice in the *Milwaukee Journal*, did the news come to my attention. It was particularly interesting to me in that I had read Wescott's books, followed the progress of his career, and was half expecting it to come to an end in some such fashion as this. He and his work make a pathetic example of a phenomenon that has become increasingly familiar in our literature. So much was hoped for; so little was given. But Wescott was not unique in this. That there is some

strange disability afflicting literary productivity in this country was long ago pointed out by Van Wyck Brooks, and more recently recognized by Mr. Robert Shafer. ". . . It is scarcely open to doubt," Mr. Shafer writes, "that an unusual number of men in the United States, ever since the days of our Civil War, have shown genuine intellectual or artistic promise which has not borne real fruit. The abilities of these men have withered after a brief flowering." The case of Glenway Wescott, then, has a wider significance than might at first be suspected. He is, as I have said, not unique but representative of a group. Perhaps it might be, therefore, that to understand his failure is also partly to understand the failure of those others like him. With that larger question, however, this essay is not directly concerned. The attempt is merely to review the books of Wescott against the background of his career, to suggest an answer why the books have declined in importance and the career has come to an end.

One more introductory remark should be made. Glenway Wescott is generally thought of as a novelist. The description is not quite accurate. Although he has written some poetry, and essays on a variety of subjects, it is as a short story writer that he should be known. He himself seems to have recognized this in the sub-title he gave his most ambitious book. He called it *The Grandmothers: A Family Portrait*, and indeed it resembles a portrait gallery far more than it does a unified and integrated work of fiction. Similarly with his first book, *The Apple of the Eye*. It appeared first as a serial in *The Dial*, and was published in novel form in 1924. In no strict sense can the book be called a

novel. The three stories that make it up are almost complete entities in themselves, and could each be read and enjoyed separately, apart from the wider context. The same is true, although in less degree, of *The Grandmothers*, and it is certainly true of *Good Bye Wisconsin*, in which perhaps the only context is the mood of the introductory essay. Aside from this matter of form, however, Wescott's work is consistent in another and more important way. His writing turns on Wisconsin as on an axis. The fact that the people he is writing about are Wisconsin people, their lives Wisconsin lives, is a fact the reader is never allowed to miss. For him, Wisconsin has become something of a spirit, animating all his work, although in different ways and with varying results. Now it is the thesis of this essay that, in the cycle of Wescott's work, from *The Apple of the Eye* to *Fear and Trembling*, the important factor is the change that took place in the author's attitude towards his native state. I think the course of that change can be followed fairly accurately in his work, and I think, moreover, that in the light of his career, the change can also be explained and understood.

I.

The uncertainty that pervades the three stories in *The Apple of the Eye* is crystallized in the story of Dan.

Life on a small Wisconsin farm was not easy for this unusually sensitive boy. The coarse, unimaginative character of his father was repellent to him; his mother's stern Calvinism puzzled him no less. Growing into maturity, "his eyes sought a friend, a confidant, an instructor, someone, anyone, to initiate him into manhood." He met Mike Byron then, and into Dan's narrow, re-

stricted life Mike came as someone from another world. Mike had gone to the state university in Madison, studied a while for the ministry, later took pre-medical courses. One year he spent in Milwaukee, working on a morning paper. But he tired of this, and returned to the university, this time to study agriculture. Dan met him one summer when he was working on an adjoining farm. Mike had read widely while in school. His experience had taught him more. Thus it was that the fundamentalist world into which Dan was being raised seemed ridiculous to him, and, because he liked Dan, he set about destroying it. It was not hard to do.

In a few weeks his [Dan's] inner life had been transformed. He relinquished his mother as a memory to the child he was no longer. . . . Mike had been substituted for her; and he seemed then less a person than a symbol of all he had not experienced. Like frost upon a pane of glass, puritanism had melted from his mind; and he looked out upon a glamorous reality which was to be his life. But he had seen one faith break up in him, and disappear; was this another myth, another bright, plausible illusion?" Dan soon found out it was.

Rosalia was Dan's cousin, the daughter of his uncle Jule, who owned the farm where Mike was working. Inevitably, Mike fell in love with her. Quietly, during the summer months, the romance went on. Dan shared in the secret, and so it was with surprise that he heard of Mike's decision to leave for Milwaukee at the end of summer. Still he suspected nothing. "Probably Rosalia would join him a little later, and they would be married. His faith in Mike made him content with this explanation." Dan, of course, was wrong. The affair had gone further than he knew. One December night, just as a snow-storm was setting in, the desperate girl

ran out of the house and down the road, but losing her way, wandered into a swamp. Dan helped dig the body out in the spring. "Mike's laughing philosophy, his exaltation of sensuality, his evil love of life, his poetry—their fruit was a little rotting body, bundled together in a horse blanket."

Wescott began *The Apple of the Eye* when he was seventeen, and finished it at twenty-three. I have sketched the main features of its plot because I think it is important to see how early in his career he became concerned with the problem that is central to his fiction. In this, his first book, it was enough to raise that problem. He says nothing decisive about it. In spite of the exaggerated lines in which the conflicting forces of the book are drawn—for Mike is clearly a symbol of all the Farm is not—the result of the conflict is by no means clear. Dan's experience had only served to confuse him.

When Wescott's second novel appeared, in 1927, Burton Rascoe said of it in *The Bookman*: "'The Grandmothers' is a novel not only with its roots in the American soil, but it is a novel of those roots and of that soil. It is a novel that gives new significance to American life." Odd, then, that such a book was written in Europe. (Wescott dates it: Paris, February 1925—Villefranche-sur-mer, November 1926). But perhaps not so odd after all. As Proust has shown, the retrospect is frequently more vivid than the experience itself, and Wescott wrote the book in retrospect. "Alwyn daydreaming in Europe, a little self-consciously a poet. . . . And for a moment the well-bred voices, the philosophies, the orchestras were swept away. For a moment all Europe seemed less significant than the vicissitudes of pio-

neers, men who were somebody's relatives." *The Grandmothers* is the story of these people, Alwyn Tower's ancestors.

But the book is something more than the conventional historical novel. It is also a sincere attempt to understand the work of the pioneers, and to understand what has become of their work, now that they themselves are gone. In terms of ideals and values, the pioneers built Wisconsin, and not Chicago, but it is Chicago that looms large on the American scene today. Alwyn Tower realized this, and, as he watched by his grandmother's deathbed, he knew that it "was a step in the wrong direction." All the work, and what there was of glory, belonged to the pioneers. To them and to their descendants, to the kind of life they had in mind, the future of America should belong as well. If that future were to be worth troubling about at all, Wisconsin must never bow to Chicago. It was some such message as this that lay at the heart of *The Grandmothers*. Truly it gave, Burton Rascoe had hardly exaggerated, new significance to American life.

Yet in spite of the solid accomplishment of this book, it did not mark the end of Wescott's literary development. A collection of his short stories appeared in 1928, prefaced by a long and illuminating essay. Both the book and the essay were called *Good Bye Wisconsin*. No other title could have been as appropriate.

In themselves the stories are not important. They lack at once the earnestness and sincerity of Wescott's first book, and the warmth and conviction of his history of the Tower family. They are marred too by a display of an impressionistic technique, which he had

formerly used with wisdom and restraint, but which has here become his chief concern. But, as I have said, the stories themselves are secondary. It is the introductory essay which is the most important thing in the book.

Good Bye Wisconsin has been called, and with good reason, "the saddest leavetaking of one's homeland on record in all literature." In a tone of ironic pity, which he maintains steadfastly throughout, Wescott has left a pathetic account of his return home after a long stay in France—a return, however, that was more a prelude to departure. "How much sweeter to come and go than to stay," he writes, "that by way of judgment upon Wisconsin." His native state had become meaningless to him; its people moved in a universe different from his own. This at least had been made clear: his place, wherever it might be in the world, was no longer in Wisconsin. Wescott himself has explained it all expertly enough:

They keep looking at my cigarette-lighter, my gloves, my tight black cap, a Basque *beret*. . . . So I offer them cigarettes; they look at the mark; and out of timidity I open Mann's *Hochstapler Krull*. If this were Europe I could have told them I was a writer, which would have been an end of it. . . . I . . . close Gide's *Les Nourritures Terrestres*, which I had begun to read; my life of the rest of the year will get under way all too soon. Two young women across the aisle try to discern what my book is; theirs is a novel about Helen of Troy. . . . So I decide that the novelist who is or wishes to be anything of a poet will avoid such problems as, for example, Wisconsin is now likely to suggest. . . . I should like to write a book about ideal people under ideal circumstances. . . .

In 1931 Glenway Wescott set out with some friends on an automobile tour of central Europe. His last book, *Fear and Trembling*, was the result. In this collection of fifty essays on topics as various as "History is Like a Tree,"

"Democracy is a Failure," "What is God," he has recorded his reactions to the modern world in general. Most of the essays are short out of all proportion to the weighty subjects they undertake, and yet the longer ones tend to be rambling and incoherent. The fact is, Wescott has little of importance to say precisely because nothing anymore seems particularly important to him. Perhaps there is one exception. If a man from Mars, he suggests, were to visit the earth, and demand an account of why we hold on to life, what we see in it of value for us, how would we answer him? His own reply is significant. "We four at least felt that we knew a good answer, one word, four letters: BACH." Otherwise, he confesses, life were a sorry business indeed.

II.

At this point it is necessary to open a long parenthesis.

Few of the theses that were advanced by Spengler in his *Decline of the West* have been allowed by other historians to be either true in the speculative order or fruitful in the practical. The pessimism that was almost a pathological condition in the man worked to bias his otherwise brilliant work and render it hopelessly subjective. There is one concept, however, which, though it did not originate with Spengler, received its ablest formulation at his hands. This is the distinction between Culture and Civilization, and it has proved itself both valid and useful in the field of cultural history. Now of course in ordinary usage no distinction exists. The two words are synonymous; the special meanings Spengler assigned to each are, admittedly, arbitrary. But with the basic question this matter of language has nothing to do. The real question is whether or not

Spengler was right in saying some kind of distinction was necessary. It has been generally conceded he was.

Culture and Civilization are alike in that each stands for a certain mode of life in a given human society. They differ according as how the mode of life is different. Together they represent the two stages into which the history of any society may ultimately be divided. The Culture stage comes first, evolving eventually into the stage of Civilization. Western Culture came to an end with the Renaissance, according to this theory; and modern history is the record of the growth of Western Civilization.

Culture and Civilization are each recognized by a set of clearly defined characteristics, exactly and totally opposite. In the Culture, the bulk of the population is agrarian; the Civilization is the age of great cities. The integrity of family life is held sacred in the Culture, and the birth rate is on the rise. Under the conditions of Civilization family life becomes a memory and the birth rate constantly declines. The ethics of the Culture are codified, rigorous, and unquestioned; but under the relativist outlook of Civilization, codes disappear and ethics become relaxed and individualistic. Absolutist, authoritative religion is the religion of the Culture; but fundamentalism is the enemy of Civilization, and dogma, morals, and liturgy are each radically modified. Nationalism strongly pervades the Cultural spirit; Civilization is the age of the international mind. These examples might be continued, but for the purpose of this essay those given will suffice, and it is here that the parenthesis comes to a close. I have been careful to clarify this Spenglerian distinction adequately because I believe we have in it the best

available key to an understanding of Glenway Wescott.

He, clearly, was the product of a Culture society. Descended from six generations of farmers, brought up in a small Wisconsin town, he became thoroughly familiar with the qualities inherent in rural life. On the other hand, he was not blind to its defects. *The Apple of the Eye* is proof of that. But in spite of its strong criticism, it is impossible to take *The Apple of the Eye* as a condemnation of the kind of world it describes. Wescott is confused, undecided, certainly. Yet he saw the issues plainly enough, and knew that the kind of life and the kind of philosophy Mike stood for could only result in destruction. If he was aware at the time of no clear case for Culture, he had not, at any rate, put his faith in Civilization. He was to do the first of these things in *The Grandmothers*, and write his finest book. He has since done the second, and discovered he can write no more.

It was in *The Grandmothers* that Wescott reached a temporary solution of the problem confronting him. In a first, hurried reaction from his contact with a Civilization society, as "the well-bred voices, the philosophies, the orchestras were swept away," Wescott remembered his Wisconsin heritage, and its meaning for American life. He decided for Culture then, and his entire book is both praise and argument for the kind of values a Culture holds dear. Unfortunately, he was not to keep this conviction for long. With continued residence in Europe, the well-bred voices, the philosophies, and the orchestras began to have their effect on him. His early faith began to fade. Something more mature, more sophisticated took its

place. Civilization was at work, shaping his ideas in different moulds. Thus it was that when this man in his Basque *beret* returned to Wisconsin in 1927, reading his Gide and his Mann, the place and people he had once understood so well had become enigmas to him. For through the eyes of Civilization the life and ideals of a Culture must appear crude and shallow. So it was with Wescott. "I should like to write a book," he said, "about ideal people under ideal circumstances." His real problem is humbler and goes deeper than that. More exactly, as Wescott probably realizes by now, his problem is to write about any kind of people under any circumstances.

What happened to this man, therefore, seems to me to be this: The product of a Culture, and gifted with a fine insight into the nature of that Culture, he has attempted the life of an artist in the world of Civilization, and failed in that attempt. For a moment all looked well. But when he wrote *The Grandmothers* he was still thinking of and believing in those very things he had renounced. When *Good Bye Wisconsin* appeared, it was obvious that Civilization had won. The result, if we are to judge by *Fear and Trembling*, and, more recently, his late emigration to France, is that creative talent has died in Glenway Wescott. He seems uprooted in two ways. Culture has become meaningless to him, but he has not been quite at home in Civilization either. The issue before Wescott at the present time is whether or not he can strike his roots again, and find his place in the world. Unless he does that, it is hardly likely he will redeem the promise that ten years ago seemed so great.

PRELUDE TO EXILE

CHLOE GARTNER

IT was nearly dark with the rain and coming winter when we reached Karl's. He heard the car and came out cautiously, peering through the rain at us.

"Hello," I called. "It is I, Hans, Karl." I got out of the car and dashed up to the porch and shook off the wet.

"Oh, you," he said and looked at me through his thick glasses.

"I'll leave the car here," I explained.

"Of course, of course," he said slowly. "They have identified you then?"

"Yes. They are going to arrest me."

He shook his head at the floor and sighed. "You are going to Gerhardt? Yes. That is right. You had better hurry. No need to stand here talking. You must get there so you can cross the border by morning."

I followed him through the rain to the car. He seemed surprised to see Marte but he merely nodded to her. He helped me get our bags out then climbed into the driver's seat.

"There's the way," he pointed through the wood. "Good luck."

We might never see each other again and yet we were casual.

"Good luck," I replied, for he needed luck as much as I. I handed Marte out and picked up our bags. "We walk now," I said to her.

She waved to Karl, then together we started through the forest.

I had been this way twice before, but those times the Gestapo had not been trailing me. I had been alone and safe and Marte, too, was safe, waiting for me in Munich.

The rain tapped softly at our back

and the fallen needles were limp with dampness. The air was wet and sweet to breathe but it stuck in my lungs.

"We will be at Gerhardt's soon."

This was not true. The forest had just closed in behind us, Karl was still in calling distance, but I was worried that Marte was tired.

"I hope he will have dinner ready."

"He will have," I said marveling. All this time not a question. Marte was good that way. "Gerhardt always has food. All he has to do is have food ready and keep the boats."

"Oh."

Perhaps I had told her that before, but I don't believe I had ever mentioned Gerhardt until now.

We were in silence again. It was a good four hours' walk over rough country, through forest. We did not talk much. The damp heavy silence of the long-stretching wood about us quieted our thoughts and voices. After an hour or two we had a bar of chocolate and ate it sitting on our bags under a tree. But we didn't dare tire. My one idea was to cross the border as quickly as possible so Marte would be safe.

She wore a trench coat tightly belted and a silly little hat on the back of her head that made her seem ridiculously young. She had looked like that when we first met in the Tiergarten in Berlin a year ago. She was feeding nuts to the monkeys. I stopped to watch them and she smiled at me, and after that it was as if we had always known each other. It was raining that day, too. We went to one of those cellar restaurants where the food is good and cheap.

We met again the next day and every day for two weeks after that. When I left Berlin she came with me.

Even at first she hadn't asked questions. She had been shy and quiet and content to let me tell her what I chose. She asked a few questions about my life—not my present life, my life before. She saw I was reluctant to talk and respected my reticence. You never know whom you can talk to these days, and she seemed to know that.

We lived in one room in Munich, the kind with a gas jet for cooking in one corner, a wash basin in another, a bed against one wall and a table and sofa against another. It was all we needed. Mostly Marte did the cooking but sometimes we ate at cafes where my friends and their women gathered. The women had learned to be silent like Marte was without learning. They liked her and we were happy.

She never questioned my absences. She was always waiting and glad to see me when I came back, and there would be a kettle of soup on the flame, and beer and fresh cheese. She learned without being told to keep her bag packed, ready to move at a moment's notice. We had moved three or four times that year in Munich. It was safer.

I never told her, but she guessed. We never talked about it, but she knew. She believed with the rest of us and was willing to risk her life with ours.

Perhaps it wasn't fair to take her now that I had to leave. But she had been living with me and they knew that just as they know everything and it would be dangerous for her to stay. Nor could I imagine life without her. When I had gone home and got out my bag and told her, "Fritz said they are

going to arrest me," she got out her bag, too.

"We won't ever come back, will we?"

"No."

"All right," she said.

Now she felt me looking at her and she glanced quickly at me and smiled.

"What are you thinking?" She dug her hands deeper in her pockets.

"Us."

She nodded. "I, too. We met on a day like this. Do you remember?" She lifted her head back against the air. "It smells the same," she said.

"It has been a good year."

"One of the best."

"They will all be good years now," I said, meaning now that I had her.

"Yes. They will all be good years."

Her hair which her silly hat didn't cover was wet with rain and it shone almost white in the last light. I wanted to stop there in the forest and take her in my arms, kiss her wet face, and rub her shining hair against my cheek. But there was no time. I smiled at her and she understood. It was almost the same as if we had stopped.

It was completely dark when we reached the village. It was quiet with the rain. The doors of the houses were shut against the cold and the lamps lit inside. Only lines of light shone through the windows into the street. Water was running along the leaf-clogged gutters, dripping from the roofs. The air was soggy with the smell of November earth.

We left the village and walked along the lake toward Gerhardt's. The lake was black, like a great hole in the night. It lapped against the stones with an old sound.

"Should we have come through the village?" she asked.

"It is all right. No one saw us."

"How calm we are."

"Of course," I said. "We are safe."

But I wondered if we were. I wasn't sure yet. I wouldn't be sure for a long time. The arrest was to take place that night, but perhaps something had happened that they had come earlier. As soon as they discovered we had moved they would start tracing us. They would be swift and possibly certain. I would never be safe, for the work would bring me back into Germany many times, but secretly. They would be waiting for me, watching. If anything happened Marte would be alone.

The Gestapo punished first and held trials afterwards. I had seen too much of their work to feel safe. But I was calm with the kind of calmness which comes with prolonged danger. If it hadn't been for Marte I would have been perfectly happy.

Gerhardt was expecting us—for we, too, have a system. Perhaps it isn't so swift and efficient as theirs, but we must work secretly with our lives at stake.

There was a room prepared and a pine fire in the stove and a table laid for supper. Marte took off her skirt and sweater and hung them over a chair to dry, and got her old flannel robe out of her bag. Her hair hung around her shoulders and was like pale wine in the candlelight. Gerhardt bowed to her when he brought up supper, and when he came back with the beer he brought her a cup of hot wine.

We washed off the rain with hot water and strong homemade soap. Then, our faces shining with that tight hard clean shine, we ate. There were

thick slices of bread and soft cheese and potato soup so hot we had to wash the first of it down with beer. And red cabbage fried with apples and sausages and pink ham—though meat is expensive these days, and stewed pears.

"I like it here," Marte said. "And I like Gerhardt. He is kind. Why didn't we ever come here to live, Hans? I wish we had."

"Gerhardt likes you, too. He meant that with the wine."

"He is kind," she repeated.

Outside the rain dripped from the eaves. Here it was warm. I didn't like to think about going out again. After we ate I left Marte and went down to talk to Gerhardt.

"It is early still," he said calmly. "You won't leave for an hour or two. The boat is ready."

"Friedrich knows I am coming?" I was beginning to lose my calmness. My heart beat rapidly and my hands shook. I was anxious to be off. If they had come earlier to arrest us and found us gone they might be at Karl's already. And Marte . . .

"Yes. He is waiting on the other side."

"I'll make it."

"Yes. You will make it. Are you going alone?"

"No. Marte is coming, too."

Gerhardt folded his hands across his stomach. "So!" He wasn't surprised. "She is a fine girl."

"Yes."

Gerhardt nodded. "A fine girl. You will marry her someday, Hans."

"Of course," I said, but I had never thought of it before. "Very soon."

"That is right."

There seemed little enough to talk about. Other times when I had been

there we had talked the whole night. Now words came hard. Gerhardt, his feet on the fender, smoked his porcelain pipe and nodded into the distances. I wanted to get up and pace the room, be doing something. My muscles were full of strength longing to be used. Excitement kept rising up inside of me and beating against my heart.

Marte was lying in the enormous bed with the covers pulled up to her chin. She sat up when I came in and asked, "Are we ready?"

"Not for a few hours. He will call us."

"Are you going to rest, too?"

"Yes."

I put out the candles and we lay in the darkness in the wide hard bed and watched the ceiling with the wavering bands of light that came through the cracks of the stove. Outside the rain dripped. Once the fire popped and sputtered.

I got up and opened a window to hear better if a car should drive up. The smell of the rain came in. It was too dark to see.

"Marte, I'm sorry this must happen to you."

"Why, dear?"

"We can never come back to our own land. Not while they are in power. We will be—exiles." It had a strange dramatic sound.

"There have been exiles before us."

"Yes."

"You want me to come, don't you, Hans?"

"You know that."

She touched my face lightly with her hand. "Then don't worry. Sleep now."

Strangely, I did sleep and so deeply that it seemed the whole night had

passed before Gerhardt pounded on the door. The fire had gone out and the room was very dark and cold.

"It is time now," he said lighting our candles from his and casting a great slow shadow across the whole of one wall. "Shall I build the fire again?" he asked Marte.

"No. No, thank you. It will take only a moment to dress."

He nodded. He was pleased with her.

We dressed quickly because of the cold. Our clothes smelled of the dried rain. Marte took a last look at the room and put out the candles. It was a simple room. I don't know why she liked it.

"I wish we could have stayed longer," she said. She leaned out and pulled the window in and hooked it. "The pine forests are up there."

Gerhardt was waiting for us with a sack and a lantern.

"Food," he said, holding the sack to the light.

We walked down the wet path to the lake. The rain had turned to a heavy drizzle. If it were a little colder it would snow.

He felt Marte's coat. "Will you be warm enough, child?"

"Yes, Gerhardt. I will be all right."

"It is a bad night."

"It is an exciting night," she corrected.

"The Customs sleep well on nights like these," he said after a moment.

The boat was small and unsteady in the darkness. Gerhardt helped us in and handed Marte the food. He pushed off, wading up to his thighs in cold water. Then I helped him aboard and he put on his huge coat, lit his pipe, and started the motor. It made rings of sound in the silence around us.

Marte and I went into the tiny cabin. I hung the lantern on a hook in the ceiling. It was so low I could not stand up straight but Marte could. She looked at it all carefully, then she leaned over and rubbed her fingers across the red plush upholstery. She smiled suddenly at me.

"Do we have to stay in here?"

"It is still raining."

"Do you mind?"

I blew out the lamp and we felt our way to the bow of the boat. Gerhardt was at the wheel, seated on a high stool. His pipe cast a small glow around his mouth. I leaned against the door under the roof but Marte sat in the stern. When my eyes were accustomed to the dark I could see her head and shoulders black against the blackness beyond. After a while she asked quietly, "What do you call your boat, Gerhardt?"

"My father called it the *Kaiser Wilhelm*. Now it is nameless."

"I like the stiff red upholstery."

Gerhardt chuckled, his pipe tight between his teeth. Presently he said, "You will take cold sitting in the rain."

"I like the rain."

"You will take cold."

"Oh, Gerhardt!"

But she got up and came to me and touched my arm. We went into the cabin and I lit the lantern again and drew the faded curtains across the port-holes. She lay down on one of the built-in couches and I opened a blanket and tucked it around her. I blew out the lamp and lay on the couch across from her. We reached out and held hands in the darkness.

"Where did Gerhardt get this boat?"

"It belonged to his father. They

used to sail it in Helgoland Bay when he was a little boy."

"It must have been expensive to ship it here."

"They had money in those days."

"Of course, before the war." She was silent a moment. "I like this."

Once again I settled back in darkness to listen to the rain. It ticked dully on the close roof and the water of the lake sucked at the boat. The motor sounded very loud. I was sure that anyone on shore could hear it and it would certainly attract attention. But to have waited until morning before crossing would have been still more dangerous.

Time moved so slowly that it was almost as if I could hear the minutes gathering shape, hanging suspended and finally dripping off. It took a long time for enough of them to form to fill an hour.

"Marte, you're not sorry?"

"No, dear."

"Shall we get married someday?"

"Yes, Hans. And we will have children."

"Dozens of them."

"Perhaps they can be born there—home, I mean."

"I myself will row you across the lake to Gerhardt's," I promised. "The Gestapo can't object to that."

She laughed.

After that I slept, though it was not exactly sleep. I was conscious all the while of the sound of the motor and the boat's almost imperceptible sway. It was rather like being drugged. When I wakened the rain no longer tapped on the roof. Marte had dropped my hand and was breathing deeply.

I rose and went outside. It was colder now and the wind had come up. I

could hear it pushing through the trees on shore.

"Want to rest?"

Gerhardt's pipe was no longer lit.

"No. Just get me some wurst and coffee."

Marte had taken the food into the cabin and I woke her hunting for it. I stood up straight, forgetting the low roof, and bumped my head. When I swore she murmured sympathy.

"Hungry?"

"A little. I will be out in a minute. As soon as I am really awake."

While we were eating we saw a prick of light on shore. It may have been only a peasant or it may have been the Customs or Gestapo. For a moment my throat swelled and the motor roared in my ears, but the light moved away to the back of us.

"Are we nearly there?"

"Yes," Gerhardt said.

"Will you have time to get back before morning?"

"I think so, Hans. It is no later than usual."

"But I always worry."

"Thank you."

Without warning it began to rain again. Harder now and colder. Marte came obediently forward under the roof. She stood between Gerhardt and

me so that she could watch with us. Now and then she shivered. I put my arm about her and drew her close.

The rain was driven against the glass, so hard that it was impossible to see. Then it stopped as abruptly as it had begun and the wind dried the glass. I felt Marte stiffen.

"Look!"

Before us was something darker than the dark sky shoving itself up. The wet lake wind was suddenly heavier with the deep sticky odor of rain-soaked pine and sodden earth.

I remembered as something lost and irretrievable the Fatherland and the Rhine winding south and the old mountains. The streets of Munich and Berlin, and the fields of Prussia, and all my life behind me. I had known for years that this exile might come and I thought I was prepared for it. But I wasn't, and I knew that I never would be in all the years of it that I would live. I wanted to go back even if it meant being hunted, even if it meant wearing a brown uniform and saying, *Heil!* Even if it meant a concentration camp and death, I wanted to go back.

I said, "Marte—"

But there was a jar and a shudder and the boat scraped against the foreign shore.

IT WAS SUCH A GOOD SAWMILL

ROBIN LAMPSON

*James Wilson Marshall Chats About the Discovery
of Gold in California on January 24, 1848, and
Longingly Remembers the High Price of Lumber
During the Gold Rush.*

IN EIGHTEEN Hundred and Twelve, the year that Napoleon ravaged the Slav
And the French legions starved and froze in the marshes of Poland,
there was born, on a humble
Farm in New Jersey, a child strangely fated to stimulate all the
nations of the earth,—
To provoke the migrations of peoples, quicken the ships of the
world, and hasten
The settlement of a great new land.

Three quarters of a century later, in a desolate
Cabin on a hillside in the wilderness—attended only by his partner
in penury,
A mountaineer as aged and indigent as himself—he died in utter
want and wretchedness.
Then a citizenry that had long been heartless grew suddenly compassionate:
grateful too late
(But unable to put back a single green leaf on the bare, bleak tree
of his life)
They erected a monument to his memory. Now his figure, colossal in
bronze upon granite,
Stands over his grave at Coloma, on a hilltop in California, in the
County of Eldorado.

The child and the man were James Wilson Marshall, and the figure
in bronze stands facing
A level place in the valley of the South Fork of the American River,
and a verdigrised finger
Accuses the spot by the old mill where gold was first found.

THE TALE

One Sunday in 'Fifty-one

A quiet Forty-niner, an artist by the name of Gillespie who'd come
digging for gold
So that he might spend the remainder of his life painting in comfort
and leisure,
Sat sketching with pencil the fateful sawmill and its background of
denuded hills

When Marshall came along and sat down beside him. And there, as
they perched on the high bank
With their feet dangling over the tailrace, Marshall pointed out the
very spot where his eye
Had been impaled by the glimmer of that first bit of gold.

Gillespie had sketched and panned gravel
Near Coloma for nearly two years; and Marshall, dispossessed by the gold-mad
and soured
On most of mankind, had slowly come to trust this quiet, unaggressive
dauber.

The artist knew well the story of Sutter and Marshall: how avaricious
argonauts,
Turned squatters, had unblushingly seized the rich townsite of
Sacramento at the the confluence of two mighty
Gold-bearing rivers, the very heart of a fertile alluvial kingdom,
had seized it
From generous John Sutter—Captain John Sutter, the prince of New Helvetia,
Impoverished by the gold in his land.

And Gillespie knew also how James Wilson Marshall,
The wagon builder and millwright from New Jersey, seeking only the
laborious pioneer comfort
Of a frontier farm, had disastrously stumbled upon that impoverishing gold.

But he wanted the story from Marshall's own troubled tongue. So,
pretending to sketch,
He wrote while the grizzled mill-builder chatted and grumbled. For-
tunately, Marshall
This day had a wandering tongue, and Gillespie deftly directed its
ramblings.

"So you once owned two leagues of this land?" asked Gillespie.

"Aye, two leagues," replied Marshall,

"And now I can't get the Gover'ment at Washington to give me a
patent on only

A section. Just six hundred and forty acres was all that I asked for—
a measly

Thirty-sixth part of a township. Why, they still give any settler
in Oregon

That much."

Marshall disgustedly spat into the dry ditch, and Gillespie
said slowly,

"Two leagues. About how much is that?"

"A few less than nine thousand acres," Marshall

Answered quickly, familiar with the arithmetic of his bitterness.

“I don’t blame you for complaining,” said Gillespie.

“You gave the people of America so much, and they’ve not only given you Nothing in return, they’ve also taken the comparatively little you possessed.

Just how *did* you happen to discover the gold?”

“Well, in May, eighteen forty-seven,

With my rifle and blanket and a few crackers to eat with the venison—
for the deer were then

Awful plenty—I ascended the American River, according to Mr. Sutter’s wish,

As he wanted to find a good site for a sawmill: level ground by a stream,
with plenty

Of timber at hand, where wagons would be able to ascend and descend
the river hills.”

Marshall had now warmed to his story, and Gillespie was scribbling
on his sketch in an ecstasy.

“I traveled along the river the whole way. After a couple of days
Examining the hills, here at Coloma I found a good stand of pine
Where wagons could come and go with all ease. I returned to the fort,
and Sutter

Was pleased. He made me his pardner and a lieutenant, and furnished
me horses and tools

And provisions, and sent me back with six men and two wagons to set up
the mill and construct

Log houses.

“We reached this place one beautiful afternoon and formed
our camp

On yonder little rise of ground. Our first business was to put up the
log houses, for here

We intended to remain through the winter. This was done in less than
no time, for my men

Were great with the ax.”

Still unaware of the artist’s recording, Marshall
Hewed and sawed and hammered at the framework of his immortal world-
shaking story:

“The Indians called this valley Coloma; and right *there*, on the
morning of the 24th of January

In ’forty-eight, when the mill was nearly ready for ripping open
the hearts of the pine logs, I stood *there*,

Examining the tailrace.

“My eye was caught,” he said with fervor—and Gillespie
Chronieled it fervently—“my eye was caught by a shining in the bottom
of the ditch.

There was only about a foot of water running there. I reached my hand
down and picked up
The gleam. It made my heart thump, I felt certain it was gold. The
shining pebble
Was the shape of a pea and about half the size. Then I saw another
in the water
And picked it out too, then sat down and started to think right hard.
I thought it was
Gold, and yet it didn't seem to be the right color."

Breathlessly followed
The cataclysmic tale of his hope and doubt and suspense: tremulous
testings,
The quick special trip back to the Fort, and Sutter's scholarly assaying
And cyphering out of the fabulous truth—and their own doom.

"But the pieces *were* gold,"
Marshall continued, "pure gold without silver or copper alloy; and
the river
And creek bottoms, the valleys, ravines and hillsides were rich with it.
Soon the whole country

Was all in a bustle. I had scarcely arrived at the mill once again
before people
Began showing up with pans and shovels and picks and hoes, all anxious
To dig up our mill; but this we wouldn't allow. As fast as one party
Went away, another would arrive, and sometimes I had trouble getting
rid of the mean ones.

I sent them all off in different directions, telling them there was
plenty of gold
If they'd only take the trouble to look for it.—At that time I never
imagined that the metal
Was so widely abundant."

Then James Wilson Marshall was silent for several minutes.
Gillespie finished his scribbling and sat watching the desolate man.

"It was such
A good sawmill," mused Marshall with a faraway stare. "I'd have made
me a fortune—if they'd let me
Alone. For common pine lumber was selling for as much as five hundred
dollars

For a thousand board feet, in 'forty-nine and 'fifty.

"And there, stranger, is the entire history
Of the gold discovery in California." And he added, with a sigh,

"A discovery that hasn't
As yet been of much benefit to *me*."

Then he wandered off to his meagre and comfortless
Cabin, bewildered by the whirlwind which he had so unwittingly unleashed
on the world.

TWO POEMS

LUCY HOWE

I. WEED PASTURE

Upon a knoll
Backed by the restless dunes and sea
Where deep in the heart of the dandelion
The yellow-dusted bee
Probes till his body pulses
Working the pollen free,
A broad-haunched rabbit squats
Munching the wild beach pea.

Her coat is red
And torn. Her young are a cool mouse gray.
She has them sit under broad green ferns
Through the vulture-light of the day,
Aquiver with apprehension
At the tocsin of the jay.
With her now, they nibble weeds
In the cautious rabbit way.

II. COW TRAILS IN SEPTEMBER

Torn leaves
Of hornets' nest papyrus
Lie flaked upon the trail,
Gray and still and silvered
With the tracings of the snail.

The crabapple thickets
In which the birds are mute
Proffer to the housewife
Clusters of green fruit.

Mushrooms are knobbing
Whitely through the mould
Where cow dung has mellowed,
Tempering the cold.

Settled on the marsh
Where the mist hangs low
Keeping together
Two ducks swim slow.

Sand cranes
On stilts in shallow water
With the ripples circling round
Startled, flap to fogbanks
Above Thunderbumper Sound.

AMERICAN SCENE

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

Lost in a timeless dream the sycamores whisper
Over the wide cool street, and the arc-light weaves
Leaf and shadow in patterns older than Eden
While the wind grieves . . .

But the quarreling children scream and the radios blare,
The gears of the busses grind, and the sirens shrill.
Where is the gentle sound of the sycamore leaves,
What of the small sweet rain on the window sill?

The cedar, the tall young cedar leans on the wind,
The delicate shadows play on the old brick wall;
Unmarked, unnoticed, beauty is standing among them—
No one sees her at all. . .

The children run to the curb and crouch by the motors,
Purple and cinder above them the clouds go by.
Their fat and complacent elders beam on the uproar,
The toy guns and pistols shatter the sky.

The children are sleek and well-fed. These are not tenement children.
Want has not touched them, but beauty can never reach
The blinded eyes and the deafened ears. O defenceless,
O clamorous children, draw nearer and let her teach!

There are gracious words like quiet and peace and music,
There are ancient words like honor, integrity, truth.
Your parents have never heard them. Only the shoddy,
Only the loud and showy win their uncouth

Suffrage. But you—has all wonder gone from your faces?
Is there no room for a dream, no time for a star?
O holy innocents, starving where all is plenty,
O symbols of peace, whose only lesson is war!

MARTIN'S MEMORIAL

IOLA THOMAS

I never thought especially of the country being wild in these hills until the government published a guide book and people began coming past the cemetery to look at Martin Hyster's memorial and remarked about the wildness of these hills. Cars are wearing down the ruts in the road for folks leave the highway three miles east, and cut across our back lane and the railroad track. They're always flipping the pages of the guide book and searching for the words FUNERAL HOME, when they stop for water for their cars.

But the guide book hasn't half the story of Martin's memorial and I never let on I know. They all say about the same thing; about the memorial being magnificent and colossal and ornate, and one man and his wife said that it looked like an overset jewel.

I always thought the cemetery on top of the hill above our place here was beautiful, not formal with man care. It looks like a natural place of nature to be sleeping in, although the lots are filled now and no one has been buried for ten years. The banks and the fence row leading up to the iron gate are thickets of wild crab and elderberry, and leading off down the ditch is a wild plum grove. I remember Martin saying one spring (he'd come away from the section gang to eat his lunch in the tin bucket) that the plums in bloom looked like giant white caps splashed down into the ravine. He'd run away to the sea before he began working on the railroad.

Flags grow amuck in the cemetery,

covering the nearest graves and spreading out into the driveway, but I've no mind for putting them into rows. They look careless-like that way, like nature had emptied her lap of them. A big lilac hangs over the front of the first tombstone, and only when there's a sputter of wind can you read the name JOHN FLORENCOURT.

When I've got time off from my work I like to walk under the oaks through the cemetery, but my six young ones shy from the place like t'was haunted. They take after my husband in that respect, and he says that the brush ought to be chopped out, but I never mind to worry knowing he's too taken up with his corn and hogs to ever do it. It's the funeral home, Martin's memorial, that I keep tearing down in my mind, and I feel right this way, knowing the simple, kind man Martin was.

There it is in the cemetery, rising like an over-dressed stranger from the plain country and making our weather-stained house and barn look decayed as rotted fungi. The stones, though old, are of an assorted size but it can't be said that any of them stand out large and different. Instead they seem to patronize the funeral home, and I fancy them as footstools should it care to stretch out its rounded pillars.—Then blaming myself for a fool I hurry back down the hill to my garden and chickens, back to the corn straight, straight in rows. Sometimes I wish to God Henry would zigzag it in.

The outsiders all see our slate-colored mules and the straight rows of corn,

and our wild brush-covered hills where the bushes hang over the road and stop the mud from drying after it rains. There's only one chap who came that saw things differently, saw behind the front of things. He was talking about the dogwood and hawthorne trees, and helping me pull weeds out of the bachelor buttons and verbenas, and before I caught myself I was telling him how I was a wild one, cutting my teeth on a whiskey jack along the railroad and all about Martin's Memorial.

He was a likely lad, and I saw once he'd turned in the gate that he had a way of seeing things not only with his eyes but with his soul as well. Not since Martin died had I seen one with the love of things in him that way, though I've watched my six fledglings one after the other hoping they'd show some sign of it, and before Waldo, the last one, was born I'd slip away every day to the woods trusting that my baby would be a laughing one with the love of earth and plants in his blood.

And over the flower garden I was telling the lad how I was two and had slipped away through the pasture to the track, following the ring of the spike mauls of the section men. Martin said I was dragging a cattail in one hand and reaching for a wild canary with the other when he saw me first. The men thought I was brave for not crying when the cinders had cut my bare feet, and Mike Tomalin, the section boss, took up a collection of pennies from all the men but Martin, who was always tight with his money—a queer streak he had, seeing he was so kind in other ways. But I, not knowing the value of pennies, scattered them along the track and hung on to a bouquet of blue snake flowers which Mar-

tin had picked for me along the railroad bank.

The men said that when Mom came through the fence of the Lower Twenty looking for me, I put my arms around Martin's legs and hung on crying for dear life. She had a switch in her hand, but John Haire, the biggest man on the section gang, talked her out of using it as she yanked me toward home. Not that Mom was a mean one, but with nine young ones, all boys but me, and all her own work to do she didn't have time for a gallivanting youngster.

Martin said I was back to the track before the day was over, and went everyday while the men were working along the farm. I was too small to manage the heavy iron gate with the chain which opened on to the track, and I learned to squeeze through the water-gap in the ditch which only had water in it when it rained. I can remember the smell of dogfannel which grew along the bottom of it. As I got older the hole became too small for me to push through and the men built a little gate which I could swing myself, though Mike Tomalin said they'd get skinned if the officials higher up found out.

Mom got tired of trying to keep me home in the yard and finally didn't try anymore. Martin told her I was safe from the trains, the section men would see to that, though there were days when they worked too far up the line for me to ever reach them and I had to be content with playing in the pasture looking for flowers Martin had taught me the names of, or sitting in the yard hoping some peddler would pass along our road. The neighbors said I was a wild one, and that it was scandalous

and simply unheard of for a little girl to be around so many rough men. Flora Snell, an unmarried neighbor, told Mom that I had steel in my blood and would turn out hard and bad. Mom would worry after she'd gone home from visiting and would shut me up in the bedroom for a day. But I couldn't be shut up forever and Mom got so she didn't mind, seeing no harm ever came, though she said herself that I was wilder than any of the eight boys.

I liked the section men who worked on the rails with their big, red hands, and their throaty songs as they drove the spikes. They came and went in the years I was growing up, but Mike Tomalin and John Haire and Martin stayed on. One time an official higher up had two Mexicans and a limping colored man called Washington Shippey put on, but the gang didn't like it and they were soon taken off. Mike was section boss for years, a short thick-necked little man who was always the first to hear the train coming. John Haire was a handsome man, tall with broad shoulders and hard muscles like oak posts. In all the later years that he and Martin worked together they never exchanged words, though they'd started on the track the best of friends. Haire was a nervous man and as I think back I can't but remember him moving, either prying up a rail or slapping at some fly or mosquito. His shirt was always splitting out between the shoulder blades.

Martin wasn't so nice looking as Haire but there was a certain warmth in his face which came from away in, and you could tell at first glance that his eyes didn't finish seeing in his head but went on way down to his soul. From the first day there came between

us a sort of understanding, rare and beautiful, like shadows under the Solomon's Seal. We could walk together through the Indian mustard and nodding wild rye, which grew along the railroad bank often as high as my head, without speaking, I feeling that Martin had a certainty of knowing without words. We hated to see the time come when the men had to cut and burn the plants along the rails so that only the black pieces lay charred and ugly. I can remember the patch of goldenrod burned more slowly than the weeds next to them. Their burning was like a long drawn-out prayer with a sigh at the end.

"Jessica," Martin said one day when he'd found a milkweed flower—I must have been seven then—"see how this blossom on the bank is like a flame from the burning ties. It's almost the color of the oriole which nests in the cottonwood."

"But it's mostly like a weed," Mike said and laughed.

Haire set his face rigid like a crock and his nose twitched unpleasantly.

"You'll have the gal a crazy one like yourself," Mike said. "Sometimes, Martin, if it wasn't for you swinging such a hefty maul, I don't know—" And Mike looked dubiously at Martin and grinned.

I came to understand that the other men had set Martin apart from themselves. "A bit daft in the head," they said. But I, not knowing the meaning of their words, took them to myself as "wiser in the head." For surely the others did not know the tufted titmouse from the prairie horned lark, or how the butcher bird killed its prey on the thorns. Nor were they ever able to reach the rabbits while they sat up on

their haunches nibbling the sweet clover, instead of on all "fours" ready to run.

Some things about Martin came to me fast, and in a day I knew he courted quiet and loved flowers. But other things which happened outside him, over which he had no control, came to me slow, like the unfolding of a year. I never could understand why he was so tight with his money. Miserliness seemed to be tied up with unkindliness, and Martin was not even lukewarm with meanness. His smile was like a sunset spreading into the clouds of his cheeks and you felt warmer looking at it. Yet there were years of seriousness in his eyes, and you could feel that he had come up with an effort, like a seed sprout which had found the earth crust too hard.

Bit by bit, like wind-blown sourdock seed, the story of his past life was dropped—one part let out while I helped him eat his lunch beneath the birch in Lundy Lane (he was always sticking in an extra sandwich or two), another when he was tying up my toe which I'd cut on a tin can thrown aside by some fishermen who'd taken a short cut along the railroad. And I pieced together bits of gossip from the men.

His father had died just before he was born and his mother had gone around hoeing folks' gardens in the summer for a living, and taking care of the sick and doing whatever she could in the winter. They never had much, and Martin and his brother, who had the same size feet, used to take turns wearing the one pair of shoes to school in the weather too cold to go barefoot. Then his mother and brother took the scarlet fever, and when they died the neighbors buried them in "potter's

field" up here in the cemetery. It's in the corner where the red clay shows through the grass, and there are always bees buzzing around what's left of the wild flower garden Martin planted years ago. A wild gooseberry bush has taken root at the foot of his sister's grave and bears more berries than I ever saw on one bush, big things half the size of your thumb.

Martin never said how he felt about the burial at that time, but his lips clamped shut, tight like a fastened suitcase, and the first year on the railroad he'd bought a fine red stone for the graves. Mike told how the young ones at school had called Martin a "Potter's field brat" and he'd dropped out of school quite early and took to staying out in the woods and hanging around the railroad. Then he and Haire, the only young one who'd ever stuck by Martin, joined the navy.

They served their years, and Martin, hankering for his home country, had come back with Haire traipsing along. It seemed queer he'd want to come back with his only folks in the cemetery, but he was like a cat for sticking to one place, he'd said. The boys around Muchichinock town had grown older and more tolerant, but not quite willing to forget. He and Haire joined the section gang where they were with a group of men who measured life by one's hands and back and jokes, and not by the time which had passed.

II

Martin had been pretty happy those first few years on the track. I can remember him singing out wild and high with the rest of them:

*J'int ahead an' cinter back
An' Paddy put th' car on.*

Sometimes Martin would ask Mike to let me ride on the hand-car, and Mike would scowl under his bushy red eyebrows, which always reminded me of the top of a winter straw stack eaten away underneath by the cows, and remark about how they would get into trouble if the officials higher up found out. But another look would come out on Mike's face and I knew he meant "yes" when he was saying "no." We would skim along the tracks in the hand-car, with Haire's and Martin's faces all red from the pumping and my hair blowing out in the men's faces, and pass Pigeon Kenyon's house. She's a widow with tuberculosis a mile out of Muchichinock, but she was healthier looking in those days—black hair like a crow's and skin the color of juice on a milkweed stalk. There'd been a mystery about her husband. One of the men on the gang said he'd been killed in a fight, and the affair had been hushed up though Pigeon had felt obliged to take her husband's insurance money and buy a house a mile out of town by the tracks.

The gang would stop at her well for a drink and she'd laugh at their jokes and usually had a good supply of her own. When it would rain the men would gather in her wash shanty and play cards on her laundry table. She'd bring out grape and elderberry wine, and perch herself on top the washing machine while they were drinking and laughing. She wore her skirts shorter than the other women in the neighborhood and you could see her knees as her legs dangled over the machine. I didn't like the Pigeon for some childish reason hard to explain, and intuition, maybe. I came to realize, as a child will, that the men spoke dirtier when they

were around her; she was like a salt-pork poultice, drawing all the bad to one head. Martin often glared at the men for something they'd said. I knew that he liked the widow pretty well. Now and then he'd pull some kind of flower seed out of his pocket and tell her to grow them so she'd have posies to pin in her hair. And then the men would tease him, asking why he didn't bring her an expensive present like a fur or a muff with some of the money he was putting away.

One day he did bring her a present, a breast-pin with an exquisite blue delphinium set in yellow gold. He was excited all day about giving it to her, not telling the men about it and hoping they'd work near her house. The sun shone all day with nary a splotch of rain, and when evening came the men were burning the old ties which they had torn out of the track. The pine wood was blazing high, smelling good, but dangerous to our Lower Twenty of corn if the fire should spread through the fence.

Martin volunteered to work overtime to watch the ties finish burning. He was good that way, but I knew he had Pigeon's pin in mind, once the fire had ended. "I'll help Jessica start her cows home to be milked," he told Mike. "There's a black haw tree she's found and been wanting to show me. Then I'll be back to the fire."

Why Martin let me tag along with him to Pigeon's I don't know. I'd crept back to the track fascinated by the fire roaring up from the ties in the dusk and had sat hugging my knees a long time before he saw me. After a time there was only smoke, and the blackened weeds about looked like a

buffalo robe spread out in the moon to dry.

"By right you should be home, Jessica. But come along. Once you've walked the ties a mile and back you'll be ready to sleep sound, I guess," Martin said.

A stray black cat followed us for a quarter of a mile, meowing at the strangeness of the railroad and probably an empty stomach. Once I wanted Martin to hold my hand so I could walk the rail, but he only said, "Not this time. We're in a hurry." And I had to be content with listening to the crunch of his shoes on the cinders and the frogs croaking in the low, wet places. The last bit of the stretch my feet kept stumbling on the ties, and I felt tired, blaming it on to Pigeon.

"I don't like her, Martin," I said loudly, and felt better once it was said.

Martin laughed, a low gurgle down in his throat, but he didn't speak.

There was a clump of willows alongside Pigeon's place, and we didn't see the light in her house until we were right against it. Then Martin said, "She's home all right."

A horse stamped nearby and I jumped, startled by the sound; Martin whirled and in a moment was looking at the horse's head. I heard him swear under his breath, and then, "It's John's."

"Look, Martin," I said with all the frankness of my nine years, "the light's in the bedroom. Maybe Pigeon's sick." I grabbed his hand and felt him grow taut as a railroad spike. Shaking me loose he hurried to the door and flung it open.

"Come out, John Haire," he belated, loud for Martin. "Let me kill you for the dog you are."

I huddled scared in the shadows and watched Haire's horse stamping his feet. The door closed behind Martin and then there were scuffling sounds, Pigeon screaming, and the thud of chairs overturned. I know that Haire and Martin were fighting.

Haire won. Knocked Martin out. It stood to reason, knowing he was a head taller and a hand wider. He carried Martin outside to the yard, and rubbed his wrists and face, and then he got on his horse. Pigeon was standing in the doorway, and she saw me in the dark of the snowball bush.

"Here, John, wait a moment," she yelled. "His shadow's here. Better take the kid home."

I screamed and kicked when Haire tried to pick me up.

"Be a nice kid and go home," Pigeon coaxed. "I'll take care of this Martin of yours."

Haire's hands were like traps on my arms, and he swung me up into the saddle.

"Let me go," I shouted, and beat at him with my fists. But he climbed up behind the saddle and I was taken home by a man I couldn't like very well nor hate.

III

After the fight that night Martin and Haire never spoke to each other again and Martin took to cutting away from the men every chance he'd get. He'd eat his lunch off in the woods and when he'd finished we'd walk about looking at the flowers and bushes. If it were wet enough Martin would dig up some nice flowers we'd found and plant them on his folks' graves. He was good about telling me the names of things and I got so I knew every flower which grew along the tracks and in the woods

as well. And Martin would point out the birds, mimicking the pewees and the wood doves, or coaxing some saucy bluejay down to the crumbs of his sandwich.

Martin never went to Pigeon Kenyon's any more. When it would rain and the men would ride the handcar over to her wash shanty, Martin would strike off through the woods getting all wet and seeming to enjoy the rain coming down in his face. He was more quiet, though, not singing with the men any more, but waiting until he was off by himself.

"It's not good in one so young," Mike said. He was worried, I could tell from the way he tore the mustard weed apart with his hands. "The man will go clean off."

And then Martin got still more saving with his wages, buying only the few things he needed, and never using any of it for a good time. Sometimes I fancied he was still in love with Pigeon, and planned to turn her head with money. I'd close my eyes and see him all dressed up in a fine suit and dashing up to her house with a handsome team and carriage, bags of gold piled in the back seat, and I'd be running along behind the rig in my barefeet screaming out, "I don't like her, Martin!"

Then one day he told me it was land he wanted to buy. "I want to own my own place instead of renting like my Pop always did," Martin said. "I'm going to have fine timber and a beautiful yard and all kinds of flowers."

I took a flower catalog to the track that afternoon, and Martin and I picked out some of the roses and other flowers he would buy to plant, once he had the land.

The gang got to leaving him alone, though I'd see Mike looking at him sad-like when Martin wasn't noticing. Haire got more work-brittle than ever in a sort of a nervous way. I thought maybe he'd marry the widow, but he kept going to her house and never did. Although the men treated Martin quiet they respected him for the work he did. He was too good a section hand to be fired. And years later when Mike was transferred to boss the gang farther up the line, Martin was picked to take his place.

The wages he got as section boss were higher, and it seemed that Martin would be able to buy a good-sized piece of land. But the winters would come and Martin would still be directing the men how to put the "flying dutchman" between the rails when the cold weather contracted them, and spring would come and he'd still be helping the men who were busy putting shims under the rails on top of the ties when the frost went out of the ground. I grew into long dresses and got so I didn't go to the tracks any longer. The older boys had married and Pop needed me to help about the place, though he never raised as much corn and hogs like Henry does.

But the spring I was eighteen and had promised at the ice cream social to marry Henry, Martin said he'd decided to give up the railroad work. "I got my eye on some pretty ground, Jessica," he said. "But it's a secret . . . Look. See that crab thicket in bud? I'll have half a hill of it. You wait, and next week I'll take you over to see it. I'll blindfold you and turn you loose in the crabs. They will have bursted their buds by then."

The air was good, I remember. A wildness filled my chest with the smell

of the crab flowers. It seemed I was lifted up, hanging free like a cobweb in Indian summer. Martin looked excited, too, as if he was hills above the track, and I think he'd forgotten I was there. Then Pop was calling from the plowed ground that he'd broke a double tree on a stump and would I hurry to borrow one from the neighbors.

"Be sure and come back next week," Martin said, and I left him alone with his dream of the land.

One thing and another happened. Henry wanted us to get married that summer, once spring was over, and we were hurrying at home to get the crops put away. I didn't get over the next week to the track, but I promised myself I'd go the following. Henry came over every spare moment I had. He'd lend a hand now and then and got in on the good side of Pop. "Been thinking I'll move into town at Muchichinock," Pop said over corn plowing that spring. "And I reckon you and Henry can take care of the farm after you're married."

It was Pop who saw the section men, while he was working in the Lower Twenty, before I got down to see Martin. It was the whole talk at supper time that night how Martin had taken sick and fainted on the track and how John Haire had taken him to the doctor.

"The men say the doctor says he only has six months to live, or maybe a year," Pop said. And in the next breath, "I wonder who will get all that money he'll be leaving?"

I felt my cheeks grow hot, and my chair fell over when I got up and left the table. It wasn't the money I was thinking of but Martin dying.

"Seeing he was so sweet on you, maybe you'll be coming in for some money, gal," Pop called out after me.

But the others didn't understand. It wasn't the way they'd come to think of me and Martin. He'd always thought of me as a child and I'd thought of him as the kindest person I knew, not kissing me like Henry, but making the world more beautiful for me by pointing out and loving the best it had. Laughter seemed to surge up through his fingers from some flower he'd touched and not from some goose-gabble with which so many of us are satisfied.

It seemed that Martin could never forget that his folks had been buried in "potter's field" without a church funeral. And since he would not live to own land he loved, he decided to build a funeral home, a memorial bigger than any in the cemetery.

"Never again will a poor person be buried there without a funeral," Martin said.

An architect came down from Capital City with the plans for the memorial. But a man had told Martin about a relative of his who'd gone down to the desert in Arizona and had got well, and Martin left suddenly before he'd seen the plans of the funeral home. He wrote back for the contractors to go ahead with it. He told them he wanted it to be one of the best funeral homes poor people ever had.

He died down in Arizona, way out in the desert somewhere where folks didn't know who he was, and they buried him there. I think sometimes the contractors built a more decorated memorial than Martin would have wanted. It took every dollar he'd left.

Tourists passing through remark how bad it was that Martin wasn't brought back to his own cemetery what with the fine memorial and all. But I think

he's happy lying out there in the cactus where it's quiet. He liked things wild like nature had meant them, wild like these hills.

BOILER BAY, OREGON

ARTHUR JONSON

Then summon from remembrance
That we may cherish it,
From the roar and tumult,
From the upflung waters
Of that passionate sea
Calling to something in us
Unregenerate;

Remember the rocks
On which we stood
And their caverned depths
And the soft contours
That water had fashioned
Bringing to our pain their
Anaesthetic;

Remember our watching
The water's slow gravings
Of those rounded shapes
That gave the spirit peace
Like the tactile joy
Of hands that love
Smooth rondures;

Remember these things
And find their moral.
Something was there,
Something for us was there
Which we may discover
Remembering the spectacle,
Contemplating.

Remember the path,
The cove of broken rocks,
The whispering transits of the cliffs,
The broken seaweed,
The scum, foam and brine,
Building together another form
Transcendental;

Remember the waves,
Ever remember the sea
Delirious, frantic,
Rolling its long breakers,
Bellowing its haloid song,
Shaking its white ruffles
Tumultuously;

Remember the bay
Where once a boiler
From a wrecked steamer
Beat hollowly on rocks
And naked bodies of sailors
Were thrown onto shore like
Algous debris;

A WOMAN TO HER WORLD

RUTH FORBES SHERRY

Beautiful from the coiled and angry seed,
what stem shall earthy waters yield under
the hot pulse of life?

What wonder,
virile of form, swift-hearted, sensate,
but to be done asunder
by the sword of hate,
ravished in its April, betrayed
by an impious blade?

Only a fool would mate!

The wise root, urged
to perfection, shall be infertile, cold.
The implacable *I*, the purged,
the cautious will withhold,
rather than be scourged
by love . . .

if life go cowed in the dark hood
of murder, and the night run blood.

*Here are my sons—take them and be done!
I know naught of your purpose or your cruel feud.
I shall hug my bitter wisdom, even as one
who once had thought it good—to bear a son.*

THOUGH MAN GOES UNDER

LOUIS GINSBERG

Though man goes under
Earth, as the leaves,
Yet man is mighty,
Because he grieves.
Aye, grief is the bitter
Venom he quaffs:
He feels the sorrow,
Because he laughs.

Though forces sweep him,
He knows this plain:
He's greater than
The hurricane
By which he is lifted,
By which he is harried—
He's greater than it:
He knows he is carried.

Man is bigger
Even by this:
He is aware of
How small he is.
Man is greater
Than any sun,
Which knows not, as he does,
Oblivion.

BIG SHOT

FRANCIS A. WESTBROOK, JR.

"TELL you," the soldier was saying to the ironworker, "there are damn few fellows the government would trust for two thousand miles the way they're trusting me. It shows what they think of me. They know I'm good for my word."

The iron-worker was from Los Angeles and sat facing forward by the window of the smoking compartment of the coach, his elbow on the ledge, and the ends of his fingers cupped over his right cheekbone. He was in the midst of a long argument with the soldier who sat opposite by the window, and as he watched the ruddy face of his opponent, he kept plucking at a few hairs that grew on his cheek just above where he shaved.

"Listen boob," said the iron-worker. Neither knew the other's name. There had been no introductions and they used whatever name seemed convenient at the moment. The same went for the other four men, who were playing cards in the smoking-room. "Listen, you boob, how many times have I told you they wouldn't trust you at all? I have told you they know damned well you can't get away."

The soldier kept on from where he had left off. He listened with a serious face while the iron-worker spoke and seemed to absorb all that he said, but just as soon as he stopped, he went on as though the iron-worker had never said a word. "They said when they gave me my ticket, 'Now you are a good fellow, we're going to trust you'. They knew I wouldn't stop off

again. I told them I would go right back and they knew I would."

"You jackass," said the iron-worker. "You think you're a hero because you deserted from your fort. Look at me. Do I think I'm a hero just because I have lead poisoning and am going home?"

It was the first time since they had left Los Angeles that he had mentioned his disease, and now as if the sound of it in words frightened him, he stopped talking, and for a second the soldier did not reply. The naval officer, who was playing poker with the three salesmen, threw down his hand and looked at the grey face of the iron-worker. It was cleanly shaven, emaciated, and the deep furrowed lines all ran parallel with its length.

"You two still at it?" he said, addressing the iron-worker.

"They're always at it," said one of the salesmen.

"They were arguing when I came in here last night," said the salesman who had won the last pot.

"They've kept me awake all night," said the officer. He showed more interest in the two by the window than the others, and sometimes he put in his word, usually on the side of the iron-worker. His word carried authority on such matters. Also, he dimly realized there was something wrong with the iron-worker. He felt the meaning of his gaunt, grey emaciation.

"The fellow's a fool," said the iron-worker.

The card players were dealing out their hands again, and the cards clicked

sharply on the board they used for a table. The train was straining hard on the rails. Since dark it had been climbing the western side of the range, till some time early in the morning it would go over the divide and down, very slowly, into the great basin of Mid-America.

"Now I'll tell you," the soldier went on. "When Johnnie," the soldier sometimes called himself Johnnie, "When Johnnie gets back there he's going to get a mighty big hand. When a fellow has the nerve to go over the hill, and has done his stretch in the guard-house the way I have, they'll think a lot of him."

"Don't you realize, boob, that the government doesn't put people in jail for being heroes? If it was a war they'd shoot you. What in hell makes you think you're such a big shot, anyway?" said the iron-worker, plucking at his hairs, and holding his stomach tight with his left hand.

"When the boys see they've trusted me to come back alone, they'll know what kind of a fellow I am. That's the way a fellow get's respect. The officers will see what the government thinks of Johnnie."

"The officers will put you to the potatoes. Do you think they're going to make a major of you because you ran away? You're going to get all the dish-washing, boob."

The iron-worker spoke seriously, as if what he said was of the utmost importance. Each time he stopped, he traced out the lines around his mouth with his grey little finger. There was no sign that he intended humor. "You are the worst boob I ever saw," he said slowly, as though it hurt to talk.

"I'll raise you two," said the sales-

man who was left in the game. Two had fallen out and the pot was large.

"I'll meet you and raise you four," said the officer.

"I'll call you," said the salesman.

"Full house," said the officer, turning his hand.

The other salesman started talking excitedly, and the beaten man pushed the chips across the board to the officer. Then there was a lull in the game.

"Why don't you get some sleep?" asked the officer, turning to the iron-worker again. "You haven't slept since we started. My god, man, your head is drooping."

"This man thinks he's a hero," said the iron-worker. "I'm trying to tell him he'll get all the dirty work when he gets back."

"Sure," said the officer, "I know."

"He thinks they're going to meet him at the station with a band and carriage."

"They'll meet him with an armed guard."

"That's what I keep telling him."

"Listen, fellow," said the officer to the soldier. "You're going to get hell when you get back there."

"Come on," said the salesman who had just lost, "Let's get on with the game."

They turned to the game, and the iron-worker sat looking at the soldier, plucking hairs and tracing lines in triumph. A flicker of muscular contraction crossed his grey face, as from pain. The cards clicked against the roar of the climbing train, accentuating the monotony of two days of rhythmic sound. From the coach came the cry of a baby.

"Maybe I should never have gone in the army. My father was a big man

in Kentucky before he died and I should have followed in his steps," said the soldier. Sitting opposite the iron-worker, he kept running his fingers straight back through his erect red hair, and for just a second before he had started talking, he had looked about a little wildly, like a cornered animal.

"What did he have a son like you for if he was so great?" said the iron-worker.

"He owned a newspaper down there. He was a great man. He had one of the best libraries in the state."

"Then you should have read some of the books."

"He knew all the big men in the state. He was friends with the governor."

"A man with a son like you wouldn't know anyone. Nobody would know him."

"When I was a boy the governor of the state told me, 'I hope you will follow in the steps of your father. You will be a great man'."

"He must have been a fool like you."

"My father wanted me to be a lawyer. He said I had a legal mind. He said it ran in the family. That's what I should have done. I'd have made a good lawyer. I'm honest. You can see that by the way the government treats me. They wouldn't let anyone but an honest man go back alone the way I am."

"Listen, you damned boob," said the iron-worker, leaning slightly forward and hugging his belly. "Can't you get it through your head that they haven't trusted you one little bit? I told you you couldn't get away, and that if you did, they would catch you again and give you hell. They think you know

that. That's the only trusting they've done. If they'd known what a fool you are, they'd have sent you in an armored car."

He stared out the window, leaning forward, watching the dark night and an occasional light slip past the glass, and his body twitched ever so slightly. He talked calmly and there was no sign of rancor in his voice. He never smiled. The only suggestion of agitation was the plucking and the tracing at his face. At no time during the two days had he noticed the card game or shown any desire to join it. He had hardly left the smoking compartment. He had not slept.

The players ended their game and sat quietly smoking. After a while the butcher came along and they ordered some beer. The beers came and they drank them, listening to the officer tell a long story. When they had finished the beer, he ended the story, and the salesman went forward into the coach to sleep. It was very late.

"You going to get some sleep?" the officer asked the iron-worker.

"I guess not. I can't sleep well," he answered.

"You'd better get some rest, or you'll get worse. You look worn out now."

The iron-worker did not answer. He was leaning against the window-sill, with his head in his right palm, and his left arm pulled tightly around his stomach. His left leg stuck out from the seat and was trembling.

"That's it, get some sleep. Don't you talk to him, wise guy. Let him rest." The officer turned and went out.

"Good night," said the soldier.

The train was climbing slowly, and

the click on the rails came less often, with a fierce determination. They were nearing the top. A spark went by from the engine, and from the coach came the sleepy voice of a woman disturbed in her rest. The soldier ran his hand through his hair and looked at the iron-worker leaning against the window.

The iron-worker pressed his arm tightly against his side; his face twitched. Then he relaxed his arm, letting it lie limply on his left leg, which began to jerk in convulsive rhythm. It spread over his whole body, and he slipped from the seat, half-sitting, half-lying on the floor, his head and shoulder against the corner of the wall and the seat. For several minutes he lay there writhing. Then his muscles weakened and he gradually became quiet, resting against the corner.

In the coach the baby was screaming, "Where's my ma? Where's my ma?" The soldier leaned over the iron-worker, helpless and embarrassed. He put out his hand and touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Can I help you, pal?"

"Help me to the seat," the iron-worker said after a minute. He was getting back a little of his strength.

The soldier stood up and lifted the light body into the seat by the window, where he had been before. The iron-worker put his elbow on the window-sill again and rested his face on the tips of his right fingers. He curled his left arm around his side and belly. His left leg still twitched. He was very pale under the grey.

"Do you feel better, pal?" asked the soldier.

"Yes," he said. "I feel better now. I was terribly scared. You see, I have lead poisoning and the doctor said I can only live a short time more. I might die any time. My arms might get paralyzed out straight, too. That's why I always keep my right one bent up. I want to have that one limber."

"God, that's tough, pal," said the soldier. He leaned forward and touched the iron-worker on the knee. "That's tough." He sat back in the seat, embarrassed.

They were all asleep and quiet in the coach, and the train pounded a little faster on the rails. Perhaps they had crossed the divide and were headed down on the great home stretch. Once, when they crossed a lonely, seldom used mountain road, the whistle from the locomotive wailed over the streaming cars. The iron-worker was staring out of the window. He knew he would never cross that road again.

"I tell you," said the soldier, "if my father were here now, he would sure be proud of me."

"Why would he be proud? What is there to be proud of?"

"He always said we were a family to be trusted. He was a great man and he would have been proud of the trust they've put in me."

"Listen, you boob," said the iron-worker, plucking at his hairs and tracing the lines around his mouth. "Haven't I explained to you that they didn't trust you at all? You must be a fool. What in hell makes you think you're such a big shot, anyway?"

CHINOOK SQUAW

BLANCHE DEGOOD LOFTON

She stands at sundown, there upon the mountain
Where trail and highway cross, and gazes westward;
Upon her head, a patterned squaw-grass basket,
Bright-brimmed with scarlet berries, waxen, sparkling.
Her gaudy skirt and moccassins dust-covered
With ash and pumice of volcanic ridges,
Where tourists pause to view the towering summit
She offers of the alpine season's fruitage—
Red huckleberries, from the snow-capped mountain.

Who buys her wares, buys not alone red berries—
But breath of lupine from the sunning meadows,
The zest of breeze that stirs the drowsing pinon,
The cool and quiet of the sleeping canyon,
The eagle's vista, in his silent soaring,
Enchantment of the cataract's white foaming;
Who barter for red berries, gets full measure
Of stolid Indian-pride and ancient custom.
Who buys her wares, buys not alone red berries.

MOTOR VENTURE

HELEN MARING

Sage-fragrant wind blows up the canyon's length
To burnt-sienna velvet of the hills.
The profiles on the rocky cliffs give strength
To dreaming autumn earth where light distils
A magic draught. The winds of autumn blow
Their powdered gold. Upon a birch, the bright
Impertinence of jay cuts into slow
Dim blue of distances. The river's light
Gray tone of beauty breaks the wind with hope.
Red sumach vies with yellow-blooming sage.
The cattle trails make stripes across the slope;—
And speeding miles turn back another page.

PIGEON PIE

JAMES STILL

“1868 it was,” Grandma said, and her words were small against the spring winds bellowing in the chimneytop. She spread her hands close to the oakknob fire, blue-veined like a giant spider’s web. “That was the year pigeons came to Flat Creek, might ’nigh taking the country.”

I squatted on the limerock hearth before an ashhill where the bread baked, holding a broomstraw to know when it was done. We had not eaten since morning and my hunger seemed larger than the ashhill where the bread was buried.

“Them pigeon-birds were worse than a plague writ in the Book,” Grandma said. “Hit was our first married year, and Brack and me had grubbed out a homeseat on Little Flat, hoe-planting four acres o’ corn. We’d got a garden patch put in, and four bee gums a-working before I turned puny, setting and waiting our first born. I’d take a peck measure outside and set me down on it where I could see the garden crap growing, and the bees fatching sweetening. There was a powerful bloom that year, as I remember, and a sight o’ seasoning in the ground.”

Bread smells thickened in the fireplace, and I stuck the straw into the ashhill. It came out with a sticky lump on the end. My hunger could hardly wait the slow cooking. I turned my head so Grandma couldn’t see me eat the raw dough.

“Hit was early of a May morning when the pigeons came,” Grandma said. “A roar sot up across the ridge, and Brack came down out o’ the field,

looking north where the sound was. We waited, dreading a wind tying knots in the young corn, shredding the blades with hit’s fingers, but nary a cloud we saw. The sound got bigger, and nearer. ‘Hi, now, you git inside,’ Brack said, and I did, fearing my child would bear a mark if I tuk a sudden fright. I allus followed my man’s word when I was puny-like. I looked through the wall-crack and saw the first pigeons come down the swag, the light brightening their wings, grey like rock-moss, and green underside. Then they came in a passel, and the sun-ball was clapped out, and hit got nigh dusty dark. Brack, he took a kindling wood stick, knocking at them that flew low, drapping four. After a spell they were gone, and we had breasts o’ pigeons for supper, fried in their own grease. Brack allus was a fool for wild meat. “Hi, now,” he said, a-cracking bones betwixt his teeth, “I’d give a pretty for a pot-pie cooked out o’ these birds.”

“Harl Thomas come up Flat Creek afore dark, saying he’d heard the pigeons had done a sight o’ damage to the craps over at the Forks. He had a poke o’ sulphur, and was going to the doublings three miles yon side the ridge where the roost was. “A sulphur smudge will bring ’em down,” he said. “I’m a notion salting a barrelful. My woman feeds nothing but garden stuffs and sallet-greens of a summer. I allus liked a piece o’ meat alongside.” Brack wanted to go, but knowing it was near my time, he never spoke of it. ‘A pigeon pie would make good eating,’ he said. ‘I figger on eating me one afore

them birds traipse clear off to another country.'

"Harl and Brack went outside, and I heard Harl laughing. He went off a-cackling like a guinea-hen. I got sort o' dizzy, and tuk to bed. Pigeon-birds kept a-flying around in my head, thundering their wings. I tuk the big-eye and never slept a wink that night."

Wind drummed in the chimney and a gust caught up the oakknot smoke, blowing it into our eyes. A sift of ashes stirred on the hearth. I tried the bread again, the straw coming out slowly, though clean. I raked a bed of coals closer to the ashhill with the poker.

Grandma balled her hands on her knees, waiting until the smoke thinned and the ashes settled. "Hit was the next day the birds come a-thrashing through the hills proper," she said. "I was setting in my garden, guarding hit agin the crows, when I heard a mighty noise a-roaring like Troublesome Creek having a tide. Brack was up in the corn patch, so I never went inside, wanting to get a square look at the birds. I never give a thought to me being puny. In a little spell they came over the ridge, flying low down, a-settling and looking for mast. A passel sot down in my garden and begun to eat and scratch. I run up and down hollering, throwing clods and a-crying. Hit was like trying to scare a hail-storm off. The birds worked around me like ants, now. I ran and hollered till I couldn't, then I set me down on the ground, feeling sick to die.

"The next thing I know I was in the house, and thar was a granny woman setting beside the bed with something wrapped up in a kiver. Now I knowed

what was in that thar kiver, but I was scared to look. Brack come in laughing, and said hit was a boy-child. He brought the little tick over to the bed, and I couldn't wait to look, asking, "Has hit got a mark?" "No mark particular," Brack said. "His left hand hain't natural though." The kiver was opened and thar the chap was, hits little face red and pinched up. Brack pulled the left hand out, and on the side was a finger-piece no bigger than a pea, having nary a nail nor jint. I cried, now, looking at hit.

"Hit won't be thar for long," Brack said. He got out his razor and gin to strap hit hard, putting a hair edge on the blade. When I figgered what he was going to do, I let in hollering and screaming, worse than I did when the birds tuk my garden patch. The granny woman held me in bed, and Brack tuk the baby into the kitchen. I listened, catching for a sound o' the baby, but he never made one. I reckon hit never hurt much. Brack brought him back and thar was a drap o' water in its eyes. The granny woman cooked up a pigeon pie for supper, but I couldn't touch a bite. I've never eat a bird since."

The bread was done. I raked it out on the hearth, blowing ashes from the brown crust. When it was broken the goodness of it filled my eyes and throat. "A pair o' pigeon legs would go good with this bread," I said.

Grandma looked hard at the hoe-cake, then broke a piece for me, taking none for herself. She took the poker and shook the oakknot fiercely, raising a blaze of sparks. "I hain't a grain hungry," she said.

FREIGHTER, '98

LAURA TURNIDGE STEVENS

Eight stout lines in his sunburned grip . . .
"Steady, my boys, we've a long ways to travel."
Champ of steel . . . crack of the whip . . .
Turn of the wheels and the crunch of gravel.
Curve to the right and the high load swings,
White clouds dip . . . a mad lark sings . . .
On the road to the valley of Thousand Springs.

Down like the walls of an earthen cup,
Fire of stone at iron-shod heels,
Swiftly down . . . slowly up . . .
Sun glinting bright on the steel rimmed wheels.
Cool of the morning, heat of the day,
Cover the hills and far away . . .
Man and horses alone together,
Odor and sound of creaking leather,
Tinkle of bells and high blue weather.

*Time is nothing, or birth, or age . . .
Life and the roads go on forever.*

"Who scattered seeds for the scrubby sage?
Who planned the coat, to the last slick feather,
For the blackbird, and crow, and the neat magpie?"

*Surely a God on His throne in the sky
Made the world with its fine spring weather,
And the tinkle of bells and the creak of leather.*

"But a man with horses and wagon brings
The load to the valley of Thousand Springs."

THE LA TOURNEAU OPERATOR

GERALD M. MORTON

See that things are right;
Keep your cables tight;
Pull her back and haul the muck away.
Damn the dust, curse the sun,
A few more days and we'll be done.
Watch your Blue Tops hue to the line,
A "Rubber Tired Bug" is a friend of mine.
Pull her left, cut her right,
Plenty of yards will be in tonight.
"A little bit high," the Big Shot said—
A great big hoop for an engineer's head.
Those guys are nuts, as their figures show;
But they went to school, they ought to know.
Let 'em rave and roar and pull their hair,
We've made their grade, the ground is bare.
NOW where do we go to—GOD KNOWS WHERE.



YOUNG WRITERS



In this section will appear the writing of undergraduate students in Northwest colleges and universities. Contributions must be sent only through some designated instructor of creative writing.

NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN

LULU EARNHEART

University of Washington

"DON'T like this weather," Tom Barnard said to his young combine driver, scowling anxiously into the molten, colorless sky. "Most anything's li'ble to happen, hot as it is."

"Looks to me like it might bring up a shower." Jim Haynes followed his employer's look.

The two men, each with two large galvanized water buckets, were wedged in between the heads of the swing team and the heels of the leaders. Quite a job, watering thirty-two head of horses in the harness.

"Lucky if it's nothing worse," Tom said. "This stoppin' all the time to water slows us up. We'd 'a' been through if it hadn't been so hot."

"Jensen uses a tractor instead of horses," Jim pointed out, "and he's still got a lot of wheat to thrash."

"Yeah, but he's farmin' five places. Tell you what, Jim, I hate to see Jensen farmin' that land of your gran'pa's. He'll have it ruined in another ten years."

"Yeah," Jim agreed. He hated it, too, seing Jensen's careless use of those fields.

"Look, Jim, you rent your gran'-dad's old place this fall and we'll buy a tractor and farm together. We could do it easy."

They had returned to the water wagon now, and Tom stopped to lean against a wagon wheel. Jim filled his buckets again and, without answering, went back to his last two horses.

Buy a tractor and farm with Tom Barnard! Jim had wanted to get back on the old place these last two years since his grandfather had died. But he had Judy to think of. When a man wants to marry a girl he has two lives to plan for instead of one. Yesterday afternoon he had told her of that old wish.

"Yes, but Jim," Judy had said, looking at him with honest gray eyes, "a farm's no place for a woman."

Well, perhaps she was right. A wheat ranch was a heart-breaking proposition for women. Certainly Judy should know the country. She had lived all her twenty-four years on the Barnard place, except for the time she'd spent at the University. And now he was asking her to come to the old Haynes house, a mile down the road from her birthplace. His own grandmother had finally managed to work herself to death there, in the big inconvenient kitchen, when Jim was nineteen.

"I'm glad Judy's getting an education so she won't have to work as hard as I've had to." That was the way Judy's own mother felt about it. Jim had heard Cora Barnard say it a dozen times since he'd started working for Tom. How could Judy help feeling that a farm was no place for a woman, the way her mother went on? Sometimes Jim thought Cora made work for

herself. Maybe his grandmother had, too.

Judy and her mother were having it extra hard this summer, with Ruthie, Tom and Cora's little three-year-old granddaughter, to take care of besides six men to cook for during the three hot harvest weeks. Ruthie's mother was expecting another baby any time now. Life was always like that on a farm. Babies kept coming, and after they came they had to be taken care of. Was there anything about it to make Judy give up her job teaching English? Jim sighed and picked up the water buckets.

Over at the water wagon Tom still leaned against the wheel and the other men were luxuriating in long, slow drinks from the dripping water sacks.

"I been spittin' dust fer an hour," grumbled Shorty Babson.

"Think how much weight yuh get off your feet when yer all dried out," Pete Griggs said, his voice serious. When Shorty looked hurt the others shouted with laughter and Pete clapped the wiry little sack jig on the back.

Jim stopped by Bouncing Bet. For half of the last round she'd been limping. Taking out his pocket knife Jim lifted her right front foot. A tiny sharp pebble was wedged into the frog. He pried it out carefully and let the foot down, standing for a moment to stroke Bet's quivering neck. The little sorrel turned her head and rubbed it against his arm. Jim felt blue. He'd hate to see the horses go—even horses like Bet, whose restive heels were quicker than a man could think.

Horses weren't the best way any more to farm a thousand-acre wheat ranch. Tom couldn't afford a tractor before. Together, though, with Jim

doing the heavy field work, they might manage. Jim went to lean against the wagon wheel beside his employer.

"How much do you suppose it'd take to swing it?" he asked.

"We-ell, I wouldn't know, exactly," Tom drawled reflectively. "But just off-hand I'd say we had enough. Lot o' people buyin' these diesels now, and sellin' their old tractors. Good ones, too, and you can get 'em pretty cheap—maybe three thousand less than a new one. O' course, gasoline costs more than diesel oil."

"You can buy a lot of gas for three-thousand dollars," Jim observed.

"Yeah, you can," Tom agreed. "I was talkin' to Bart Kirsted at the Inland Empire Bank when I was in town the other day waitin' for that sprocket to come in. He said the bank'd be glad to get somebody on the place. Jensen don't have no lease."

"Don't suppose Jensen'd go for the idea much," Jim said thoughtfully.

"Can't see as it's anything to Jensen," Tom came back. "He's a land hawg anyhow. He don't even keep a man on his places and the buildin's are goin' down awful. Shame to see it. That's a nice house your Grandfather built there."

"I'd like to try it," Jim said simply.

"Say, yuh will?" Tom had been mopping his face with a red handkerchief, and now he stopped and held out his hand. "Cora'll be tickled. We been keepin' an eye on that place ever since Jensen took it. Cora, she says I'm too old to take on any more land, but she'll be glad to see you get your start."

Jim made his handclasp as hearty as possible. He should be pretty tickled himself, getting a chance to farm. He'd loved that big Cayuse county

wheat ranch ever since he came to live with his grandparents, as a kid of fourteen. But he kept wondering what Judy would think.

The Barnards had taken Jim in when he came home for his Grandfather's funeral. That was in the spring term of his sophomore year at the State Agricultural College. When it came out that the bank had to take the place on debts, Tom Barnard loaned Jim enough money to finish out the term and talked to him about a loan for the next two years. Jim asked for a job instead. A big college debt didn't fit in with getting that place back to farm the way his Grandfather would like.

Jim didn't blame his grandfather. As he saw it, things would have worked out if he'd had time enough. Sam had started life as a poor boy with nothing, and had ended up the same way, yet with the biggest funeral Cayuse county had ever seen. The Crystal Creek Grange was there in a body, and the Burton Methodist Church. There were Burton business men and farm people from all over the country. Not a one of them but had some pleasant memory of Sam Haynes, and a lot of them had been helped out of a purse that had seemed bottomless—only it wasn't.

Jim hadn't intended to tell Judy yesterday that he loved her. He didn't have anything to offer her. She had walked up the dusty road with him, through the blazing mid-morning heat, to the old Haynes house. Sitting down on the steps, Judy tucked her pink linen skirt over her knees and clasped her hands around them. Across the neglected, weed-grown yard the dusty yellow rose bushes shook brittle fingers toward the sky.

"I never see a yard like this that I don't want to do something with it," Judy said. "Mother and Dad work awfully hard with our garden but it's worth it, in this country."

And then, without his meaning to say it that way at all, Jim said: "Judy, I wish you'd marry me." He'd work as hard as Tom did to make her a little green oasis in the midst of the dry wheat-covered hills.

Judy's smooth forehead wrinkled a little. Judy was a serious person. She couldn't laugh off her own troubles—or any one else's. Instead of answering him, she asked: "Jim, are you going to keep on at this sort of thing all your life?"

Jim shook his head. "I'm going to farm—raise wheat, Judy," he said. "Wheat is pretty important."

"Yes, but there's nothing in farming," Judy said, a little impatiently.

"There is if you farm right. I want to come back here. My Grandfather homesteaded this place. I could raise good crops on the land. It's getting a raw deal from Jensen—he's not farming it right."

"What makes you think you could do better than he does?" Judy asked reasonably. "He has the best crop in the country this year."

"Sure he has, but it's because Grandfather farmed the place up until two years ago. You have to leave part of the straw in the soil, to keep it from running together and washing and blowing away. Jensen comes along and burns the stubble off slick so he can plough faster. He's savin' on wages, and gasoline and machinery, and in a few years this place will be just like the other places he farms."

Judy was silent. Her eyes were fixed

on the wheat field across the road, shimmering under the golden sun. "What about me?" she asked. "What good would my four years of school be to anybody?"

"Don't you think our children would profit by it, Judy?" Jim grinned at her mischievously.

Judy would not look at him, and her dimples stayed hidden.

"Does it make so much difference that I'm going to be a farmer all my life?" Jim asked soberly.

Then she turned toward him. "A farm is no place for a woman," she said.

A rising wind from the north began to ripple the wheat, but brought little relief from the stifling heat.

Still leaning against the wagon wheel, Jim lifted the water sack for a last drink. He couldn't live a full life, even with Judy, if he didn't have his own kind of work to do. And Judy'd never be happy unless she loved the farm as he did. Jim put the water sack in the wagon and followed the other men, idling back toward the machine. The rest of the day wasn't going to be pleasant harvesting. The north wind was coming stronger—and hotter.

Jim liked driving the big combine team. Climbing up the ladder to the driver's seat, he felt an echo of the thrill that had shaken him the first time he'd seen a team like this. The horses, at the long-drawn whistle that was the signal for them to start, would tighten into their harness like a great, slow, irresistible wave.

In the driver's seat Jim picked up the lines and turned his head to see if the men on the machine were ready. Then he saw the top of the high black

wall of smoke coming fast before the wind across the Elkins quarter of standing grain on the north. The flames were still hidden by the hill, but they'd be into Tom's field before the men knew what was happening.

At Jim's shout above the roar of the combine engine Tom, who had started toward the house with the water wagon, turned and saw the smoke himself. Out of the wagon in an instant, he ran back to cut the barbed wire fence into Jensen's summer fallow, breaking out a rotten post in the center to make room. Jim guided the big team through into the safety of the ploughed ground, and the men jumped down and unhooked the horses, tying the leader of each string to the machine.

"Shorty, you take the water wagon to the house and bring the foot burner," Tom directed crisply. "Don't know what we can do to stop the fire in this wind, but we can try."

As Shorty started off, whipping the horses to a gallop, the barrels fell out of the wagon. Following to roll the barrels into the ploughed ground the other men saw Judy running toward them through the tall stubble, the wind whipping her hair back from her face. Cora, still putting on her hat, came through the gate into the field after her.

"Somebody musta phoned Cora 'bout the fire. They better go back, though," Tom said, motioning to Judy. "There ain't nothin' we can do, and a wheat fire's no place for a woman."

But Judy came on, calling something into the wind that they could not understand. "It's Ruthie," she gasped as she reached them. "She's lost in the wheat."

"Lost?" Tom echoed, his face grow-

ing taut under its grime of dust and smut.

"I was reading and Mother was lying down," Judy explained. "Ruthie said she was going out where Grandpa was. I thought you were in the shop. We didn't notice she was gone until Mrs. Elkins called and said their machine exploded—smut dust—and started the fire."

"Maybe she's around the place somewhere," Jim suggested hopefully.

Judy shook her head. Tears were running down her cheeks and she was trembling violently. Jim put out his hand to steady her. "I tracked her through the dust to the stubble," Judy said, "and then I found her shoe, in the wheat. I couldn't follow her any farther."

Tom groaned aloud. Ruthie's curly head, almost the color of the ripe grain, would not even come to the top of the wheat. How could they see any motion she might make in the wind-lashed wheat?

"Where'd you lose her trail, Judy?" Jim asked.

"At the end of the draw."

"She was takin' a short cut for the machine, I guess," Jim said. "Say, I'll bet she's still in there. That draw's level a ways, Tom. She'd probably just keep goin' the easiest way." They had been stopped on the east side of the patch, headed south, and the draw, running north and south, lay on the other side of the hill from them.

Shorty was crossing the road now, the foot burner bumping behind him. Cora came panting up to them. "I shoulda stayed awake and watched her, Tom," she said, her voice almost uncontrollable.

"Never mind, we'll find her," Tom

said, patting her arm. "You needed the rest."

Jim and Judy were running toward the top of the ridge, and Cora started after them. Tom stopped a moment as Shorty came pounding up with the foot burner.

"Ruthie's lost in the wheat," he explained briefly. "Keep the fire back if yuh can. That draw's a natural chimney—the fire'd go down there in this wind 'bout as fast as a man could run."

As he spoke the flames came leaping up over the hill and through the fence. At the narrow strip of stubble the fire ran on close to the ground and then as it reached the standing grain it sprang up as high as a man's head and rolled down toward them. They could feel the heat from it on their faces.

"Yuh can't do anything now. Get those horses out of here," Tom said, and turned toward the ridge to the west. Judy and Jim had already reached the top, and Cora, the tall wheat catching at her skirts, was struggling after them. He saw Judy point to the left, toward the end of the draw where Ruthie had gone into the wheat.

Tom caught up with Cora and together they reached the top of the hill. Over his shoulder Jim said: "Get the women out of here, Tom. I think I see where she is." He plunged down the steep hillside, toward the end of the faint wavering trail that the little girl had made through the brittle wheat. They could see it from above—its beginning and its end—but would Jim lose it as he came nearer to the bottom of the draw?

"A little to the right," Tom shouted after him, and obediently Jim veered to the right. As he reached the bottom

they saw him lean over, almost hidden by the tall grain, and when he stood up he had the clinging, exhausted baby in his arms.

Surging triumphantly into the draw the fire rolled higher. The smoke rose thick and black as the wheat that had grown tall and rank along the bottom broke into flames. Judy and Tom, at the top of the ridge, each took one of Cora's arms and hurried her down to the dusty road.

The fire was closing around Jim. From the back he could hear it crackling and popping. That would be the air sealed between the joints of the straws, exploding as it became hot, he thought. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the fire rushing hotly up the hillside on the left, and turning his head a little as he ran he saw it slipping up on the right. He had never seen a wheat fire before. He had not known how it rushed towering before the wind.

Ruthie clung around his neck with terrified strength. Reaching up to loosen her arms, he said to her: "You're all right now, Ruthie. Don't cry any more." But her little body shook with sobs.

Running through the wheat in the bottom of the draw was like running through water, the more he struggled the more it held him back. As he ran, the fire pressing close behind him and eating in from the hill slopes at the sides, he thought of Judy. This was the sort of thing that could happen to farm people and their children. What chance would he have now, even if he survived this, to convince Judy that farm living was the best?

"You fellows keep an eye on that fire and see that it doesn't get across

the road," Tom told the men, who had armed themselves with gunny sacks from the machine to beat out sparks.

"Don't ever let Jim get away from you again, if he comes out of this alive," Cora advised her daughter. They were standing close together, hands fiercely grasped.

Jim had almost reached the end of the draw now. In a few seconds he and the child would be safe. Then, between Jim and the horrified watchers a flaming wheat head, carried forward by the wind, settled into the tinder dry wheat. The blaze spread to cut off Jim's exit between the burning hillsides.

Cora screamed and flung her hands before her eyes, but Judy would have rushed forward had not Tom held her back. Jim pushed through between the curtains of flame, so close that their hot breath seared him, and stumbled into the road, the flames running through the tall stubble after him.

Cora held out her arms for the baby, and Jim leaned wearily against a fencepost. Neighbors had collected, watching the flames flicker out along the fence row. For a moment Jim did not care about anything—about tractors or farms or even Judy.

The men were beginning to relax, to laugh ruefully. "Say, we shore finished harvestin' that piece in a hurry," Shorty said.

"Lotta burned bread out there," Pete contributed. "By golly, Jim, I always figgered you wuz too green to burn." Jim tried to laugh, but all he wanted to do was lie down and lose consciousness.

Judy was by his side, looking up into his face. "Come on up to the house,

Jim," she said, "and I'll make you some coffee."

"The team," he began.

"Fiddlesticks, the other men can take care of them." She tucked her hand through his arm and led him toward the house.

He had to say something. "This time next year I'll be worryin' about my own wheat," he said.

"I know," Judy said. "Dad's been talking about it for days." Jim stopped and looked at her, but she held his arm so hard that he started on again.

"I guess you're right about a farm bein' no place for a woman, though," he said. "This afternoon, now—"

"When something like this happens to a place you love you want to stay and help build it up again," she said gently.

"It's a hard life," he insisted stubbornly.

"Most lives are hard, sometimes," she said. "I'm grateful for today."

"It'd be pretty hard on a woman to marry out of gratitude and then find out—"

"I'm really grateful to the fire, Jim."

He stopped and looked at her. He felt as if he was near some truth, and that perhaps it was time to take Judy in his arms and kiss her, but the neighbors and the other men were watching from the road, and Tom and Cora were coming behind with Ruthie. "What do you mean?" he asked in a low voice.

"Probably our children can profit a lot from my education." Judy smiled at him, a wide smile from which all indecision had gone.

The stubbornness went out of him and he turned to her and put his arms around her and kissed her.



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.

ANDERSON'S NARRATIVE OF A RIDE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN 1834

EDITED BY ALBERT J. PARTOLL

INTRODUCTION

William Marshall Anderson the writer of this interesting narrative came to the far western region as a guest of the William L. Sublette expedition of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. He accompanied the Sublette party from Independence, Missouri, following the Kaw river, the Blue and the North Platte rivers, and the Sweetwater river to the fur trade rendezvous in the Green River valley of the later state of Wyoming. For the main part the route was over the famed Old Oregon trail of the pioneers.

The narrative¹ here presented is taken from Anderson's journal of May 28, 1834 to June 19, 1834, which relates to his journey from Chimney Rock in Nebraska to the Green river rendezvous in Wyoming. In this brief interval Anderson recorded a series of events and descriptions worthy of serious consideration among the records of western American expansion and development. Many noted figures of the early frontier are mentioned as participants in this fur trade venture, which was one of the most picturesque in the history of the far west.

Anderson left his home in Louisville, Kentucky, March 11, 1834 for St. Louis and continued to Independence, Missouri, where he joined the Sublette expedition, which left for the mountains April 26. He returned to the east accompanying Thomas Fitzpatrick and party through Council Bluffs, September 11, from where he made his way homeward by way of St. Louis to Louisville, where he arrived October 6.

[CHIMNEY ROCK]

We are now in sight of E. P., or Chimney Rock,² a solitary shaft, about one hundred and fifty feet high, and which can be seen at the distance of thirty miles. It is two miles from the river, on the left side ascending, and from its peculiar form and entire isolation, is one of the most notorious objects on our mountain march.

[May] 29th.—We camp tonight a little below Scott's Bluff.³ The wind has been so violent all day that we have made little headway. This place bears the name of an old mountaineer, who died here from sickness and starvation. The desertion and abandonment of this poor man, by his leader and employer, was an act of the most cruel and heartless inhumanity, uncalled for and un-

¹In 1871 Anderson supplied his local newspaper with passages from his journal, which were published in two installments under the caption *A Horseback Ride to the Rocky Mountains in 1834* by W. Marshall Anderson, in the *Circleville Democrat and Watchman*, Circleville, Ohio, September 29, and October 13, 1871 respectively. Transcriptions in photostat were obtained of these two installments for the edition here presented.

William Marshall Anderson was born June 24, 1807 at Soldier's Retreat near Louisville, Kentucky, and was the son of Col. Richard Clough Anderson and Sarah Marshall. His education included attendance at Transylvania Institute at Lexington, where he continued until his junior year. Louisville, Kentucky, Chillicothe and Circleville, Ohio, were his main places of residence. He practiced law for a time and was later engaged in farming. In 1835 he married Eliza Ann McArthur, and in 1857 following the death of his first wife, married Ellen Columbia Ryan. The first marriage was blessed with four boys and five girls, and the second with three boys and one girl. He passed away at Circleville, Ohio, January 7, 1881, leaving a distinguished line of descendants.

For additional biographical data see notes 10 and 27.

Geneological data courteously supplied to the editor by Robert M. Anderson, (1862) of Circleville, Ohio, and son of William Marshall Anderson, in a letter of May 1938. Thanks is acknowledged to the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society of Columbus, Ohio, for assistance in checking the files of the *Circleville Democrat and Watchman*.

²Chimney Rock derives its name from a tall cylinder-like stone column resembling or suggesting a chimney, located on the south bank of the North Platte river. Nathaniel J. Wyeth writes that this monument was also known as "Elk Brick" the Indian name. The letters "E. P." were perhaps intended for "E. B." sometimes used for abbreviation. Chimney Rock is in Morrill county in western Nebraska, and is frequently mentioned in early journals of travel along the Old Oregon trail. See Nathaniel J. Wyeth, *Correspondence and Journals, 1831-1836*, edited by F. G. Young, (Eugene, Oregon, 1899), pp. 155, for Wyeth's reference.

³Today regarded as a national monument, and the source for the name of Scott's Bluff county in western Nebraska.

Frontier and Midland

necessary. His death has left here a traveler's land-mark, which will be known when the name of the canting hypocrite and scoundrel who deserted him, will be forgotten, and remembered only in hell. Two of his companions remained with him for several days, bearing him along as his weakness increased, and only left him when compelled by the want of food. The unburied corpse of poor Scott was found at this spot, having crawled more than two miles towards his father's cabin, and his mother's home.

The only witness, the only watcher in his death-agony, was the dark raven and the ever hungry wolf. And keen, sharp and eager was his watch. I know the name of the soulless villain, and so does God and the devil. I leave him to the mercy of the One and the justice of—[?]. Had such a being a father? I know not; for the sake of humanity, let us hope that he never had a mother, but "dropped from the tail of a dung-cart."

30th.—I found today, a hawk's nest, on a scaffold which had been the resting place of a Sioux brave. This bird of blood had deposited her eggs near the spot where a warrior's head once lay. This method of disposing of the dead is peculiar to, and common with that nation. A scaffold⁴ is securely fastened in the boughs of a tree so securely as to resist the action of the wind for years. The body, tightly wrapped in the honor-robe, his implements of the chase within, is then bound to it, and the brave is left to the companionship of the birds of the air and his brothers of the Spirit land.

This evening, about 5 o'clock, I felled a mighty bison to the earth. I placed my foot upon his neck of strength and looked around, but in vain, for some witness of my first great "coup." I thought myself larger than a dozen men. I tied little Blackhawk⁵ to his horns, and danced upon his body, and

made a fool of myself to my heart's content, then cut out his tongue and sat down to rest and moralize.

Nothing can be more revolting, more terrific, than a front view of an old bull buffalo. His huge hump, covered with long wool, rising eighteen or twenty inches above his spine; a dense mat of black hair, padding a bullet-proof head; a dirty drunkard beard, almost sweeping the ground, and his thick, dark horns and sparkling eyes, give him, altogether, the appearance and expression of some four-legged devil, fresh from—Halifax. But nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this, his meat is good eating. Bosse, hump-ribs, side ribs, tongue and marrow-bones. "Sufficient for the day," is the fatigue and rest thereof.

[FORT WILLIAM FOUNDED]

31st.—This evening we arrived at the mouth of Laramie's Fork, where Capt. [William L.] Sublette intends to erect a trader's fort.⁶ This is a bright and rapid stream of water, running out of the Black hills from the South. As soon as the fort is planned and commenced we will resume our westward march. The Black hills are spurs of the great Rocky mountain range, and derive their name from the dark shadows which the cedar and pine growing upon their sides, forcibly suggest.

June 1st., 1834.—This day we laid the foundation log of a fort, on Laramie's fork. A friendly dispute arose between our leader and myself, as to the name. He proposed to call it Fort Anderson, I insisted upon baptizing it Fort Sublette, and holding the trump card in my hand, (a bottle of champagne) was about to claim the trick. Sublette stood by, cup reversed, still objecting, when [William] Patton⁷ offered a compromise which was accepted, and the foam flew, in honor of Fort William, which contained the triad pre-

⁴Scaffold and tree burial was practiced by the Arapaho, Chippewa, Sioux, Siksika (Blackfeet), Mandan, and other tribes. Consult H. C. Yarrow on mortuary customs in the First Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, (Washington, 1881).

⁵Blackhawk was the name of his horse.

⁶Laramie fork or river was named after Joseph Laramie who was drowned in the stream in 1821. It was a tributary to the North Platte river.

⁷William Lewis Sublette (1799-1845) was in charge of the fur trading expedition with which Anderson traveled. He was one of the owners of the Rocky Mountain Fur company and a partner of Robert Campbell and Thomas Fitzpatrick. Campbell was with this expedition, the trading license for which appears in the names of Sublette and Campbell, under date of April 15, 1834, for one and a half years, with a party of twenty-five men. Sublette was one of the four brothers of fur trade fame, namely William, Milton, Solomon, and Andrew. He was proceeding rapidly in order to deliver a caravan of merchandise to Thomas Fitzpatrick who was already in the vicinity of the proposed rendezvous at Green river. To some measure he sought to arrive ahead of N. J. Wyeth who also had merchandise for Fitzpatrick, under previous contract of 1833. For abstract of trading licenses see House of Rep. Doc. 23 Cong. 2d Sess. War. Dept. Doc. 97, Cong. Serial 273.

⁸William Patton was a clerk engaged by William L. Sublette.

names of clerk, leader and friend.⁸ Leaving Patton and fourteen men to finish the job, we started upwards. From the top of the Black hills I got my first view of the Rocky Mountains—the snow covered mountains. My eyes have been fastened upon them all day, and at night I am not sobered, I must pen down my mind bubbles.

My first thought or feeling rather, was, Oh, ye toppling crags of ice, "summoned by the desperate Manfred," to crush him! Wherein are ye more terrific, more magnificently grand! See towering up to Heaven, the Kremlin of the winter God! Pillars and arches of gold and silver, with rose dyed glories of the setting sun, flashing from tower to tower. There, palaces and pyramids of crystal pierce the skies, and all around mansions of parian purity, spotless and white as virgin souls. Other portions of the range, not entirely wrapped in snow, were ever changing in form and color, whilst the summits were sporting with broad blades of light, the center was darkened by moving clouds, which like the mighty billows surged onward and upward, or rolled back with resistless power, as if to tear the giant Oregon from its base. To me these mimic battles of clouds and mountains are supremely grand, and whether serious thoughts or wild imaginings, I write them down.

In six or seven hundred miles of weary travel, we have seen no trees, save here and there a cottonwood, near the banks, or on some island on the Platte.

Marvels, they say, will never cease, but the marvel of marvels is now before me. This muddy, slow and sleepy [North] Platte—this water cheat, which, for so many days, we have seen floating downward, impelled only by its own weight—is here, one of the mightiest elements of the earth. It has come rushing with resistless power, over barriers of granite rock, and bursting and breaking through the Black hills, leaving perpendicular walls eight hundred feet on either side. I feel assured I shall never forget the grand spectacle, or cease to wonder at the change.

⁸Anderson here gives vital facts regarding the beginning of this trading post. Robert Campbell is believed to have been among those who remained to help with its construction. Fort William was later known as Fort Laramie from its location, and was shortly acquired by the American Fur company. Another post by the same name was later built in the vicinity and became the property of the United States government in 1849. The site of Fort William or Laramie was in the present Goshen county in Wyoming. Wyeth's party which included the missionary Jason Lee passed there June 1, 1834 and mention in respective journals that a post had been started there. See Wyeth (*op. cit.*), and Jason Lee's Diary, (mentioned in note 28).

I shall also mark this day with a white pebble, for another cause; I killed one of the fastest of fast animals, the antelope. Moore calls it "the silver-footed Antelope." Those of our deserts are decidedly ebon-footed.

2nd.—We have crossed the Platte this morning. Our course is now N.N.W. Rather deep fording; an inch or two more in this mixture of sand and water and we should have had a swimming match up and down. We are having a variety of "always part-ridge," we decamp and camp again, precisely as we have done for many and many a day. Had I to travel for weeks and months, over "these deserts idle," without hearing thunder, or seeing snakes, I might follow the example of that smart fellow who cut his throat, because disgusted with the everlasting dullness of putting on and pulling off his breeches.

June 3rd.—We are traveling due west. The prairie change has been from sandy to clear sand, and the moist, green grass of the river shore has become a dry and yellow hay. The wild sage, or *Artemisia*, is now the common growth. It is a sapless, bitter shrub, and the leaves, though smaller, very much resemble our garden sage.

Since we reached the Black hills we are becoming acquainted with trees again. We occasionally pass Indian lodges, laid out in the quadrangular, or fort-form made of saplings or large branches stuck in the ground and brought together at the top as a cone. Being of fresh ever-greens, they are pretty, and difficult to discover, when placed among, or in front of a thick grove.

I saw, today, the tracks of a grizzly bear, and the Irishman's remark about his game cock, (the duck) came to my mind: "Jasus, what a fun! but all hell couldn't up trup him." I examined the most perfect petrification, I ever saw. It was almost a log, of either cedar or ash. The grain and bark was very wood-like.

June 4.—Our direction is a little north of west, and we have, perhaps, made the distance of twenty-five miles. We are still short

of the Red Buttes, the usual crossing place, where the Platte is left for the Sweetwater, one of its tributaries. We have now a change, and that change the odd variety of roses, rattlesnakes and snow-covered mountains. With a wild flower in my lips, I have killed the tempter of mother Eve, and in sight of the Alps of America [Rocky Mountains].

We are all keeping a very sharp look-out. The signs indicate that "Yellow-jackets" are near, and we must take good care of our hair.⁹ Any hour, any minute, they may be here. This is no joke. These fellows wouldn't come to beg—they mean business. I wish it was all over, and we were all safe at the rendezvous. Sublette says I had better keep wide awake, as my white scalp¹⁰ would be prized as "big medicine." I confess I do not breathe freely yet. It would have been difficult to keep a better watch than I did last night. No wolf trotted in the moonlight; no elk whistled on the hill that I did not see and hear. But, whatever I feel or fear, I keep to myself. Perhaps, if it comes to the worst, I shall do as the rest—fight or run. I know one thing, however, I don't want to be "tried and found" missing.

We have breakfasted in front of the long-wished-for Buttes.¹¹ They are two isolated hills, covered with a lake-colored earth or paint. The stones hereabouts are impregnated with the same reddish matter. From the divide of the Platte and the Sweetwater, we have a distant yet beautiful view of the snow-capped mountains of the Yellowstone. Far off, snow-covered mountains have very much the appearance of long banks of white clouds, from which they can only be distinguished by their brightness, for as the negroes say, "dey do shine like any glissen."

We have passed by the hiding place of Gordon and Brown, who stayed here twenty days, watching for white men.¹² There are immense numbers of buffalo in sight, and yet they do not come up to my expectations, as I can see the ground in many places. We are

now living like fighting cocks. Here I am, at a beautiful spring, my skewer in the ground, at a hot fire of buffalo dung [sun-dried chips], a set of good, sweet hump-ribs roasting before me, legs crossed, knife drawn, and mouth watering, waiting for the attack. At just such a time I have forgotten home, Indians, everything but my ribs and my sweetheart, and but for the hope and the association I think she, too, would have been put behind me.

These clear mountain springs are charming places. They do so sweetly wash down a savory meal of buffalo meat. And is such meat really good? What a question to ask a hungry man! Ask a Catholic if he loves or believes in the Virgin Mary. At this elevation, where there is little or no dew, there is scarcely any animal putrefaction. I have seen the skin and flesh on the skull of a buffalo when the bone itself was nearly decayed. These June mornings are so cold that I am compelled to ride, first upon one hand and then the other, to get them warm. The country around here is sparkling with bright and beautiful pebbles. I wish I knew what they are.

6th.—Jack Frost, how do you do? I am like "John Anderson, my Jo," with his frosty pow. My head is whiter than usual this morning. The ground is covered with a white robe, all around a lake, which is about three hundred yards long by one hundred wide, and the exudation forms a fringe of one half mile, extending every way from the water's edge. The trappers call this "Glauber Salts Lake." It seems that the luxuries, necessities, and apothecary stuff are spread all over the earth, as well for the irrational as the rational creature. And here comes in the salt weed. It is a short, withered looking plant, with small leaves, which are strongly saline, as if they had been steeped in brine. In the fall of the year, wild horses and buffalo are very fond of it, and it is said that in the winter the meat of all browsing animals is naturally and sufficiently seasoned by it.¹³

⁹Refers to troublesome bands of Indians.

¹⁰He had very light brown hair, probably approaching blonde, and was not prematurely gray as may be inferred.

¹¹Red Buttes in Natrona county of Wyoming.

¹²Apparently William Gordon who from 1822 to 1831 was in the fur trade of the west as he states in his report to the Secretary of War, relative to the fur trade, dated Oct. 3, 1831. Escapades with Indians were common occurrences with fur traders. See Gordon's Report in Senate Ex. Doc., 22 Cong. 1st Sess., Vol. 2, No. 90, Cong. Serial 213.

¹³Lakes and ponds of this description are frequently mentioned in early journals. John K. Townsend notes in his journal of June 12, 1834: "The plains of the Sweet-water at this point . . . are covered with little salt pools, the edges of which are encrusted with alkaline

[ROCK INDEPENDENCE]

We have breakfasted this morning at the base of Rock Independence.¹⁴ There are few places better known or more interesting to the mountaineer than this huge boulder. Here they look for and often obtain information of intense interest to them. On the side of the rock names, dates and messages, written in buffalo-grease and powder, are read and re-read with as much eagerness as if they were letters in detail from long absent friends. Besides being a place of advertisement, or kind of trappers' post office, it possesses a reputation and a fame peculiar to itself. It is a large, egg-shaped mass of granite, entirely separate and apart from all other hills, or ranges of hills. One mile in circumference, about six or seven hundred feet high, without a particle of vegetation, and with no change known but the varying sparkles of mica which are seen by day and by the moon by night.

Some years ago, a party of buffalo killers and beaver skimmers celebrated here our national jubilee on the great Fourth of July. What noise, what roar of powder and pomp of patriotism surrounded and echoed from this eternal monument my informant did not say, nor can I imagine. I shall suppose the immortal Declaration was talked over, Washington toasted, and Rock Independence baptised into the old confederacy.

We are now in a very dangerous region, and our motto is, or should be, "watch and pray." There is a great deal of the first done, I know, and very little of the last I suspect.

Oh, lovely beyond all loveliness is the setting sun, gilding the snow-capped peaks of Seets-ca-dee! But hold! scribbler! leave something in your inkstand! I must, indeed, for having exhausted all my superlatives, unless I resort to pure invention, I have nothing to add to the description of the Black Hill view. In apology for that night's overflow, I have this to say: I have never been

more than fifty miles from home, was on very high ground, and had been reading Phillips' speeches for twenty days. Seets-ca-dee is called by some Mount of the Winds, but means, in the Crow language, Prairie Cock. They call Green River Seets-ca-dee Azh-ee, or Prairie Cock River.¹⁵

June 8th.—I have seen the Bighorns, or Rocky mountain sheep. Passing through a narrow gorge they were pointed out, peeping at us from their unapproachable towers. I could not see the lamb which others saw, but to me they all seemed lambs, viewed through the gloom or dwarfed by their great elevation.

9th.—This morning, shortly after starting, fresh horse tracks were discovered. We followed them up and found a letter sticking in a twig near Fitzpatrick's "Cache." When Sublette read it and made known the contents there was a shout of joy from the whole company. It was from Lew Vasquez,¹⁶ a great favorite of the mountaineers, who had almost been given up for lost. This letter was his resurrection. He was much talked of today, and always praised. One old trapper said "thank God he lives, and I shall hear his merry laugh again."

For two days the magnificent rivers of the Seets-ca-dee have rather increased than diminished. The congregated summits form themselves into cities, towns, and castles, bright and beautiful, as if built of spotless marble. Such they seemed but yesterday—today how changed! Their glories have faded away, and we see nothing now but immense masses of dull dead stone; nature's rough ashlers, cracked and fissured into every size and form of angle, quadrangle and parallelogram.

Today I drink of the waters which flow into the Atlantic; tomorrow I shall quench my thirst from fountains which send their tributaries to the Ocean of Peace [Pacific]. We have had a restless, sleepless, and unhappy night. My anxiety is particularly

efflorescences, looking like borders of snow." Consult early United States government expeditions for geographical and geological surveys concerning this region. (J. C. Fremont's and F. V. Hayden's expeditions respectively).

¹⁴Sometimes referred to as the "Record" and "Register of the Desert" by Father DeSmet, and used as a bill-board by early travelers of the Old Oregon trail. Situated in southern Natrona county, Wyoming. Its height was in excess of 150 feet by recent estimate.

¹⁵For a better understanding of the route taken and the names of streams mentioned consult a recent map of Wyoming. Modern names in some instances have replaced those of early writers, who did not always agree in recording names.

¹⁶Louis Vasquez associated with various fur trading ventures and after whom Fort Vasquez was named. It was situated on the South Platte near Plattsville, Colorado, and built in 1837-38. Vasquez and Andrew Sublette were its builders.

great. Our hunter and young Walker,¹⁷ the grand-son of Major Christy of St. Louis, have not returned, and serious fears are entertained. I have ascended all the highest hills, and eminences around, to look for them. Our guns have all been discharged, but no response, no sign.

[SOUTH PASS TRAVERSED]

10th.—We laid down, late at night, almost in despair, thinking of Blackfeet¹⁸ and bloodshed. Every quarter of the horizon had been scanned, when just as the most sanguine was about to surrender hope, they were discovered about twelve miles ahead, quietly waiting for us. This evening, with the sun, we passed from the Eastern to Western America.¹⁹ From the base of the Seets-ca-dee, or Mount of the winds, whose cold top is perennially clothed in snow, arises the many-named river of Seets-ca-dee, or Sandy, or Green, or Rio Colorado, whose waters flow into the Pacific; from the neighboring fountains spring the Platte and the Yellow-stone tributaries of the mighty Atlantic. Yesterday, from a scarcely perceptible elevation, we could distinctly see waters flowing east and west, which enter far, far away into the two rival oceans of this continent.

11th.—This morning about sunrise a gun was heard. It was but a moment's work to have all the horses driven in and picketed down. Sublette was soon upon the highest butte, spy-glass in hand; but discovering nothing we took up our line of march. If each man had as many eyes as Argus he did not sleep with those he had. It was, perhaps, a false alarm, or some little volcanic puff, from the bowels of the mountains. These are emphatically Rocky mountains, accurately so named. Enormous piles of various colored granite, now dark and dull, now grey and sparkling. One time we saw immense round boulders, then huge slabs, vertical, horizontal and slanting. Near the Sweetwater Canon, (pronounced as the last syllable of onion) there is a large vein of

iron-ore which passes entirely through the spur of the mountain. The face of the country from the Red Buttes on the Platte to the Sweetwater, and from thence to the main Colorado, is barren in the extreme; it is sand and nothing but sand. In fact, except the bottoms, margining the streams up which we traveled from the Kaw west there is no soil visible. It is one immense desert;²⁰ a true American "Sahara." If Providence has suffered civilized man to come here at all, it must have been *per gratia*, for surely such a barren region could only have been intended for the gregarious prairie dog, or the migratory buffalo.

12th.—We are now in camp on the Seets-ca-dee, as it is generally called here, and I think should always be so called, for doubtless the Indians first found and named it. Never was there a purer, drier, or more elastic atmosphere than we have breathed and enjoyed for the last thirty days. I have not seen, or smelt a piece of meat approaching to putrefaction, since I reached the Platte. Except the *heart* of man, I believe meat would petrify before it would putrify. I have frequently carried a piece of fresh buffalo, or venison, on my pack-saddle, without being cooked or salted and ate it at the end of five days, perfectly sweet and good.

How lovely are the nights! The moon and stars shine with a purer and a brighter light than I ever saw them before. It is said "an undevout astronomer is mad." That may be so, but if I were an astronomer, I think I should go mad, or, like a child of Atlantis, curse the sun every day for depriving me of the sweet converse of the stars. How I long for a timbered country. In a thousand miles I have not seen a hundred acres of wood. All that comes near to arborification, is a fringe of cottonwood and willows along the banks of creeks and rivers. These everlasting hills have an everlasting curse of barrenness. Poor Blackhawk is thin, but game to his marrow bones. I believe he is willing,

¹⁷Probably Courtney M. Walker assistant to the missionary Jason Lee, who was traveling with Wyeth's party. He appears to have been on a visit to the party of which Anderson was a member.

¹⁸The Blackfoot nation consisting of the Piegans, Bloods, Blackfeet proper, and the Gros Ventres, resented the western invasion of the whites. Mutual hostility developed into a long series of assaults and reprisals.

¹⁹This was the famous "South Pass" or "Big Gap" in the Continental divide of the Rocky Mountains, with an elevation of 7,500 feet above sea level. Today it is within the boundaries of Fremont county Wyoming.

²⁰Belief that this western region was unfit for practical agriculture continued for a number of years, and it was not until the late 1870's and early 1880's that the "Sahara of the West" lost its frightening aspect to prospective farmers.

if not able, to bear me to the Pacific Ocean.

My mothers, sisters, little Dick and a pair of pretty blue eyes, in Ohio, often occupy my thoughts. God bless them!

We are now at the place²¹ we started for when we left St. Louis. It is not so far, I think, by several hundred miles, as it has been generally estimated. I should not put it down at more than thirteen hundred miles.

This evening we were visited by six trappers from Drips and Fontenelle's camp.²² They were extremely glad to see us. We gave them the news in broken doses; beginning with matters three years old. This was delightful, fresher by several years than they had heard. Then we brought them up by degrees to the intelligence of the present day. To judge of the effect, we must consider that some of these men have been in the mountains for the last twelve years without a visit to the settlements.

13th.—Capt. Sublette sent out some aspiring souls to hunt buffalo and look for men. They found both, but *cui bone*, they could neither

kill buffalo or talk French, so came home "with their fingers in their mouths."

[OLD GLORY UNFURLED]

14th.—Have I, or have I not, immortalized myself today? I have raised with my own hands, our glorious flag, "the star-spangled banner," the badge of freedom and Union—on the brow of our great northern Andes. The first ever displayed on these unmeasurable heights.²³ It had scarcely smoothed out its wrinkles and began to dance its joyous measures in the breeze, than four men were seen darting like Cossacks over the plains. Wild with amazement and delight, they screamed and shouted "hurrah, hurrah! well done for Bill," and "give us your hand old boy."

Into the tent they rushed. Somehow I learned their names. They were [Lewis] Vasquez, the long lost Vasquez, [Thomas] Fitzpatrick, [John] Gray, and the Little Chief.²⁴ Vasquez and Sublette are shaking hands with their right and smacking and pushing each other with the left. They both

²¹Green River valley rendezvous near Daniel, in Sublette county, Wyoming.

²²Andrew Drips, sometimes referred to as "Major" was associated with the American Fur company as was Lucien Fontenelle. Both are prominently mentioned in the American fur trade, and were directing the affairs of their company at the rendezvous at the time.

²³A noteworthy event in the history of the Pacific northwest, and one of the earliest on record, preceding a similar act by Nathaniel J. Wyeth by several weeks.

²⁴Thomas Fitzpatrick, (1799-1854) was one of the most famous mountain men, having entered the western fur trade as early as 1823. He later figures conspicuously as a guide for traveling parties, among them Father Peter DeSmet's missionaries in 1841 on their way to found St. Mary's mission for the Flatheads, and the second Charles Fremont expedition of 1843-1844. Later he was to render outstanding service in negotiating with Col. D. D. Mitchell the treaty of Fort Laramie in 1851. He was widely known on the frontier as "Broken Hand" and "White Hair." He and Robert Campbell were adopted brothers according to Indian custom of Insula the Flathead chief mentioned by Anderson. Highlights of his career are given in *Broken Hand, the Life Story of Thomas Fitzpatrick*, by LeRoy R. Hafen and W. J. Ghent, (Denver, 1931).

John Gray or Grey was a trapper formerly employed by the Hudson's Bay Company.

Little chief or *Insula* was also known as Red Feather because of a red feather he wore in his hair, and also as Michel, a name he received in baptism from the Jesuit fathers when they founded a mission among the Flatheads in the Bitter Root valley of western Montana. He was noted for his courage, horsemanship, and kindness to others. Warren A. Ferris met him in August 1833 in western Montana and writes that he was a "little hardy old veteran" who came to smoke the pipe of friendship. In 1835 *Insula* was among the Flatheads who met the missionaries the Rev. Marcus Whitman and the Rev. Samuel Parker at Green river, both of whom mention him in their writings. His portrait was painted by Father Nicholas Point in the early 1840's and appears in DeSmet's *Oregon Missions* published in 1847.

An account published in 1842 by McKenney and Hall gives prominent mention to the horsemanship of this Flathead or Selish chief. The account reads in part: "A friend of the writer saw this feat performed by Incilla the present chief of the tribe, on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains. The chief threw himself on the neck of a wild horse recently taken, holding in one hand a small flag, and in the other a hoop covered with a skin, after the fashion of a tamborine. On being turned loose, the animal dashed off, rearing and pitching, and using the most violent exertions to disengage himself from his fearless rider, who, clinging with his heels, maintained his seat, in spite of the efforts of his horse to dislodge him. When he wished to check the speed of the animal, he blinded him by throwing the flag across his face; while he guided him, by striking him with the tamborine on the one side or the other of the head. This exercise he continued, scouring the plain at full speed, and directing the course of the furious steed at will, until the latter was wearied out and subdued." Pierre Jean DeSmet, *Oregon Missions and Travels . . . 1845-46*, (New York, 1847), also same, R. G. Thwaites reprint edition, (Cleveland, 1905). DeSmet, *Life Letters and Travels*, Edited by H. M. Chittenden and A. T. Richardson, 4 Vols., (New York, 1905). W. A. Ferris, *Life in the Rocky Mountains, A Diary . . . 1830-1835*, published serially in Vols. II and III, (1842-1844) of *The Western Literary Messenger*, by J. S. Chadbourn & Co., (New York). Thomas L. McKenny and James Hall, *History of the Indians of North America*, 3 Vols. (Philadelphia, 1837, 42, and 1845), Vol. 2 pp. 163-165. Rev. Samuel Parker, *Journal of an Exploring Tour Beyond the Rocky Mountains, under the direction of the A. B. C. F. M., 1835-1837*, (Ithica, N. Y., 1838), p. 77. Dr. Marcus Whitman, *Journal of His Tour . . . in 1835 Beyond the Rocky Mountains*, edited by F. G. Young, in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 28, 1927, p. 248, see also p. 266.

ask questions and neither answer. I sat by a listener and looker on. Three camps are now within fifty or sixty miles of each other. In a few days I shall know what a mountain rendezvous means.

This morning we received a visit from three Nez Perces, who have come over from Fitzpatrick's camp to see how the land lies. The elder is Kentuck, a name by which he is known even among his own people.²⁵ His Indian name is The Bull's Head. The Nez Perces, or Saap Tens and the Flatheads, Saylish, are proverbial for their honesty and love for truth.²⁶

16th.—Mr. Sublette has just returned from Fitzpatrick's camp, bringing with him the Little Chief, Insillah, which signifies in English the War Eagle's plume. He is a short, well made, active man, and is, I understand, a splendid horseman. This amiable little fellow was looking intently at my white hair which Sublette observing, pronounced Gen. Clark's Flathead name, Red Head Chief, and putting the first fingers of his right hand on his tongue, intimated that we were relatives, (the white head and the red head) or had drawn sustenance from the same breast. He immediately pressed me to his side, and rapidly related his boy-hood recollections of the Clark and Lewis expedition.²⁷

17th.—We have moved our camp a few miles up the river where we were joined by Fitzpatrick, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. We are a motley set, Whites, French, Yankees, Nez Perces, Flatheads, and Snakes, or Shoshones.

Whilst dining in our tent today, I heard the simultaneous cry from English, French and Indian mouths, of a *bull, un caïac, trod-lum*, and oh, Spirit of Nimrod, what a spectacle! A huge buffalo bull, booming through the camp, like a steamboat, followed by an Indian yelling and shaking his robe. Loud shouts of "hurrah Kentuck," "Oka-hey trodulum," "go ahead bull," and whiz, whiz, went a dozen arrows, bang, bang, as many guns, and poor Jean Baptist leaped from the bank and floated, broad side up, down the rapid current of Green river. This wonderful exhibition of skill, perseverance and daring, was performed by the Bull's Head in fulfillment of a promise, made the night before, to Capt. Sublette, that he would drive an old bull through the camp to please Hi-hi-seeks-tooah, his Little White Brother. And he did both.

18.—Capt. [Nathaniel J.] Wyeth, of Boston, who left the settlements ten days before us, came into camp this evening.²⁸ He is on his way to the mouth of the Columbia river,

²⁵In August 1835 Kentuck was the guide for the Rev. Samuel Parker from the Rendezvous at Green river to Fort Walla Walla.

²⁶The Nez Perces or Sahaptins whose residence was in Idaho, south-eastern Washington, and north-eastern Oregon, and the Flatheads or Selish, whose residence was in western Montana, were recognized friends of the whites and could be relied upon at all times.

²⁷Anderson's father Col. Richard Clough Anderson, was a brother-in-law of the brothers William Clark and George Rogers Clark, by a first marriage. William Marshall Anderson's mother was Sarah Marshall wife of Col. Anderson by a second marriage. This explains the reference to relationship of Anderson to William Clark the explorer mentioned in the account.

The Flatheads cherished the memory of this visit of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, who were the first white men to come to their home lands in the Bitter Root valley of western Montana. The meeting with the explorers took place the first week of September, 1805 in Ross Hole of the Bitter Root valley. The event was significant in tribal history. Apparently the "Little Chief" was present at the occasion. In the respective journals of this expedition the Flatheads are also referred to as Tushepaw and Shalees, the former being their name in the Snake or Shoshone Indian language as given by Sacajawea the Shoshone Indian woman guide, and the latter being the Nez Perce Indian name for them as derived from Selish their own name for themselves. The Flatheads in question did not deform their heads. Consult the *Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, 1804 to 1806*, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, 8 vols. (New York, 1904-1905) Vol. 3, pp. 53-66, Vol. 4, p. 185. Sergeant Patrick Gass' *Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition*, (Reprint of edition of 1811, Chicago, 1904), pp. 137-8, 204. John Ordway, *The Journals of Capt. Meriwether Lewis and Sergeant John Ordway, 1803-1806*, edited by Milo M. Quaife, (Madison, 1916), pp. 231-84.

²⁸Nathaniel J. Wyeth who July 15, 1834 began building Fort Hall on the right bank of the Snake River (Idaho), and whose western exploits form an important part of the American fur trade. He too raised an American flag a few weeks later to honor the building of his trading post. His business with Thomas Fitzpatrick at the rendezvous was relative to merchandise he had brought from the east under contract with the Rocky Mountain Fur company. The company declined to abide by the contract and preferred to forfeit bond, because William L. Sublette had already supplied merchandise and the dissolution of the company was contemplated at the end of the trading rendezvous. Wyeth started Fort Hall to dispose of his wares.

With Wyeth's expedition traveled the (Methodist) missionary party of the Rev. Jason Lee, bound for the Flathead Indians to found a mission among these people. Lee decided to continue westward, having learned that the home of the Flatheads was some distance northward, and thought best to survey the field before founding a mission. He founded a mission at Willamette, (Oregon).

Others with Wyeth's party included the naturalists Thomas Nuttall, botanist, and John

where he expects a vessel, freighted with merchandise, to be exchanged for furs, salmon, &c. I have declined an invitation to accompany him, although his return trip, by way of the Sandwich Islands, is a strong temptation. I think I am far enough from home for this time.

Mr. Edward Christy,²⁹ of St. Louis, has just arrived from Fort Vancouver, bringing with him a considerable number of Snakes and Nez Percés. Yells, songs and oaths are heard all day and all night long. Like flies on a sugar barrel, or niggers at corn shucking, the red-skins are flocking to the trading tents. We have now perhaps not less than fifteen hundred around us. Mr. Sublette has met here an old acquaintance and friend in Rotten Belly,³⁰ a tall, commanding-looking fellow, who was wounded in the same Black-foot fight where the former received a ball in his arm and side. The bread-basket of the Nez Perce [Crow] was so seriously damaged that he has ever since borne a name indicative of the fact. It was curious to see how those two iron men enjoyed their wounds. For a short time the scene was uproarious. Shouting, laughing, slapping and joking each other, then winding up by cursing the Black-foot with a hearty and vicious eloquence.

19.—Crossed the river and moved our now large camp on to Harris' Fork,³¹ a very pretty tributary of the Seets-ca-dee. Our cavalcade today very forcibly reminded me of Bishop Heber's charming description of "The pilgrims on their winding way." I rode to

one side and watched it for a long time, with intense interest. Except in the language of the poet, it would be difficult to depict such a scene. It was an unbroken line of human beings, of several nationalities and varied costumes, constantly changing route and elevation. At one and the same time it was ascending and descending eminences; at one and the same time swaying both to the right and the left to avoid obstacles or overcome difficulties—the little front point, by some inscrutable power or resistless magnetism, seeming to drag the whole mass after it at will.

There were whites of every caste and tongue, with their horses, mules and jackasses; Indians, with their dogs, squaws and lodge-poles, and away off (stragglers from another camp) were men in full chase after the blowing buffalo. In the dress of the aborigines there is frequently the most remarkable contrasts and contradictions. I saw today a squaw mounted astride, upon a handsome horse, most elegantly caparisoned, saddle, bridle and accoutrements shining with silver; she, herself, decked in corresponding attire, whilst her proud head was turbaned with a most filthy and disgusting clout.

These ladies are very fine riders, mounting and dismounting with the ease and grace of a cavalier.

[A GRIZZLY TROPHY]

A large grizzly bear, which had been frightened from the hills by two boys, ran through the camp, scattering women and

K. Townsend, ornithologist, William Drummond Stewart, English adventurer, and a number of persons bound for the west.

Details of the trip and the rendezvous by those who came westward with Wyeth, in addition to Wyeth's Letters and Journals which have already been mentioned in notes, can be studied in writings as here noted: "Diary of Jason Lee," in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 17, 1916; Phillip L. Edwards, letter of June 23, 1834, in *Niles Register*, Baltimore, Oct. 11, 1834, Vol. 47, p. 92; Rev. Z. A. Mudge, *The Missionary Teacher; A Memoir of Cyrus Shapard*, edited by D. P. Kidder, (New York, 1848), Ch. 9. (Edwards and Shapard were with Lee's party.) Writings Continued: Osborne Russell, *Journal of a Trapper or Nine Years in the Rocky Mountains, 1834-1843*, Boise, (Idaho, 1921); James B. Marsh, *Four Years in the Rockies; or the Adventures of Isaac P. Rose*, (New Castle, Pa., 1884); John K. Townsend, *Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River*, Philadelphia, 1839, R. G. Thwaites reprint edition, (Cleveland, 1905). (Russell and Rose were with Wyeth's own party.) Consult also, Kit Carson's *Own Story of His Life*, (as dictated to Col. and Mrs. C. C. Peters about 1856-57, and never published), edited by Blanche C. Gant, (Taos, N. M., 1926), pp. 32-33 for rendezvous of 1834. Also, Hiram M. Chittenden, *The American Fur Trade of the Far West*, 3 vols., (New York, 1902).

²⁹Edward Christy came west in May 1833 with the trading party of Robert Campbell as a guest. His name is also given as Edmund Christy by Charles Larpenteur in his *Forty Years A Fur Trader On the Upper Missouri*. Edited by E. Coues. 2 Vols. (New York, 1895).

³⁰This Indian chief was also known as Arapooish and was of the Crow not the Nez Perce tribe. He receives prominent mention in Washington Irving's "Adventures of Captain Bonneville." Contemporary accounts of the Battle of Pierrie's Hole (Idaho) in July 1832 do not mention him as engaged in the battle. However the same band of Atsinas or Gros Ventres which fought the trappers, had a battle with the Crows a few weeks later, and it is probable that Arapooish or Rotten Belly was wounded in this encounter. William L. Sublette's account of the battle of Pierrie's Hole was published in the *Missouri Republican*, St. Louis, October 16, 1832.

³¹Ham's fork, since the rendezvous had moved there by June 20, after a meeting at Green river. The rendezvous in Green river valley shifted locations several times, chiefly on account of forage for the large numbers of horses owned by the various parties.

children as a hawk scatters chickens, and took refuge in a dense growth of willows. In about twenty minutes, the discharge of a gun and the triumphant yell of Insillah announced its fate. This evening the skin of the terrible animal was presented to me by the Flathead chief, with the ears and claws still on. I do not know that I ever felt so much pride and surprise as I did upon this occasion. It was both a trophy of his daring and proof of his high regard for the old "Red-head chief." Hi-hi-suks-tooah was as grateful and as gratified as if he had received a gift from Royal hands and merited the compliment.

I have, as yet, seen no Crows. In their tongue they call themselves Ab-sa-rokees, which means, as I understand, *the big bird*. I fancy that that tribe intended to call

themselves "The Eagles," but the translator, supposing that their sign for flying resembled the flaps of our black corn-stealer, rendered it Crow. It is better so, perhaps, as I hear they are the most expert and incorrigible rogues on the face of the earth. I have made some inquiries as to the meaning of the names given by the mountain Indians to the Americans. So far as I can learn, they are all synonyms of "long-knife," "big blade," or "sword." By the Crows we are called Mitsiats-ki—long knife; the Blackfeet, or Pugganes [Piegans], term us Nisto-soo-ni-quen—long knife; the Nez Percés say we are Alam—big blade; the Flatheads, Sooi-api—sword or long knife. Our name in the Shoshone or Snake is Ta-ba-bo, but whether that has the same signification I did not ascertain.⁵²

⁵²Following the termination of the rendezvous some days later, Anderson returned east with a party under Thomas Fitzpatrick, with memories of his western sojourn preserved in his personal notes. He had participated in a historic expedition in "pioneering the west" and had seen the far western frontier when the pelt of the beaver and peltries of the fur trade induced men to brave great dangers, while, perhaps unconsciously, leading the way for white occupation of the great wilderness vaguely shown on early maps as the territory of Oregon.

❧ A WESTERN BOOKSHELF ❧

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

The Past Must Alter. By Albert J. Guerard. Holt. \$2.50.

As one reads *The Past Must Alter*, two oddly disassociated impressions are born in the mind and grow as the book progresses. One is that here is a prose style so graceful and so obedient that its mastery by an author of twenty is an exciting and scarcely believable thing. The other is that those misanthropes who recommend the abolition of the family are unquestionably sound, and that the purge should begin with the conventional one-child family of the American middle class.

Which is not to say that either young Jim, the hero of this book, or his parents, Diane and Fritz, are people whom you would want individually to dispose of. On the contrary all three have extraordinary charm. It is what they do to each other and particularly what the parents do to the boy that makes one wonder whether our criminal code should not include some suitable penalty for those who bring up an only child and particularly an only son.

Fritz was one of those men who should never have married in the first place, the kind who perversely seem to attach to themselves maternal and domestic women for the sole purpose of breaking their pride and their

hearts. Having married, he should never have begot a hypersensitive and worshipful son. But having done the first two, it was practically inevitable he should do the third, abandon his wife and child for the febrile routines of war time journalism and gambling, which to some temperaments are known as Living Life to the Full.

Jim and Diane, thrown now more than ever into an already too great absorption in each other, go to Paris to try to pick up Fritz's trail. Back in California a year earlier Jim had seen his father slugged in a Monterey gambling joint and, as he believed at the time, killed. When news comes of his actual death in Rome, also in a gambling brawl, Jim accepts it numbly. He had experienced the real psychological shock of his father's death in Monterey.

But the bond between Jim and the living Fritz becomes after his death morbid and destructive. Not until the boy frees himself from the obsessed memory of his dead father does the possibility of normal happiness return to Jim and his mother.

The characters in their spiritual dilemma are detached almost entirely from any sort of human background. Fritz and Diane have, apparently, no neighbors, Jim no playmates. The family lives at different times in San Francisco, Iowa, Carmel, Paris, but the

world seems to end at the walls of the few rooms they occupy. True, there is a stirring description of Armistice Day in Paris, but it is only a spectacle. The characters have no relation to it. They live in the airless prison of their own emotional reaction, not in a breathing, struggling, human world of objective combat.

And that is the book's weakness. Intense preoccupation with the personal is a characteristic of youth. When Mr. Guerard combines his very exceptional technical gifts with larger human problems he will write a novel worth looking forward to.

Marianne King

Women of the Wilderness. By Margaret Bell. Dutton. \$3.50.

Three Women. By Hazel Hawthorne. Dutton. \$2.50.

Women of the Wilderness is an attempt to present the "dark yet unwritten history of the pioneer woman." The narrative begins with Mary Chilton, supposedly the first person to set foot on Plymouth Rock, and ends several generations later with Mary Dyer, who was hanged in Boston for holding religious beliefs that were not approved by the authorities. The material itself is remarkably rich in human and social significance, but the book realizes little of it. The account is neither a straightforward historical narrative nor a dramatic presentation of the many women moving across its pages. Because of its dull and empty style, laden with clichés and sentimentalities, the book is vile hard reading. The following account of John Alden's famous proposal is representative of Margaret Bell's style:

"The White-Winslow wedding and the quickly flowering spring—scent of hawthorn, dogwood and wild cherry—moved Priscilla Mullins to speak her mind to the little captain's emissary. Along came this Mercury one evening, and from his look he should have been his own cup-bearer and not another's. How his lip trembled when he spoke, what world's of passion were revealed by the mounting fires in his eyes! A pity that such eloquence should be used entirely to the advantage of another. So thought Priscilla, whose eyes were a match for his own, in rapturous shining. Smiling, with her head a little on one side, she said, slyly, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

In the second half of the book (there are 384 pages) the writer has concentrated on a smaller number of characters, undoubtedly because more letters, memoirs, and documents were available. As a consequence the matter gains in interest. (But in spite of the greater density of material, the style is still there.) Ann Hutchinson and Ann Brad-

street emerge more clearly than do any of the other women.

The experiences of the colonists provide the author with the opportunity of making weak defenses of all that is reactionary in American life—with certain exceptions. She attempts to sell us the ideas of religious freedom and feminism, but her whacking of these two dead lions is not an engaging sight. She complains throughout of the selfish autocracy of the ruling males. She has evidence enough; the book is full of it. But she couldn't see the obvious conclusion to the facts that she had presented: the freedom of the Pilgrim was only freedom for individual economic exploitation—and the women were merely one group of victims.

It's seldom that one comes across a book like *Three Women*. Reading it is not a matter of merely tearing the heart out of the book while leaning against the furniture. Neither is it a dull and mechanical turning of pages until the hours go numb. Instead, you read a paragraph, start on the next one, and then remembering how swell that other paragraph was, you have to turn back.

Three Women is the story of a group of characters, showing how they react to the Civil War. A long time ago people raised a hubbub about Stephen Crane's writing so vividly of the Civil War without ever having seen an actual battle. Miss Hawthorne is a better narrator of battles than Crane, and she is a better imaginer. Moreover, she can do with great skill what Crane rarely if ever attempted—the portrayal of complex states of mind. (As further evidence in this regard, see her "On the Baltic," published several years ago in *Hound and Horn*). It is hard to understand why everyone hasn't been talking about her. Is it that we no longer recognize literary excellence unless it expresses a class-consciousness? Good friends get to kicking each other around over such questions of late. And Hazel Hawthorne's work is worth a good scrap—if anyone cares about literature.

Here is the point. In spite of all her excellence, the characters keep turning around within themselves, refining themselves out of existence, and leaving one with only a vapid defeatism. The possible range of human experiences gets a little cramped when all the characters in a novel are defeatists. Melissa Richardson, a girl of wayward sensibility, nearly steals the show until she turns prostitute and later becomes a center of political intrigue in Washington. Unfortunately, Miss Hawthorne can't follow Melissa in these experiences and the light dims. The most interesting male character in the novel is a friend of Melissa's who is interested in organizing the mill workers. But the Civil War begins and at last shows him up. His interest was only a sentimental one. Consequently he is lined up with the other isolated entities. A skeleton stuck with ex-

quisite flowers. We need an extension of the meaning of the image.

I keep thinking of the grand people in *Women of the Wilderness* all gone to waste because Margaret Bell lacked both panoramic vision and Miss Hawthorne's literary genius.

Lloyd J. Reynolds

Western Windows. By Frances Holmstrom. Metropolitan. \$1.25.

Child on a Mill-Farm. By Eleanor Glenn Wallis. Kaleidograph. \$1.50.

Cossack Laughter. By Fania Kruger. Kaleidograph. \$1.50.

Voices From the Fields. Edited by Russell Lord. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

Live Oak Leaves. By Bessie Pryor Palmer. Greater West.

Westward Year Book of 1937. Greater West.

Belle-Fleur. By Ione Wilson. Greater West.

What is the matter with American poetry is something that a lot of smart people would like to know. Some have hazarded the guess that it is the same malady that crops out in a hundred other ways in American life. Some cannot believe that what was called the new American Renaissance (roughly 1912 to 1925) is over. Some point to the feverish growth of small poetry magazines and regional presses and say that such an era of activity always precedes a great creative awakening.

Something is the matter, or we should not be lumping seven books of poems in a single discussion, and dismissing all but snatches as irredeemable junk.

If one desired a convincing token of the complete aimlessness of the regionalist program he could find it in the fact that *Voices From the Fields* was published by one of the great metropolitan presses. Here is poetry from the soil, work born out of the only considerable tradition of literary amateurism that exists in America. The regionalists with their heads full of cloudy theories or no theories at all, let it slip through their fingers. Here is a volume of great significance in American literary history. Most of its pieces, it is true, are commonplace, distinguished by neither originality of thought nor dexterity of style. They are, however, mostly genuine, a merit which places them forever above the output of the selfconsciously "literary" and "poetic" scribblers considered in conjunction with them. In some small degree poetry has become a tradition with these farming people. Their lives are dedicated to farming, and they blunder along them as people have from the beginning. The over-

tones and some of the deeper problems of those lives they have managed to let escape into verse—verse that for all its commonplaceness, its stiltedness and frequent imitations, is unqualifiedly good.

A Foreword to the *Westward Year Book of 1937* announces breathlessly:

In a world sick from the effects of voracious regimentation, it is good at times to pause and focus the attention on the field immune from (*sic*) the common evil, the field cultivated by the poet, where beauty is ever in bloom and goodness of heart is the rule rather than the exception. In that field we behold the seed of emotion sprouting into thought, and the thought ripening into expression regardless of the compulsion, exigencies and inevitable frustrations of the travesty of modern economics that the less sapient of the genus homo have been made to accept as normal and desirable.

This passage might well be taken as a starting point for all future consideration of the poetry problem in America. It is a fact that there is little place for the artist in modern American life which underlies the rash of "little" magazines and regional presses in recent decades. There is some recognition and reward, though mostly belatedly, for the outstanding genius; the talented has to sell out to commercialization to survive; and the average creative person with varying minor creative abilities is driven to the "little" magazines. That these persons are confused and desperate is plain from the words "where beauty is ever in bloom and goodness of heart is the rule rather than the exception." What a terrible phrase that is! What pitiable groping it reveals!

These "little" magazine poets write largely for each other. In defense against the world's rejection of them they become affected and ingrown. Their poetry is almost uniformly bad. Occasionally one escapes to the left-wing press and finds himself there. Many give up and become silent. Some keep blindly on, gradually growing to love their self-sanctified haven, finally losing all memory of the cruel world that once rejected them.

Many literary persons are confused about regionalism. The metropolitan critics smile patronizingly and express their delight that the folks back home are expressing an interest in culture. Regionalism is of course no more than the literary manifestation of a protest against the centralizing pressure of our modern economic and financial structure. After the regionalist whoopers-up have encouraged their proteges to stay at home and write of the home people, they go blithely ahead condoning and fostering the escape literature of the "little" magazines.

It may seem cruel and unjust to dismiss without further comment the volumes before

me representative of the results of such a double-faced attitude. But aside from a tribute to what seems to be the great courage and passion for justice of Fania Kruger, I can say nothing. They are trite, imitative, and affected. It is too bad they were published. It is too bad that all American people have not the quiet courage of the farmer-writers to proceed with a philosophy of literary amateurism that would sustain them until America outgrows her stifling commercialism. They do not have it, and they will not have it. American poetry in consequence will lag dishearteningly for a long time yet.

Richard Lake

On the Dodge. By William MacLeod Raine. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

Revolt on the Border. By Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.

Raine is such an old hand at the game that we are sure he could write a good "western" with one hand tied behind his back. By the time we had reached the bottom of page three, we had become thoroughly acquainted with the hero-villain, and that gentleman was looking squarely down the greenhorn Ranger's throat.

The center of interest had once been a Ranger himself, but hot blood and the usual disdain of danger had led him into dubious paths. He calmly took in his stride the fact that he had ultimately found himself ranged on the opposite side of the law. The girl made a difference, however, and he decided it would be smart to get back where he belonged. But the road to respectability was trammelled with woe and disturbed by many an exploding .45 calibre cartridge.

Stanley Vestal's literary accomplishments have lain heretofore in other fields of western Americana. We might even suggest mildly that he remain in those more familiar pastures. *Revolt on the Border* is not a good "western"; it even fails of being a presentable historical novel of the old west.

The action is laid along the Santa Fe trail and in old Santa Fe itself in the hectic days when Mexico and the United States were trying to fight a war with each other. After a staggering start, when sundry characters are yanked in by the neck, Vestal warms up a little, the pace steps up to a jog-trot, and things happen quite frequently. Historical events appear and famous characters pause for a moment. These matters of history are made over a little to suit the expediency of the author, a practice to which we have no objection, provided the finished product is a dramatic improvement over the original; but such is not the case in this instance.

Lauris H. Lindemann

Three Worlds. By Carl Van Doren. Harper. \$3.

The service of a quarterly's book review section obviously cannot include keeping its readers abreast of the head of the new book parade. Occasionally, however, it may provide partial compensation for this lack by calling attention to a no longer recent book which has quite undeservedly been crowded too soon to the rear of the procession. *Three Worlds* affords a case in point. Given a favorable press when published it has for no discernible good reason been allowed within two years to drop almost completely out of sight. It merits an altogether different fate. The autobiography of a man who, within the active life span of most adults now living, rose from close to the soil to the upper levels of success as scholar, author, editor, and business executive, it comes near to being the typical story of what every native born American male would like to be. As such it should be read and reread.

Fundamentally, of course, Mr. Van Doren is typical of no one other than himself, much as his personal record may resemble the dream of many a contemporary of his come true. Perhaps it is the indication about him of a special apartness from the rank and file of his fellows, the evidence which he unself-consciously reveals of endowments well above the grade of those allotted to most, which explains the failure of his account of himself to make a more continuing appeal than it has. Silver spoons in the mouths of others seldom look attractive to those less fortunately equipped who observe them. And yet Mr. Van Doren's experiences have to such an extent been those of us whose lives have fallen within the limits of his that to read his smoothly running recital of them seems in many respects like reading an expertly written version of our own. That alone, one would think, might have made his book popular. It is to be hoped that in course of time the delight to which all of us are prone in finding flattering likenesses of ourselves in the self-portraits of others will lead the reading public to the discovery of the manifold further delights of this work, and thus establish it in the position of lasting favor to which by every criterion of literary art it is surely entitled.

Conspicuous among the various sections of *Three Worlds* which will tempt many of its readers to claim them as transcripts from their private memories are those in which Mr. Van Doren recounts his boyhood on an Illinois farm. His early years were humble enough to involve driving cows to pasture barefoot and arduous enough to require his doing the work of a paid "hand." But they were idyllic too, notably in respect to his relations with his parents and brothers. How much this family happiness in the midst of the prairie's rigors meant to him throughout

his later years comes home to one only with the reading of the section at the end of the book telling of the first break in the family circle, the death of his father. It concludes with this tribute to a strong man's character: "My father was lowered into his grave. But the strong roots of his life were already deeper in Illinois than this. Shallow death, which spreads a little earth over the body a man can no longer use. Deep life, rooted in subsoil and bedrock." Other sections in which even more certainly his readers will respond eagerly to emotions and opinions of their very own, but which have gone unexpressed for want of the powers of proper speech, are those which contain Mr. Van Doren's account of his cruel awakening from the Victorian dream of perpetual world peace and of the universe spinning "for ever down the ringing grooves of change," with change somehow or other always meaning progress, to the cataclysmic horrors of the Great War, the devastating disillusion of the post-war "settlement," and the numbing sense of insecurity bred by the resulting financial collapse. Together these latter sections make up as succinct, and yet as moving, an indictment of the times we are pleased to call ours, but which are in so many ways anything else, as it would seem need ever be written. Not one touch of frenzy mars the bland coolness of their finality.

Of passages in which the experiences recorded are Mr. Van Doren's alone, unshareable by his audience save vicariously and setting him off by himself as a being especially favored beyond the chances of others, the finest, as well as the longest, is the intimate portrait study of Elinor Wylie. Its loveliness convinces one that when the time arrives for the definitive life of this most gifted of American poets to be written Mr. Van Doren will be the person to write it. Among the middle ground passages lying between those in which we participate as actors in retrospect in what is being related and those to which we are admitted merely as long distance spectators the most significant is that evaluating the author's experience as student and teacher in the graduate school pursuit of literature. Not a few of his readers will have been through similar phases of the higher learning and will have had similar reactions to it, but how many of them will be able to match the courage of his convictions and his nerve in turning his back upon it all?

His conduct in this matter of walking deliberately out of the academic life is fairly indicative of Mr. Van Doren's personality as revealed by his career in general. He has always done what he wished to do, quietly and without fussing or fanfare, with complete confidence in his ability to do it, and without a doubt as to its being right. Thoroughly individual he has shown no deficiency in either a sense of his social responsibilities

or in sociability; with the strength and drive of a steam turbine he is gentle and kind in his touch upon both people and things; endowed with skill and capacity superior to that granted most men he is as approachable by the lowliest as by the luckiest among them, and no one has ever come in contact with him who has not been the better for it. Altogether his life must have been a most gratifying one to live, as the book recounting it is a most gratifying one to read. The writing of that book should be regarded as among his major accomplishments.

V. L. O. Chittick

Carbine and Lance. By Captain W. S. Nye. University of Oklahoma Press. \$3.

Arizona Cowboys. By Dane Coolidge. Dutton. \$2.50.

Calamity Jane of Deadwood Gulch. By Ethel Hueston. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.

Captain Nye's excellent book, *Carbine and Lance*, is really a history of Fort Sill, which was established in southwestern Oklahoma to control the depredations of the Kiowas and Comanches. The author wisely begins with an account of the Indian difficulties which demanded the location of a permanent military base. Since an Indian agency was likewise set up near the fort, the usual conflict between the Army and the Quaker Peace Policy was fought out in the period following the Civil War. The Indian raids during the resulting confusion, and the Indian customs which explain the raids are carefully described. But both the Department of the Interior and the Indians were finally subdued. The book fittingly comes to a close with the death of I-see-o, who had been transformed from a raiding Indian to a sergeant in the United States Army. This account is well written and affords delightful reading. It is at the same time very competent history. Both published and manuscript sources are used, and interviews with Indian survivors add vivid detail.

Dane Coolidge needs no introduction to readers of this journal, and it is perhaps enough to say that *Arizona Cowboys* is better than either *Death Valley Prospectors* or *Texas Cowboys*. The present volume contains the usual elements of pleasant narrative, interesting characterization, and superior photography, which the author assembles to convey the reality and spirit of the vanishing West. But *Arizona Cowboys* seems better than its predecessors because the description of the losing fight of the cattle men against the wealthier sheep-owners not only lends more unity to the book, but also gives it more significance. Somehow, Dane Coolidge here typifies the final passing of the range-cattle industry.

Not much can be said for *Calamity Jane*

either as a historical document or as a novel. The difficulty lies not in its neglecting facts but in sentimentalizing them. Consequently neither Jane nor Phoebe Ann Norcutt, whose romance is a main theme, ever really comes to life. Nor does the author's technique help. She knows all the tricks, but this only leads her to repeat all the old chiches. For example: "She looked casually at first. Then her eyes narrowed. Many who knew Jane said her eyes were gray; others said they were brown. Jane's eyes were changing gray and brown. In mild and mellow moments (and she had many of them) they were as softly brown as a doe's. Tension grayed them. Suddenly now they were like steel. Her nostrils dilated as if to catch a stray scent, as an animal's nostrils dilate; there was much of the animal in Jane." Those who think this is good writing will enjoy the book.

Alexander C. Kern

The Devil Learns to Vote, The Story of Montana. By Christopher P. Connolly. Covici-Freide. \$2.50.

This book is a rewrite of a series of articles by the author published in *McClure's Magazine* in 1906-07. A number of piquant stories are added, but in the new publication the interesting illustrations of the old are omitted. Like the story in *McClure's*, this book consists of lurid sketches of colorful incidents in Montana history, told in a breezy style, quite partisan in viewpoint, and not altogether accurate in detail. Many of these incidents have interest as illustrating the life and social conditions in early Montana, and the characteristics of many pioneer people.

The narrative touches briefly on the discovery of gold and then plunges abruptly into an account of the road agents and vigilantes. Then it describes placer mining in Last Chance Gulch, Thomas Cruse, and the growth of Helena. The real interest begins with copper mining at Butte and the struggles of Clark, Daly, and Heinze. The author is not as much prejudiced for Daly as in the earlier work, but his partisanship is apparent. He also recognizes some redeeming qualities in Clark and Heinze. He shows Daly as a fairly honest businessman, Clark as a corrupter of politics, and Heinze as the man who bribed the courts at Butte. For good measure, Mr. Connolly has added stories of Theodore Roosevelt, Bryan, Borah, and other national celebrities, and a eulogistic sketch of the late Senator Thomas J. Walsh.

As the publishers announce, the author, "has been able to produce not only a unique item of Americana, but an uproarious, vital catch-as-catch-can narrative that will appeal to wide audience."

Paul C. Phillips

Backstage in Xanadu. By Alice Henson Ernst. Binfords and Mort. \$1.50.

If the four little plays included in this collection were intended to be read, too many stage directions have been included; if intended to be acted, too little action. Although it is unwise to postulate any theatrical imperative in this day of experimentalism and novelty, at least this may be hazarded: Something should happen. In *Backstage in Xanadu* not very much does.

"Cloistered Calm" is a review of the ivory-tower-market-place conflict. Most noteworthy is Mrs. Ernst's capable handling of the Irish dialogue, but it is difficult to discover why the Irish dialect has been employed. By and large the persons of the play are figures which serve as vehicles for rather conventionally bright dialogue. The young economist (ivory tower) rejects the offer of his financier brother (market place) of a fancy-salaried position and decides to continue with his ideals, his wife and two children, and his book (to live!).

Both "The Nightingale" and the "Afternoon of A Nymph" are frothy bits of cliché whimsy. The Irish dialect again appears in the "Afternoon of a Nymph," and an archaic and somewhat unlikely English Arabic, full of "harks," "by the beard of the Prophets," and exotic but unconvincing curses, in "The Nightingale." Desert love also.

Most amusing is "Welcome Stranger." It is in two scenes. Curtain rises on a primitive family of a few thousand years ago, which is about to sit down to a dinner, the *piece de resistance* of which is a male member of its own tribe. A handsome stranger is washed ashore. The women admire his looks, but they eat him nevertheless. This unfortunately does not occur on the stage. Blackout. Lights come up on a modern penthouse scene. The women are in evening gowns and the men in tuxedos. The daughter is about to snare an eligible young member of the family's social set. A handsome young stranger comes, he thinks, to dinner. The implications are that he will be snared. The thesis of this little play seems to be that tuxedos do not a gentleman make, nor evening gowns a lady. This is probably true.

Ben-Frank Barzman

Vardis Fisher: Challenge to Evasion. By David Rein. (Preface by Vardis Fisher.) Normandie House. \$3.

Mr. Fisher's preface is by far the better part of this hand-set little book. It not only states Mr. Rein's case more understandably, and more persuasively, than Mr. Rein does himself, it also corrects it and then confutes it. Even if it finally works out as a modest affirmation of what his own position really is, it was a generous, and I am inclined to think characteristic, gesture on the part of Mr. Fisher to perform this service for

Mr. Rein, though it makes the reading of the latter's essay almost unnecessary.

Perhaps it is just as well. A critic who unconcernedly telescopes the authority of a notably liberal United States supreme court justice with that of the foremost commentator on European literature of the last century in the one neatly coined name, "George Brandeis," renders himself at once suspect both as to his alleged facts and his deductions from them. Mr. Rein has two theses, one about society and one about Mr. Fisher. Concerning the former he asserts that society is a treacherous tangle of evasions, moral, political, sexual, fostered by the necessity of a capitalistic system to maintain itself in power. Scrap the system and you escape the evasions. The thesis regarding Mr. Fisher is that, though he exposes the evasions out of which modern life is woven, his novels reveal that he expects to banish social hypocrisy by probing through the prevailing class patterns and *mores* to the psychological causes behind them. Once they are known we shall know ourselves, and so can proceed to cure ourselves. Put the power of personal reform in the hands of the individual first, then the reform of society will follow.

In other words Mr. Fisher believes more in psychoanalysis than in communism. That is the unforgivable sin. Mr. Fisher does not attempt to side-step the charge, but he refuses to admit that it proves him either a Freudian or false to Marxism. Before communists generally can hope to live up to their social ideals they must learn that these ideals, like others, find their source in the individual and not in the environment. Unless they learn that lesson they are potentially as much a threat to social well-being as the fascists.

Mr. Fisher's doctrine is old stuff, of course, but that does not in any sense vitiate it. The weakness in it, as he presents it in his writings, is the same weakness that its advocacy (in out-moded terms, to be sure) by others before him discloses. No one has ever told us how to make it work. But perhaps that is not the artist's task. In pursuit of that task Mr. Fisher has at least given us a sequence of the four most important novels that the Northwest has yet produced. If his present position does not prevent him he will probably give us others even better. In any event he cannot be denied credit for what he has already done—certainly not by applying the criteria of Marxian criticism to it—nor for being among the ablest of the regional directors of the Federal Writers Project which the government has been able to call to its colors.

V. L. O. Chittick

Westward, High, Low, and Dry. By Dorothy Childs Hogner. Dutton. \$3.75.

Cactus Forest. By Zephine Humphrey. Dutton. \$2.50.

The Southwest, as one of America's still living frontiers, offers fascinating and almost limitless material to the writer and the artist. Therefore when Nils and Dorothy Hogner set out to translate the American desert, each into his own particular medium of expression, this projected happy blending of art and literature, of illustration and context, seemed almost too good to be true. So it was. *Westward, High, Low, and Dry* is unfortunately too much what its title implies. It is not a bad book, but it is definitely dull. What interest there is, centers mostly about the illustrations. These are excellent, some of them being extremely full of life and action, and all meriting a careful examination.

Most of the tread-mill enthusiasts would never consider arising in an icy New England dawn, and as casually as if crossing the street, begin a 15,000-mile motor trip. But that is precisely what the Hogners did, and so showed themselves to be people of almost abnormal curiosity and even hilarity. It takes a sense of humor to battle dust, heat, and bugs with nothing safer than an old Ford to carry one through. The Hogners' expedition carried them to the deserts of New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and California with variation in the form of the middle-western dust bowl. It is therefore the more disappointing to find the brain-child of this Local Safari so lacking in vitality and interest.

Westward, High, Low, and Dry reads too consistently like a textbook on rainfall, drainage, and acreage. It is hard to forgive Mrs. Hogner her quotes from the pamphlets issued by the United States Bureau of Reclamation. Why she included them is a mystery, as it is also a mystery why she would spend paragraphs detailing the output of various rivers in gallons per second, the number of acres in various states drained by said rivers., etc. And in the interests of western literacy, some one really ought to tell her that not all people born outside the sacred confines of New England necessarily talk like the inhabitants of Poker Flat. The conversation pieces of her book certainly lead one to think so.

Only in a few brief glimpses is it possible to infer that Mrs. Hogner is probably a woman of intelligence and charm. In her early chapters there is occasionally just a trace of that person-to-person call which makes Anne Lindbergh's *North to the Orient* so rare an experience in the literature of travel. And once Mrs. Hogner rises to a height so far above the level of the rest of her book as to make her future literary development a matter of some interest. This is the sentence which affords the closest approach to literature in all her three hundred

pages, the few words describing that greatest engineering achievement of our time, Boulder Dam: ". . . and in that moment we considered the work of nature and of man, here contemplating each other, and found them both colossal." That is good writing, and it is a pity there is not more of it in *Westward, High, Low, and Dry*.

The frontier may be vanishing, but it still casts a potent spell on New Englanders. Invariably they react in a certain, definite spirit: the West—ah—how—quaint! To westerners there is nothing quaint about themselves, their culture, or their surroundings, and it would be a nice change to have one eastern writer feel as they do. But Miss Humphrey is not that one, and her *Cactus Forest* is in the old tradition. Somehow it seems a little silly to spend a whole page discussing a western (?) habit of serving salad before the meat. "We supposed it was a faux pas," says Miss Humphrey. Horrors! The utter degradation of it all! Don't these westerners know better?

However when travelers actually get into the west, they forget these minor matters and enjoy themselves, and the reader does better by their books too. The author of this one and Christopher, her husband, winter on the Arizona desert, taking the cure for Christopher's sciatica. The *Cactus Forest Ranch* scenes read charmingly, and they include some of Miss Humphrey's best writing. But unless you are an osteopath, skip the chapter on "Recovery." We can tell you now that Christopher got over his sciatica.

Jane Winks

Streams From the Source. By Helene Mullins. The Caxton Printers. \$2.

Introductory poems to the three sections of this volume are Miss Mullins' briefs of timeless truths as found in the biographers' records, and in her own autobiography. This poet is a pragmatist. Every experience, be it sorrow or joy, must be recorded. But what a fatalistic note is found in the poems which are testimonies to these briefs!

In "Biography," A. E. Housman is envied because death has freed him from this prison world. He is free, and the world has his wisdom. Proust waiting for death in a dark cork-lined room is a freed soul. His brother physician still busy in the world brightening and prolonging the lives of men is the chained one.

In "Autobiography," the poet records her own experiences. One is impressed by a certain sameness throughout, a distinct minor tone that is depressing. One cannot but feel that the poet's easy facility in composition has helped to prevent her sounding the depths of those profound psychological experiences she has chosen for her subjects.

Typical of her thought and style are these lines from "Recorded—Where?"

When the lone
Last journey starts, and all these
problems cease,
Where shall it be recorded? In sky
or grass,
In forest, or field or desert, what
thing shall dread
Life for a startled moment while I
pass?

In *Streams from the Source* Miss Mullins is trying to delve into the inner self:

So earn the great light that removes
all fears;
So understand that men are trickling
streams
From one great source that will ab-
sorb them all,
Using them as it will, in soothing
flow
Or violent torrent. Underneath the
pall
Your essence will merge with violets
or with snow.

The morbid note is present. Life teaches negative rather than positive values.

Ruth Blanford

The Best Short Stories, 1938, and the Yearbook of the American Short Story. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.50.

Along with other changes has come an upheaval in short story writing. Mr. O'Brien has submitted gracefully to the trend of the times. The only necessary precaution in approaching this latest collection is not to expect to find the succulent plot of the good old days when Stockton, O. Henry, and Bret Harte were writing them, but to submit also and take the scene, or the character study, or the mood-creation that you will get. Plot has become quite incidental, and in some cases it doesn't exist at all.

This is not to assert arbitrarily that the change has been for the worse. There is no reason why this new literary form should be inferior to the old one, and the fact that it appears so is due rather to the mediocre ability of the authors who are handling it, since they have shorn away the plot and left nothing in the way of increased vividness or concentration to take its place.

The change, in fact, may have nothing whatever to do with the quality of last year's crop of stories. But when you are through reading them, you may wish there were a few notably outstanding, just for the sake of something to set you back on your heels. These are all capable expositions, carefully and intelligently presented, but none has the polish and completeness that should make the short story comparable to the sonnet; nor has any one of the authors a light in his eye!

You may feel besides that the subject matter is almost too carefully diversified, that diversity is the criterion rather than intrinsic excellence. (This, of course, is Mr. O'Brien's responsibility.) There is one Spanish War story, one on the oppression of the negro, two with American historical background, one on the depression. The masses are represented in "She Always Wanted Shoes" and "Christ in Concrete," middle-class American life in "A Real American Fellow." You can read about sex in "The Girl," about charity in "What Hurts Is That I Was in a Hurry," about the wisdom of children in "The Whole World Is Outside."

Finally you will probably discover that the names that have rewarded you before—such as Allan Seager, Stephen Vincent Benet, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, John Steinbeck—will reward you adequately again. But they won't startle you.

Marjorie Mautz

Shakespeare's Plays: A Commentary.
By M. R. Ridley. Dutton. \$2.50.

The editor of the New Temple Shakespeare has here expanded the final supplementary volume of that edition (*William Shakespeare: a Commentary*) to include a stimulating and delightfully rapid play by play commentary. He has left out, as is only reasonable in a volume not necessarily complementary to his texts, his previous essay on the determination of the texts and has added a chapter, "On the Criticism of Shakespeare." This chapter with three others, "On Reading Shakespeare," "Shakespeare's Theatre," and "Shakespeare's Verse," serves as an informational introduction to the discussion of the plays themselves. There the author follows the chronological order suggested by Sir Edmund Chambers, explaining in lively and confident fashion his interpretation of characters, difficult lines, "central themes," and whatever else seems to him important.

It is evident that Mr. Ridley had a very good time writing this book. The average Shakespearian reader and those who want to brush up on their plays ten minutes before the theatre will undoubtedly also have a pretty good time reading it; college students will probably find it an answer to prayer; but scholars, I think, will be pretty sure to dismiss it as did the literary supplement to the *London Times*, as "Shakespeare for innocents."

Ruth Collier

Edison's Open Door. By Alfred O. Tate. Dutton. \$3.

Fifty Years a Country Doctor. By William N. Macartney, M. D. Dutton. \$3.50.

Biography is probably one of the most difficult of literary forms, and with every fresh

batch from the publishers, it becomes increasingly apparent that the Stracheys, the Adams, and their ilk, come but once in a long, long time. Occasionally some interesting, even vital, biographical sketches come to light, but neither Mr. Tate's story of Edison, nor Dr. Macartney's story of himself will rank in the first class.

Alfred Tate was Edison's private secretary for eleven years. During that time he was active in many of Edison's business ventures, held directorships in his companies, and was a confidential advisor as well as employee. That he admired Edison profoundly is obvious, and he seems to have made a sound, although sympathetic, judgment on Edison's achievements and business policies. Much of the material, being personal recollection, is new, and would be of interest to anyone who has followed Edison's career closely. But Mr. Tate's style is heavy and verbose, and he delights in sentences like these: "Great events are dissipated by their own magnitudes," and "Unless motives are understood, actions are at times inexplicable." The best of the book is contained in the personal anecdotes where Edison's homely speech and blunt actions figure.

Dr. Macartney, like Mr. Tate, is no literary craftsman, and his book too is at its best in anecdote and personal recollection. It is a pity that he failed to include more from what must be a tremendous store of human experience. And we might easily have dispensed with his chapters on specifics for everything from the common cold to liver trouble. Moreover Dr. Macartney's really horrible puns should have been cut by his publishers' readers. But we can be grateful for Uncle Eph and Dr. Jenkins and many of those upstate farmers who figure so entertainingly in his *Fifty Years*.

Jane Winks

COVERED WAGON

PROSE—LOIS COLLINS (Cardwell, Mont.), CHLOE GARTNER (Grand Junction, Colo.), and FRANCIS WESTBROOK, JR. (Columbia, Mo.) have in this issue their first stories to be published. Mr. Westbrook finished his course in journalism at the University of Missouri this summer. Miss Gartner states that she wrote her first version of the story in two hours time with absorption and good fun. Mrs. Collins, who knows well dryland country, people, and trials, knows that not all of them lose heart. IOLA THOMAS sends from Des Moines her story of an unusual character among section-hands on a railroad. JAMES STILL (Hindman, Ky.) has appeared in this magazine several times, in *Story* and in *Atlantic Monthly*. LULU EARNHEART was summer session student working under Dr. George Savage of the University of Washington, whose play this spring won

the award of the Dramatist Guild-Federal Theater Committee over 732 other plays. The Federal Theater guarantees a two weeks run on Broadway.

PATRICK QUINN is a senior at the University of Wisconsin. ALBERT PARTOLL again edits a valuable early document of the West.

VERSE—Among former and always welcome contributors are HELEN MARING (Seattle), LOUIS GINSBERG (Paterson), ARTHUR JONSON (Portland, Ore.), JULIA CHAINE ROGERS (Boulder, Colo.), and ROBIN LAMPSON (Berkeley). Mr. Lampson's narrative poem was read over radio in San Francisco. He is at work on his second novel in verse, to

be entitled *Death Loses a Pair of Wings*; his first, *Laughter out of the Ground* was published by Scribners.

Newcomers to the magazine are the well known California poet RUTH FORBES SHERRY and the equally well known Virginian JOSEPHINE JOHNSON, whose poems have appeared in many of our leading periodicals, especially *Harpers*. LUCY HOWE contributes her finely perceptive verse from Eugene, Ore., and BLANCHE LOFTON, a member of Verseweavers, from Portland, Ore., and LAURA STEVENS from Tacoma. WILLIAM BLAZEVICH and GERALD MORTON live in Montana, and CARROW DE VRIES in Wisconsin.

MINERS

WILLIAM BLAZEVICH

They appear in the dusk like blinking moles
Come forth from the womb of earth to bask
At the still red ashes of a radiance fled
Beyond the dark hills for unimaginable goals.

The balls of their eyes glow strangely white
Against the bleak masks they have gathered
from the earth;
And pale sweat-channeled wounds make their
features seem
Pantomimic masks creased with sardonic mirth.

A moment—and their pale tired faces are gone;
And only their hunched silhouettes against the
snow,
Stumbling in fatigue as they slowly go,
Hint at the terror they must feel of each dawn.

FLOOR SMELL

CARROW DE VRIES

I lay on the floor
On my belly before a bookcase
Reading a book.
The odor of carpet is strange,
But soon becomes friendly.
Memories come to make it good.

Hours on the floor reading
Mother passes by and steps
On my small of the back.
I say, "Don't."
But I like it.
You conclude correctly—
I am an incurable egoist.

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