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Contributors

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CONTRIBUTORS

Lloyd Mallan's translations of poems by Federico García Lorca have appeared in the *Southern Review*, the *New Mexico Quarterly*, and other magazines. Mr. Mallan appears in this issue as the author of a reprinted article and of some poetic translations.

Alan Swallow, poet, printer, and teacher of English in the University of New Mexico, has been a frequent contributor to the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Richard Lake, now stationed at the Albuquerque Air Base, formerly an assistant editor of *Frontier and Midland*, has contributed poems and stories to numerous magazines. The previous issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW contained some poems by him.

Joshua Missal, who took a master's degree recently at the music school of the University of Rochester, is an Albuquerque music teacher and conductor of the Albuquerque Philharmonic Orchestra. Compositions by Mr. Missal have been played by orchestras in Rochester and other cities.

LeRoy S. Peters, a practicing physician in Albuquerque, New Mexico, nationally known specialist in diseases of the chest, has long been interested in problems of public health.

Boyce Eakin, of Connecticut, and Taos, New Mexico, with his story "Prairies" makes his first contribution to a magazine.

Louis L'Amour, Oklahoma lecturer, reviewer, and story writer, is an old contributor to the QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Spud Johnson, Taos newspaper man, columnist, and formerly editor of the *Laughing Horse*, will contribute his column "On and On" regularly to the QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Elizabeth Martin Ouellet, of Manhattan Beach, California, has, according to her own testimony, been writing poetry and stories for some four or five years. "A House for Jenny" is her first published story.

Joaquín Ortega, formerly professor of Spanish in the University of Wisconsin, now director of the School of Inter-American Affairs in the University of New Mexico, began his series of epigrams in the preceding issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW. "Insects on a Pin" will be continued.

Among the poets, C. V. Wicker, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Haldeen Braddy, of Fort Worth, Texas, have contributed previously to this magazine. Joseph Leonard Grucci, who appears in this number as poet and as translator, lives in Pittsburgh. Edwin Honig was until recently a graduate student of the University of Wisconsin. J. Patrick Byrne, thoroughly Irish and proud of it, with "no interests outside Ireland," lives in Toronto, Canada. He has contributed to numerous Irish and English magazines, and in the United States to the *Virginia Quarterly Review* and *Accent*, among other publications.

The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW is happy to present random translations from the works of various Latin American contemporary poets: Pablo Neruda, of Chile; Justo G. Desein Merlo, of Argentina; Esperanza Figueroa and Nicolas Guillen, of Cuba; Ignacio Lasso, of Ecuador; and Enrique González Rojo, of Mexico. For permission to print these translations the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW is indebted to the original authors and to Lloyd Mallan and Leonard Joseph Grucci, the translators, who have the United States rights for translation and republication.

George Snell, an editor of the *Rocky Mountain Review*, has published numerous stories and reviews.

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THE POET, THE PEOPLE, AND THE HEMISPHERE¹

Lloyd Mallan

THERE IS something strange in the world today, a new force glorifying death, sanctifying treachery and destruction. There is a maggot in the round apple of the earth, gnawing madly, moving swiftly for its heart. Why does the maggot grow fat and strengthen when its food is the blood of men, their dreams, their very brains? Why does this weird new force exist?

I need not elaborate on the decadence of Nazism, nor on the anti-cultural aspects of its primitive philosophy, for this has been done many times before. The great question today is, rather: How may we crush it? This is quite a simple question in itself, but it involves many methods, many implications. Not the least of these methods is the cultural one; it is, in fact, the most important one, for in the end it will provide the key to the salvation of mankind, of civilization. I intend to speak only about some of the implications under this one method, in the field I am most familiar with: literature.

I believe that literature brings people together because it mirrors human dignity. All great literature of the past has, in one way or another, done this; all great literature of the future must, of necessity, follow the same pattern.

Man's struggle against the evil forces about him has always been a noble theme of classical literature. Today, the evil forces are not

¹ [Editor's Note] This article, by permission of author and publishers, is here reprinted from *Argentina Libre*, issues of June 19 and June 26. *Argentina Libre*, published in Buenos Aires and edited by Alfredo de la Guardia, is well liked by Argentinan liberals and intellectuals for its consistent democratic and anti-Nazi stand. The work of Lloyd Mallan, Joseph Grucci, C. V. Wicker, and the editors of *Fantasy*—all of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—in bringing United States authors to the attention of Latin America and, better still, in translating and publishing Latin American authors in magazines in the United States, is to be highly commended and gratefully applauded.

merely the specialized ones that surround a single man or group of men in a particular place; they are forces that affect men everywhere. Nazism is unquestionably an enemy to culture, thus to literature, and, by nature, the reverse must also be true. The character of Hitlerism is rigidly national; the character of literature is international.

Throughout the continents of America today there is a vigorous peoples' art, and this is not only a healthy thing, but a happy one as well, for it makes possible the genuine unity of our hemisphere; it makes possible a real pro-human unity, against which Nazism and Fascism will be helpless.

Literature takes various forms, various expressions, and this is partially due to geographical location, partially to economic conditions. Here, in North America, we have no gypsies, hence we have no Garcia Lorca; but we do have a Jesse Stuart, who has lived all his life among the mountain people of Kentucky, and whose wildly beautiful short stories reflect the speech and the elementary existence of these "hill-billies." The stories of Jesse Stuart are filled with a tender humor, with a deep understanding of nature; his people and the land they live upon are one, just as Andalusia and Garcia Lorca are the same thing. But in Jesse Stuart the laughter is hearty and of the earth—it is the laughter of wholesome love, without the neurosis of the cities; while in Garcia Lorca the laughter is forever tragic—the gypsies of Andalusia live hard lives, and they do not have the advantages of Stuart's mountain people; they do not farm their own land, they depend on others for their food, they are eternally pursued by the Civil Guard, by cruel tradition, by the bitter ironies of love or fate. Yet, on the other hand, Antonito el Camborio in all his tragic simplicity may be found, dressed in different clothes, in the steel mills of Homestead, Pennsylvania, where the Civil Guard changes name to the Coal and Iron Police; and there in Homestead, too, Preciosa may not run from the green wind nor from San Cristobalon of the heavenly tongue, but the black smoke tries to catch her with gritty fingers, and tongues not quite so heavenly whisper in her ear as she tries to flee, but cannot. And just as certainly I have met the mountain people of Jesse Stuart in the saffron fields of Tarrazona de la Mancha.

A glance at our North American best-seller lists of the past several years will show how closely related are the aspirations, problems, and thoughts of our two continents. Our recent best-selling books include

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Grapes of Wrath, a novel inspired by the dispossessed farmers of the Southwest; *Christ in Concrete*, a study of Italian laborers in the United States; *Native Son*, which presents the social problem of the oppressed Negro; *Now in November*, the farmer of the Middle West struggling against man and nature to be able to live; *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, about the people in a small Southern town who fight the violent prejudices there against the "poor-white" and Negro, who cry out for human understanding and sympathy; *Look Homeward, Angel*, *Of Time and the River*, *You Can't Go Home Again*, the great trilogy of Thomas Wolfe, showing in epic manner the progressively changing point of view of a North American boyhood, young manhood, and finally, manhood itself, and the beginnings of maturity. There are many others, too numerous to go on mentioning.

Similarly, in Latin America we find a literature traditionally rooted in folklore, in the struggles of the people against their oppressors, and in the poetry of nature. At random, there comes to my mind the wonderful social ballads of the Afro-Cuban, Nicolas Guillen; "Espana en el corazon" and the many other works of the Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda; the strong social prose-poems of Pablo de Rokha; the fine novels, so beautifully cadenced and impassioned that they might easily be broken up into verse, of Eduardo Mallea of the Argentine; the work of Jorge Icaza of Ecuador, who champions and portrays the sufferings of the Indians and half-breeds in much the same manner as our own John Steinbeck paints the lonely ranch hands and disinherited of the Salinas River Valley in California. Here, too, there are many others, too many to mention, from Mexico, Costa Rica, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela, Brazil, and on through the twenty Latin republics.

So the seeds for a profound unity of the peoples of America exist, and it is left to us to fertilize them. One important way this may be done is through a large-scale interchange of our literatures. I believe that especially the writers and intellectuals should cooperate in every way possible to bring this about. There is much work to be done; much more to be undone—we in the United States have not been without blame; we have not been named "Colossus of the North" for nothing; our whole conception of Latin America, until recently, has been that of a nice juicy continent to exploit for raw materials, for fruits, for chemicals. Our relationships, the North with the South and the South with the North, have never included the peoples. But now,

today, this must begin; our people must meet and know each other; and together our people must struggle against a common enemy, for our people, *all* people, have a common interest.

In the United States there is beginning a spontaneous awakening consciousness of things Spanish among the intellectuals. They are widening their scope, learning at last that there is a whole important literature and art to the South of us, a literature and art of extreme sensitivity and beauty. The literary magazines of my country, both experimental and established, have been publishing an increasing number of translations of the works of Latin American and Spanish writers, mainly poets thus far. *Poetry Magazine* has devoted an entire issue to Latin Americans; *Esquire* has published many pieces on the Spanish Civil War, and translations of Garcia Lorca; the *Southern Review*, best of our literary quarterlies, has devoted its complete poetry section (some fifteen pages) in the Winter, 1940-41, issue to Garcia Lorca also, and the editors express a deep willingness to publish other translations; *Fantasy*, *The New Mexico Quarterly Review*, *Twice a Year*, *Diogenes*, are among the most important of our experimental magazines regularly printing translations; *Kenyon Review*, one of our foremost critical magazines, runs in each issue a survey of Mexican art, literature, music, and theatre.

I think, as I have already suggested, that large-scale distribution of each other's literature on our respective continents in our respective languages is of the utmost importance. Our magazines and yours should publish writers from either the North or the South *together* in every issue; our bookpublishers and yours should interchange their lists. (By literature here I mean all kinds, not merely the serious and experimental.) In this way we will soon enough realize that all of us are *people*, not only gauchos and tango dancers or Al Capones and egotistical exploiters of the "dollar." Our literatures will combine the best that each has to offer, and as our ties grow stronger with the years, we may well have a Hemisphere Literature, a Hemisphere Culture, surpassing any yet known to man. Forgive me if I seem to day-dream a little now, but all this is very possible; your short story and novel could learn from ours, and our biography and poetry have much to learn from yours. And there is so little discrimination in Latin America against the Negro, the Chinese, against racial and color minorities in general, since much of your wonderful poetry and literature is rooted

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in the folkways of these people, you will help, also, to destroy such discrimination here, where there is entirely too much of it. (The philosophy of Nazism is able to survive, in large part, because it is able to spread discriminatory hates among the people; because it is able to have the Jews, the Catholics, the Negroes, and other "non-Aryans" persecuted for mythical crimes; because it is able in this way to shatter the peoples' unity.)

* * *

The real enemies of the people are not of the people themselves; but they are the ones who depend on the creative power, on the strength of the people to keep them alive. And ironically, to go on living as parasites, they must do everything possible to curtail the creative processes of the people. In other words, their major occupation is, of necessity, to keep the people separated, to keep them hating among themselves, so that they will be blinded to the true reasons for poverty, suffering, and to their own value. The more educated the people become, the more violently do these enemies try to blind them. Then the day arrives when the enemies, in terror, realize that the people understand; on that day the enemy begins to strike with physical force. This was so in Loyalist Spain; in the France of the Popular Front; it is yet true of the struggles of the Chinese. It is the reason for a Hitler in the world.

And this brings us to an interesting contradiction: although Nazism and Fascism are essentially nationalistic in character, their interests are international; in Holland, Belgium, France, the enemies of those peoples were born Dutchmen, Belgians, Frenchmen. These were the men who would profit individually by a Nazi victory, the men who saw that the people were becoming too unified, too strong, who saw also that trickery would no longer split the people, and that sheer force was necessary.

Yet these men who recognize no mother-country, whose loyalty is only to themselves and their class, whose sole interest is in keeping what they have at every cost, are the very men who forever cry, "Viva la patria!" For, the louder they cry this, the more noble they make themselves seem to many of the people, and the easier it is for them to hide the real issues involved.

By the very nature of their interests, these enemies have to be men in high places. They should be carefully watched for, since in most

instances they have the respect that seems to go with wealth. *They are the brains behind all Fifth Columns.*

I should like to quote Herr Hitler himself, from *Mein Kampf*, on the Americas, and on his allies here: "Latin America—we shall create a new Germany there. We have a right to this continent. . . . Do you think that's so difficult? I think we [the Nazis] are capable of it. We shall not land troops like William the Conqueror and gain Brazil by the strength of arms. *Our weapons are not visible ones* [italics are the author's]. . . . We shall soon have storm troopers in America. . . ." And again, in a letter to Otto Strasser, May 21, 1930, Hitler says: "The Nordic race has a right to rule the world. We must make this right the guiding star of our foreign policy."

But just as Herr Hitler has his invisible weapons of attack in all countries, so do we have our invisible weapons of defense. Our weapons are love, understanding, and sympathy; just as his are the traitors who manipulate hates (new and traditional), fear, suspicion, and treachery. And our basic task, I feel, is not so much fighting Hitler on the battlefield—which I deeply hope we may be able to avoid—as it is to struggle against the spreading of his dark philosophy of ignorance.

We must say to him strongly, "We are a united *people* in this Western Hemisphere; we are a living and breathing people; we do not want your system of death, so don't you roll those mad eyes of yours in this direction! And if he *knows* that the North and the South of this Hemisphere are one, if he *knows* that he can get no foothold here, that we know the faces of his allies here (though many of them pretend to be against him), that *all the people* stand with folded arms along every inch of every coast of our two continents, he will not even try; for Herr Hitler may be a madman, but he is no fool, and he is not the sort to commit suicide at any time.

INDUCTION AS POETIC METHOD¹

Alan Swallow

IN CHAUCER'S "Franklin's Tale" Dorigen decides she will choose suicide rather than defamation of her virtue. She reflects upon the matter in the following terms:

"Allas," quod she, "on thee, Fortune, I pleyne,
That unwar wrapped hast me in thy cheyne,
Fro which t'escape woot I no socour,
Save oonly deeth or elles dishounour;
Oon of this two bihoveth me to chese.
But nathelees, yet have I levere to lese
My lif than of my body to have a shame,
Or knowe myselven fals, or lese my name;
And with my deth I may be quyt, ywis.
Hath ther nat many a noble wyf er this,
And many a mayde, yslayn hirself, allas!
Rather than with hir body doon trespas?

(The Canterbury Tales, F 1355-66.)

Following this she calls to mind a great number of women who have chosen suicide rather than to allow their bodies to be defamed, listing them as illustrations of the moral principle involved.

A convenient comparison from an Elizabethan source is afforded by Hamlet's thoughts on suicide:

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;

¹ [Editor's Note] This is the second installment of a three-part historical study by Dr. Swallow of the relations between literary method and philosophical and psychological patterns which underlie it. The first part was "Allegory as Literary Method," THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, X (1940), 147-57; the final part will be published in a future issue.

No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. . . .

(*Hamlet*, III, i, 56-68.)

Or another convenient comparison of the method of Chaucer and of Shakespeare is afforded by their treatment of the Troilus story. In the Chaucer version, Troilus answers, when in the parting scene Criseyde asks that he be true:

To this answerde Troilus and seyde,
 "Now God, to whom ther nys no cause ywrye,
 Me glade, as wys I nevere unto Criseyde,
 Syn thilke day I saugh hire first with ye,
 Was fals, ne nevere shal til that I dye.
 At shorte wordes, wel ye may me leve:
 I kan na more, it shal be founde at preve."

(*Troilus and Criseyde*, IV, 1653-9.)

In Shakespeare's version, Troilus replies to a similar request:

Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
 Is "plain and true;" there's all the reach of it.

(*Troilus and Cressida*, IV, iv, 104-10.)

These passages may be compared on two important counts: first, the difference in the fulness and function of the imagery; and, second, the differences in the philosophical and psychological assumptions lying behind the uses of the imagery.

On the first point we may notice that the passages from Chaucer are relatively bare of imagery; there is only one image in both passages, and that a non-ambitious one, in the reference to Fortune's "cheyne." Other passages occur in Chaucer with greater liberality in the use of imagery, particularly descriptive imagery of a sort which renders his

close observations accurately and richly; but there remains a positive difference, even on the quantitative ground, between Chaucer's practice and the characteristic practice of Shakespeare and other Elizabethans. There is, further, a characteristic difference in function. Chaucer, in these passages, is dealing with situations which, in themselves, are of great emotional and psychological importance, but his treatment is primarily in terms of statement and of exemplary illustration.

In the first passages from Shakespeare, only slightly more than a third of the lines of the soliloquy are quoted, but they are sufficient to show the method. The two possible choices before the speaker are recognized, and as his thought pursues one or the other of the choices the possibility of the choice comes to him clearly with the impact of images. As these imaged consequences come to mind, the speaker moves rapidly from one attitude to another in response to the thought and the image. The psychological character of the experience is rendered fully and precisely. The *Troilus* passage also shows a psychological interest, for it is a piece of psychological self-analysis. And Shakespeare's practice of conveying the detailed psychological character of the experience in terms of imagery distinguishes his method from Chaucer's.

II

What lies behind this shift in poetic method? Chaucer's work as a whole, of course, represents a mixed case as far as method is concerned, for he was acquainted with some early Italian Renaissance work and made use of this knowledge in the occasional psychological interest in the *Troilus* and *The Canterbury Tales*. But, as was shown in my paper on allegory, medieval method most often generalized experience in poetry. The interest in the experience is directed towards the moral and theological implications of the experience. The attention is turned away from the individual, specific experience to abstract principles, which are the "explanations" of the experience and which are the source of the real interest behind the poetry. A popular practice, for example, with Chaucer as with others, was that of *illustrating* the theme, of seeking out *exempla* of the central theme. As Renwick comments:

The mediaeval man kept things separate, and attended to one at a time. The Griselda of the Clerk's Tale, for instance, offends the modern reader by her lack of proper pride; the Clerk's Tale,

however, is not about proper pride, but about patience. So also the passivity of Emily in the Knight's Tale is sometimes cited as a social document, evidence for the position of women in the Middle Ages, but the Knight's Tale is not about the relations of a young lady with two young men who are fighting for her, nor about her ideas or emotions, but about the relations of two friends who find themselves in enmity, and about the proper conduct of their quarrel.²

The medieval method is prominently a deductive, illustrative one. The type of interest represented in the poetry is not personal, individual, and psychological, but is generalized, moral, and theoretical.

Residues of the same approach appear in the Renaissance period, Spenser's *Faerie Queene* being the outstanding example. Mainly, however, the method provides in Renaissance hold-overs a convenient framework which is filled with some of the immediate interest in experience characteristic of the best Renaissance practice. One such hold-over is the personification of the virtues and the vices. In an intermediate stage, represented by Skelton's *Bouge of Court*, a vice is given a personal name and is described in these terms:

Upon his breast he bear a versing-box,
His throat was clear, and lustily could fain.
Methought his gown was all furred with fox,
And ever he sang, "*Sith I am nothing plain. . . .*"
To keep him from picking it was a greate pain:
He gazed on me with his goatish beard,
When I looked at him my purse was half-afeard.³

In later work, such as Nashe's *Pierce Penilesse*, sins are described with even greater particularity and less suggestion of the generalized figure. Here is one paragraph from Nashe's description of greediness:

Famine, Lent, and dessolation, sit in Onyon skind iackets before the doore of his indurance, as a *Chorus* in the Tragedy of Hospitality, to tell hunger, and pouertie thers no reliefe for them there: and in the innter part of his ugly habitation stands Greed-nesse, prepared to deuoure all that enter, attyred in a Capouch of written parchment, buttond downe before with Labels of wax, and lined with sheepes fles for warmenes: his Cappe furd with cats skines, after the Muscouie fashion, and all to be tasseld

² W. L. Renwick, *Edmund Spenser* (London: Edward Arnold and Co., 1925), p. 151.

³ *The Complete Poems of John Skelton*, edited by Philip Henderson (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1931), p. 46.

with Angle-hooks, in stead of Aglets, ready to catch hold of all those to whom he shewes any humbleness: for his breeches, they were made of the lists of broad cloaths, which he had by letters pattents assured him and his heyres, to the vtter ouerthrowe of Bowcases and Cushin makers, and bumbasted they were, like Beerebarrels, with statute Marchants and forfeitures. But of all, his shooes were the strangest, which, being nothing els but a couple of crab shells, were toothed at the tooes with two sharp sixpennie nailes, and digd vp euery dunghill they came by for gould, and snarld at the stones as he went in the street, because they were so common for men, women, and children to tread vpon, and he could not deuise how to wrest an odde fine out of any of them.⁴

With the coming of the Renaissance the center of man's interest had shifted, in philosophy and psychology as well as in literature. It shifted from the generalized, categorical explanations of experience to its particular aspects.

This separation of human functions and interests could not last for ever, and when it weakened there began the Renaissance. . . . the discovery of the central inclusive facts of Life. On one hand the evasion of temperament broke down the dominion of mediaeval intellectualism, leading philosophy away from metaphysics, which exercised only logic, to ethics, which implies the co-operation with intellect of intuition and feeling; and on the other hand it removed ethics from the sole jurisdiction of dogmatic and inexpugnable ecclesiasticism, to be examined in the light of thought and experience. Men discovered that their own actions and emotions were really the most interesting subject in the world, and felt they were not receiving the serious attention they deserved.⁵

With the Renaissance man the particular situation was at the threshold of interest. His attention began to center in the experience itself, and to proceed, whenever a principle was needed for explanation of the experience, from the experience to the principle—in other words, in precisely the opposite direction to the one common to the Middle Ages.

In logic and science the Renaissance man abandoned the great interest of the Middle Ages in the final or spiritual "cause" or explan-

⁴ *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, edited by Ronald B. McKerrow (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1910), I, 166.

⁵ Renwick, *op. cit.*, pp. 151-2.

ation of experience. He turned more and more rapidly to the natural causes, which required observation of experience, until by the end of the seventeenth century, with Newton and the Royal Society, modern science was well under way. In the field of conduct and morals Machiavelli led the way to a new inductive positivistic approach. In drama, as Farnham points out, tragedy had formerly been the result of "a manifestation of man's powerlessness in an irrational world"; but with the Elizabethans tragedy is the outcome of character, either its vices, or, as in Shakespeare's best tragedies, its excess of good characteristics.⁶

The new logic set its foundation in sensation. Bernardinus Telesius (1508-1588) expressed the doctrine: "Sensation and appetite are modes of action of the *spiritus*; cognitive phenomena are reduced to transformations of sensation."⁷ In other words, the center of knowledge Co., 1926), I, 276.

is sensation, is the particulars of experience. Campanella (1568-1639), developing Telesius' doctrine,

lays down the thesis that all knowledge comes from sensation, and that the latter is a purely passive act which does not require the intervention of intentional species. What we call a general concept is but a weakened form or schematic *résumé* of sensation. Observation is accordingly the foundation of knowledge. . . .⁸

The importance of this shift in thought is indicated by the fact that this doctrine seems but a preamble to the thought of the English empiricists and to the central problem of the philosophical thinking of the last four centuries.

III

This new inductive approach to experience demanded a new method of handling the experience for poetry. The psychological interest and the dependence upon imagery characteristic of the new practice have been demonstrated in the passages from Shakespeare quoted at the beginning of this essay. Further techniques may well be illustrated by quotations also from Shakespeare:

⁶ Willard Farnham, *The Medieval Heritage of Elizabethan Tragedy* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1936), p. 309.

⁷ Maurice de Wulf, *History of Mediaeval Philosophy* (London: Longmans, Green and

⁸ *Ibid.*

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
 Now is the time that face should form another;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
 For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
 Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
 But if thou liv'st, rememb'ed not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.
 (Sonnet 3.)

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood. . . .
 (Sonnet 19.)

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang. . . .
 (Sonnet 73.)

Without going into a detailed analysis of these passages, it will be observed that the techniques relied upon here include a highly dramatic structure for the poem, a dependence upon metaphor and image, word play, and an adaptation of metrics to the psychological and dramatic movement of the poem. In what way were these techniques demanded by the psychology and philosophy of the Renaissance?

The first master of Renaissance poetry, and one to whom all other Renaissance poets either directly or indirectly owed a great debt, was Petrarch. And Petrarch's most famous poetry is love poetry. The world of love poetry is a psychological world; it is concerned with one person's feelings for another, and with the relationship between these individuals. The difference between the love poetry of the two periods, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, is one of method of treatment; and the treatment accorded it by Petrarch and his followers is an illustration of the Renaissance interest in the inductive approach to the psychological experience. As De Sanctis says:

The world of Petrarch is smaller than the world of Dante, is barely a tiny fragment of the vast Dantesque synthesis. But the small fragment has been turned into a perfect and rich thing in itself—a full, developed, analyzed world, complete and real, with every secret corner searched and characterized in its smallest details. . . . Love, set free at last from the universal things that had wrapped it round, is no longer a concept or a symbol, but is sentiment; and Petrarch, the lover, who is permanently in the centre of his own stage, depicts the story of his soul, exploited indefatigably by himself.⁹

The problem for such a poet, given such detailed interest in the psychological experience and such detailed analysis of it, was to find appropriate techniques for communicating this interest and analysis. This required a means of establishing an imaginative equivalent or objectification in language, so that the reader could, in the terms of the language, "re-create" the experience indicated by the poet. Then for our purposes here, the technical practices finally developed for the purpose may be justified by their ability to express the actual character of such analyzed experience; though the tendency to make this the final justification is to be guarded against; the final justification of any technical usage is an empirical one, but in relation to the product; the technical device is good or bad in a particular poem by reason of its ability or failure to aid in achieving that intelligent concentration of experience which we may expect of good poetry.

The love poetry of Petrarch derives some of its attitudes from the courtly love tradition, and in it we find the subjection of the lover to the Lady, and the figures of the lover, the Lady, and often the personification of Love. The poetry of Petrarch, however, is not simply a description of love nor even a description of the subtle psychological character of the love-experience. In his experience of love was an actual conflict, a conflict between physical desire and spiritual desire for the loved-one. The courtly love code was not his theme; rather, behind the courtly love machinery lay his basic theme, and that basic theme was a dramatic struggle in his experience.

⁹ Francesco de Sanctis, *History of Italian Literature* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1931), I, 270. This psychological interest was not limited to the love-experience or to Petrarch; it was a characteristic of the Renaissance, as noted by W. Windelband: "The modern mind, which had taken up into itself the achievements of later antiquity and of the Middle Ages, appears from the beginning as having attained a stronger self-consciousness, as internalised, and as having penetrated deeper into its own nature, in comparison with the ancient mind." *A History of Philosophy* (New York: Macmillan, 1907), p. 350.

It is obvious, then, that the general pattern of the love-experience of the Petrarchan mold provides a substance readily dramatized. In the first place, there are the conventional figures given, lover, Lady, and Love. Each has a code of expected action, and since the Lady was usually disdainful, to Love as well as to the lover, there was conflict among the conventional figures; yet the code demanded that the characters could not escape each other, for the Lady could not rid herself of the attentions, however distasteful to her, of the lover; and the lover, though spurned, must continue his bondage to her. Thus the poet could communicate the love-experience by presenting these figures; and the result is a poem which contains a little drama. And when we extend this from the courtly love figures to others which later developed, we have the explanation of the highly dramatic structure which is found in many Renaissance poems. This was not merely a conventionalized technical device, however. As was seen, Petrarch actually felt a conflict in his experience, a conflict which became his basic theme of physical as opposed to spiritual desire. This conflict demanded a *drama*—however little it appeared in a lyric—to express conflict empirically found within the experience.

The Renaissance poets found two alternatives to the drama of characters (which included the poem whose structure consisted of speech from the lover to the Lady as well as the poem which contained both as speaking characters), however, but which still provided an equivalent for the dramatic character of the experience. One of these was the paradox, obviously useful by its opposition of forces in expressing a psychological experience which contained conflict, such as the conflict between a need to throw off a love which was proving painful and a need to continue the love because it seemed the central vital element of experience.

The other alternative to, shall we say, "physical" drama was the image, especially the metaphor. The metaphor, by its identification of one thing with another, also sets up terms with a group of dramatic forces between them, though here again we must distinguish between this means of dramatizing the experience and the term more narrowly used in the sense of a scene containing personal characters. Very commonly the metaphor was, in Renaissance poetry, an extended metaphor, sometimes called a "conceit." At times it was extended even to include the entire poem, in which case the conceit became the basic structure

for the poem, as in Wyatt's sonnet in which the lover is passenger and Love is pilot of a ship lost at sea because the Lady's eyes (stars) are hidden and thus no longer guide them toward the port. More commonly the metaphor, either in extended or brief form, provided a means of visualizing and dramatizing partial aspects of the experience rather than providing the basic structure for the entire poem. Thus it is found in poems which have a drama of personal characters and in poems using a paradox as the structure for the poem. It is also found, perhaps most often in the work of such poets as Gascoigne, Raleigh, Shakespeare, and Donne, in poems whose structure is essentially expository or largely a poetry of statement. The importance of the metaphor in psychological poetry is indicated by its popularity in the later Elizabethan and the Jacobean drama, and in the poems of Donne and his followers. For the metaphor, extended or even brief, constituted an investigation of the experience as well as a dramatic equivalent for it; and the metaphor, in the hands of many Renaissance poets, included within its terms also the conceptual aspect of the experience.

This does not by any means exhaust the technical resources used by the Renaissance poet. Briefer devices, such as the pun, word play, and the correlation of metrical attention with the thought and psychological movement of the poem, particularly in conjunction with the dramatic structure of the poem, provided correspondent means of dramatizing parts of the experience, of concentrating the line with detailed perception. The ability of these practices to perform those functions we may take as the reason for their use.

Certainly these technical devices are not to be isolated, except for purposes of analysis. Most poems used several practices in conjunction, and some poems—some of Shakespeare's sonnets and several of Donne's poems, for examples—use nearly every technique in a single poem. But the Renaissance poet found, upon an empirical basis, that experience was not simple and one-directioned; rather, he found that it contained many complications of motive, thought, and feeling. The Renaissance poet did not approach the experience with generalizations which would force the experience into a simple pattern despite the complications which could inductively be found in the experience. So the dramatic structure, the paradox, the metaphor, word play, the pun, metrical devices—all became means for the Renaissance poet to achieve communication of an experience without, at least, the falsification of an approach which had generalization as its primary interest.

THE BOTCHY AND THE FAIRY

Richard Lake

GOODBYE! their mother called to them as they started across the meadow. "Come right home, now!"

"Yes, we will!" they cried, turning to wave.

Their mother stood by the gate, gazing into the early morning sun, watching them troop along single-file toward the trail that led up over the hill through the pine trees.

"We'll wave from the top of the hill," Jane called back.

But mother had turned into the house to get at her dishes.

Bennie wasn't quite five, so he walked behind. Jane was past seven, so she walked ahead. Up on the bench where there was a road with two wheel tracks they would walk side by side.

They hurried across the brown meadow, shining in the glory of the morning sun.

"We don't want to be tardy like the Bensons are all the time," said Jane. "Because teacher will make us stay after school, and Mama wants us to come right home."

Bennie had to walk very fast to keep up with his sister. And yet he lagged behind, stumbling along, because he kept looking off towards the farther pasture fence where they had their traps.

"We could just hurry and go down as far as the grove," he said longingly. "Every day there's one there."

"No, we better not," Jane warned. "If we get home early enough we can look at them *all* when we go after the cows. And if I have two," she promised, "and you don't have any, I'll give you one."

"How many you got now?" Bennie asked as though he didn't care, but Jane knew he was still looking off toward the fence. "I've got thirty-eight."

"Sixty-one, sixty-one, sixty-one," Jane sang. "I've got sixty-one."

"But you choked some," Bennie said sorrowfully.

Jane was gawky and thin from growing too fast, but her face was pretty and she had clear brown eyes. Her black hair was not braided in pigtails, but was brushed back and held by a bright red ribbon tied in a bow. Bennie was small and almost babyish yet, except for his sad face, always looking off and wanting something.

They had come to the foot of the hill now. As they crawled through the wire fence at the end of the pasture, they stopped to look at the landslide which had come down in the spring and stopped so close to the fence. Its edge was only a little way from the trail.

"We could just try and find a little blue clay," Bennie said, "to show teacher."

"No," Jane said patiently, holding the barbed wire for him. "Daddy is going to get you a whole ball of blue clay, and you can make little balls and let them harden and shoot them in your slingshot. And don't scratch your lunch bucket on the barbs. Hand it to me. Oh, you already have scratched it!"

They had new red lunch buckets—Union Leader this time—painted to look like basket weaving and with nice handles. Last spring they'd had Tuxedo. Bennie had already scratched his initials on his with a nail.

"Guy'll give us new ones," Bennie said calmly. Guy was the young farmer down on the creek who had one eye and who gave them his old Dad's tobacco cans. Guy, one eye—it rhymed.

After they had crawled through the fence, Bennie opened his lunch bucket just a little bit to smell the apple and peanut butter and hard-boiled egg smell that came from it.

As they followed the trail among the pine trees they entered shade. There was dew yet on the stones. The trail was broad and wound gently up the hillside.

Some of the stones were red and smooth-rounded. Bennie picked one up and said, "It looks like a kidney."

Jane took it from him. "Don't fill your pockets with rocks," she admonished. "It does look like a red bean," she said before throwing it away.

The children liked the quiet woods. In the winter they liked to play under the great firs where the ground was bare, and listen to the clucking of the grouse who roosted there and the scolding of the blue-

jays in the upper branches. In the summer they found crocuses and shootingstars and yellowbells among the trees, and patches of sweet strawberries in the thickets.

Near the top of the hill was a patch of brush where they had often found the small red wildfruit.

"Maybe we could find some strawberries," Bennie said, "to eat at recess."

"No," Jane said, "it's too late, and anyway here's the road now."

They took hold of hands and walked side by side. They could see a long way from the hill, and the view always excited them.

"We can see over the Big Hill," Bennie cried, pointing east. "That's where France is. I could just hear the guns yesterday," he added mysteriously.

"Oh, you could not," Jane said, laughing at him. "They're a thousand miles away."

"I could hear 'em," Bennie insisted. "That's where they are; Grandma told me."

"You could hear an earthquake," Jane said. "That's in the ground. Maybe that's what you heard."

"I know, and the earth splits open. What made the landslide, Jane, by our pasture fence?"

"The botchys did it," Jane said, swinging her lunch bucket and walking too fast, "the old progermans."

Bennie was puzzled. "Are the Bensons progermans?"

"We don't know," Jane said. "They're not botchys, though. Botchys cut off your hands."

"Like the Indians?" Bennie said, struggling to keep up. "Like the Indians when great-grandmother lived in a cabin on the prairie?"

They had topped another rise now, and Jane cried out, "Oh, there are the Crazies!"

The Crazies, to the south, were very jagged and very high. They wore glittering snow all the year round. In the mornings they were dazzling and flashing, terrifying and delightful.

"I wouldn't want to go there," said Bennie softly.

"No, because if you did," Jane chanted, "you'd go crazier'n a crazy sheepherder, and run around on your hands and knees, and fall down a well."

"Oh!" Bennie said, fearfully.

"Everybody that goes there does that," Jane said. "Maybe, Bennie, it was someone who had been there and gone crazy that put the cat down our well last winter."

All winter they had had to purify their water in a still. Jane echoed her mother's distaste at such a procedure, but Bennie liked it. It made drinking water seem more important.

The road ran down the bench, and they could see the schoolhouse among trees at the head of a coulee. They began to meet other boys and girls going to school. Lillian Price and her brother Dan, who were half-breed Indians. Wallis Riggs, who came galloping along on a shaggy pinto. The freckle-faced Hall boys with their carrotty hair. Cathy Decker and her brother Jim. Cathy Decker had long, almost white hair, very fluffy and shiny. Bennie loved to watch it and wish he could touch it. But Cathy Decker was spiteful, and pulled Bennie's ears. Tag Benson came hurrying up just as they reached the school house, and hurried over to walk by Lillian Price. All the kids were surprised to see *him* come early.

Everybody talked and told each other what they had in their lunch buckets, and wondered if they would have time for a game of pom-pom-pullaway before the last bell rang. Dan Price amused himself throwing pebbles at Bennie, who scuttled over by the coal shed and watched, puzzled and hurt, ready to slip inside if the rocks became big. Jane put her lunch bucket in her desk and told Bennie to put his in his desk, so nobody could steal from them at recess. She repeated Mother's warning not to trade off the good peanut butter sandwiches for those old benchhoppers' sourdough bread with lard on it. Bennie promised.

Then teacher came out of her cottage and crossed to the schoolhouse, ringing the brass bell. She was a trim figure in her light blouse and dark serge skirt. Her hair was drawn to a knot at the back of her head, and she had nice high-button shoes.

After everyone was assembled in the schoolroom, the Benson's buggy came rattling into the yard, and presently three more Bensons came lumbering in. Two overgrown loutish boys, and a gangling girl. All of them had been in the eighth grade for three years, and were trying to get out.

Singing was first. They sang "Good Morning, Dear Teacher" and then "America." Bennie couldn't sing, but he loved to listen to the singing. And he loved the smell of chalk, and of the ink in the inkwells, and of the varnish on the desks.

Classes started with spelling. Jane was the best speller of all, and for a while Bennie listened excitedly. But teacher made signs to him to get out his tablet, and he frowned and sighed.

Bennie was more or less in a class by himself. He sat using up his tablet trying to learn to write. But all he could do was scribble a jumbled mass of looped and uncertain lines. When finally teacher told him he could "go to the bookcase," Bennie was happy. He loved to read and look at pictures; but as most of the things were strange to him in the books he chose, he hurried through one after another, sampling. The books were even stranger and more glittering than the Crazies, more mysterious than the almost-heard guns.

At recess Bennie went hustling to find Jane. She was talking to Lillian Price, the dark, lazy-looking, half-breed girl.

"Las' night I felt so awful funny," Lillian was saying, "an' it was jus' lak I was goin' to have a baby, an' I was scairt."

Bennie felt he was not wanted, and edged away. He went to look for some bright stones by the coal shed. Just around the corner he saw Tag Benson, and Tag whirled around quick and acted surprised and confused. Bennie pretended not to see him, but Tag said, "Whatcha lookin' for?"

"Rocks."

Tag seemed trying to be friendly. Bennie strove to forget that Tag, as well as Dan Price, had thrown rocks at him. "We find arrerheads over in our coulee," Tag said.

"Real ones?" Bennie said, forgetting.

"Sure. Red and black and all colors."

"Oh." Bennie felt that maybe Tag Benson wasn't so mean after all. "Why," he said, offering his most precious secret, "my sister and I have a game."

"You do, huh."

"It's called Botchy and Fairy, and we play it down in the coulee."

Tag laughed. "Me'n Lillian Price have a game too that we play down in the coulee, but you don't know nothin' about that. . . . Say, Bennie, you got any peanut butter sandwiches today?"

"Uh-huh," Bennie said.

"Well, look, I'll bring you a red arrerhead tomorrow if you trade me one. I got some good bacon. . . ."

So at noon Jane had to scold Bennie, and he cried and said he was going right off and eat dirt anyhow. But there was a game of pom-pom-pullaway, and he sat on the school steps to watch it, and forgot about the dirt.

They played pom-pom-pullaway until teacher went into her cottage to take a nap. Then Almon Hall sneaked in to set the clock back so they could have a longer time to play. They started to play ball. Bennie watched Cathy Decker run with her white hair streaming out behind her. He looked at the blue September sky and wished the noon hour would last forever.

Teacher came out of her cottage and walked up on the steps to watch the game a minute before ringing the bell. Bennie saw shiny tears in her eyes.

Teacher had just read over for the hundredth time the last letter she'd had from her husband at the Front; it was dated July 11, 1918, and this was late September—such a long, long time.

It was a long afternoon. Bennie made a dozen trips to the water cooler, and looked at books, and scribbled until he broke all his pencils. But as all days must, this one came to an end. Dismissal bell rang, and as they all filed out, Cathy Decker whispered to Bennie that she was tired of being mean, and that tomorrow was her day to be nice to him. Glory, glory!

Bennie got his lunch bucket and sat on the steps watching Willis Riggs make his pinto pony rear up, while he waited for Jane to get through talking to Lillian Price. Dan came running past and scattered a handful of dirt at him, which he ducked. Presently Jane came. Lillian and Tag Benson walked slowly off down the coulee among the trees, not following the trail. As Bennie and Jane started home, Jane kept looking back to where they'd disappeared.

Jane was quiet; Bennie felt troubled. He looked off across the prairie to the Crazies, no longer shining and glorious but a sullen purple. He could see the dust rising where Al Decker was busting prairie sod with a tractor.

When they came to the brow of the hill, Jane said, "We can look to see if there are any strawberries, Bennie."

But the birds had found them all.

Entering their house, Bennie felt scared, thinking Jane would tell on him for trading off his sandwiches. Mother met them with a kiss

for each, and exclaimed, "What good kids you are! Come straight home! Did you learn a lot?"

"We had in history about Columbus," Jane said.

"I churned this morning," Mother said, "and saved you some buttermilk."

The walk home had been a long dusty two miles, and the buttermilk tasted good.

"C'mon now," Bennie cried. "The traps!"

"And don't forget the cows," said Mother, laughing.

They went down by the grave first. Someone who had lived in the house before they came was buried there, a small mound. Snow marked it with a soft curve in the winter. In the spring roses grew thickly over it. The mound was covered with long grass, not timothy as in the rest of the meadow. It was fenced around with barbed wire, and seemed to the children oh so strange and something hushful.

In Jane's trap by it was a gopher. Both the children squealed and dragged him forth. Jane pulled up the wooden peg by which the trap was secured and beat the gopher's head. Whack, whack, she beat until the gopher's skull was pulpy, and the eyes bulged out of the head.

"That's the way I'd beat the old progermans," Jane said, giving a final whack. "The old botchys!"

They found a new hole nearby. Bennie pounded the stake in with a smooth round rock.

They visited all the traps. Jane had two more, and Bennie had one. All were caught by the legs and had to be killed. Bennie was glad Jane did the pounding, but he liked the way the eyes bugged out.

After they had reset all the traps, Jane turned to Bennie and frowned. "I promised you one if I got two and you didn't get any, but I got three and you got one. So I guess you don't get none of mine."

Bennie didn't know. "We forgot to get some blue clay," he said, looking at the hillside.

"Oh, oh," Jane cried. "C'mon, Bennie, we'll get another!"

She had seen a gopher dive into a hole not far from the creek bank. They hurried up the creek to a little bend where they kept a rusty can. Together they packed water and poured it into the hole. They would pour the water, and then listen to the bubblings and gurglings that came seemingly from a long way down the passage.

"Hurry up!" Jane panted. "We'll get him!"

Bennie worked his short legs as fast as he could.

At last a huge bubble broke from the muddy pool at the mouth of the burrow, and a desperate dripping gopher lunged out, his pointed nose reaching for the life-giving air. In a flash he turned and tried to dive back into his flooded home.

But Jane's small hand was quicker. Like the strike of a snake, her right thumb and forefinger went round the gopher's neck. She held him up at arm's length. Bennie shivered in an ecstasy of excitement.

The gopher's four feet flashed in a writhing blur. Muddy water splattered the children. But grimmer than death itself Jane held on. Slowly the gopher's twisting quieted. When at last there was only an occasional spasmodic jerk, Jane laid him carefully on dry ground, and stood back, the gleam of battle still in her eye. Bennie watched, horrified.

Little by little, life came back to the gopher. His sides heaved, his head turned from side to side, he essayed his feet and took a few wobbling steps.

Again the swoop of Jane's right hand. Again the wildly beating feet, the crazy desperate writhing.

Several times this was repeated. Then Jane threw the carcass disgustedly down and smashed it with a rock.

"He didn't fight much," she said.

Bennie was shivering with joy and fear.

The sun was sinking now behind the great wooded hill. The children fell in behind the little herd of six Jersey cows that were dreaming homeward in their placid way. They lowed gladly at Jane and Bennie.

"I'll give you one tail, Bennie," Jane said. "You want to get your bank full too, and the gophers will be gone before long. And I won't tell about the sandwich."

Bennie's eyes were filled with the light of dusk, and the shining wonder of the great wooded hill standing against the sun.

A few winged seeds of the willow came floating on the breeze.

"Oh," Bennie cried, "they've come! Now we can play Botchy and Fairy again!"

"Yes," Jane said, "but I don't want to play fairy all the time. I want to beat the botchys' heads off, and a fairy couldn't do that."

A PLEA FOR PRIDE IN AMERICAN MUSIC

Joshua Missal

AT THE RISK of being chauvinistic, I believe that the time has come for all Americans to start being proud of American music. Too long we have been hiding behind the skirts of a safely Europeanized art whose Americanism has been considered slightly disgraceful if not downright indecent. We are told that the jazz idiom has no place in the concert hall; that there is no such thing as American folk song (completely overlooking every state in the Union, and every country in the Americas); that the only great form of music is the symphony, which American composers are grossly misusing; and that Americans must never expect to develop a national idiom because of the conglomeration of races, creeds, nationalities, and historical and geographical backgrounds. Music has grown far beyond such issues. Indeed, it is these very issues that, in my opinion, are the core of American music. From the traditional songs of the North Carolina hills and the Southwestern plains to the dances of our Indians and the spirituals of our Negroes, from the music carried along by the immigrants in their hearts to our shores, coloring our older folk tunes, to the jazz rhythms cultivated and developed in the melting pot of New York, we have a folk music rich, complete in itself, and as much a part of this America as its people.

Why do we continue to try to fit American music to a European standard? That standard was left far behind many years ago, a fact that the movie studios have seemed to recognize long before the rest of us. More good music is being written in America today than in any other country in the world. To say that American music is all good music would be inane, but there was bad music in the time of

Beethoven—including his own “Battle Symphony”—and along the sands of time lie the bleached bones of musical compositions that did not meet the standards set by their fellows.

Judgment of much of our American music has been reduced to a mere acoustical discussion of consonance versus dissonance, the impression still being widespread that everything that is written in the western hemisphere is as dissonantly sour as the sounds coming from a branding corral during a cattle roundup. However, the most healthy sign in American music to date is the recession of much of our music from its reactionary wild oats. The great art of any period reaches its apex through a steady upward rise, not through the abrupt violence of reaction and of the rejection of anything new.

To what extent an “American idiom” will be crystallized later would be hard to predict. I sincerely believe that America, indeed all the Americas, are leading the way to a new conception of music and perhaps of all art. The period of artist individualism is on the wane. Men like Aaron Copeland, Roy Harris, Howard Hanson, William Grant Still, and many others, are leading the way. Here are surely the seeds of classic universality. If this is true, our American idiom will not be the highly individual thing that we seem to be so anxiously looking for.

Lately, we have been fortunate in hearing the recordings of not only American music from the United States, but the music of composers from Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, Peru, Chile, and the other countries of this hemisphere. I say fortunate, for, if ever there was music that deserved to be heard, it is the music from our southern neighbors. One feels that the music of today is the music of tomorrow as well, and that its font is in the New World.

It is therefore rather sad to realize that the foremost conductor of today, Arturo Toscanini, continually performs works by tenth-rate contemporary Italian composers, while all around us at hand are works of better quality which are, however, saddled by the apathy of the average American to his own native music, by the feeling that all that is American is bad, and by the inaccessibility of native works to conductors of European tradition and training.

Music is once more becoming accessible to everyone. It is now the public property of all through the radio, through the public schools, and through the hundreds of symphony orchestras that are springing

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up in every city and hamlet. It is no longer necessary for a conductor to have a European name and accent in order to be able to show his merit. Therefore it should be easier for the American composer to have his works performed. American music must be heard to be appreciated. It has been held back long enough not only because of our lack of interest (much of which is due to the fact that the opportunity to hear it has been so infrequent), but also because of the fact that few conductors have dared risk their reputations by performing anything but the standard works. Too many conductors, sharing a fallacy common to all of us, have felt that nothing is produced in America but money.

The start has been made in cities like Rochester, New York, whose American Composers Festivals have been the leading light, and by orchestras whose American conductors are more than willing to give American music a place on their programs. But it is only a start, and it will take not only recognition and appreciation from the American audience but loyalty as well before our own music gains its rightful place.

Meanwhile, those who experiment—constantly exploring the no-man's land of the musical future—are germinating the material with which the Beethoven of the twentieth century (and we are sure that he will be an American) will achieve the rare glory of eternal greatness.

PRAIRIES

Boyce Eakin

THE TRAIN was crossing the prairies. It finally stopped at another dusty station and three new passengers, three noisy men, swaggered in and sat down together. I glanced at my watch for the twentieth time, returned doggedly to my magazine, the train crawled on over the endless brown land, and when it stopped again, I didn't look up. The girl must have gotten on then and dropped into the seat behind the men. For I soon heard them begin telling smutty jokes, loudly, raucously, and they attracted every one's attention. The girl behind them, whose presence apparently stimulated the jokes, was leaning her head back in a tired way, and she must have come into the coach too listless to care about anything.

The fellow with the long, leering face had his eyes on her and he was doing most of the talking. Now and then he'd interrupt himself to spit on the floor. The jokes were nauseating, without humor, relished only by men who have always had to pay even for the pretense of love, men incapable of any beauty in their relationship with women. They looked like cheap salesmen, and the pasty-faced one with the fat belly would turn in the midst of his laughter and look at the girl too. The jokes weren't specifically about her, but no one could mistake what was in the minds of those men.

I stopped reading and watched, wondering what the girl would do. She certainly was irresistible physically, with a dark-haired, full, romantic sort of beauty. But the joy was gone and there was a fineness, too, about her face and figure that called up other thoughts. She must have been twenty-five and she was sitting back as comfortably as she could, her eyes half closed, wearily preoccupied. She was dressed simply and her light coat was thrown back on her shoulders. She had no suitcase, nothing but a purse which she held with motionless hands on her lap.

She seemed very much alone and started me thinking about girls without money to spare who travel unescorted on railroad coaches and cross-country busses, off to visit relatives, moving to look for a job, waiting to join their husbands, not making short trips, but trying to ease their cramped bodies day after night and night after day. They may have destinations, but in that interval they are solitary, facing the chances of an unfamiliar world. And if they're attractive, they've got to take a lot.

Sitting on the opposite side from the girl and several seats back so that I saw her in profile, watching the three men, and every man who sat nearby and all who passed, even the conductor, I wondered how long she could stand it. There wasn't one who didn't eye her suggestively, boldly examining the shape of her legs and hips and the size of her breasts, staring at her until the clothes that hid her nakedness were of no significance, staring until she must have felt their obscene eyes as hands feeling her body.

She had no protection against their behavior. It was as if she were lost on the vast prairies, lost on foot, destitute, struggling to reach that pitiful, distant farmhouse with its outbuildings and fence and windmill, struggling against the eternal wind that shamelessly flattened her skirt against her legs. Wind that wouldn't let a tree grow, that bowed down miles and miles of grass. She was prey to forces against which she could never defend herself. Her cries would fade on the wind. She was as much a victim to the lust of these men as if it were long ago and she were being attacked by an Indian as she fled from a flaming prairie-schooner. They were inhuman. They had no regard for her aloneness. It was that they took advantage of, vaunting unspeakable familiarities. What if her body was so provocative! Did that give them franchise? It seemed impossible we were in a railroad coach in a civilized country.

Even the most hardened prostitute would have grown uncomfortable in the circumstances. It was too utterly public. There were other unescorted women on the train who weren't pretty. I saw them watching and I'm sure they preferred, at the moment, their own unattractive obscurity.

Finally the girl roused herself, realizing how insultingly the men took her for granted. With a shudder of disgust she sat up and looked out over the wind-swept prairies, so flat, so unrelieved, so dull and vastly cultivated, without even the desolate fascination of a completely barren

landscape. The infrequent towns were mere outcroppings, towns of shacks thrown up carelessly, without a thought for man's need of beauty.

Her turning to gaze out the window exasperated the men. It seemed like indifference, and that was too much for them.

"What's the matter, babe?" leer-faced began. "Ain't we good enough for you?"

"Gettin' high-hat, eh! Well, you don't fool us."

"Don't think we're broke," the fat one chirped up, slapping his hip pocket.

The girl stiffened, but took it. I watched angrily. The conductor came through again and winked at the men. Whatever she might be, there was no excuse for their bestiality. They were all hounding her; they deserved a whip and I wanted to wield it myself, but it was hardly the place for mock heroics.

At last she turned away from the window and faced about, looking for another sea. From her expression I could have sworn all that was in my mind was in hers. Except that she was detached, completely and ironically detached, like a gambler too wise to expostulate with his mistress Fortune when the tide of his luck has turned. She was merely interested, carelessly interested in how great were the odds piling up against her. And I was drawn to her, fascinated by her aloneness and by the coolness of her courage.

She saw me watching and looked at me. There was a slight shock within her, I thought, as if she were surprised there was some one at hand who appreciated her position. The trace of ironic carelessness faded. Perhaps the perception of my sympathy weakened her momentarily, or at least reminded her that somewhere down inside things did matter, that even her courage was only a poor defense against her loneliness.

Anyhow she stood up rather abruptly, and instead of choosing another seat, stepped quickly along the aisle. She was looking straight ahead as she passed me, but I had time to get an impact of the changed expression on her face. The door at the back end of the coach opened and shut and I took it for granted she had crossed the platform and gone on into the next coach. The three men followed her with their eyes, made a last few smutty remarks, and then huddled together to talk.

I glanced out at the prairies again, thinking about the girl. I couldn't get her expression of waste and futility out of my mind. It

burrowed in and in until everything was waste and futility, until I felt the train, in spite of its speed, was getting nowhere, until each of the occasional farmhouses was the same, and there was only the one train, rushing but motionless, and only one farmhouse standing lonely and forever in a void. The scenery never varied; the sky itself was insignificant above the immense stretches of earth. I could hear the three men haggling over something, and they alone seemed triumphant. And the girl. . . . Well, what chance had she, what chance had sensibility itself in a world so bleak? Impatiently, even a little desperately, I pulled out the timetable again. Yes, I did change at the next station, but there was an hour before that and then not another train till morning. I tried to read again. Suddenly there was a burst of predatory laughter from the men, and I got up to go out on the platform for a cigarette.

I opened the door at the rear end of the coach and stepped out, and there was the girl. She was standing looking out on the prairies and her back was to me. I recognized her by the unmistakable shape of her figure. She must have heard the door open and shut, but she didn't move. I imagine she was waiting for the door of the next coach to open and shut and then she would know she was alone again. But it didn't, of course, and I could feel a sudden tension in the air. Almost immediately, though, the tension broke and I felt her relax, as if she had said to herself: does it matter?

There was a dark catch in my throat, an awareness of being alone with her, close to her, and then I remembered the three men and I was looking out again on the waste of the prairies, looking out with her eyes, feeling as I was sure she was feeling.

"Hello," I said quietly.

She didn't move.

"I'm going to have a cigarette. Would you like one?"

She turned quickly. Then, with a sort of tired, uninterested relief in her voice, she said, "Oh, it's you."

She plucked a cigarette from the offered pack and I lit it for her. She inhaled deeply and at length, relishing the effect. Finally she blew the smoke out, and then she thanked me and added, "I've been wanting one." Which meant she hadn't any. Was she down to a few last dollars, or a few last pennies, I wondered.

We faced each other as we smoked and each of us leaned a shoulder

against the casement. I groped for a conventional word or two, but she was so obviously not ill at ease that the slight awkwardness I was conscious of in myself soon faded. More than anything else, I was aware of an undercurrent of mutual feeling, a something that didn't need words. I was sure that she accepted me completely. Completely, and, of course, passively. Active emotion was the last characteristic I would have attributed to her. She struck me as being burned out, incapable of any more hope or passion. Whatever warmth she had once had was lost, sterile, dead within her.

She went on inhaling and all the while she looked at me in the most equivocally analytical way. And then I had the sensation that she didn't see me at all. You know how it is when you're with someone and suddenly the eyes go fixed, and seem focused on something inside the person's mind, on some vision, on the piece of a dream, maybe a memory? What *was* she looking at? If only I could have thought of a query that wouldn't have seemed like trespassing! At last she carefully dropped her half-smoked cigarette to the floor, scrunched it out with a precise toe, and turned to gaze out the window again.

I glanced out myself. The prairies were still there, and they were the same motionless expanse. The sky was the same gloomy grey, without rain and without the hope of sun. For all the difference it would have made, we might have had the dark, solid sea of clouds as the road-bed and the prairies as the ceiling. We seemed to have been traveling for days. The monotony was enough to make you lose all sense of proportion, all sense of self. Yet she gazed out the window steadily, as if she loved the landscape and found solace in it.

Almost in desperation, I turned back to watch her, tried to think of her apart from the immediate environment, tried to see some self apart from the abandoned self, some bit of her not permeated with disillusion. At the same time her body intruded on me, intrigued me. You couldn't look at her without becoming aware of the other self, the physical self. Her coat still hung loosely back on her shoulders and I found my eyes dropping to her neck and her breasts and the rest of her. By contrast with her dead soul that lovely body had a tremendous significance. It had the same abandoned quality so that a man knew he could have from it an utter sensuality, a sheer physical possession. It was that which had aroused the three men, and it was arousing me.

I don't know where my eyes were nor exactly what I was thinking

when she turned and started to ask, "Do you mind if I have—?" She paused, looking at me with a knowledge that had long ago found wisdom wanting.

"Here." I held out the pack to her. "Keep it, won't you? I have another."

"Sure?"

I nodded.

"All right. Thanks a lot."

She put the pack in her purse and I lit a match and steadied it at the end of her cigarette.

"I'm not much different from them, am I?" I said by way of apology. "Guess you haven't much of an opinion of any of us."

There was the trace of a wry smile about her mouth. "You're pretty honest."

"It's true, though. We're all the same."

"Not necessarily." She glanced away, out at the prairies and the brooding sky, but immediately again met my eyes with hers, met them with a burden of confidence I felt unworthy of. "They think I'm *made* for it." Bitterness tightened her lips, whitening them. The meaning in her eyes was so intense that I had to drop mine. There was the tragedy: as far as men were concerned, she was made for it, she couldn't avoid being the object of their desire.

I raised my eyes, ashamed of having lowered them. I wanted to say something that would cut through her disillusion, wanted to somehow make her renew her faith in life, in people, in whatever we should have faith, but what was there to say, what was the use? She was already back in her own stark, impenetrable world, back beyond any chance of help from any one. The burden was all here again, the spark of confidence was out.

"How far are you going?" I asked.

"The next town, I think."

"I've got to change there myself. How about dinner?"

The train was sweeping around a great curve to meet a bridge over a baked river-bed. In the distance there was the hard silhouette of a few high buildings.

"I don't mind," she answered listlessly.

I went back into the coach to get my suitcase and then rejoined her on the platform.

"Ever been to this place?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I'll bet it's no more inspiring than the rest we've passed."

Another track, running north and south from nowhere to nowhere too, bent to join ours. Barbed-wire fences took shape, the strands holding piles of tumble-weed against the straining wind. The huge, inert bulk of a grain elevator loomed overhead and the train slowed through the freight yards where dirty bales of cotton formed barricades. The conductor appeared to bang open the door, recognized the girl, glanced at me and winked. I clenched a fist, and thought better of it. The train ground to a noisy stop.

We got out and walked along the lee sidewalk under the false fronts of the one-story buildings. The wind, tearing in from the prairies, made it cold and the girl pulled her light coat close around her. I buttoned mine. A car whipped up the wide, unpaved main street, spraying dust on the curbs. I looked for the high buildings I had seen from the train; they were two bare brick hotels, modern, box-shape, incongruous above the board shacks at their feet. The main street divided them, and then went on pointlessly out into space. A crazy whirlwind of dust danced by in the same direction.

We entered the first presentable restaurant and sat down at a table near the door. A waitress was leaning on the bar, talking to the proprietor behind it. She detached herself and sauntered over to us. Her hair was dyed to some reddish hue and her make-up was slapped on heavily, obviously. There was a careless hardness cut in her emaciated face, and all sign of a consciousness of tragic defeat had disappeared. She looked at me and looked at the girl, knowingly and without changing her bored expression. It might have been an amusing situation if one had been in a mood to be amused.

You're wrong, I wanted to say to the blonde. You don't recognize this girl as one of your own. She's not the physical automaton you are. She'll never be; she'll die first. She's better than you ever were. And there *was* a difference between the two. But would that difference last? Would the beauty of the girl with me fade? Would her consciousness of tragedy disappear and she become hard and colorless?

She herself seemed oblivious of the little pantomime. Apparently she didn't feel any kinship with the waitress. I ordered a couple of cocktails and the dinners and the waitress moved off.

"Suppose a person had to live in a town like this," I said. "What would he be like in a few years?"

She didn't answer. I looked at her intently.

"You're going on, aren't you?"

"I don't think so."

"Because you're broke, you mean? I've got some money."

"No, not that."

"You don't *want* to stay here?"

"You don't see me fitting into a fancy town, do you?"

Suddenly I was angry and I said, "I certainly don't see you picking this God-forsaken excuse for a place. Do you know any one here? Any friends?"

"No." She looked at me curiously. "What are you so burned up about anyhow?"

"What do you think?"

She lowered her eyes. My unreasonable anger subsided. "Say, look," I inquired frankly, quietly, with an earnestness that surprised me, "don't you ever get fed-up killing yourself inch by inch?"

She didn't answer, but I noticed her twinge as she raised her glass to her lips.

"I'm sorry," I said. Her burden closed over me, weighed me down, and we began to eat in silence. She ate without pleasure, almost unwillingly, as if she were at odds with her body for needing nourishment. She was making no effort to keep it alive. Then why in the name of common sense didn't she kill herself and be done with it? Was it that her body had to be fulfilled? Would she gladly have killed herself after the first stark injustice, after that beautiful body had attracted someone she loved only to learn her body was all he wanted? But being a slave, like all of us, she had to go on, had to live with that body until it wore itself out and was as ready for death as the rest of her that hadn't been fulfilled and now would never be?

We finished our meal and lighted cigarettes again. What else was there to do? See the town? We'd seen that—one wide street with its scraggling arteries and the dust-covered shacks in the midst of nothing. Well, there was a movie.

"Want to go to the movies?" I asked.

"No thanks."

The restaurant was still empty except for ourselves and the pro-

prietor. The bored waitress had disappeared. Outside it was beginning to get dark and I watched the girl staring through the window into the street, seeing nothing. She might still have been sitting in the train staring out over the prairies, sitting there alone, worn out by forces beyond her control. It was a damn shame! If only her body weren't so . . . so My fancy slipped out from under the insistence of her burden and went to that body. I thought of having it in a room, with only myself to know its beauty, the breasts uncovered, all of it naked. And those men, that was what each of them wanted, too!

"Where are you going to stay the night?" My voice was heavy, obvious.

Without turning her head, she slowly moved lusterless eyes in my direction, then slowly moved them back to the window.

I finished my cigarette and squashed it out. "Want to go?"

"I don't mind."

We got up. The proprietor shuffled over, I paid him and we went out. We walked farther along the darkened street toward the light from the better of the two hotels. The wind roared over them and around them. When all the wooden shacks had long since been blown away, the brick boxes of the hotels would still be there, gaping into the flat, empty distance.

A huge plate-glass window fronted the street. Several hard-driven cars were parked diagonally to the curb. Just inside was a brass rail and a row of easy chairs, most of them occupied by burly men with their hats on. Unmarried, though, independent men, in from the cotton and wheat fields with money in their pockets, lounging with their feet on the rail watching the occasional passersby, talking lazily of politics, the weather, the crops, escaping from the blank prairies to be bored with their leisure, wanting something they didn't know how to find. As we entered, they didn't look at me; they stared rudely at the girl who took them in with a long, tired glance. Not for an instant did we fool them, nor did we fool the shiftless clerk when I registered her as my wife. Nothing could stand in the way of men wanting her body, wanting only that when she had once had so much more to give. Maybe they dimly realized she was the nearest they would ever get to finding what they sought when they came in from the prairies with loose money in their pockets.

We went up to the room. She threw her purse on the bureau, I

dropped my suitcase in a corner. The stucco walls were discolored by the scratching of innumerable matches, and I thought of the men downstairs and the way they had looked at her, and she at them. She walked over to the window. I followed and stood close behind her, gazing out over her shoulder. From our height we could see a few lighted yellow squares in the houses below, and on the horizon the headlights of a single car plowing toward the town. What for? Indeed, what for? How could men have brought themselves to build such a place? How they could endure to live in it speaks well for their insentience. And all because there existed a shadow of commerce.

I shifted restlessly; my body brushed against hers. "Has it got to be like this?"

She shrugged and said nothing. She was going to stay. She had been gravitating toward this town on the prairies. And the men with their feet on the rail in the lobby, who scratched matches on the walls of the rooms they hired for the night, were lying in wait for her. Well, maybe somehow this lost town would make it easier for her to stand them.

The car was getting nearer. You could see the beams of the headlights bouncing on the washboard road. A few more futile yellow squares blinked off down below. The night was closing over something it should keep for its own, forever, in spite of commerce. No commerce was worth exiling families to such a spot. For a moment I even forgot about having her close to me in the room, having her all to myself. And the next it seemed that desire alone could wipe out the bleakness, could fill the void.

FROM MANILA TO MADRID

An Epistolary Record of Travel, 1920-1921¹

George St. Clair

III. EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Cairo, Egypt, September 3rd

DOES THAT name conjure up visions of things old, strange, and awe-inspiring, or does it merely serve to remind you of those disagreeably hard names of dead kings and moldering dynasties which you tried vainly to keep in your memory in your school days? At any rate, here we are in the land of the Pharaohs, "vrai touristes," here today and gone tomorrow, with no time to linger anywhere, however fascinating these places may be. But it costs a lot of money, even with our favorable exchange. I believe a couple of days will do us for this city of dead dynasties.

I think I broke off as we were nearing Suez. The last few days of the voyage were extremely hot and disagreeable, although as a compensation it was very smooth, and a glorious moon flooded the sea with brightness every night.

We reached Suez at ten o'clock on the first, stayed there till nine that night, and then started through the canal by moonlight. It is supposed to be an eighteen-hour trip, but by good fortune we followed directly after the mail boat, and so had the right of way. We passed several ships coming from Port Said that had to tie up for us.

The trip through was more interesting than when I made it in 1909, partly, I think, because I am a better observer than I was then, though

¹ This is the third installment of a travel diary kept by Dr. George St. Clair in 1920-21. Further selected portions of this travel record will appear from time to time. Installments I and II appeared in the *NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY*, X (May, November, 1940), 73-86 and 245-258.

I must admit I did not see much of the end of it, for I sat under a boat up on the hospital deck playing chess with a lieutenant who was shot through the leg last January and who has been in the hospital ever since, with the bone broken in five places. He beat me two games.

Shortly before eleven the following day we were at Port Said. We went ashore after lunch. Port Said is an ugly, dusty, hot, and uninteresting place. Most of the buildings look like square brick boxes, and many of them present a curiously unfinished appearance. It has the reputation of being the most immoral city in the world. We did nothing to prove or disprove this reputation.

We found that most of the Americans had already gone to Cairo. We said goodbye to those who had remained on the ship and to our Czechoslovak friends, signaled a rowboat pulled by one Ali Hassan, a genial robber who had taken us ashore before, and took our departure.

We were not sorry to get off the boat. Though we had enjoyed the trip and had received the best of treatment from all the officers, fifty-four days of ship fare had proved almost too much for us. I must tell you, by the way, a funny little incident that occurred a few days before we landed.

One morning, one of the soldiers brought up on the maindeck two Siberian cub bears. You know the bear is a very inquisitive animal—his long nose was not given to him for nothing—and these two soon started nosing around. One of them put his paws up on the high threshold of the quartermaster captain's cabin and looked longingly in. Just at that moment the governor, who had been watching him, gave him a gentle kick in the rear and he tumbled into the cabin. He lost no time in beginning an investigation. Near the captain's berth was the wash basin, invitingly open. With some difficulty he clumsily clambered into the basin and there settled himself on his haunches, crowded down into the basin, which was much too small for him.

The captain, who had no doubt been dreaming like the Turk in his guarded tent, of fame and glory, was suddenly awakened by the peals of laughter of the spectators outside. Still only half awake, his startled gaze fell upon this strange, ferocious monster, who sat calmly in the wash basin and gravely regarded him. The apparition was too much for him. With a wild yell the doughty warrior, hero of a hundred fights on the Mexican border, clutched frantically at the bedclothes and began to burrow down under them, leaving exposed a considerable

length of lean, naked limbs. In his excitement, his language reverted to his boyhood days, as he brought the amusement of those outside to a climax with his stentorian though muffled cries: "Der Teuffel! take dat tammed brute away!" The picture of that inquisitive cub squeezed into the basin, and solemnly gazing at the badly disorganized soldier as if to ask him what he was making such a row about, will long remain with me as one of the pleasantest recollections of that voyage.

But to return to our muttons. In about a half hour, Ali Hassan landed us at the custom house, where a flashily-dressed Egyptian attached himself to the governor, while two porters seized hold of me and our baggage. The result was a wordy battle between the two forces, from which we were rescued after much choice Arabic had been spilled on both sides, by the chief of the inspection division who sprang into the fray with the greatest energy when he learned who the governor was. The only trouble I had was with my typewriter. I had to sign a number of guarantees that I did not mean to sell it, and then to pay a deposit of eighty-five piasters on it, they to refund me all but five when I leave the country. A piaster is now worth about four cents. It used to be five.

We escaped from them at last, got our baggage on a cart, and, followed by one of the turbulent, turbaned, and wordy porters, started for the train. On the way we stopped at Thomas Cook's, and bought tickets for Cairo. They are over double what they used to cost.

The railroad runs through the desert alongside the canal almost to Ismailia, about half-way to Cairo. That part of the ride was hot and dusty. From Ismailia, however, we left the canal behind us and soon came to the irrigated region, green on both sides of the road as far as the eye could reach, a most refreshing change. Here we first saw the date palm with its rich clusters of golden-brown, bronzed, or green fruits; here were fellaheen, Egyptian peasants, turning waterwheels in just the same way as their ancestors did under the Pharaohs, but under infinitely better conditions; sometimes a camel would walk by, or there would be a water buffalo or a donkey turning the waterwheel, walking round and round in approved treadmill style, usually with their eyes blindfolded. Several times we noticed the donkey walking around on his beat, with his master asleep in the shade of a palm, a comical sight. Corn and cotton were the common crops. We have been told that three

crops, one of cotton and two of something else, can be grown in one year on the same piece of ground.

Lunch on the train was a rather unsuccessful affair, the food being largely flavored with desert sand. For dessert, they served us some sort of cheese which rivaled an automobile tire for toughness and was evidently of the Fourth Dynasty. Fruit was for sale at the stations, especially luscious figs and grapes, but we were afraid to buy them so dirty were their vendors. The train, which had left Port Said on time, brought us into Cairo on the minute, a feat which is rarely performed now by the European trains, so fellow travelers tell us.

We are staying at the Continental Hotel, a rival of Shepherd's, which is the older and more fashionable and therefore more expensive house. It is situated in the heart of the city, on Opera Square, just across from the Esbekia Gardens. These are small but pretty and offer a cool retreat from the heat of the day. A band plays there several nights each week, and there the fashionable world goes to be seen. I remember when we were here in 1909 that we went to the Gardens on the first night of our arrival. As we were sipping our sherbet and enjoying the music and the queer people around us, a little street Arab ran up to us, crying out, "New York Herald, sir!" You know we were trying to pass as Spaniards then, and it nettled us to be spotted so unerringly. So we merely looked at him with silent scorn. "A' right, 23 my number; I skidoo." Do you remember the days of that sort of slang? There are none of those engagingly impudent gamins here now. The city has lost by their disappearance, as they were gay and amusing. There is little left now of anything amusing. Everybody seems so somber and serious—the result, I suppose, of the increasing difficulty in making a living and the intense and bitter agitation for independence.

We have small rooms on the second floor, well but not expensively furnished. We pay 130 piasters a day, with all manner of extras. Baths, forty cents; soap, fifteen; and fruit in the morning charged on the bill. The cuisine is French, with the inevitable French salad—plain lettuce—at both lunch and dinner. Everything is good, but I perforce sigh as I think that the same accommodations for which we now pay twenty-six shillings a day, were only seven shillings nine or eleven years ago. Thus the wheels of progress run merrily around!

September 4th

Our first visit to the Great Pyramids was a memorable one. One is

impressed as he gazes at those mighty monuments which have defied Time for five thousand years, and then thinks of the fearful labor, the sweat, tears and blood expended by countless armies of slaves, to build—what? Nothing but a tomb! God pity all poor humans.

But the really sublime thing out there in the desert is the Sphinx. I do not know why it moved me so. Somehow, it seemed to me to be invested with life, lying there and staring unwinkingly as it had done for centuries, into vacancy. It seemed an epitome of the dead centuries which it had watched in majestic silence fleet by into oblivion. I think it does one good to visit those remains of a vanished civilization and then to observe the degraded descendants of those old kings and priests. It seems like a truism to say it, but I felt more than ever then the dignity and value of democratic institutions and their necessary concomitant, education.. One *has* to moralize, after seeing those ruins!

We did the usual tourist stunts. Rode on camels and had our pictures taken in front of the Sphinx—ten dollars a dozen—and were bothered by the hangers-on, who importuned us to buy old coins, scarabs, etc., guaranteed genuine, and made in Germany before the war. The governor bought six genuine antique Roman coins for two shillings—certainly a bargain!

The governor was very much taken with his camel-riding and wrote an amusing letter about his experience to a friend. He was particularly impressed by the pants, wheezes, gasps, groans, creaks, and probable internal blasphemies with which that ungainly and ill-tempered beast greeted the command to lie down so that the governor could change to a donkey. It may be that his camelship resented being left for a lowly ass; it may be that he felt lowered by having a plain Yankee on his back, he, the descendant of the Pharaohs; it may be that he was just an ugly-tempered brute; whatever the reason may be, the governor swears it is a fact that the camel turned his long, skinny, undulating neck around to him, looked him squarely in the eye, and in almost intelligible language said to him: "You go to hell!" "To think," concluded the governor, "that at Ceylon I refused to ride on an intelligent animal like an elephant and then consented to libel myself by having a picture made with me mounted on that impossible brute!"

As we were nearing the tramcar station at the end of our ride, my camel driver said to me, "I wish you satisfied, Mr. Yankee, and have pleasant time on my camel." I agreed with him that I wished I were,

too, pretending not to understand what he was fishing for. So he repeated this little speech several times, showing he had it by heart. I asked him the name of his camel. "Yankee Doddle," he says. "I suppose if I were French you would say 'La Marseillaise'?" "Yes, good business, master Yankee." Cheerful rogues! I gave him a handful of piasters for his honesty and wit.

Ibrahim El-Shazr, an Arab of the desert, who was our guide to the Pyramids, came around at an early hour this morning to get us. We drove first to the Museum, a notable one for Egyptian antiquities such as mummies, sarcophagi, and sculpture. After a couple of hours of strolling through its twenty-three rooms, we decided that we could get along very well without Egyptian sculpture, though the mummies fascinated us, especially those of Seti I, I believe, and his son, Rameses II, who is supposed to be the Pharaoh that oppressed the Jews. What puzzled the governor was how his mummy could be there, while his body is presumably at the bottom of the Red Sea.

It was interesting to watch our guide Ibrahim. He had told us he had never been to school and could neither read nor write, yet he knew every statue, monument, mummy, and tablet, and could tell their history and place them in their proper dynasty. He talks well and intelligently of the political situation here, and makes one believe that if he is at all typical of the average Arab, now clamoring for his own government, there is little doubt as to their ability to manage their own affairs. It is certainly surprising to find so much information possessed by an illiterate man. And, with it all, he is always amusing.

I told him, when he was trying to persuade us to give him a trial, about our experience here in 1909 with a solemn old fraud of a guide, one Abdallah Hassan, who must needs have a carriage even though we had but a quarter of a mile to go, who was the thirstiest soul I have ever known, wanting to stop every half hour for a lime squash; and who, when he took us into our first mosque, sat down cross-legged on the floor, leisurely pulled out a cigarette, and drawled: "Now I will talk to you." And then how he had wasted nearly an hour of our time, droning away about some dead old sultan whose chief claim to immortality had been that he had built himself a fairly good-looking tomb. Well, Ibrahim remembered all this and several times made witty references to our old friend, who is no doubt now receiving his just reward from Allah.

Ibrahim showed us two pillars, built very close together, and told us that these were once used to test men's virtue and holiness. If he could squeeze through between them, then he was doctrinally sound. If he could not, he would have to take a lot of trips to Mecca before he could convince people of his holiness. It happened once that a very fat Caliph occupied the throne, and to save his face he announced that he had been directed by Mohammed to seal up these two pillars. So the holy men of today have to prove their orthodoxy in some other way. To judge by the number of sheiks who surround us every time we enter a mosque, one way of proving it is by getting contributions out of infidels. Probably Ibrahim was repeating a guide-made legend, but he told it amusingly, anyway.

The old church of Abou-Sirgeh, in the ancient city, is almost entirely underground, built in Egypto-Byzantine style. We arrived just as they were finishing service and saw a curious ceremony, the laying-on of hands, by their chief priest. This is a Coptic church, with a curious old crypt, said to date from the sixth century. The Copts are Egyptian Christians, descendants of the old stock. The priests who showed us around pointed out a niche where Mary and the infant Christ lay hidden during Herod's persecutions. It was dark, gloomy, and dismal, not at all the sort of place where one would choose to have his family live. Around the walls there were hanging some stiff old paintings in the early Byzantine manner, but I don't know how old they were. We found the Christian priests just as eager for "contributions" as their Moslem brethren.

On leaving the church we went to a landing place on the Nile where we embarked in a ferry boat that took us across the river. There Ibrahim showed us the spot where the princess, Pharaoh's daughter, found Moses hidden in the bulrushes. Some bulrushes were growing in the vicinity, but Ibrahim was doubtful as to their being the original plants that protected the young Moses. Moses, you see, is venerated by the Mohammedans as one of their six great prophets, the order being: Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. Each one is considered greater than his predecessor, and each in turn superseded the other.

Jerusalem, September 9th

We are lodged at the Hotel Allenby, outside the walls, near the famous Jaffa Gate. Although Jerusalem is set up on a hill, 2,500 feet

above the sea, one of the disappointing features of the trip was our inability to see it at a distance, for night had settled down upon us long before we came in sight of the gates of the city.

At the station, which is over a mile outside of the walls, there was the usual bustle and confusion, with customs inspection again. This occupied only a short time, and at last we were through the gates and ready to enter the sacred city. But we were held up while our hotel runner indulged in a fierce altercation with the cab driver in which they very nearly came to blows several times. The governor became impatient and almost laid violent hands upon the fellow himself, thinking he was going to assault our driver, but I managed to restrain him, representing to him the inconvenience of being locked up for lamming an Arab. Since then, we have heard so many of those apparently fierce and bitter quarrels, in which each of the disputants insults the other so freely, and then parts from him in a few minutes, evidently on the best of terms, that we have begun to believe that a Syrian would not fight, even if you called him a sheep thief. We finally got packed into our rickety old hack, which rattled merrily away and shortly deposited us at our hotel, which was, much to my disappointment, outside the walls. I went to bed that night feeling curiously uplifted in spirit, a little as the knights of the First Crusade must have felt when they pitched their tents for the first night outside those walls which separated them from the longed-for Holy Sepulchre.

September 12th

From our hotel, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Dome of the Rock, the two most interesting places in the city, may be reached in about ten minutes walk. In fact, it is surprising to find Jerusalem so small. Somehow, one feels that a place which has played such a part in the history of the world should cover more space. I am sure that, even in my youthful days when Biblical history and geography were fairly familiar to me, I had no conception of the relatively small area covered by this most famous city of the world. One may walk around its walls in about forty minutes, though it is true that the present walls include only about two-thirds of the area of the city of David. Every vestige of that city has disappeared, and it now lies beneath the accumulated ruins and debris of several other rebuilt cities. The foundations of the ancient city go down seventy feet below the present walls. I suppose I must have had some idea of this fact before I walked on these walls, but it never came home to me with such force as now.

This city is interesting not only for the Biblical memories that cluster thick around it, but also for the many heroic episodes in its secular history. There is also, of course, much of architectural and antiquarian interest in and about it, but little of what you might call pure beauty. The streets are narrow and rarely straight. They climb up and down in a very irregular manner, sometimes passing under great, low arches, or by passages cut through houses; usually dark, often filthy and always wholly insanitary, so that one must frequently put his handkerchief to his nose and watch his step most carefully. The churches are not beautiful outside, though they are lavishly adorned within. The only really artistically satisfactory building is the mosque called "The Dome of the Rock," generally misnamed "The Mosque of Omar."

Looked at from above, though, especially from the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem presents an imposing appearance. No doubt, in the days when the Temple glittered from the top of Mount Moriah and magnificent palaces covered the present site, the city justified Solomon's use of it for purposes of comparison: "As beautiful as Jerusalem." Now, with its magnificence a thing of the past, its glories faded, it is largely a city of sacred memories.

The first morning we spent in getting oriented. We followed the walls around, on foot, to the Mosque, where a turbaned sheik prevented us from entering; then we walked through the city back to our hotel, and thence by carriage to the consul's, where we transacted various necessary business. The consul was formal but courteous. He took our passports to have them stamped by the British authorities.

That afternoon we made our first excursion—to Bethlehem. A small town, about six miles south of Jerusalem, it is clean, possesses many fair looking buildings, and is said to be the most prosperous city in Palestine. It has about five thousand inhabitants, all Christians. For Christians it should be the most sacred city of the world. Jacob buried Rachel here; here Ruth met Boaz; on the hills around it, David dreamed, and here the shepherds tended their flocks by night, as beautiful and bright the Star rose over Bethlehem.

Our main objective was, of course, the Church of the Nativity, considered the oldest church in the world, authentic tradition ascribing its construction to Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. It dates from the first quarter of the fourth century, that is, the central basilica—the Church of St. Mary—does, for there are a number of other

churches and chapels built around this one. We were more interested, however, in the grottos below the church, for there the Christ was born.

We entered the church by a low, narrow door, built so for purposes of defense. We did not linger long in the Basilica, it being plain and unpretentious, and of interest only for the lines drawn on the pavement which define the "spheres of influence" of each of the principal sects that own the church—Latins, Greeks, and Armenians.

A venerable old priest gave us a lighted candle, and, led by a small boy, we began our descent into the grotto down gloomy, clammy steps. There are six grottos. In the first, we were shown the niche where Christ is believed to have been born. It has very much of the appearance of a manger: Fastened to the floor, under the altar, there is a silver star bearing a Latin inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Someone told us a curious story about this star the other day.

You see, there is a great deal of friction and even strife between the different sects which own this shrine in common. Often, in the past, it was necessary for the Turk to intervene and restore peace, frequently at the point of the bayonet. One night the star disappeared, stolen, so the Latins said, by the Greeks. After much fierce wrangling between Greeks and Latins an appeal was made to the then Sultan, Abdul Hamid. The Sultan considered the merits of the dispute, long and carefully stroking his sacred beard, but, unable to come to a decision, he finally had another star made, exactly like the other one. With this the Latins had to be content. It is said also that a nail has recently disappeared and that more trouble is expected. But think of a Moslem having to settle disputes between two Christian sects, disputes that rage over the very birthplace of the gentle, peace-loving Christ!

All of the grottos are dark, but one of them is better lighted than the others, for it possesses a window. It is reputed to be the room where Jerome translated the Bible into Latin, the famous Vulgate Bible. Only the truest piety could have kept a man working in such a bare, uninspiring cell. Our boy guide showed us Jerome's tomb also, telling us at the same time that its supposed location has been changed several times within the last few years.

That gloomy grotto may have been the stable where Christ was born, and it is natural that men should have decorated it. But it would be more impressive to me were it left absolutely bare and unadorned

just as it was that first Christmas evening when the angel choirs sang their Gloria in Excelsis. We are glad, though, to have been in Bethlehem, the city to which all Christian hearts turn at least once a year.

The next morning saw us on our road to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho. We left the hotel at about seven o'clock, with the same carriage and driver which had taken us to Bethlehem, but with an additional horse, for the trip is a long and hard one, and the road back is very steep. I understand better now the expression in the parable: "There was a certain man who went down to Jericho," for it is certainly down most of the way. Jerusalem is about 2,500 feet above sea level, and the Dead Sea is 1,292 feet below that level.

The morning was delightful. Over us was the beautiful blue sky of Judea, the bluest blue imaginable, especially as seen against the brownish-white hills. The first part of our journey lay between the city and the Mount of Olives, past the Garden of Gethsemane, and then on to Bethany, from which village Christ began the triumphal procession that was to end at the cross. And always the glistening white highway wound around arid hills or descended into narrow, barren-looking valleys.

As we got farther and farther from Jerusalem we met fewer travelers, and from the point where we left the main Jericho road and turned off for the Dead Sea, we met no one at all. I have never seen anywhere a more perfect picture of desolation than the plain over which the last two hours of our journey lay. The sun blazed down from a cloudless sky, flies buzzed and stung us, clouds of dust enveloped and stifled us. Unless that plain was better looking before those wicked cities were destroyed than it is today, Lot must have had a very poor eye for picking out real estate.

After what seemed hours of slow misery we reached a point where we could get a good view of the Dead Sea, whose waters seemed, for their intense blue, a reflection of the sky above. It looked to me as if we were almost at the sea, but the governor maintained we were at least a half hour away. I laughed at the notion, but he was right; it was over an hour before we actually reached its shores.

The Dead Sea is the lowest point on the surface of the globe, and many add that it is the hottest and most desolate. But its water looked wet; so without much ado we peeled off our clothes, at a lonely spot on its forbidding shore, and waded in. The sensation was a curious one.

We were able to wade out almost up to our shoulders, but our feet then went out from under us and shot up in the air, and from then on, it was a struggle to keep them down. To sink was impossible. The feel of the water was sticky and oily; its taste was bitter, burning, and nauseating. The governor got some of it up his nose, and it caused him intense pain. I kept my new felt hat on because of the burning sun, and where the waves broke over it, there were greasy spots which it was impossible to wipe off. The stuff clung to our bodies after we got out, irritating us almost beyond endurance. I am glad to have had the experience, but I want no more of it. There is something there, too, that weighs down one's spirits. Perhaps it is partly the memory of those once smiling, joyous cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, over whose sites this horrible water now rolls. At any rate, I have no desire to repeat that experience.

We lunched at a little hut, near the sea, on cheese, bread, and grapes, and then, after an hour's rest, started for the Jordan. We had thought the heat almost unendurable before, but our previous discomfort was as nothing compared to that we suffered on the ride through the dusty, arid plains with the Dead Sea salt clinging to our skins, while the sun poured its fiercest rays into our uncomfortable carriage. Imagine the feelings of delight with which we hailed the Jordan, when we finally emerged on its low shores!

From all accounts, the Jordan is a very remarkable river. Though a small stream, its current is very rapid, it winds and twists about probably more than any other river, and for a long distance, it flows through a terrific gorge, like a trench cut through the earth, and is besides practically unnavigable. Its Hebrew name, "Yarden," means "the river that goes down." The many historical and sacred associations connected with it naturally enhanced our interest. Otherwise, it possesses little of beauty to attract the traveler.

The picture which I carried away with me is that of a narrow, muddy little stream, with vegetation growing thick upon its banks, and a ford, used also as a bathing place, where the mud was slimy, tenacious, and deep. As we hastily threw off our clothes and waded in, we found ourselves sinking up to the shoulders in this mud, a good deal of which I carried away with me. The governor avers that a remarkable cure was effected in him by its waters; that, before he went in, he had been hearing what I said to him with considerable difficulty, but that he noticed

that his hearing had improved immediately on coming out. The river is famous for its miraculous cures, and here we have another slight one to add to the list.

About an hour after leaving the Jordan, we came to the green and smiling plains of Jericho. The governor, who is looking over my shoulder, swears he has yet to see anything green in this country, but I say those plains were green in comparison with the arid, choking desolation of the Dead Sea plains. We stopped for a moment at a grove of fruit trees, said to be the site of Gilgal, the first camp which the Israelites made after crossing the Jordan into the promised land. Shortly afterwards, we reached the modern city of Jericho, a filthy, uninteresting village—not on the site of the ancient city—whose inhabitants are almost black and strangely bloated. They bear a very bad reputation, especially the women, who are said to be loose morally, something which can rarely be said of Arab women.

At Elisha's Pool, beyond the town about a mile, we saw two Moslem women with their faces exposed. One of them dropped her veil when she saw us, but the other stared boldly and impudently at us, a rather unusual thing for a woman of any country to do, and almost unheard of among Mohammedans. At the pool, which is the one that Elisha healed, as told in the Bible—where, I remember not—we drank cool, sweet water, the first time I have drunk unboiled or undistilled water for years.

Above this pool are the remains of the ancient city of Jericho, around whose walls Joshua's army marched seven times. It gave one a strange feeling to think that one was treading upon stones that had formed parts of a city already several hundred years old before Helen of Troy raised such a rumpus in Greece. From the top of the mound, we had a fine view of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, with the mountains of Moab beyond. Our driver pointed out Mt. Pisgah, from whose summit Moses viewed that promised land which he was never to enter, and Mt. Nebo, on whose top the "angels of God upturned the sod, And laid the dead man there."

The villainous little hotel where we stopped that night was utterly unprepared for guests, the caretaker having to clamber up over the wall to let us in. Language is not strong enough to describe that night. It was unbearably hot, and a little beast shaped like a flea attacked us without truce or respite. Like Cervantes in regard to that town in La

Mancha, where his hero was born, I have no desire to remember the name of that hotel. All tourists who go down to Jericho have, unfortunately for them, to suffer and endure there.

Our return trip was similar to the down journey except that it was uphill, and therefore much longer. We saw various interesting things along the road, such as the remains of an old Roman aqueduct, an old monastery built right in the face of a steep cliff, and the mountain which has been identified as the mountain of the Temptation of Christ.

We stopped at Bethany and descended into what is known as the tomb of Lazarus. It was so dark and gloomy, the steps were so narrow and slippery, and our guide, a humpbacked Arab, so sinister looking, that we were glad to escape unhurt out into the bright sunlight.

You remember that it was from Bethany that Christ started on the journey that was to end five days later on the cross. We were interested in identifying the probable places where the multitudes from Jerusalem met him and escorted him into the city, singing Hosannas and spreading their mantles and palm branches in front of him, as well as the place where he stopped, and, gazing sadly at the great city, spread out in all its proud beauty below him, wept for its approaching doom.

This ride, which lasted over six hours, was made a little bit shorter for us by our driver, Isa, who sang quaint Syrian songs, and talked incessantly in a strange mixture of Arabic, French, German, and Italian, with English "cuss" words thrown in occasionally, to season the mess. The first day we had him, he told us he was a Christian; on this trip, he claimed to be a Moslem. I am afraid that Isa's principal religion is to extract coins from travelers for "pourboire," and to give "mangaria" (chow) to his horses, for which purpose he halted at least a half dozen times on the way back. He was an engaging rascal!

September 13th

Tomorrow morning we leave for Alexandria. We feel now that we have seen almost enough of Jerusalem. It is an uplifting and moving sensation, this feeling that I am in a country rendered sacred by so many memories, but the visits to the shrines built over the alleged sites of important events in the life of Christ leave me cold. I have visited the Church of the Holy Sepulcher twice. There is so much that is incongruous, so much tinsel and glitter, so much evidence of its being a show place; all these things, combined with the knowledge that the site of Christ's tomb is located at several different places and that he could not

possibly have been buried in Jerusalem, if one judges by the accounts of the disciples, combine to destroy that feeling of reverence with which one would like to approach a place consecrated, at least, by the prayers and devotions of generations of believers. Still, in spite of all this, a visit at twilight does affect one, though in broad daylight it left me cold.

My first visit was at dusk, and that "dim, religious twilight" softened everything, and helped put me in the proper frame of mind. An old priest led me directly to the little chapel where the tomb is. At its foot knelt a cowed monk in devout adoration. In spite of myself, the influence of the place took hold of me, and I almost dropped to my knees beside him. I left the church feeling truly lifted up in heart.

I experienced something of this same feeling this afternoon when Mr. Heizer, the American consul, took us to visit the Armenian Convent of St. James. We were entertained with exquisite cigarettes, a delicate cordial, and excellent Turkish coffee, by the Acting Patriarch and several of the brethren. They were strange and pathetic figures, with their long, gray beards, brown gowns, and a kind of black veil over their heads. There were no young men there, the reason being, as they feelingly told us, that they had all been drafted by the Turk into labor battalions during the war, and had never come back. They were strangely impressive old men, resembling, as the governor said to them, the Hebrew prophets.

They showed us a number of interesting things in their treasury, but what we particularly admired and wondered at were their ancient illuminated manuscripts, some of them of the sixth century, all done by hand on parchment and many of them of the most exquisite beauty of design and coloring. They were the work of Armenian monks. Most of them were copies of the Bible or the New Testament. They were very much admired by the governor, who is a devoted lover of the antique. He says he would not go across the street to see a building that is not at least five hundred years old. At the same time, he insists that the Capitol building at Washington is the most beautiful structure in the world.

We felt exceedingly sorry for those monks. The Bishop asked us, with tears in his eyes, why America had done so much for the Philippines, but refuses to take the mandate for Armenia, which needs help so badly. Our explanations did not seem to satisfy him. I am glad, as

I leave Jerusalem, to carry away with me the memory of those dignified and venerable old men.

We have walked in the Garden of Gethsemane, where an ancient Franciscan monk took a picture of us standing at the foot of the extremely old, venerable, and twisted olive tree that is supposed to mark the site of Christ's agony on that night when Judas betrayed him to his death; we have entered the chapel where he took the Last Supper, and we have seen the Tomb of David, one of the sacred places of the Mohammedan world, and kept carefully locked and guarded; the Tombs of the Kings, the Jews' Wailing Place, and many other sites of interest too numerous to mention.

But the most beautiful place we have visited, and also the most expensive for us, is the Dome of the Rock, next to the Mosque of Mecca, the most sacred Moslem place of worship. It stands on the site of the Temple of Solomon and is, architecturally, the most satisfying building in Jerusalem. It is the only one that is built out on an open space, so that its beautiful proportions can be seen to advantage. We were shown here various sacred sites, around which have grown up a number of absurd legends. These did not interest us, but we did enjoy their fine mosaics and exquisite stained glass windows.

Through the influence of the consul, who was with us, we were allowed to go down under the sacred Rock, where we saw the print of Mohammed's foot, as he strove to avoid being pulled up by the angel, and the hole in the rock, where his head finally went through when the angel won out in the pulling match. The fact that we were allowed to go under the Rock, as contrasted with an incident which they told us, shows how much more liberal Moslems are becoming. It seems that a young American girl was shot and killed by a fanatic about ten years ago, because she strayed a little too close to the entrance. The sheiks told us this story, and it was confirmed by the consular "kwass," or guard, who was with the party at the time and saw the murder. The kwass, by the way, is a very stately Turk, who dresses in an imposing uniform, goes armed with a revolver and a long, wicked-looking scimitar, and stalks solemnly in front of the consul whenever the latter goes out anywhere, carrying a whip with which to clear the way. The whip is only for show, though, as he does not use it any longer.

The dignified, bearded sheiks descended upon us in droves at this mosque, and stayed with us to the end. After they had showed us their

most holy places, they lined up, six in number, and modestly requested a "contribution" for the mosque. From their needy appearance, we concluded that they felt themselves more necessitous than the mosque and that very little of the five dollars which was extracted from us found its way into the common treasury. I remarked the other day to the consul how I noticed the disappearance of the beggars that used to infest all the Oriental towns. After going through that Mosque, I am convinced that most of them have merely taken up their abode inside, instead of stationing themselves outside the doors of the mosques, as formerly. The governor remarked, upon our return from the Armenian convent, how strange it was that we had been able to get out of a sacred place without being requested to donate something for its upkeep. I believe that at least ten per cent of our expenses here have been in the form of gratuities to church, temple, or mosque attendants.

Well, tomorrow we shall be gone. We are glad that we came. We are carrying away many interesting and pleasant memories, and some amusing ones. What will be the future of this country? I ask myself. *¡Quien sabe!* There are many different peoples, and three religions. A wise and able man is needed to keep the peace among them. I hope and believe Sir Herbert Samuels is the man for this difficult task. We wish him well!

[To be continued]

OLD DOC YAK

Louis L'Amour

HE WAS a man without humor. He seemed somehow aloof, invulnerable. Even his walk was pompous and majestic. He strode with the step of kings and spoke with the voice of an oracle, entirely unaware that his whole being was faintly ludicrous, that those about him were always suspended between laughter and amazed respect.

Someone began calling him Old Doc Yak, for no apparent reason, and the name stayed with him. He was a big man, rather portly, wearing a constantly grave expression and given to a pompous manner of speech. His most simple remark was uttered with a sense of earth-shaking import, and a listener invariably held his breath in sheer suspense as he began to speak, only to suffer that sense of frustration one feels when an expected explosion fails to come off.

His conversation was a garden of the baroque where biological and geological terms flowered in the most unexpected places. Jim once remarked that probably someone had thrown a dictionary at him, and he got all the words and none of the definitions. We listened in amused astonishment as he would stand, head slightly on one side, an open palm aslant his stomach, which he would pat affectionately as though in amused approbation of his remarks.

Those were harsh, bitter days. The waterfronts were alive with seamen, all hunting ships. One theme predominated in all our talk, in all our thoughts, even perhaps in the very pulsing of our blood—how to “get by.”

No normal brain housed in a warm and sheltered body could possibly conceive of the devious and doubtful schemes contrived to keep soul and body together. Hunger sharpens the wits, and renders less effective the moral creeds and codes by which we guide our law-abiding lives. Some of us who were there could even think of the

philosophical ramifications of our lives, and of our actions. The narrow line that divides the average young man or woman from stealing, begging, or prostitution is one that has nothing to do with religion or ethics, but only such simple animal comforts as food or shelter. We had been talking of that when Old Doc Yak ventured his one remark.

"I think," he said, pausing portentously, "that any man who will beg, who will so demean himself as to ask for food upon the streets, will stoop to any abomination, no matter how low."

He arose, and with a finality that permitted no reply, turned his back and walked away. It was one of the few coherent statements I ever heard him make, and I watched his broad back, stiff with self-righteousness, as he walked away. I watched, as suddenly speechless as the others.

There probably was not a man there who had not at some time pan-handled on the streets. They were a rough, free-handed lot, men who gave willingly when they had it, and who did not hesitate to ask when they were in need. They were men who worked, men who performed the rough and dangerous work of the world, and yet they were men without words, and no reply came to their lips to answer that broad back or the bitter finality of that remark. In their hearts they knew him wrong, for they were sincere men, if not eloquent.

Often, after that, I saw him on the streets. Always stiff and straight, he never unbent so far as to speak, never appeared even to notice my passing. He paid his way with a careful hand, and lived remote from our lonely, uncomfortable world. From meal to meal we had no idea as to the origin of the next, and our nights were spent wherever there was shelter from the wind. Off on the horizon of our hopelessness there was always that miracle—a ship—and endlessly we made the rounds in search of work. Shipping went slowly, and men struggled for the few casual jobs alongshore, and coming and going on my own quest, I saw men around me drawn fine by hunger, saw their necks become gaunt, their clothing more shabby. It was a bitter struggle for survival in a man-made jungle.

The weeks drew on, and one by one we saw the barriers we had built against hunger slowly fall away. By that time there were few who had not walked the streets looking for the price of coffee, but even the ready generosity of a seaport town had been strained, and shipping seemed to have fallen off.

One morning a man walked into the Seamen's Institute and fainted away. We had seen him around for days, a quiet young man who seemed to know no one, to have no contacts, too proud to ask for food, and too backward to seek other means. And then he walked in that morning and crumpled up on the floor like an empty sack.

It was a long moment before any of us moved. We stood staring down at him, and each of us was seeing the specter of his own hunger.

Then Parnatti was arrested. He had been hungry before, and we had heard him say, "I'm going to eat. If I can make it honest, I'll make it, but I'm going to eat, regardless." So, when the time came, he had stolen a car from a parking lot and sold it. We saw the item in the paper without comfort, and then turned almost without hope to the list of incoming ships. Any one of them might need a man, any one of them might save us from tomorrow.

Old Doc Yak seemed unchanged. He came and went as always, as always his phrases bowed beneath a weight of words. I think, vaguely, we all resented him. He was so obviously not a man of the sea, so obviously not one of us. I believe he claimed to have been a steward, but stewards are not popular at sea. Belly-robbers, they call them.

Glancing over the paper one afternoon, searching for the ship that might need men, I looked up accidentally, just in time to see Old Doc Yak passing his hand over his face. The hand trembled.

For the first times in days, I really saw him. Many times in the past few days we had passed each other on the street, or had sat in the main room at the Institute, but I had paid little attention. Now, suddenly, I noticed the change. His vest hung a little slack, and the lines in his face were deeper. For the moment even his pompous manner had vanished. He looked old, and tired.

In the ugly jungle of the waterfront the brawl for existence left little time for thinking of anything except the immediate and ever-present need for shelter and food for the body. Old Doc Yak had been nothing more than another bit of waterfront jetsam discarded from the whirl of living into the lazy maelstrom of the alongshore. Now, again, as on that other night, he became individual, and probably for the first time I saw the man as he was, and as he must have seen himself.

Tipped back against the wall, feeling the tightness of my leather-jacket across my shoulders, I rubbed the stubble on my unshaven chin, and wondered about him. I guess each of us has an illusion of himself.

Somewhere inside of himself he has a picture of himself he believes is true. I guess it was that way with Doc. Aloof from all of us who lived around him, he had existed in a world of his own creation, a world where he was somebody. Now, backed into a corner by economic necessity, he was a little puzzled, and a little helpless.

Some of us had rented a shack. For six dollars a month we had a shelter from the wind and rain, a little chipped crockery, a stove, and a bed. There was a cot in the corner, too, where I slept, and somebody had rustled an old mattress that we stretched on the deck. For a dime, or perhaps three nickles, we'd let a man bunk in the bed, or on the mattress. For a nickle they could take an armful of old newspapers and roll up anywhere. And with the money we gathered enough to pay up another month's rent.

It wasn't much, but it was a corner away from the wind, a place of warmth and a retreat from the stares of the police and the more favored. We needed such a place, and never did men return home with more thankfulness than we returned to the shack on the muddy hillside. Men came and went, the strange, drifting motley of the waterfront, men good, bad, and indifferent. Men who knew the ports and rivers of a hundred countries, men who knew every sidetrack from Hoboken to Seattle. And then one night Old Doc Yak walked up the steep path to the door.

There was rain that night, a cold, miserable rain, and a wind that blew it against the thin walls. It was just after ten when the knock came at the door, and when Copper opened it, the Old Doc walked in. For a moment his small blue eyes blinked against the glare, and then he looked about, a slow distaste growing on his face. There was a sailor's neatness about the place, but it was crude, and not at all attractive.

He looked tired, and something of his own neatness was lacking. He might have been fifty-five, but he looked older then. Yet his eyes were still remote, still unseeing of us who were the dregs. He looked around again, and one saw his hesitation, sensed the defeat that must have brought him, at last, to this place. But the shack was warm,

"I would like," he said ponderously, "a place to sleep."

"Sure," I said, getting up from the chair I'd tipped against the wall.

"There's room in the double bed for one more. It'll cost you a dime."

"You mean," he said abruptly, and he actually looked at me, "that I cannot sleep alone?"

"Sorry, this isn't the Biltmore. It's just a place to stay. You can sleep with Copper and Red."

He was on the verge of turning to the door when a blast of wind and rain struck the side of the house, sliding around under the eaves and whining like a wet saw. For an instant he seemed to weigh the night, the rain, and the cold against the warmth of the shack. Then he opened an old-fashioned purse and slowly lifted a dime from its depths.

I say "lifted" and so it seemed. Physical effort was necessary to get that dime to my hand, and his fingers released it reluctantly. It was obviously the last of his carefully hoarded supply. Then he walked heavily into the other room and lay down on the bed. It was the first time I had ever seen him lie down, and all his poise seemed suddenly to evaporate, his stiff-necked righteousness seemed to wilt, and all his ponderous posturing with words became empty and pitiful. Lying on the bed with the rain pounding on the roof overhead, he was only a tired old man, strangely alone.

Sitting in the next room with the crackle of the fire in the stove and the rattling of the rain against the windows, I thought about him. Youth and good jobs were behind him, and he was facing a question to which all the ostentatious vacuity of his words gave no reply. The colossal edifice he had built with high-sounding words, the barriers he had attempted to erect between himself and his doubt of himself, were crumbling. I put another stick in the stove, watched the fire lick the dampness from its face, and listened to the rain beating against the walls, and the labored breathing of the man on the bed.

In the wash-room of the Seamen's Institute some weeks before, we had watched him shave. It had been a ritual lacking only incense. The glittering articles that had been blocks in the walls of his self-esteem, his florid cheeks—these things had been steps in a ceremony that never varied. We who were disciples of Gillette and the dull blades watched him with something approaching reverence, and went away to marvel.

Knowing what must have happened in the intervening weeks, I could see him going to the pawnshop with first one of his prized possessions, and then another, removing bit by bit the material things, those glittering articles that had been blocks in the walls of his self-esteem. Each time his purse was replenished for a day or two, and as each article passed over the counter into the great maw from which nothing ever returns, I could see some particle of his dignity slipping away. He was

a capitalist without capital, a conqueror without conquests, a vocabulary without expression. In the stove the fire crackled, and on the wide bed the old man stirred and muttered in his sleep. It was very late.

He did not come again. Several times the following night I walked to the door, almost hoping to see his broad bulk as it labored up the hill. Even Copper looked uneasily out the window, and Slim took a later walk than usual. We were a group that was closely knit, and though he had not belonged, yet for the time he had been one of us, and when he did not come we were restless.

It was after twelve when Slim turned in. It had been a wet night, and he was tired. He stopped by the chair where I was reading a detective yarn.

"Listen," he said. "If that guy comes up tonight, Old Doc, I mean, I'll pay if he ain't got the dime. He ain't such a bad guy."

"Sure," I said. "Okay."

He didn't come. The wind whined and snarled around the corners of the house, and I heard the tires of a car whining on the pavement below. It is a terrible thing to see a man's belief in himself crumble, for when one lacks faith in one's own illusion there is nothing left. Even Slim understood that. It was almost day when I fell asleep.

Several nights drifted by. There was food to get, and the rent was coming due, and we were counting each dime, weighing each one thoughtfully. We had almost made the six dollars, but there was still a gap, still a breach in our wall that we might not fill. And outside was the night, the damp, and the cold.

The *Richfield*, a Standard tanker, was due in. I'd a shipmate aboard her, and when she came up the Channel, I was waiting on the dock. They might need an A. B.

They didn't, and it was a couple of hours later when I climbed the hill behind the shack. I didn't often go that way, but this time it was closer, and I was worried. The night before, I'd left the money for the rent in a thick white cup on the cupboard shelf. And right then murder was cheap at five bucks. Accidentally, I glanced in the window. Then I stopped.

Old Doc Yak was standing by the cupboard, holding the white cup in his hand. As I watched he dipped his fingers in and drew out some of our carefully gleaned nickles, dimes, and quarters. Then he stood there letting those shining metallic disks trickle through his thick

fingers back into the cup. Then he dipped his fingers again, and I stood there, holding my breath.

A step or two, and I could have stopped him, but I stood there, gripped by his indecision, half guessing what was happening inside him. Here was money. Here, for awhile, was food, a room, a day or two of comfort. I do not think he considered the painstaking effort of acquiring those few coins, of the silent, bedraggled men who had trooped up the muddy trail to add a dime or fifteen cents to the total of our next month's rent. What hunger had driven him back, I knew. What helplessness and humiliation awaited in the streets below, I also knew.

Slowly, one by one, the coins dribbled back into the cup, the cup was returned to the shelf, and Old Doc Yak turned and walked from the door. For a moment he hesitated, his face strange and old, staring out across the bleak, rain-washed roofs and the gray waters of the Channel.

Then he walked away, and I waited until he turned the corner before I went inside, and I who had seen so much of weariness and defeat, hesitated before I took down the cup. It was all there, and suddenly, I was a little sorry that it was.

Once more I saw him. One dark, misty night I came from the lumber docks, collar turned up, hat pulled low, picking my way through the shadows and over the ties, stumbling along rails lighted only by the feeble red and green of switch lights. Reaching the street I scrambled up the low bank and saw him standing in the light of a street lamp.

He was alone, guarded from friendship as always by his icy impenetrability, but somehow strangely pathetic with his sagging shoulders and graying hair. I started to speak, but he turned up his worn collar and walked away through the shadows.

NEW MEXICO MEDICINE

LeRoy S. Peters

HAVING TAKEN my degree in medicine during the early years of the present century, it has been my privilege to witness the dying years of the "horse and buggy" doctor and the birth and growth of medicine as we know it today. The transition has been rather rapid, and because of this cyclonic advance many areas in the country still retain much of the old and have failed to benefit to the greatest degree from the many advantages and concepts of the new. This is especially true of the more sparsely populated regions, such as the states in the mid-Rocky Mountain division. The thickly populated areas of the industrial East, as well as the middle Western agrarian states, where large cities have sprung up, and the Pacific Coast, with its large urban population, have been able to a large degree to assimilate the new order and to aid with their wealth the further development of modern medicine.

It is difficult to realize that the modern conception of preventative medicine in the entire United States received but little attention until the middle of the nineteenth century. Men were too busy with the idea of money making and the development of the natural resources of the country to give heed to the ills of mankind. Profit-producing animals, such as hogs and cattle, claimed the attention of veterinary medicine. Communicable diseases ran wild, and the contagious diseases of childhood took their toll. In fact, during my youth supposedly intelligent mothers would take their children under school age to their neighbors, where the ordinary diseases of childhood had fastened upon the offspring of those families, in order that their innocents might too become infected, since "they would get it in school anyway."

By the middle of the century there was no State Board of Health in the United States, and only twenty-one cities had health organizations. It took frequent epidemics of smallpox, typhoid fever, and yel-

low fever to awaken the public conscience to the fact that something must be done, or all material gain would be of no avail if the individual did not live to enjoy his riches. Massachusetts led the way by the establishment of a Board of Health in 1869. California followed in 1870, Alabama in 1875, and South Carolina, Kentucky, and Rhode Island in 1878. Other states fell in line, and preventative medicine was on the way toward becoming a realization.

Do not think, however, that it was quite as simple as these statements would make it appear. For all advances in a democracy, public opinion must first be converted. Many people considered such health steps too advanced for the times. They contended that so far the country had rapidly developed without considering the health of the nation and the measures being advocated would only add to the tax burden and retard the expansion of capital. Why worry about things that did not concern the "Fathers of our Country"? What was good enough for them should be good enough for us. Even the doctors then as the doctors now, worried about the practice of medicine by the state, and knew that if such license were granted, the physicians of the country would soon be regimented, and socialized medicine would become a fact.

When I came to New Mexico in 1906, there was a so-called State Board of Health but it functioned only as a board of Medical Examiners. At the time I applied for license to practice, I was ill in Silver City, and had only to send my diploma together with photograph and twenty-five dollars to the Secretary of the Board in Santa Fe, who granted me a license without a formal appearance before the Board. It was many years before a law was passed which protected the laity from poorly prepared medical men. Today an applicant must be a graduate of an "A" school, must hold a license by examination from another state (in lieu of this license, he may take a written examination before the New Mexico Board), and must be a citizen of the United States, or have taken out his first papers. This makes for well-trained, well-qualified physicians, and compares favorably with the laws throughout the country.

New Mexico did not organize a State Board of Health until 1919. However, it must be remembered that the State was not admitted to the Union until 1912, and that her population even now is only that of a fairly good-sized city. The population before the last census was 3.5

persons per square mile compared with 41.3 for the nation at large. These figures show the tremendous burden of public health faced by the state.

In Dr. Thomas C. Donnelly's study, "Public Health Administration in New Mexico," we find that in 1921 the State Bureau of Public Health and the Child Welfare Bureau were placed under the supervision of the State Bureau of Public Welfare. In 1936, to coördinate the work of the State Board of Public Welfare and the newly created Relief and Security Authority, the governor asked for the resignation of all members of both boards. The governor then reappointed the members of the Relief and Security Authority as before, but in reappointing the State Board of Public Welfare he only reappointed two of the former members, and in the place of the other three, he appointed the three members of the Relief and Security Authority. Legally the State Board of Public Welfare remained an independent board but actually three of its members were also members of the Relief and Security Authority.

The groups interested in public health work in the state favored the separation of the health department from the supervision of the Board of Public Welfare, and began to agitate for the change. They were successful, and the Thirteenth Legislature of 1937 passed an act which placed the health department under a separate board known as the State Board of Public Health. This board consists of five members, each appointed for a six-year term, the terms overlapping. At the same time the new health board was created, the basic health law was reenacted, with a few unimportant changes. As in the old law, the Director of Public Health was given the right to exercise the legal authority of the State Board in health matters in the interim between meetings. New Mexico has been fortunate in being able to avail herself of federal aid since the establishment of the Health Department, and with this help has made excellent progress. However, only the surface has been scratched, and much remains to be accomplished before the people can relax and point with pride to work well done.

To give a picture of the early years of the present century, let me describe the town of Silver City. The population at that time was about 3,000 and the community considered itself a health resort. Much advertising had been done nationally to bring tuberculous patients to the town but, with the exception of the Cottage Sanatorium and the

Catholic Hospital, there were no sewer facilities to be found. In 1908, I helped to establish an institution and to avoid the old cess pool, we built a sewer to a deep canyon. Above the outlet we placed a barrel filled with crude carbolic and timed a drip method so that a certain number of drops of acid would mix with the sewage and sterilize it. Then when the next rain produced a flood down this particular arroyo, the outlet was washed clean and the sewage carried down through the town of Silver City.

After leaving the sanatorium to live in the village, I was offered a house with the only bathroom in town. I thought I must have overlooked something in the way of available houses to rent. Much to my surprise, when I inspected the home the bathroom proved to be an old bedroom with a tin tub in the center of the room. From this tub a pipe led to the outside of the house. You carried the water in buckets to the tub, and then, the bath finished, the water flowed to the outside to water the lawn. An old-fashioned outside privy adorned the back yard, together with a stable for the horse and cow.

This was the "Silver City with a Golden Climate" but, aside from climate, it had little to recommend it as a health resort.

Times have changed all this, and Silver City today is a modern, up-to-the-minute city with all the advantages that sanitary engineering and a district health unit can provide.

The early years under the new board were filled with difficulty. The original setup made the county the local health unit, and when one considers the financial status of many of New Mexico's counties, it can readily be seen that any attempt to maintain a properly functioning organization was all but impossible. Add to this the fact that many of the more well-to-do counties showed but little interest and that not a small number of physicians were antagonistic to the board—and it is at once apparent that something had to be done.

From this experience was born the District Health Act. This act established ten health districts containing from two to four counties, and by combining poor counties with their more fortunate neighbors, provided the population with at least minimal standards of service. All counties now have, in addition to the district health officer, a full-time county nurse and a county health clerk. Many of the richer counties have more than one nurse and a few of the school boards employ health nurses for work in the public schools.

Although this is far from a perfect setup, it provides the State with a functioning board and the counties with full time units. On the basis of standards set by the United States Public Health Service, New Mexico can classify only along minimal lines; but the fact remains that the machinery is running and future growth with increased finances can but add to the efficiency of a modern service.

Let us review briefly the outstanding problems with which the state is faced. The infant mortality rate is higher than that of any other commonwealth in the country. Part of this is due to the fact that a large percentage of childbirths are unattended by a physician. When a doctor is available, the home environment is such that a clean delivery is next to impossible. A child brought into the world under such circumstances has a handicap given it before the first cry and before the first breath of polluted air. Add to this the prevalence of summer diarrhea, and the death list mounts.

Since the advent of the WPA privy, it is surprising how the mortality from summer diarrhea has dropped in given communities. This disease is carried largely by the house fly in its myriad trips from outhouse to the unprotected food in the family dwelling. When the outhouse is properly built and screened from flies, the source of contamination is materially reduced.

Syphilis is another scourge, especially among the lower income groups. Under the State Board of Health, clinics have been established in some of the larger cities where diagnosis is made and treatment given without cost to the patient. At the time of Dr. Carl Buck's survey in 1934, there were about 21,000 cases of syphilis in the state. Much excellent work has since been done, and with time and money the disease can be relegated to the status of an unimportant health problem.

Diphtheria is another preventable disease that claims far too many victims. The situation is largely due to lack of medical attention or the use of antitoxin. Free antitoxin must be made available to every child whose family can not afford to purchase it.

Typhoid fever also claims too great a toll. This is without question a preventable disease and with county units properly functioning, should be brought under perfect control.

Tuberculosis is by far the greatest health problem with which the state is faced. Regardless of eastern opinion, the desert country is still considered by patients a suitable place in which to recover from tubercu-

losis, and at least during the past years there has been a large influx of health seekers. This has been a fertile source of infection to the inhabitants and especially to the new born of all communities. The surveys made in the state reveal a high percentage of infection and the incidence of infection among the Anglo and Spanish-American, according to Dr. Walter I. Werner, is practically the same in the different age groups, and after the age of twenty-four has been reached, tuberculinization of the population is almost universal. Dr. Werner further shows that the mortality rate is only 15.6 per cent higher in the non-resident group than in the native born group, which includes both Anglos and Spanish-Americans, with evidence of a decrease in the former and a rise in the latter. The decline of the death rate in the number of migratory health seekers is due to the fact that with every year fewer of them have come here. Of the deaths in the native population, 68.6 per cent were Spanish-Americans, 29.3 per cent Anglos, and 2.1 per cent Negroes. The ratio of deaths in this group is 1 Anglo to 2.3 Spanish-Americans.

From these figures it can readily be seen that the problem of tuberculosis control is a difficult one, and is without doubt a public health problem of major importance. So far, little has been done about it. If a solution is to be found, it lies in a program of early recognition of the disease, adequate hospitalization and medical care for both resident and non-resident alike. So far, we have a small state sanatorium that cares for residents only. Attempts are being made through school surveys, both in public schools and institutions of higher learning, to recognize the early cases, but because of lack of finances so far only the beginnings have been made. The state sanatorium is the only place where residents can be given institutional care. Isolated attempts at treatment, such as a free pneumothorax clinic at the Presbyterian Sanatorium in Albuquerque, are slowly taking root and may eventually expand into a real medical service for the tuberculous. Until such expansion comes, the people of New Mexico must pay the price of continued infection of the population.

From the standpoint of preventative medicine a real beginning has been made. The same, however, is not true of clinical medicine. Here New Mexico is faced with a most serious problem. When one considers the low income of the majority of the population, it is readily apparent that adequate medical care can not be forthcoming. Then, too, one

must remember that the small communities offer the average young medical man little inducement to cast his lot in such an uninteresting environment. He must have the spirit of the medical missionary if he is to choose to minister to the underprivileged, and he must have the missionary's faith that his reward is not of this earth but in the life hereafter.

There are many counties in the state that do not boast a doctor of medicine. Babies are brought into the world by midwives or by some kindly neighbor. I know one such community in which the veterinarian leaves his animal practice long enough to officiate at many childbirths. And be it said to his credit, he no doubt does a better job than many of the talkative old women of the neighborhood.

These people have a right to adequate medical care, but this care can never be given without federal and state assistance. This is the situation the Wagner Health Bill seeks to remedy. The opposition to this legislation must still be so fresh in the memory of all of us that it needs no detailed discussion here. However, the antagonism of the organized profession has softened somewhat, and if the administration sees fit to bring it before the next Congress for consideration, a serviceable law may yet develop. If this should happen, states like New Mexico would be in a position to render a much better medical service to the indigent and to the very low income group.

As in all parts of the country, the wealthy can afford any and all types of medical and surgical care. If they are not satisfied with local conditions, their money buys their way into any clinic, group, or office of any private practitioner of medicine. We need have no concern with these fortunate fellow citizens. What does concern us is the man with moderate income and the so-called white-collar worker. There should be developed in central places hospitals for diagnosis—institutions where people of moderate means could come and be able to pay nominal fees for various necessary diagnostic procedures. This is much the same idea that President Roosevelt had in mind when he advocated the establishment of hospitals in rural centers. From those units the way is made easy to form diagnostic clinics and to put adequate care within the reach of all.

At present there is nothing of this kind within the entire state. There is not even a county hospital in any one of the thirty-one counties. The only free beds are found in three Catholic hospitals and

the Miners Hospital at Raton. These institutions are given a small appropriation from the state to maintain a free ward, but the amount is so insignificant that only a few of the large number of deserving patients can be admitted for treatment. A number of the larger cities of the state attempt to look after indigents in a small way. Albuquerque is a fair example. A tax levy returns about \$13,000 per year, which is spent by the Charity Bureau. Each penny is pinched almost beyond recognition, and yet the Bureau is unable to meet but a small percentage of the needs of the community. Attempts by the local hospitals, by refusing admittance to indigents, to force the issue and compel the local authorities to provide funds for such care were all but laughed down. Physicians do the usual amount of so-called charity work, but with lack of diagnostic centers, with no provisions for hospitalization, this is so much effort wasted.

The problem still stares the people of New Mexico in the face. The people of New Mexico still do nothing about it. Interest in adequate medical care arises at times. Meetings are called, explosive speeches are made, the reformers retire, and the episode is forgotten. Some day we may awaken. So did Rip Van Winkle, but he saw a strange world. Let us hope that our awakening shall not be too long delayed.

ON AND ON

Spud Johnson

On a Journey to the End of My Toe

A SUN BATH—I reflect, as I lie stretched out on a serape in the patio, drenched in waves of heat as definitely inundating as the surf—a sun bath is probably the most relaxing, the most mind-emptying process in the world.

The infinitesimal tickle of a hurrying ant describes a graph along my hand. Without looking, I can feel him drawing a careful chart, up, then down, perhaps indicating this week's business trends for next week's issue of *Time*. He suddenly veers up to show a financial boom or the peak of aluminum production on my wrist, then turns with the horrified abruptness of a crisis, and plummets down, down, clear under my forearm to make the awful abyss that represents a Crash.

A flock of pigeons fly over the patio in a great swoop and whirr, like the throb of motors. "Supposing they *were* of steel," some hidden subterranean voice whispers, but hardly ruffling my sun bath calm. "Supposing each time you heard that approaching thunder of wings, you had to rush underground, like a worm exposed when a stone is lifted. Supposing they brought fear, instead of delight?"

The pigeons wheel away into a single, silent speck in the sky, some miraculous hole of a vanishing point, and are no longer even a murmur, but merely something out of the past—or out of the future. . . .

The ant makes a charming, skittering parabola around my shoulder, delicate as the merest trailing finger of a grassblade, or as the faintest tentative line drawn by a tattoo-artist who is still uncertain what he wishes to etch into the skin with his electric needle—and yet not only the skin on my shoulder, but my whole body is pleasurably conscious of his perambulations, and tiny nerves tingle in his wake.

I thread words together, sketchily, dazzled and lulled in the heat:

As I lie in the sun, the pigeons fly over:
A whirr, a shadow, and a fleeting odor . . .
Then there is only a distant murmur,
The shadow narrows in the sky
And the only smell is of warm earth. . . .

So what? So they've gone, and everything is the way it was before. But is it? When a lovely flight of birds can plunge you into the horrors of war, hasn't that changed your entire universe? Oh, stop that! Isn't it wonderful enough to lie in the sun with nothing happening? Stop tossing pebbles into unruffled ponds just to watch the circles of ripples rush off into space.

Suddenly the ant makes a beeline down my torso, setting up a new kind of vibration, making a soundless xylophone of my ribs. Such purpose. Such a straight swoop to a definite goal. Such a worthwhile little buzzard. (Why should Mr. Hayes say that "buzzard" sounds like "bastard?" He's crazy.)

O. K., little one, I'll be purposeful, too. I put on sunglasses, pick up paper, pencil, and telephone book, and start going down the list. "Vitamins for Britain" literature must be in the mails by Saturday. Abbott, Adams, Ambrose, Baca, Boswell, Bright, Chapline, Cheetham, Dasburg, Denton, Dunn, Emetz. . . . Check, check, check. . . .

But what's this? I come up short against a line in the 'phone book, as though it were a sudden stone wall and my horse had balked. There, as big as life in our brand new six-page "Summer 1941" directory, among our meagre 400 listed telephones, I find:

Federal Bureau of Investigation—Call Information.

After a minute, it's almost funny. Who do you suppose I'd get if I asked Information for the FBI? The Sheriff? The State Policeman? The District Attorney? Or would they put me straight through to Washington to hear my Fifth Column revelations?

"Hello! Washington? FBI Headquarters? Listen, I've just seen something. I thought they were bombers and they turned out to be only a fleet of pigeons. But what do you think? They had Swastikas embroidered on their breasts—Mexican feather-work, you know. Headed north. —Yes, I'll keep you posted. Good-bye."

I snicker, foolishly, at my flight of fancy—or should I say my descent

into infancy? — then, as though it were out of my own throat, and out of my own subconscious, so neatly is it mingled with my chuckle, I hear the throb of aeroplane engines again. The pigeons have come back. Down they swoop toward me in a wide arc. And I start threading words like beads on a string again; like knitting for the Red Cross to quiet my mind:

Back they come with a rush
Like the soft, even splash
Of waves on a shelving beach.
(Knit two; purl two)
Again the mottled shadows
Sprinkle my body....

But here I jump, suddenly, and drop a stitch.

"Hey, you!" I shout, in a loud giant's voice, to the ant. "Verboten!" And I give him a push with my pencil. He doesn't seem to mind deflection, and scurries on down my right leg on less sensitive terrain as though there'd been no detour.

The pigeons fly on over me in a solid cloud, obscuring the sun for a scattered instant. Where was I?

Flecking my body with mottled shadow,
As though autumn leaves were falling . . .
("Or bombs," I mutter, parenthetically, knitting away with
my words like Madame Defarge.)
As though it were the end of summer,
Instead of the beginning . . .
The end of everything.

And then the pigeons are gone again; their shout of imminence once more a murmur. How shall I put it?

Time is brought back on earthly wings,
Which signal, "Now!" — Then disappear. . . .

The ant has reached my knee. He pauses for a moment and waves his antennae in the air—a frantic kind of signal to the stars that aren't there. I look up into the clear empty blue of the sky: nothing.

Then, all at once, there is something, crystallizing out of the ether as though by magic. A feather, floating down silently. One remnant of the pigeons' blitz-flight. I watch it, fascinated, as it drifts toward me, growing larger, important now, almost significant. I note its pale,

curved quill, the gun-metal shimmer of the delicate filaments blending to a white that is more vivid than any color against the sharp, deep blue of the sky.

Deliberately, almost tenderly, the feather swoops, curves—and alights on the palm of my hand. I close my fingers on it.

"Death can be like that, too," says a voice from way down deep in the bomb-shelter where the pounding waves of heat have driven thought.

The ant has got clear to the end of my toe, and he teeters precariously on the pinnacle as though undecided whether to take that dreadful suicide-leap to the ground.

A HOUSE FOR JENNY

Elizabeth Martin Ouellet

THE EARLY sun crept into Jenny's room with morning in its hands and it touched Jenny's cheek with a warm and golden finger, awakening her. She lay there for a while wiggling her toes under the covers, blinking at the light, and then she rolled out of her bed and ran to the window where she pressed her face against the cool pane. Outside, the poplar, the secret-whispering tree, brushed back and forth against the screen, throwing flat circles of sunlight on her cheek, murmuring the secret of forever.

"Today," Jenny said, singing the words, "I'm nine, and Daddy's coming home, to stay forever like he said. I'm nine, and the poplar tree is high as my window, to the very top like Daddy said it would be when he came home to stay."

It was a school day but Jenny put on her Sunday dress of pale blue silk. She tied a blue ribbon in her brown and shining hair, and in her eyes there was an eager, waiting look.

Jenny turned her head and saw her mother standing in the doorway.

"Hello, Mums," she said. And she gave a tolerant little smile, as if to say you're sweet, but you're not Daddy; you can't ever be like Daddy. . . .

"Happy birthday, darling." Her mother spoke in a quiet, a very careful voice. She carried a white package in her hand. She wore a pink flowered apron and she seemed very young. Daddy Ben had called her Edie. "It came this morning," she said, handing Jenny the package. "For you."

"For me?" Jenny cried. "A present!"

She took the box and spread her brown fingers over it. Then she began to fumble happily with the ribbons.

Edie sat down on the edge of the bed to watch.

When Jenny drew a doll from its tissue paper nest, a doll with wide brown eyes, credulous eyes like her own, she gathered it into her arms with a quiet acceptance. She held it to her shining face and smiled.

Blinded, Edie turned away.

There was a tag fastened around the doll's neck. Very slowly Jenny read what was written there, holding each word. "Yours, forever and ever. . . ." She paused. "There isn't any name."

"No name, Jenny? How exciting." But Edie's eyes did not meet Jenny's. With the package there had come that morning a letter bearing a London postmark, a letter addressed to herself. It was folded now in the pocket of her apron.

In the letter Daddy Ben had said, "I hope Jenny likes the doll. She must be a big girl now; too big, maybe, for dolls."

Jenny laughed. Rapturously, she laughed. And when Edie looked at her then she saw the sun on Jenny's head and the morning in her eyes, a look of forever.

"There isn't any name," Jenny said, "but I know who sent it." A secret smile twinkled in the corners of her mouth. "And it's funny that he sent it, Mums, because he's coming home today, you know." She sat down beside Edie on the bed.

"Coming home, Jenny? Who's coming home?"

"Why, Daddy, Mums. You silly, didn't you know?" Jenny squeezed her mother's fingers. "It's going to be wonderful," she said.

"No . . . I didn't know, dear. I . . . I guess I forgot." Edie slipped her hand into her pocket and touched the envelope. She wanted to say, "I had a letter this morning from Daddy Ben. A long one . . . he said . . ." But not now. Not on a ninth birthday with Jenny wearing this look of forever on her face. "You'd better come down now and have your breakfast."

She leaned over and kissed the top of Jenny's head. Then she arose and went out of the room.

She walked slowly down the stairway where the floor showed through the worn carpeting. She had looked at carpets for the little brown house, but she had not bought them. She had made curtains for the dining room, Ben's favorite shade of blue; she had not put them up. Edie remembered the day Ben had gone away. Jenny had been seven. "Just a little stroll around the world," he had said to them. When Jenny was eight he had not come back, and even then Edie knew that

the world was a long, long walk. People like Ben forgot their way home. There had been a great many letters at first, good letters, gay and reassuring. For the past year they had come less often; they had been less gay. And now the letter had come that was not gay at all; one she must read to Jenny sometime, but not today. And maybe, she thought, her little burden of knowledge would never come to any words that she could say, and Jenny, with terrifying patience, would go on waiting.

Edie stood in the doorway and saw the kitchen recede and sway beyond a mist of tears. She thought she saw Ben there, and dreamlike, she moved towards him.

He was sitting at the kitchen table, buttering his toast with great, extravagant slabs. His eyes were very blue.

"I think I'll plant the poplar today," he said. "The one Jenny wants to grow past her window. By the time she's nine she'll be able to reach out and touch it."

"It's a nice house, Ben. We'll have it all our lives."

"Forever," he said, "and ever."

In the kitchen doorway Jenny asked, "Who were you talking to, Mums?"

Edie whirled about, blinking her eyes against the swiftness of time.

"Oh, hello there. Did you say something, dear?"

Jenny straddled a kitchen chair.

"I just thought I heard you talking to someone. When I came downstairs I thought maybe that Daddy was home already."

"No," Edie said, "there wasn't anyone. No one at all. I was thinking . . . out loud. Do you want bacon?"

"Hmnn . . . he said he was coming home today."

"I don't remember . . . did he?" Edie flipped the bacon over in the pan. "How many pieces, Jenny?"

"Three. . . . He said he'd be home to stay when the poplar touched the top of my window. That was when I was seven he said it. . . . I just went out to look, and it does . . . all the way to the very tip-top."

"That's fine," Edie said brightly.

"Anyway, Mums," Jenny went on, "he said he'd always come on birthdays, no matter what."

"You said that last year, honey. And he didn't come."

"I guess he just couldn't, Mums. But when I was eight the poplar was only as far as the window sill. Maybe he knew. Maybe he wanted to wait until it was all the way to the top so as he wouldn't have to go again."

Edie stepped outside to the service porch where she gripped the edge of the wash tub with her white fingers. "I can't tell her," she thought. "I can't ever tell her. Not today . . . not tomorrow"

She went back into the kitchen then and took the bacon from the pan and put it on Jenny's plate.

Jenny covered her toast with thick slabs of butter. She bit into it, and with her mouth half full she said, "I'm not going to school today because it's special. I wouldn't want not to be here when he comes."

Edie wheeled about then and faced Jenny, compelled to speak.

"Jenny," she said, "I don't think he's coming. It would be better if you went to school."

But Jenny only laughed.

"Why, Mums, of course he's coming. I'm just as sure as anything. It won't be any time at all now till he's here."

And Edie was silenced.

Forever is a brown house. A brown house on a green street. With her doll in her arms Jenny stood on the front walk and looked at it, of all the houses she had ever seen or known, the real one. She had lived there always with Edie and Daddy Ben, and always was forever. Now Daddy was coming home again. She sucked in a sharp little breath of pure bliss. There was the sentinel poplar rustling softly in the familiar wind, and the snap-dragons coming up again in neat, bright rows beside the hedge. She could see Edie watering the flowers. She had on her pink sunbonnet, and she was laughing. Daddy moved across the lawn with his rake and the smoke curled up from his pipe in pudgy rings. Edie sat back on her heels and squirted the hose at him. When Jenny closed her eyes she could hear them laughing. Forever is a brown house, and Daddy coming home to rake the leaves away and see the poplar.

With wide, eager eyes Jenny caressed the rough brown walls. She came across the lawn and put her hand upon them. She stood beside the poplar, listening. *Forever and ever. Ever and forever.* And for an instant it was Daddy chanting the words in a voice that came towards her from far away.

She went to sit on the smooth top step of the porch and she found

Edie there, half hidden by the trailing vines. A thick packet of letters lay in her lap. She had been sitting on the step for a long time and her eyes were full of Jenny.

They did not talk at first, and Jenny sat there listening to the secret-whispering tree, feeling the brown wooden arms of the house around her. She closed her eyes and for a brief moment she looked back at herself and Edie, sitting there on the porch step like people waiting.

With troubled eyes Edie looked at Jenny. She fingered the letters in her lap.

"You love it very much," she asked suddenly, "this little house?"

Silently Jenny nodded. She locked her brown hands together.

"More than anything, almost," she answered finally. "But it's not quite real."

"Not real, Jenny?"

"Not without Daddy, it isn't. When he comes today it will come alive again. It used to talk to me, you know, when he was here. It's waiting for Daddy, Mums, just like us." She rested her head on Edie's shoulder. "I wonder if it gets awfully tired waiting, Mums."

"I think it must be tired, Jenny," she said. "A very tired little house."

Jenny leaned forward and peered up and down the street.

"I think it would be easier waiting, Mums, if I went to school at noon. He might be late, maybe"

"That's a good idea." Edie turned the letters over in her hand.

"Maybe he'll be here when I get home."

Edie did not answer. She picked up the letter that lay on the top of the packet. But she didn't say anything. She just stared at it, her teeth sinking into her lower lip, and after a while she put it back.

"Are those Daddy's letters?" Jenny asked. "I've read them all, haven't I?"

"Yes, I think you've read them all, Jenny. All but the last one."

Jenny stood in the parlor. Her hands were clasped behind her back.

She saw the blue overstuffed chairs, the big fat one that was Daddy's, and the rug that was blue and flowered. She stood very still and looked on all the beloved shabbiness while the sunlight drew a slow-moving finger across the floor. It was Time moving on the rug, but Jenny was forever and she did not see. She walked about on tiptoe, feeling the things that she loved, the fragile porcelain figurines on the mantle, the

ivory keys of the piano, the rose bowl that was so roundly smooth to her touch. She traced the bright bird patterns on the curtains and when at last she laid a finger on the thing that was forever, she heard the fluttering of wings and a cry far away.

Through the open door she saw Edie watching her from the top step of the porch with a strange, uncertain look upon her face. For a fleeting instant Jenny paused there, questioning. Then she moved out of the path of the sunlight and went upstairs to change her dress for school.

Edie stood in the empty parlor holding her letters in her hand. She saw the shaft of sunlight withdrawing across the floor. She knew that it was Time moving on the rug. When it was gone, leaving the room in shadow, she shivered. Beneath the window a great silver dish glittered with a final brightness on the table. She put the letters down where the inscription read, "Edie and Ben . . . 1929."

When she heard Jenny's footsteps on the stair she turned from the window. She saw the child come through the doorway with her brown straw hat on, a book under her arm, wearing the credulous and shining look, Jenny forever. Edie sagged slightly against the table, suddenly limp before the luminous face, and her hands jerked forward in an agonizing gesture of love. She went to her then and kissed her gently, straightening the wide brim of her hat.

"Goody-bye, darling."

"Bye, Mums. Tell Daddy not to sweep the leaves in the yard until I come"

"I'll tell him, dear."

"We always had such fun doing that, you know."

"Yes, I remember."

"And tell me what he says about the poplar. He'll never believe it got so big."

"No."

"Nor that I'm so big, will he, Mums?"

"I should say not."

"Bye, Mums."

"Good-bye, Jenny"

Edie watched from the window until Jenny had turned the corner. She stood by the table where the letters lay in the silver dish, and in one hand she held a little box of matches. Now and again she struck a match

and sometimes she waited until her fingers were scorched before she blew it out.

After a time she took the top letter from the packet and drew the scrawled sheets from the envelope. As she read it the corners of her mouth twitched and the skin around her mouth became gray.

"It is too late now," he had written there, "to come back. I have begun a new life. I want to be free; I want to marry again.

"I know now that nothing lasts; forever is only a word on a piece of paper. Keep the house for Jenny She will forget me soon, if she has not, as I imagine, forgotten me already. Tell her about me, Edie, so that she'll understand how it is with me. Let her forget me, but don't let her hate me. . . ."

"Keep the house for Jenny. . . ." Edie thought of the poplar tree swaying so gently against the brown walls whispering the secret of forever. "Forever is a word on a piece of paper." If there was to be a new life for Jenny, the roots of the old life must be destroyed.

Edie struck a match and held the letter to its thin yellow flame. Then she set the letter down with the others on the silver dish. The crisp curtain with the bright bird patterns on it drifted back and forth over the tiny tendrils of fire.

Edie closed her eyes against the sharp, familiar outlines of the room. When she opened them again the close circle of darkness fell away and she saw the tongues of flame upon the curtains, a twisted, golden vine. She stood there until the heat burned upon her throat and arms and the smoke was bitter on her tongue and in her eyes. She turned away then and went out the front door very quietly, closing it behind her.

Edie was sitting on the curbstone when Jenny came home from school. Already the poplar was a ghost of a tree swaying against an emptiness of sky, and the little leaves, brittle with death, were fluttering away on the wind.

INSECTS ON A PIN

II. Death

Joaquín Ortega

MY LINES: Showcase
of my mind: insects on
a pin—one at a time.

21

DEATH IS NOT ARTISTIC. (*In a moment of zest for the integrity of form.*) VISION MACABRE. Bald men: The hand of a skeleton combed their hair. DIMINUENDO. Death is not artistic, because it comes gradually, pinching us, annoyingly, from all sides. Muscle, bone, nerve, and blood decay, and we go down, painfully. It were better to be young, always, and die, unexpectedly, like this good tree in the corner that slept last winter and never wakened!

22

MANNERS. Many souls, for lack of manners, or simply because of ataxia due to inhibition while living within matter here on earth, will be embarrassed and act as rustics or half-wits, after death, when matter is no more and life is measured in abstract terms. . . . But I know, O my soul, that you, good or bad, shall be seemly unto the last.

23

DESCENSION. Now my Life is a descending stair, step down, step down, step down, towards the ground. . . . Death.

24

CREPUSCULAR LOVE. (*After a reading of "El Celoso Extremeño"—"The Jealous Husband"—of Cervantes.*) Sensual old men, grasp-

ing the elusive hand of youth, with the avarice of a money-lender who clips the last coupon of a poor investment.

25

NÉBULEUSE. (*Shakespearean.*) To be, and cease to be? That's the question.

26

HOW TO LIVE AND HOW TO DIE. (*The soothing remembrance of my mother.*) Catholic mysticism: To open one's arms as a living crucifix; to open one's eyes to the stars . . . and drift along toward the Open Seas of Eternity.

27

JORGE MANRIQUE: Si "nuestras vidas son los ríos que van a dar en la mar, que es el morir . . .," ¿por qué no echan nuestros cuerpos allí?

28

THE NIGHT OF DEATH. When I die my eyes will not see color or line . . . and I shall be free . . . from the Relative. And I shall be free . . . from the ambiguous chorus of lights and shadows of the earthly night.

29

WE CAN CHEAT DEATH. (*Ex-voto of my friendship to Dr. Hugh P. Greeley when he married after forty.*) Life does not begin at forty. Death begins even before forty. . . BUT, we can cheat Death and retard the acceleration of our step, by grafting ourselves in the love of woman, in paternity . . . by flooding ourselves with charity for others, with illuminations of the mystery . . . by sucking from the breasts of imperishable Poetry.

30

ONWARD ROSINANTE. (*Inspired by Cervantes' famous dedication of his "Persiles and Sigismunda" to the Count of Lemos, dated April 19, 1616, four days before his death.*) My noble Count: The work is done, or undone, but Dawn is coming and Rosinante

trembles under my stirrup. . . . Yesterday, the Last Sacraments. Time is short, fears hover, hopes vanish; and yet, I hope, and fear not, for my head is loaded with reliques, fancies. . . . My noble Count: The Dawn is coming. . . . I shall follow the dusty road and meet the next adventure, gaily, with my Rosinante.

31

UNIVERSAL. (*Días de la guerra civil española.*) Nancy, mi niña, dice, sin saber lo que ha dicho en su infantil candor: "Quiero morir" Y el alma, angustiada por la lucha fraternal, se nos va por la vertiente del dolor universal.

32

POSTSCRIPT. (*Inspired by the Reverend George Edwin Hunt of Madison, Wisconsin, a venerable and courageous man of the church, officiating—with a broken neck—at the funeral of John Showerman, March 30, 1933. The letter written by young Showerman, one of the most brilliant young men ever graduating from the University of Wisconsin, to his parents before committing suicide to free himself from an incurable brain tumor, is among the greatest farewells to life. His father, the famous classical scholar, Grant Showerman, spent the rest of his days counted by sorrow. "We have come not to mourn, but to record inevitability. We have gathered in presbytery to say that this young man harbored in flesh heroic stuff. We have come, in humility, to ask God for grace unto his grace and bounty unto his valor and decorum. We say no more." And the old man, shaken and firm, garbed in the black folds of mystery, wrinkled, wise, and experienced, BEAUTIFUL, with that homely beauty of Protestantism, transfixed, let the words fall over the casket, like the unwritten postscript.*

33

TARDE! La indiferencia gris de esta tarde nublada de Primavera se entra en el corazón. El Origen, el Destino, el Vivir mismo . . . interrogaciones mudas. El vacío de lo hecho, y de lo que uno cree que tiene que hacer. La Muerte que nos espera tras el dintel de esa puerta tal vez sin más allá. Arrastrando los pies—cansados, sin cami-

nar—el vano orgullo de ser lo que no se es; y la herida, viva hasta el final, de no ser lo que se es.

34

INSURANCE BUSINESS. A garrulous man was selling to me life insurance, and I asked: "Why call this life insurance, when you give assurances only to my death?" And he said: "Of death insurance, Sir, people would be afraid."

35

THE OLD BACHELORHOOD OF A ROMANTICIST. When his death comes he shall be a twisted tree, with bare branches, bitten by the cold of long nights and remembrance . . . showing through its crevices a tragicomic laughter.

36

DEATH IN MODERATO. My lines: death in moderato. X-rays of my brain, showing, upon close observation, the decay of the tissues.

37

EPITAPH OF AN OPTIMIST. If remembrance is not oblivion, why write down here my name?

POETRY

CANTO GENERAL DE CHILE

(Fragment)

From the North, Almagro brought his wrinkled lightning.
And across the land, between thunder and quiet,
he leaned day and night as over a map.

Shade of thorns, ghost of wax and thistle,
the Spaniard stood again with his lean figure,
watching the exhausted strategies of earth.

Night, snow and sand shape the form
of my wasted fatherland,
silence stretched in its long line;
foam rises from the sea's face,
cinder covers it with mysterious kisses.

Like live coal gold burns in its fingers
and silver illumines, like a new moon,
its hardened shadow of a dark planet.

The Spaniard, having settled near the rose one day,
near oil, near wine, near ancient sky,
did not imagine this point of angry stone
rose from below, out of the dung of the sea eagle.

PABLO NERUDA

(From *Repertorio Americano*, and
translated by Joseph Leonard Grucci.)

BITTERNESS

Near the sea
it was, the bitter sea.
Lips made bitters

by salted water;
bitter the lips
from the bitters of tears.

Near the sea,
the bitter sea,
beneath blue sky
and blue morning.

Worn with bitterness
the soul;
lips of salt,
of tears,
of bitters.

Beneath the sky,
beneath the mourning sea.

JUSTO G. DESSEIN MERLO
(English version by Lloyd Mallan.)

BIRDS

There were some that found the tremulous branch,
others walked the night,
and some carried reddened dreams
away from high towers.

Yet others flew the infinite ribbon
dividing you from winter,
and clawing eyes in seas
and gnawing fish were others.

Some came with dust and tears,
shuddering in fear;
dragging shadows with their eyes,
mire with their wings.

But those that never returned,
those that parted in twilights without goodbye,
that never knew the crisp flower,

that never dropped a feather
to shelter someone's dream,
are the ones now fluttering
in the solemn moment of evening,
in the egoism of night,
upon the ultimate silence, fluttering
against the profile of a dead child.

ESPERANZA FIGUEROA
(English version by Lloyd Mallan.)

NUDE WOMAN

It snowed all night
on your body's garden;
but still there were roses
and open buds.

From the tree's furthest bough
soft slender blossoms
fall like golden rain
across the firm whiteness of stalks.

Violets
lie concealed
in the grass of your eyelashes,
deep and passionate.

Two roses lie
in restless sleep
on the indifferent magnolias
of your breasts.

And more gold
in those thighs
to paint with sunlight the silk
of mosses.

And your feet and hands,
roots great and small,
go deep into earth,
tremulous with love and gardens.

ENRIQUE GONZALEZ ROJO
From *Espacio*. (English version by Joseph Leonard Grucci.)

BY THE RIVER

The washerwomen
rinse and hang out
their lives by the river:
they have allowed their fate
to run with him.

The hurrying river slows down,
his muscles contracting,
as he turns the mills
and moves the turbines,
sings in the aqueducts,
becomes cloud, plasma, light.
He works many hours,
the river works overtime.

The sun is boss of the river,
he drinks his sweat, tires him,
exploits him, tans his hide.

Cities shame him,
they fling him their rubbish.

The fields injure him,
using him for drainage.

Everyone tires
his abundant patience.

Proletarian river,
dark river
under the cruel
tyranny of the bridge.

To you I announce
that the great flood
is approaching,
and the masonry
will come tumbling down.

IGNACIO LASSO

—*Indice de la Poesia Ecuatoriana Contemporánea*
(English version by Joseph Leonard Grucci.)

VOICE ON THE ROAD

No, soldiers! do not go,
for the road ends here!
Sleep in my warm dry room,
not in the damp cold grass;
drink water fresh from my well,
not filth from the muddied pool;
see how the afternoon falls
and how the evening rises:
rifle springs up after rifle;
bullet answers bullet;
but do not follow,
for the road ends here!

NICOLÁS GUILLÉN

—*Cantos Para Soldados y Sones Para Turistas*
(English version by Joseph Leonard Grucci.)

CONQUEST FOR MUSSOLINI

The lethargic highbacked turtle,
No way geared for sleek evasion
Nor practiced to the ruthlessness
Of powered destination,

Water-led across the highway
Inches on where furious speed
Over indurate cruel cement
Ridicules the simple need. . . .

Now it lies a carrion blob,
Red-mashed, guardless, dished-up prey
For the blackshirt wary crow,
Gorging, eye cocked either way.

C. V. WICKER

THE PAST

In Paco Cemetery in Manila
 Caskets let end-wise into the wall
 Claim each a two-foot square of moss-edged space
 In the great stone circle.

Ylang-ylang trees
 With year-long steps parade the centuries
 Slow.
 Just now
 Evening is heavy with their breath;
 The dizzying sweetness tastes of death,
 And all around
 Waxy-yellow petals are fallen on the ground.

TIME

A single leaf drops from the top of Pagsanjan Gorge;
 Leisurely it drifts its long, slow descent,
 Playing with the perpendicular as it falls,
 Dipping and swaying,
 Aimless but directed.

The leaf strikes the waiting water,
 Moving swiftly into a graceful right-angle;
 Inert it lies upon the taciturn water,
 Which takes it as something that is sent, that makes
 no difference,
 Something that will go beyond the river,
 Out of the world of the river.

This happens in the primitive calm of Pagsanjan Gorge;
 As I saw it I heard the anxious cry of a bird;
 Then there was nothing.

But there is always another leaf, falling or ready to fall,
 And the taciturn water is always waiting.

C. V. WICKER

HERITAGE

In the old burying-ground near Milford Town
 I saw the graves of many of my ancestors,
 Their friends and neighbors, old Connecticut settlers
 And their descendants. Bassett, Putnam, Allen,
 Winslow, Cleve, and Woods were the names, each worn old slab
 Cobwebbed, rainpitted, caked with centuries, each a window
 Through which I looked back to those old hardy ones
 From whom I had descended. (We in Western New York
 Came down from the adventurous Jacob, who had wived a Winslow,
 Had gone up into Vermont, then over the New York border
 And so up the Mohawk Valley to the wild Niagara frontier.)
 Here in a far corner under a lilac gray with August dust
 Was the grave of my father's grandmother, Asenith,
 Her mother beside her.

Returning to Milford Town in late afternoon,
 Cousin Edna, my brother, my father, and I, our auto passed,
 Like time leaving an older age behind, an ox-cart
 Driven by a sunbonneted countrywoman whom time
 Had forgotten to touch; along the dusty road
 The slow-footed beast with ancient nodding head
 Kept on. I turned in the speeding car and gazed back
 Until the quaint, forgotten figures fused in dust and distance.

In town once more we did not see such names
 As Bassett, Putnam, Allen, Winslow, Cleve, and Woods
 On signs and windows of shops and offices;
 New Connecticut settlers had taken their places,
 Later pilgrims from many other lands.
 We stopped and bought meat for supper at Colosimo's
 Butcher shop, and groceries from Mr. Max Ginsberg,
 For whom Cousin Walter worked.

Burying-ground
 And ox-cart, death and slow time behind,
 Milford Town, heritor of new living streams,
 Frontiers afresh into ways of human strength.

C. V. WICKER

MEMORY OF REPUBLICAN SPAIN

I cannot speak
the word your deeds have shaped
as a stone
shapes the roots of flowers;
the word comes
eager to the throat
(as even the quietest seedlings wake,
that dryly held
within earth's brain
grow thirsty for a little rain)
but is too big and slow
for speech.

ROOM FOR THE LIVING

Over the earth,
high over the people everywhere,
frozen the planes hung in air
—*nor will I forget Leonardo,
who with mechanic wings
would destroy the Chinese Walls
of minds and nations—*
then like wounded eagles
fell earthward,
grazing the million-busy streets,
where their bombs released geysers
of earth and stone
and blood
and bone.
Seaward the planes ascending air
Tortured,
unseeing,
the faces stare
from below.

JOSEPH LEONARD GRUCCI

LA BELLE DAME

Always there is what cuts the face:
a small voice full of glass
a bloodshot European garden
menageries of silence full of wounded grace.

Always a moment falls between
the handshake and the lost lion grin
love's last under-water bout
and the sharply stamped enamel dream.

What lies aching in the room
is the white command sent too soon.

THE ENEMY

There are no stones for him.
He teaches stones how to lie, not to rot.
He teaches gardens how to grow around them.
For him there are no bones.
He teaches drought the secret of perpetuation.
How to skin a man alive.
He is the hand at every throat
—and dies by strangulation!

GRAMMAR OF MEMORY

If the light fail
redeem it—
out of no book,
out of no false stare,
out of no hardihood
for racing the common horse;
but out of the punctual worm,
crashing the coffin lid,
whose great electric head,
breaking the hoggish herd,
stirs those long wide-world
river bells.

EDWIN HONIG

SPECTACLE

Solomon dead, all lusting done,
Past the clay that was David's son
Came his concubines, one by one:
Slender, plump; as a cedar tall
Or high as my heart; demure in shawl
Or bare-faced bold with ready eye—
To rustle of silk they passed him by.
The last was old, she had been fair,
She touched the feet set neatly there.

Quiet the feet that between her own
Had lain, the loins now cold as stone;
Stilled the hands once prompt to show
Builder where every beam must go;
Singing tongue inert as lead,
Empty of thought that high, domed head,
He who was wisdom lying dead.

Between the dead and my stiff-held spear
They passed, and stared on that gorgeous bier.

PROGRESS

The gracious trees drooped feathery limbs
Along the quiet street;
The leaves whispered tiny hymns
In summer's rain and heat.

Came loud strange men with coils of wire
And posts of foreign wood;
The wind, each leaf in his choir,
Tiptoe, listening, stood.

The strangers went their way; the breeze
Mourned, and the leaves mourned too:
Holes had been hacked in all the trees
To let the wire go through.

J. PATRICK BYRNE

NO NEARER

Time is passing:

Tomorrow is no nearer.

Time is passing:

Today is very long.

Over the unquiet earth, the great fire flows.

Over our day and night, the stars have fallen.

Up the avenues of earth, the soldiers' feet come

And the soldiers' laugh and the soldiers' cry

And the soldiers' world becomes the day.

Ever present over this once fertile ground the wind

And the wind's way and wind's word

To this land now dying whispers

This message of the wind ever present:

Time is passing: tomorrow is no nearer.

Out of the jungle the tiger driven and the lion.

Out of the swamp the crane and the duck gone.

Heavy the clouds over the winter moon.

Too bright this desert sun:

Time is passing.

The music stops, the clocks wind down.

The young grow old, the children die.

Time is passing:

Tomorrow is no nearer.

HALDEEN BRADY

A HOUSE CANNOT STAND

George Snell

THE SHADOWS began to spread along the street as Harry walked toward town. The neon lights were all on, and the after-dinner crowds were going to movies, or window shopping, or just coming downtown to pass the time before going to bed. It was about eight o'clock, and the traffic had not reached its height in the streets. Harry walked slowly because he didn't want to get there in the middle of the feature.

It was pretty interesting, all right, to watch the people. There certainly were all kinds of people in the world. For instance, look at that poor old woman coming along the sidewalk. She looked as if she could hardly stand up on account of her feet hurting her. She hobbled along, carrying a mesh market bag full of kindling wood, and she had cut her shoes all to pieces so that her bunions could bulge out freely.

Or for instance, look at this old man barely moving, he was so old or something. It took him a long time to take a step, probably because he was paralyzed; but he was dressed up fit to kill, with a high white collar that looked like it was going to choke him, a straw hat, and a big red carnation in his lapel. Yes, and when you looked into his face you could see he was old all right, but he certainly was keeping a stiff upper lip. Harry felt a warm feeling for the old man and exchanged a courteous smile with him.

But of course it was more interesting to look at the girls, although there weren't so many of them on the street right now, and what few there were hanging on the arm of some fellow, going to a show, or a dance maybe. If only he had a girl hanging on his arm right now he would be a lot happier. Especially if it was a good-looking girl, like this one walking ahead of him, and if he wasn't so embarrassed when a girl was around.

He looked enviously at this girl's pretty legs, and he could see her heels exposed in the kind of shoes she was wearing, and it was easy to imagine that her foot if it had no stocking on would be little and white and smooth. His eye travelled up from her heels to her hips and watched how they moved slightly from side to side as she walked, and he could even see the faint outline of something she wore under the sheer dress: two faint lines converging down the round buttocks; probably a pair of panties or something. It made him feel extremely exhilarated for some reason, and restless, when he saw something like that.

But then the girl and the fellow turned off and went into a brightly lit alcove of a store to look into windows. Harry walked on, heaving a slight sigh.

He thought enviously he would be quite embarrassed to be walking with a girl, though. These fellows didn't seem to be embarrassed; instead they acted as if they owned the whole world; and they laughed and kidded with the girls just as if it was nothing at all. He wished he could do that; but girls certainly made him feel funny. It was a mystery how these fellows could go right ahead and talk and act around girls just as if they were anybody else.

Now for example, some fellows even boasted that they went to whore houses. How anybody could do that was beyond him. In the first place it was a sin to do things like that, and in the second it was dangerous and you couldn't tell what might happen to you. Anybody who respected women wouldn't do such a thing, that was certain all right. He would never, until he someday got married and had a beautiful wife who would be on a pedestal, and he would be able to go to her as clean and innocent as she would be when she came to him.

He allowed himself to dream of what his wife would be like and how it would be to have a wife; but he couldn't at all crystallize the matter. There were more and more people on the street now, and he was getting close to the theatre section. There were beer parlors and cocktail lounges along the street, and already they were beginning to attract customers. Harry glanced in through the doors as he passed and he could see men and women sitting at the bars with glasses in their hands and hear the laughter of the women, high and brittle. It made him feel uneasy and strange, like the sight of a girl's slim heels.

It was a subject he had thought a great deal about; in fact, it was the most absorbing matter he had ever encountered, and it was in his

mind a lot. Girls were so different from anything else. There were so many different kinds of them too; and they were so dangerous, especially the kind that sat in places like this and drank. If they got hold of you you had better watch out. Such girls, or women, would like nothing better than to get hold of a clean young man and try to debauch him. That was plain enough from what he had read and what his mother had told him often enough. It made you a little scared of them when you realized what they could do to you if they got you in their clutches.

Harry thought of his mother sitting home and wished he had asked her to go to the show with him, but she wouldn't have anyway because she would never go anywhere, and his father would not be home yet from work. It was too bad his father had to put in such long hours and that his mother wouldn't ever go out. His mother certainly wasn't like any of the women in these places. He tried to imagine what she had been like when she was a young girl, but he couldn't even imagine it. Probably she was awfully serious and the kind who stayed in the house and was interested in cooking and sewing and stuff like that, being so stern and all.

His eyes fell on another girl walking ahead of him, and he tried to imagine what she was like. She was older than the other, the one with the slim heels and the sleek buttocks, but she was even more interesting to watch. Look at the way she switched her hips, and she had such high heels he couldn't see how she could stand up. As she walked her heels clicked on the cement. She had red hair. He noticed that she even brushed the man walking with her with her hip, and she was doing it on purpose, sometimes leaning toward him as they walked.

There seemed to be something familiar about the man. He wasn't a young fellow by any means, and he walked with a heavy tread. The man's back looked almost like father. Harry speeded up a little and his eyes were jumping out of his head. Now that he looked, it couldn't be anybody but father.

As soon as he decided that, he stopped trying to catch up. It was only eight-fifteen, and father worked until ten. He couldn't understand how his father could be here, walking along with a girl or woman at this time of night. Maybe she was somebody from the office, though, or something like that. He wondered where they could be going. He felt a little foolish and guilty to be walking along behind them, and them not knowing they were being watched.

He couldn't help looking closely at the girl, more than ever now because it was father she was walking with. He wished he could see her face, but she would have to have a pretty face to have such a good-looking back. It was the best-looking back he had ever seen, including her hips and her legs. Her dress was high and when she walked he could even see the smooth inside of her knee and the little swell under the silk stocking of muscle behind her knee. His father didn't seem to be talking, but the girl was, and she suddenly turned her face toward his father, and Harry could see her profile.

It was certainly pretty, all right, and she had red cheeks, he could see even from where he was; they were rouged about like some of the girls you see coming out of the stage door at the Rialto. And she was clinging to his father's arm, and suddenly reached over and sort of hugged him.

That was a shock to Harry. Now he didn't believe she was from the office, or if she was it was certainly a funny way to act. He began to feel nervous about following them. He couldn't believe his eyes when his father's hand strayed back and patted the girl's rump. He tried to think that it wasn't his father after all; and maybe it wasn't; maybe it was his double. After all there are such things as doubles. Harry began to walk faster quite boldly, and in a moment was almost treading on their heels. He heard the man laugh. It was his father's laugh beyond any doubt, and Harry immediately fell back.

In all his life he had never seen his father with any woman but his mother; he couldn't remember any time. This was an awful thing, he was beginning to think, as he kept following them at a respectful distance.

He began to think of all the terrible meanings, wondering if mother knew of this, and asking his father under his breath: what are you doing, I can't understand. His heart was beginning to beat heavily against his ribs.

Just then they turned into a place. When Harry came up to the doorway he saw it was a beer parlor. He hesitated outside; he had only once been in such a place. But he decided to go in; he was very curious yet awed. He wanted to know what his father was doing with a woman. He wanted to see the woman's face clearly, and to see his father's face. Then he would know what his father was doing perhaps.

He pushed open the screen door and walked in cautiously. His

eyes took in the length of the bar and saw that his parent was not sitting there. He sauntered to the bar and leaned his elbow on it self-consciously, feeling the half dollar in his pocket that he had been going to buy his show ticket with. Looking along the booths he saw the woman sitting in one, and his father's shoulder was visible, with his back turned toward him.

He was afraid to look squarely at the booth, and he turned his head away but kept his eye on the booth. She was a good-looking girl or woman, all right. She had plenty of makeup on, and her hair was red. She was smoking a cigarette now, holding it in one corner of her small scarlet mouth and talking out of the other corner. She was pulling off her black lace gloves, and his father was giving an order to a waitress.

The bartender asked him what he would have. Harry asked for a glass of beer, and the bartender said he looked pretty young, bud. Harry said he was nineteen and knew he would get away with it because he did look three or four years older than he was.

He tried to make the beer last a long time, and that was easy because he didn't like the stuff anyway. He watched how the girl or woman drank her cocktail, and set the glass down empty after just putting it once to her mouth.

As he was lifting his glass again his father suddenly thrust his head out of the booth and called the waitress. Harry ducked his face away. It was his father, all right. And he looked different, too. His eyes were bright and watery looking, and his face was redder than usual, as if he was hot. His voice even sounded different, more bossy and bragging or something. It was too loud.

After they had had two more cocktails the girl or woman began to talk loud and to laugh quite a bit. She giggled, and Harry could see her white teeth and her tongue in her mouth when she laughed. She would look at his father in a most peculiar way as if she wasn't at all afraid of him.

Harry felt very bad. He didn't feel like going to a movie now, and besides he didn't have enough to get into the Rialto even in nigger heaven. The beer made him feel sick also. He tried to think of what his mother would say if she knew this about his father. He still could hardly believe all this was happening. That didn't seem like his father sitting back there, where he could hear his low rumbling voice and the tittering of the red-headed girl or woman.

He saw the girl get up, lurching; and he quickly put the beer glass down and walked out. He went up the street a short distance and turned to look into a jeweler's window, waiting for them to come out. His tongue felt thick and his stomach was sick.

When they came out, his father had his arm around the girl's waist; and she was leaning on him. They were both talking and laughing. That made Harry feel worse than ever. His father's face was redder than he had ever seen it.

He thought the girl might stumble and fall as she continued to lean on his father and they went down the street to the corner and turned. As soon as they turned Harry hurried after them. You never could tell what mischief a woman such as that might get a man into. It was too bad his father didn't know better. He felt he ought to keep an eye on them now; and he was still feeling bad because he knew himself that his father did know better.

Around the corner about half a block he saw the two enter a doorway. Over it hung a sign that said Rooms 50c-\$1-\$2. They stood in the doorway for a few moments, and Harry scrouged himself against a wall so they wouldn't notice him. He saw his father pulling on the girl's arm. She didn't seem to want to go in. His father was coaxing her and pulling her. Pretty soon she shrugged and let him pull her in. Then he couldn't see them any more.

Harry walked on and stood before the entrance for a little while, looking at the warped steps of the staircase, leading up. Nobody was there but he could almost see the red-headed girl's or woman's red mouth and made up face, and he felt like slapping it with all his might.

Without any money he couldn't go to the show, so Harry just walked around for a while and then went home. His mother was sitting there sewing, and she asked what was the matter. He said they changed the bill and the picture wasn't there he wanted to see. He looked at her off and on the rest of the evening trying to read but mostly just thinking about everything. Then about eleven the back screen door opened, and Mother glanced up in that quick, sniffing way she had. Harry's eyes turned to the kitchen too. His father came in grinning. He didn't look red-faced now, but he smelled like beer or whiskey.

"I had a few drinks with the boys after we got through," he said before Mother said anything.

"I could smell it," his mother said, sniffing.

"Well, we were so tired out we wanted just one to pep us up before going home." He threw his hat on the couch. "Hello, Harry," he said.

Harry said hello, and couldn't look in his father's eyes. In a flash he remembered that lots of evenings were like this.

"Well, what you been doing?" his father said to him.

Harry kept his eyes averted.

"He was going to a show, but they changed the bill," his mother said. "We just spent a quiet evening."

"Ah," his father said, "don't I wish I could do that. But no, I have to work every night."

His mother sighed and said nothing.

His father came over and gave his mother a kiss. "I'm so worn out I guess I'll go right to bed," he said.

"Poor dear," his mother said. "I don't think a drink does you any good."

His father shrugged. "Well, goodnight, son," he said.

Harry turned away.

His father looked surprised. "What's the matter with him?" he asked Mother.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she said.

"Nothing's the matter," Harry muttered. He got up and walked out of the room, and he could hear his father saying something about even his son turning against him in this house.

BOOK REVIEWS

Pan America: A Program for the Western Hemisphere, by Carleton Beals. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1940. \$3.00.

Carleton Beals is today and has been for a good many years back the leading interpreter of Latin America to the people of the United States. The writings of this free-lance American journalist are not the product of brief excursions to the countries of Latin America, but derive from long residence among our southern neighbors. Author of seventeen books, of which *The Coming Struggle for Latin America* and *Mexican Maze* are the best known, the man has an unparalleled knowledge of the countries below the Rio Grande.

Beals is no mere reporter for he suffuses all of his writings with his own political thinking, which is that of a modern liberal. Humane and understanding, enthusiastic and hopeful, he also has a lively sense of the practical. Although he has little use for the native feudalism that passes for republican government in Latin America, he has a genuine love for the ordinary people of the region and appreciates the savor and substance of their life. In this, his latest book, he describes the economic resources of these semi-colonial countries, and suggests an economic program for their development that would be of mutual advantage to the people of Latin America and the United States. Coming at a time when we are concerned over securing an adequate and convenient source of raw materials essential to our armament program, and when we are worried over our future international trade, the book is of much interest as it offers a possible solution for these problems.

Beals, in a series of lengthy chapters that might have been made briefer in the interest of readability, inventories the material resources of Latin America, actual and potential. The list is impressive and on it can be found almost every raw material this country needs now or will

likely need in the future. What Latin America lacks to make these resources available to the United States, says Beal, is capital for their development, the training of its labor in the technical arts, and an assured market for the absorption of its products.

The goal of such a program should not be merely shortsighted self-interest on the part of the United States but the creation and maintenance in Latin America of independent nations of free people. You cannot buy the friendship of the people to the south, he says, by the continuance of the old system of public loans to the fly-by-night dictators who divert the funds to their own personal uses. A loan policy whereby loans are made only for productive industrial purposes, preferably for the production of essential materials for which there is a ready and assured market in the United States or other parts of the world, is essential. Such a policy, by creating the opportunities for more employment in Latin America and an increased purchasing power for the people there, would at once bring them more of the benefits of civilized living and us a valuable export market.

Accompanying such an economic program should go a political program if the former is to succeed, Beals points out. We should not seek in developing South America to gain control of their resources, but permit them to remain in native hands. Nor should we seek to monopolize the entire output of strategic materials, but merely to secure the minimum amounts vitally necessary to ourselves on fair and liberal terms, the remainder to be available to other countries. No restrictions on Latin American trade with other parts of the world should be sought. An announcement on our part, once we were ready to embark on such a program, that we desired no territorial expansion and that we would not infringe on Latin American sovereignty, as we do not now permit others to do, would gain for us much popular support in the region, Beals thinks.

One can find little fault with such a statesmanlike proposal; one can only doubt whether we will develop and sustain the social vision necessary for its accomplishment. Certainly, if some policy closely approximating Beals' suggestions is not followed, we are going to wake up some day to find Latin America a problem rather than an asset.

An admirable part of Beals' thinking about Latin America is that he sees that just as economic isolation is impossible for the United States, so it is impossible for the hemisphere. Latin America needs to be

developed economically, primarily for its own people, then for the United States and the other nations. We should not, and western cattlemen will agree with him on this point, import South American products to the detriment of home producers, but instead seek the development of industries in Latin America complementary to our own. If we concentrate on this the non-complementary products of Latin America can be sold to the countries in the region benefitting from increased purchasing power and to the nations of other continents.

The major criticism to be made of the book is that the author devotes well over half of his first 500 pages to discussing the shortcomings of traditional international trade practices before he discusses his program for the western hemisphere from which the book gains its principal interest. His object in these introductory chapters is to give a world setting for Pan American problems, but it could have been accomplished in much shorter space.

As a practical, short-range program likely to be of immediate benefit to the United States in its present defense efforts, Beals' program is open to serious doubts. It would take years to realize practical benefits from such a program. The reviewer feels strongly that to buy the time necessary for such a program to operate, we had best give increasing aid to Britain in helping win the Battle of the Atlantic. A Nazi-controlled Europe, with its international barter system of trade, would probably mean the doom of any hope for the development of Latin America in an economic or politically democratic way.

THOMAS C. DONNELLY

Our Latin American Neighbors, by Philip Leonard Green. New York: Hastings House, 1941. \$2.00.

Reportage on Mexico, by Virginia Prewett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1941. \$3.00.

Puerto Rico, by John W. Thompson. New York: Hastings House, 1940. \$1.50.

The growing interest in our neighbors in the other Americas has produced, in recent years, many titles by authors of varied interests and experiences. With each new title the publisher reminds us, either directly or indirectly, that the volume that he is publishing is not "just another book" on Latin America.

Although in the past there has been a paucity of books dealing with Latin America and its problems, considering the importance of these problems to the United States, none the less there have been many studies which have proved to be a valuable source for further investigators. It may be said that some of these earlier books, in spite of their age and inaccuracies, are more valuable in shedding light on the problems of modern Latin America than many recent publications. An example of one of these is García Calderón's *Latin America: Its Rise and Progress*, which appeared in London in 1913. In spite of the years that have elapsed since its publication, this book is still very vital; for even at that time, the author pointed out perils of which we are only now becoming aware (i.e., the German peril, the Japanese peril).

As far as content is concerned it must be said that there is little in these three books that is new or unusual. It is necessary, therefore, to turn to the presentation of the material to find why they are not to be classified as "just another book" on Latin America.

Our Latin American Neighbors, by Philip Leonard Green, is an excellent book for the reader who wants a condensed summary of the many Latin American problems from pre-Columbian days to the present. Mr. Green has done this in 173 pages! The material, though presented in somewhat the fashion of a syllabus, makes interesting reading. Owing to the tremendous scope of the book, there are many generalizations; yet the reader feels that the author made these only after careful study and investigation.

In the first three chapters of *Reportage on Mexico*, Virginia Prewett gives a quick picture of Mexico up to December 1, 1924, when Calles assumed the presidency. The other ten chapters deal with Mexico since that date. The last four chapters are based on firsthand information gathered by the author in Mexico during the past year, and are, therefore, more personal in style than the others. For example, the chapter "Mexico's Blackest Crime" (concerning the murder of Trotsky) has all the color of modern journalism.

Puerto Rico, by J. W. Thompson and edited by Laszlo Fodor, does all that it purports to do, "to give at least a glimpse, in words and pictures, of the Island's people and their cities and plantations." The book is lavishly illustrated; there are twenty pages of text and fifty-two of pictures. Although the book does not pretend to be a guide to Puerto Rico, it serves as an interesting and valuable introduction to that island.

Puerto Rico belongs to the series "Our Beautiful Americas" of the Hastings House.

ALBERT R. LOPES

Total Defense, by Clark Foreman and Joan Raushenbush. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1940. \$1.25.

The essential thesis of *Total Defense* is that there has arisen in the world a mighty and compelling force to challenge the democratic way of life and that unless that force is checked by the transformation of democracy into a mightier force, nothing can save the world from Nazi domination.

It is not enough that we build airplanes and tanks and guns, the authors of *Total Defense* point out, not enough that we raise a powerful army to defend our liberties by military force. If democracy is to survive, it must demonstrate its fitness to survive in terms of economic flexibility, industrial productive capacity, an international point of view, and material security for the common man. We have done enough talking about democracy; the time has now come for democratic faith to be implemented with action.

The arguments of Foreman and Raushenbush are given dramatic emphasis by the form into which they are cast: that of two memoranda, the first on the topic "The Economic Conquest of the Americas" purporting to be addressed to Herr Hitler by his Reichsbord for Political Economy, and the second, "An All-American Economic Program," addressed by the authors to the President, the Congress, and the people of the United States.

"The Economic Conquest of the Americas" is a frightening (and not too improbable) detailed plan for achieving political domination over the entire western hemisphere through economic penetration. Starting with the assumption that the most effective way for Germany to accomplish the downfall of the United States is through the establishment of German control over Latin American nations, the authors proceed to analyze with Machiavellian realism Latin America's economic weaknesses as well as those of the United States, and to point out step by step the exact methods Germany should use in obtaining economic domination. With characteristic German thoroughness they list fifteen reasons why the conquest of Latin America should be easy,

reasons ranging from the poverty and illiteracy of the people to the fact that Latin American men need money to support their mistresses, and then for good measure they add five powerful reasons why the United States won't be able to do anything to stop Germany, two of which are our failure to make democracy work internally and our insistence on clinging to an archaic concept of world trade.

The German program can be accomplished in five steps. The first of these, the purchase of Latin America, will be brought about by a realistic economic program working under twenty-first century business ethics. The second, the circumventing of the Monroe Doctrine, will be cleverly designed to make the United States appear the aggressor in any military action in Latin America. The third step will include the transition from economic control of Latin America to full political control. The United States' gold hoard will then be rendered useless, and this country will pass from sovereign status to the role of colonial adjunct of the Reich.

If the "Economic Conquest of the Americas" is depressing in its delineation of the future, the second memorandum in *Total Defense*, "An All-American Economic Program," offers some hope that we may be able to escape German domination if we act quickly enough and with sufficient foresight.

Five factors are at present operating to force America to take quick action. These include the recognition that huge armies and navies are no longer enough; that the speed of major social and economic change has increased enormously; that the German economic and political monopoly threatens everyone; that air power over the sea lanes is dangerous to our national survival; and that an able enemy of the democratic system has arisen and must be challenged.

Foreman and Raushenbush outline a six-point program that may enable us to meet the Nazi menace. First of all we must have an increase in our investments in Latin America along with a new type of investment that will operate to the mutual advantage of both the United States and the country invested in. Then we must have an all-American economy designed to industrialize the semi-colonial countries of Latin America and raise the standard of living throughout the entire hemisphere. Immediate steps must be taken to stave off Germany's economic thrusts, and we cannot afford to be niggardly in our spending to accomplish this purpose. We must develop roads, railroads, steam-

ship and air lines to facilitate trade and travel between the Americas; we must set up a systematic program of advertising ourselves in Latin America; and finally we must make democracy work in the United States before we can hope to sell it below the Rio Grande.

The weakness of the plan for the defense of the Americas lies, unfortunately, in the one area where Germany is strongest, and that is in the degree of governmental control over the economic policies of the nation. To stop Hitler's economic domination of Latin America will call for bold economic policies based on twentieth rather than eighteenth century thinking, for swiftness of action, for a long range view with almost no emphasis on immediate profits, and for a high degree of coördination between government and industry as well as between the various industries themselves; and, if the response of industrialists to the government's 1940 call for all-out aid to defense is any indication, we are not likely to be effective in any of these fields.

It is too soon to say that we will or will not eventually be dominated economically by the conqueror of Europe. But if we are, it will not be because there was no way to escape such domination, but rather because we preferred business as usual to national independence.

Foreman and Raushenbush have clearly pointed out the dangers we face and have indicated a plan whereby we may escape them. The degree to which we take heed of the dangers and utilize some such plan as they have worked out, may well prove to be the measure of the ability of democracy to survive.

LYLE SAUNDERS

No Life for a Lady, by Agnes Morley Cleaveland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1941. \$3.00.

Agnes Morley Cleaveland's *No Life for a Lady* fulfills the first requirement for a good autobiography: it presents an interesting personality. I liked Mrs. Cleaveland immensely, from the opening page when the tearful little girl with a Territory of New Mexico ribbon across her chest sends the Decoration Day parade back to put flowers on her father's neglected grave, to the last glimpse of her swapping yarns with another old-timer about a figger-4 roan. I followed her fortunes eagerly, and accepted the accounts of her own and her brother's hardy exploits because of the convincing reality of the woman who

emerges in these pages. There is a story going the rounds that her skeptical Eastern publishers made Agnes give a personal demonstration of her alleged ability to play the harmonica; but for my part, if she says she can play a harmonica or beat two scalawags in an all-night poker game, that settles it.

Another requirement for a good autobiography, of course, is that it shall be well written. This requisite is the downfall of many a memoir; for it is hard to write frankly and naturally about oneself and still make a good story of it. Mrs. Cleaveland is charmingly candid and simple, but she also has a gift for dramatizing herself and her companions. As a child seeing for the first time the Datil Canyon that is to be her home, she screams, "That's *my* mountain!" and takes possession of it for life. As a slender girl riding sidewise on a horse, Agnes risks her neck to head off two mules; and forty-five years later the very cowboy who saw her do it shows up to gild the memory of her daring exploit. She rides across her narrative at full gallop, and it is worth the reader's while to try to keep pace with her.

New Mexico readers doubtless recognize Agnes Morley Cleaveland without introduction; but the general public needs a word of explanation that she is the daughter of the famous William Raymond Morley who was chief construction engineer of the Santa Fe Railroad in the early days, and that after his premature death in the eighties Mrs. Morley and her children ran a very large cattle ranch in what is now Catron County, New Mexico. In spite of the efforts of them all, the Morleys gradually lost much of their land; but the children had each a bit of "steer-money" for a good education. Agnes grew up on a horse, and was doing virtually a cowhand's work when she was sent East to school at fourteen. Her education was later continued at the University of Michigan and at Stanford. In 1899 she was married to Newton Cleaveland and became a "visiting Californian," as she says, in view of the fact that she still counts New Mexico home.

Many years ago Mrs. Cleaveland used to write successful "westerns," and was influential in directing Eugene Manlove Rhodes into a literary career. After a long lapse, she was recently persuaded to complete her own life story and to enter it in the Houghton Mifflin contest. It is published as a Life in America Prize Book.

No Life for a Lady is an account of the author's childhood and youth on the ranch. The rest of her career—her education, marriage,

homemaking, motherhood—she touches lightly or omits entirely. With skill she selects the typical and colorful episodes of her cattle range days, and weaves them into a sort of chronological, topical pattern that leads the reader on with a surprising amount of suspense. The first two-thirds of the book, I think, is more entertaining than the later chapters, partly because she devotes overmuch space toward the end to her brother's activities. However, autobiographies have a way of "petering out" at the last. Witness the disappointing conclusion of *The Education of Henry Adams* and of Mary Austin's great *Earth Horizon*.

Mrs. Cleaveland recounts her youthful triumphs and mishaps with the easy assurance of the born tale-teller. Rarely has a woman so successfully mastered the art of telling frontier anecdotes. One has to re-read the book carefully to realize how rich it is in jokes and yarns, some of them well-worn folk material like the tale of Johnny Gollymike and the hant, which I have heard told with very slight variations in the hills of Stewart County, Tennessee.

Agnes Morley Cleaveland is the kind of American that has flourished on every frontier, vigorous and independent and bold. There must have been many other women like her, but very few have possessed her literary ability. *No Life for a Lady* is a good book, and good for you. I recommend it to all present-day Americans, and in particular to those who are fainthearted.

REBECCA W. SMITH

In My Mother's House, by Ann Nolan Clark. Illustrated by Velino Herrera. New York: The Viking Press, 1941. \$2.00.

In this book for children about the Tesuque Pueblo Indians, Mrs. Clark has done a good job and Velino Herrera's illustrations are charming. It should please all children.

It is particularly pleasant for me to make these comments, since I feel like a sort of mother to the book. It was I who first told Mrs. Clark at the Writers' Round Table Conference in Las Vegas that Indian children especially like "rhyme and rhythm," immediately before she entered the Indian Service and began teaching in Tesuque. And it was in my living room at the Santa Fe Indian Boarding School in 1918 that Velino Shije—later Velino Herrera—first painted Indian pictures as a lad

of thirteen, dressed in a black sateen shirt, which was a fine background for gay ties. During those three years that he painted daily in my home, we became great friends, naturally, so it is with delight that I view and enjoy these present illustrations of *In My Mother's House*, the proceeds of which have enabled him to make a "down payment" on an automobile for his family of industrious wife and three growing children.

But even if I were not prejudiced in its favor, the book deserves the immediate success which it has been accorded all over the country. The facts are authentic, which is not always true in books for children, and Mrs. Clark has the real Indian rhythm, gained from poems written in her classes by the Indian children themselves. It is also not too full of detailed information, but touches only the few entertaining highlights that children will grasp and enjoy.

In the book, she tells of the building of the house, the harvest, corn grinding, the closeness of the houses, Indian dances, council meetings, planting, irrigating, erosion, the value of land to the Indians, horses, cattle, sheep and goats, piñon nut gathering, wood hauling, herb collecting, hair washing, pottery, and wild life.

The title, with its universal appeal of home, has been wisely chosen. All of the verse is appealing. I shall quote a few choice bits:

See, brown fields,
 The sun shines for you;
 The sun will warm you,
 And make you happy.
 Soon the rains will come
 And wet you,
 And give you water
 For your baby corn seeds sleeping.
 The sun will call the corn seeds;
 The rain will call the corn seeds;
 They will push up;
 Little corn seeds will push up,
 Up through the broken ground,
 Little corn seeds growing.

And:

Lakes
 Are the holding-places
 For water,
 As the fireplace

Is the hold-place
For fire,
As the plaza
Is the hold-place
For people.

Also:

I have heard
That clouds gather
In the mountains,
And that rainbows
Make bridges
Over them.

I have heard
That mountains
Are the home
Of the winds
And the night.

Perhaps these things are true;
I have heard them.

I heartily recommend *In My Mother's House*.

ELIZABETH WILLIS DEHUFF

Mustangs and Cow Horses, edited by J. Frank Dobie, Mody C. Boatright, Harry H. Ransom. Austin: The Texas Folk-Lore Society, 1940. \$2.50.

Golden Mirages, by Phillip A. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1940. \$3.00.

Goldboat, by Belle Turnbull. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1940. \$2.00.

The galloping grandchildren of conquistadores' proud stallions; old Pegleg Smith stumping across the desert searching for his three gold buttes dark against a changing skyline; a goldboat "mad, unpredictable, pitching and wagging her head, spitting her tailings into the sump." There you have three books fairly oozing the romance of the West, of the Texas plains, the deserts of Arizona, the placer mines of Colorado. Enough western magic there to set a tourist to seeing visions of wild

white pacers behind every mesquite bush, golden treasure in every dry wash.

The Dobie book is a compilation of all the lore old-time westerners have ever thought or written about the range horse. Mr. Dobie says he selected his material not as choice literary treatments of the subject. Rather he tapped the rich and sometimes raw sources of old-timers' tales of the western horse to introduce to his readers these mustangs as personalities who helped make Texas history. And before you've finished with Black Kettle, Peepy-Jenny, Corazon and company, you'll find Mr. Dobie has done an excellent job of introduction. Such a job that you'll feel like going up to shake hands with the next cow pony you see grazing on the mesa, so intimately acquainted have you become with the family of range horse.

Yet in spite of his emphasis on the horse per se, Mr. Dobie's collection of anecdotes breathes with the underlying spirit of early Texas, its men as well as its horses. The story of Canebrake is typical. Canebrake, that fiery horse of the piney woods, snorting the unconquerable spirit of Texas in Reconstruction days, stamped to death a carpetbagging sheriff, and then won his freedom in a carpetbaggers' court of law to the click-click of great pocket knives menacingly thumbed by a Texas audience.

Mr. Dobie and his co-editors have certainly assembled a mass of material on the subject of the range horse. But in arrangement of this material the book is like one of its own wild mustangs, more kick in the rear than in the front. The first chronicles are devoted entirely to mustang genealogy and methods of capturing these wild herds. There's the usual typical touch of range man's callousness in the cool accounts of capture, too often concluded with a statement like this: "my bullet instead of creasing him, broke his neck, and the magnificent blue mustang dropped dead." And even in early days methods were boringly standardized, so that the book grows a bit wearisome in detail—so much detail that the most tender-footed reader ought to be able to go out and capture a few herds for himself if the galloping ghosts still ranged the mesas. It's a relief when Mr. Dobie turns from capture or slaughter to horse anecdotes. Yet all in all the editors have done well by mustang history and have made sense to the old saying: "In Texas the history of the horse is equally as important as that of his master."

Just as gold is more enticing to most people than horses, so Mr.

Bailey's *Golden Mirages* should hold the casual reader's interest better than Mr. Dobie's mustangs. Mr. Bailey, writing in the most plain and convincing way in the world, brings romantic visions of lost gold mines and massy golden treasures swimming before your eyes. In fact, the author himself must have been a bit apprehensive after he finished his book, alarmed lest he had made his maps and stories so authentic that they might start a long line of feverish gold seekers into the wilderness. So he concludes with a serious warning of the dangers that lurk among the burning reaches of mirage-swept sands for unwary gold hunters.

Pegleg Smith is the eternal desert rat who stumbles on golden nuggets at the summit of some dark hill, only to lose his landmarks and forever after wander the ways of the desert, seeking, seeking. Castañeda wrote in his narrative of the search for the Seven Cities of Cíbola "while they did not find riches, they found a place in which to search." This statement, according to Mr. Bailey, applies as well today to the many tales of the desert as it did in 1540, if it is made to read "they found gold, and having lost it, we now have a place in which to search." *Golden Mirages* amply supplies its readers with those mysterious places in which to search. It is not a book for the man with treasure-lust in his veins, unless he can leave his office chair or fireside to follow where Mr. Bailey's maps so urgently beckon.

The subject of Belle Turnbull's story in verse, *Goldboat*, is fascinating: an old steam gold dredge held fast in the Great Divide above a fortune in gold, not lost but unclaimed. The author's medium does not seem at first as happy as her subject. There's a Robert Service roll to her thunder of words, her rough language of the mine and mountain men seems too self-consciously rude, it swaggers a bit, as women did years ago when they first wore slacks in public. But as the novel in verse rolls on, its stride grows more natural. There's a thrilling swing to lines which take a driller's report and stamp out a rhythm of gold. The plot is unimportant: the honest young engineer building his goldboat with blood, sweat, and curses, the beautiful daughter of the unscrupulous mine promoter, the engineer's honor versus watered stock and porcelain-delicate love, and the mountain girl, Leafy, who gives honor a helping hand. Leafy receives the most tender line in *Goldboat*—"she is as quiet as a balsam spreading/ she is not pretty/ she is woman."

MARGARET PAGE HOOD

Utah, a Guide to the State, compiled by Workers of the Writers Program of the Works Projects Administration for the State of Utah. New York: Hastings House, 1941. \$2.50.

The volumes in the Guide Series in America are, first of all, group enterprises, solid pieces of work that have used the total resources of a community. The expert, the man with the hoe, a mass of records gathered from obscure attics and archives alike have all gone to produce these books. The Utah Guide follows the general pattern of the series in suggesting what to take with one on a vacation trip to the state, then launches seriously into all the facets of background, gives descriptions of cities and highways and dugways, with planned tours by road and rail well described, and goes on to a discussion of parks and primitive areas. The generous selection of pictures will encourage many readers to a thorough perusal of the book—readers who would begin with only a casual dip.

Necessarily the Guides have stressed the differentness of each section of America. Utah, so long a subject of moral and political controversy in the United States, emerges somewhat too readily as a state still bearing the earmarks of "peculiarity." For cursory acquaintance this is perhaps unavoidable and not too objectionable, but it seems a little unnecessary to find the Utah Guide at the outset remarking that most visitors now betray no disappointment at finding Mormons hornless. In the case of Idaho, the Guide managed to explode some of the fixed notions of what a frontier people were like, and this was a contribution to understanding as well as to curiosity.

But once past the section on the contemporary scene and the pride displayed there in the difference between Mormons and the rest of mankind, the Utah writers seem to have done a very thorough piece of work. Utah, with its wild mountains and highly eroded deserts, is unusually rich in spectacular scenery, and it is rich also in social history—prehistoric, Indian, and immigrant Mormon. The description of scenic attractions is well handled, and due space has been given to agriculture, mining, and industry, and to the purely scientific accounts of geological and other phenomena. Ethnological data on Indians are well represented both as to space and picture delineation, but "Utah," for most people, is almost synonymous with "Mormon."

The history section is largely devoted to Mormon history and is particularly well done. Most treatises have leaned to overemphasis

upon either the good or bad, depending upon prejudice; so the fair balance maintained in the Guide is refreshing and important. The compilers have not hesitated to distinguish between the myth taught in the Church and the historical fact, as for instance in the case of Brigham Young's visions of Salt Lake Valley as "the place" to settle; Young had studied all that was known of the region before ever leading his people westward in the great and continuous trek that ended so fortunately for the Church as an institution. On the other hand, the compilers do not hesitate to give credit for the accomplishment of so vast and complex a colonization to the able leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints. The Guide mentions that the Church is conservative and that members do not feel the need of doing something about the social problems that face them; and this in spite of the fact that Utah, in proportion to resources, admittedly supports more people than Japan and that every fourth person in the state has received relief since the beginning of Federal aid. The much publicized relief program of the Church is no answer to the need of providing for a population far in excess of resources in their present distribution.

LORENE PEARSON

A Field Guide to Western Birds, by Roger Tory Peterson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1941. \$2.75.

Although several field guides to western birds have appeared through the years, this new book by Peterson is the only one that can rightfully lay claim to such title in that it is the only guide that actually covers all the birds in the entire region west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1934 the same author published a highly creditable book entitled "A Field Guide to the Birds," which covered all North American species east of the Great Plains. Nevertheless, the present book is a distinct improvement over the former in that more attention is paid to voice. Some of the songs are interpreted by the use of a system of symbols so well developed by A. A. Saunders. The treatment is simple, direct, and complete. The author has worked out a system of identification which stresses the distinguishing characteristics of birds when seen at a distance. This is done by both descriptions and pattern diagrams, all species being pictured in one way or another. While there are only six pages of full color, these are used with discretion wherever color renders

identification more easy. The author takes the position that a consideration of color is often an unnecessary, if not confusing, factor in identification and uses it therefore sparingly. In the color plates true bird colors are poorly reproduced, but from a practical standpoint this is not a serious flaw since they do show color values and color relationships. Most field guides are difficult for the beginner to use, but this book with its emphasis upon critical field characters and avoidance of confusing detail makes possible its use by the layman. This is especially noticeable in the stress upon shape of body and body parts.

Despite the simple treatment and strong effort made to render the book useful to the beginner, the work is scholarly and carefully executed in every way, being sufficiently comprehensive to interest the seasoned student of birds. Pains are taken to indicate confusing groups with which the beginner is likely to have trouble and to clarify such situations as with the gulls (pp. 69-71), the flycatchers (p. 116), and the juncos (p. 189).

An excellent feature of the work is that the range of species is regularly instead of occasionally given as in many books on ornithology. However, rather too much reliance is placed upon the restriction of the various species to certain life zones. Anyone who has given much attention to the study of birds in the field is aware that few species remain within the confines of any one life zone.

E. F. CASTETTER

LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

Not since 1891, according to the "old-timers," has rain in New Mexico been the cause of wonder, or an umbrella the cause of envy. Never since that time have the mesas been so green, the Pentstemon so tall, the Mariposa lilies so lovely. Even those allergic to tamarisk were silenced this spring by the beauty of towering rose and lavender plumes sweeping across every valley.

The preceding paragraph was written mainly to intensify the nostalgia of New Mexicans far from home, a disease which is always virulent, but especially so at this particular season of the year. Just for the sake of the record, and for the benefit of future weather statisticians, we should like to add that at the final rehearsal of the Senior Shakespeare play, traditionally given during Commencement week on the campus of the University of New Mexico, the merrie wives of Windsor and Mistress Quickly topped their Elizabethan costumes with fur coats. Falstaff and Dr. Caius built a bonfire at the rear of the outdoor stage, around which the less fortunate members of the cast waited for their cues huddled in blankets. A few might be interested in knowing that the directors froze. This is not a tall tale.

The presence of many distinguished visitors high-lighted the late spring and summer months here. Among them were playwright Thomas Phipps and his charming actress-wife, en route from a two-year stay in Hollywood to their home in Tryon, North Carolina. Mr. Phipps is a nephew of the American-born Lady Astor, and although a product of Eton and the modern British literary world, his favorite authors are the French stylists Flaubert and Proust.

One will never forget Dr. Louise Pound or her lecture last month at the University under the auspices of the English department. One can readily understand why her classes at the University of Nebraska often top the four hundred mark in registration, and never fall below

the hundred line. Equally charming is the famous scholar's sister, Olivia, who reminisced delightfully about their friend Willa Cather. Most of the characters in Miss Cather's books are in reality Nebraska people, according to these intimate friends of the author. Lucy Gayheart is a lovely girl whom they all know and love. "Paul's Case" is a true story, and when it appeared in *McClure's Magazine* just after the turn of the century, Nebraska people were surprised, and a few resentful. *A Lost Lady* is also based on fact, and most of the characters in *One of Ours* are mutual friends of the Cathers and Pounds. "Of course," said Miss Olivia Pound, "we all think that the best book that Willa ever wrote is *Death Comes for the Archbishop*."

Lorene Pearson, whose novel of the Mormons, *The Harvest Waits*, is being featured by Bobbs-Merrill on their fall list, took nine years in writing the book. She believes writing it might have been easier if she had followed the more usual procedure of writing an autobiographical novel first and discarding it. *The Harvest Waits* is an ambitious piece of writing, and the whole technique of writing a novel had to be learned, Mrs. Pearson says, while she was working with it, and many revisions had to be made. She also had to make extensive firsthand studies of communities in Utah, and do a great deal of research in the Mormon library at Salt Lake City. When she took the first draft of the first half of the novel to the writers' conference at Boulder in 1936, she had several reactions. Novelist T. S. Stripling singled it out for condemnation from among two dozen or more novels submitted at the conference; in a lecture at the conference he read one paragraph and said that it was a beautiful bit of writing in a desert of words. (The paragraph is not in the final version of the novel.) Martha Foley, editor of *Story* magazine, read a few pages and advised Mrs. Pearson to abandon the project. It was Robert Penn Warren who gave her great encouragement and many helpful suggestions for revising the work.

Dorothy Greenwood, of the Villagra Book Shop in Santa Fe, is the proud owner of the very first edition of Ann Nolan Clarke's beautiful book, *In My Mother's House*. The author, who teaches at Tesuque, states in the preface of her recently published book that her third grade children were badly in need of a geography and workbook that would supplement each other and that could be used together. Under her direction the children wrote their own book, illustrated it in crayon, and bound it in red calico. This is the book that Mrs. Greenwood so

proudly displays. It seems that a representative of the Viking Press saw the book, and realized its sales appeal and value. Velino Herrera reproduced the children's drawings of maps, houses, and people in water color, but no changes were made in the text; the result is an authentic book on the background and life of the Indian village children told in a rhythmical style.

Not many people know that Lucile Welch, English teacher at the Albuquerque High School, is a prolific "tec" writer, because she has written under a nom de plume for the past five years. She can dash off a short story with the ease of a Butterick fashion designer. "Nothing to it," says Lucile, modestly, "once you get a formula." She must have a perfect one because her publishers take anything she sends them. Her summer activities, besides whipping up mysteries, have including knitting for the Red Cross. To date she has made four sweaters.

"All you have to do in order to sell articles to trade journals is to get the proper slant on the commodity," say Margaret Byrnes, who is not only winning a thrilling fight back to health, but making a reputation for herself in the magazine world. Other articles sold recently by Miss Byrnes include "Indian Rhythms," to *Musical Courier*, and "A New Mexico Living Room," to *Interiors*. "Writing is lots of fun," says Miss Byrnes, who is out of bed now for the first time in ten years.

Two new books of poems were issued in July by Alan Swallow and Horace Critchlow at the Big Mountain Press in Albuquerque. One was *Fool's Fable*, by Richard Lake, a private stationed at the Air Base in Albuquerque, formerly connected editorially with Caxton Printers and the magazine *Frontier and Midland*. The second is *Score for This Watch*, by James Franklin Lewis, who teaches chemistry in Mississippi State College. Both Private Lake and Dr. Lewis have been represented by work in recent issues of this magazine. The Big Mountain Press has received wide publicity, encouragement, and congratulations from publishers throughout the West.

The August selection of the Literary Guild of America was *Great Short Novels*, an anthology compiled by Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The book contains twelve short novels by such famous authors as Laurence Sterne, Herman Melville, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, Virginia Woolf, Thornton Wilder, DuBose Heyward, John Steinbeck, Joan Kenyon MacKenzie, Ralph Hale Mottram, and Conrad Richter. A significant book certainly, but

the inclusion of Mr. Richter's *Sea of Grass* brings honor to the state of New Mexico, and his many friends and admirers here are proud of his ever increasing literary recognition and significance.

As all the Scripps-Howard reading world knows, Ernie Pyle now calls Albuquerque home, much to our pride and joy. His recently published book, *Ernie Pyle in England*, had a tremendous sale here, of course, as well as throughout the country. In our opinion, the famous columnist's tribute to his mother, written shortly after her death, will be ranked with William Allen White's similar column, "Mary White," which up to this time has remained the classic example of such reporting. Quentin Reynold's statement in his recently published *London Diary* that the best chili stew in the world is made at Carrizozo, New Mexico, recalled the fact that in 1934 this now world-famous newspaper man lived at Carlsbad, New Mexico, and edited a paper called the *Cavern City Chronicle*.

Fall publications just announced by the University of New Mexico Press include a very important volume in the Coronado Historical Series called *Revolt of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico*, by Charles W. Hackett. Another volume in the Quivira Society series, a translation by H. B. Carroll and J. V. Haggard, edited by Dean George P. Hammond of the University of New Mexico, will also be on the fall list of the University Press. Local friends of John G. Neihardt will be interested in the announcement by Macmillan Company that his epic "Cycle of the West" will be completed this fall with the publication of *The Song of Jed Smith. Diary and Letters of Josiah Gregg; Southwestern Enterprises, 1840-47*, edited by Maurice Garland Fulton, a recent publication of the University of Oklahoma Press, is being widely reviewed. The introduction to the new book on the famous trader-explorer was written by Paul Horgan, who, according to the *New York Times*, has "unearthed a great amount of new material."

The many friends of Dorothy and Nils Hogner will be interested in knowing that Nils recently held a one-man show in New York City, and that Dorothy's latest book, *Smoky*, will be an early fall publication. . . . *All of Their Lives*, by Myron Brinig, a spring publication, has for its central character Mabel Dodge Luhan of Taos. . . . Emily Hahn, author of *The Soong Sisters*, a biography of the three sisters who rule modern China, lived in Santa Fe for several years, and has many friends there and in Albuquerque. . . . Mrs. Frank Andrews spent three years in writ-

LOS PAISANOS

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ing her recently published book, *Red Chili*. . . The New Mexico Book Store reports *The Bamboo Blonde*, by Dorothy B. Hughes, a sell-out.

Hasta la proxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

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CONTRIBUTORS

Lloyd Mallan's translations of poems by Federico García Lorca have appeared in the *Southern Review*, the *New Mexico Quarterly*, and other magazines. Mr. Mallan appears in this issue as the author of a reprinted article and of some poetic translations.

Alan Swallow, poet, printer, and teacher of English in the University of New Mexico, has been a frequent contributor to the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Richard Lake, now stationed at the Albuquerque Air Base, formerly an assistant editor of *Frontier and Midland*, has contributed poems and stories to numerous magazines. The previous issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW contained some poems by him.

Joshua Missal, who took a master's degree recently at the music school of the University of Rochester, is an Albuquerque music teacher and conductor of the Albuquerque Philharmonic Orchestra. Compositions by Mr. Missal have been played by orchestras in Rochester and other cities.

LeRoy S. Peters, a practicing physician in Albuquerque, New Mexico, nationally known specialist in diseases of the chest, has long been interested in problems of public health.

Boyce Eakin, of Connecticut, and Taos, New Mexico, with his story "Prairies" makes his first contribution to a magazine.

Louis L'Amour, Oklahoma lecturer, reviewer, and story writer, is an old contributor to the QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Spud Johnson, Taos newspaper man, columnist, and formerly editor of the *Laughing Horse*, will contribute his column "On and On" regularly to the QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Elizabeth Martin Ouellet, of Manhattan Beach, California, has, according to her own testimony, been writing poetry and stories for some four or five years. "A House for Jenny" is her first published story.

Joaquín Ortega, formerly professor of Spanish in the University of Wisconsin, now director of the School of Inter-American Affairs in the University of New Mexico, began his series of epigrams in the preceding issue of the QUARTERLY REVIEW. "Insects on a Pin" will be continued.

Among the poets, C. V. Wicker, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Haldeen Braddy, of Fort Worth, Texas, have contributed previously to this magazine. Joseph Leonard Grucci, who appears in this number as poet and as translator, lives in Pittsburgh. Edwin Honig was until recently a graduate student of the University of Wisconsin. J. Patrick Byrne, thoroughly Irish and proud of it, with "no interests outside Ireland," lives in Toronto, Canada. He has contributed to numerous Irish and English magazines, and in the United States to the *Virginia Quarterly Review* and *Accent*, among other publications.

The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW is happy to present random translations from the works of various Latin American contemporary poets: Pablo Neruda, of Chile; Justo G. Desein Merlo, of Argentina; Esperanza Figueroa and Nicolas Guillen, of Cuba; Ignacio Lasso, of Ecuador; and Enrique González Rojo, of Mexico. For permission to print these translations the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW is indebted to the original authors and to Lloyd Mallan and Leonard Joseph Grucci, the translators, who have the United States rights for translation and republication.

George Snell, an editor of the *Rocky Mountain Review*, has published numerous stories and reviews.

Thomas C. Donnelly, Albert R. Lopes, and E. F. Castetter are all teachers at the University of New Mexico. Lyle Saunders, University graduate, now teaches at Tucumcari, New Mexico. Rebecca W. Smith, who teaches English at Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, is co-author of *Southwest Heritage*. Elizabeth W. DeHuff, of Santa Fe, is the author of several popular children's books. Margaret Page Hood, a newspaper woman of Las Cruces, New Mexico, has been a frequent contributor to this magazine. Lorene Pearson's novel about Utah, *The Harvest Waits*, will be published on September 15.

THE POET, THE PEOPLE, AND THE HEMISPHERE¹

Lloyd Mallan

THERE IS something strange in the world today, a new force glorifying death, sanctifying treachery and destruction. There is a maggot in the round apple of the earth, gnawing madly, moving swiftly for its heart. Why does the maggot grow fat and strengthen when its food is the blood of men, their dreams, their very brains? Why does this weird new force exist?

I need not elaborate on the decadence of Nazism, nor on the anti-cultural aspects of its primitive philosophy, for this has been done many times before. The great question today is, rather: How may we crush it? This is quite a simple question in itself, but it involves many methods, many implications. Not the least of these methods is the cultural one; it is, in fact, the most important one, for in the end it will provide the key to the salvation of mankind, of civilization. I intend to speak only about some of the implications under this one method, in the field I am most familiar with: literature.

I believe that literature brings people together because it mirrors human dignity. All great literature of the past has, in one way or another, done this; all great literature of the future must, of necessity, follow the same pattern.

Man's struggle against the evil forces about him has always been a noble theme of classical literature. Today, the evil forces are not

¹ [Editor's Note] This article, by permission of author and publishers, is here reprinted from *Argentina Libre*, issues of June 19 and June 26. *Argentina Libre*, published in Buenos Aires and edited by Alfredo de la Guardia, is well liked by Argentinan liberals and intellectuals for its consistent democratic and anti-Nazi stand. The work of Lloyd Mallan, Joseph Grucci, C. V. Wicker, and the editors of *Fantasy*—all of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—in bringing United States authors to the attention of Latin America and, better still, in translating and publishing Latin American authors in magazines in the United States, is to be highly commended and gratefully applauded.

merely the specialized ones that surround a single man or group of men in a particular place; they are forces that affect men everywhere. Nazism is unquestionably an enemy to culture, thus to literature, and, by nature, the reverse must also be true. The character of Hitlerism is rigidly national; the character of literature is international.

Throughout the continents of America today there is a vigorous peoples' art, and this is not only a healthy thing, but a happy one as well, for it makes possible the genuine unity of our hemisphere; it makes possible a real pro-human unity, against which Nazism and Fascism will be helpless.

Literature takes various forms, various expressions, and this is partially due to geographical location, partially to economic conditions. Here, in North America, we have no gypsies, hence we have no Garcia Lorca; but we do have a Jesse Stuart, who has lived all his life among the mountain people of Kentucky, and whose wildly beautiful short stories reflect the speech and the elementary existence of these "hill-billies." The stories of Jesse Stuart are filled with a tender humor, with a deep understanding of nature; his people and the land they live upon are one, just as Andalusia and Garcia Lorca are the same thing. But in Jesse Stuart the laughter is hearty and of the earth—it is the laughter of wholesome love, without the neurosis of the cities; while in Garcia Lorca the laughter is forever tragic—the gypsies of Andalusia live hard lives, and they do not have the advantages of Stuart's mountain people; they do not farm their own land, they depend on others for their food, they are eternally pursued by the Civil Guard, by cruel tradition, by the bitter ironies of love or fate. Yet, on the other hand, Antonito el Camborio in all his tragic simplicity may be found, dressed in different clothes, in the steel mills of Homestead, Pennsylvania, where the Civil Guard changes name to the Coal and Iron Police; and there in Homestead, too, Preciosa may not run from the green wind nor from San Cristobalon of the heavenly tongue, but the black smoke tries to catch her with gritty fingers, and tongues not quite so heavenly whisper in her ear as she tries to flee, but cannot. And just as certainly I have met the mountain people of Jesse Stuart in the saffron fields of Tarrazona de la Mancha.

A glance at our North American best-seller lists of the past several years will show how closely related are the aspirations, problems, and thoughts of our two continents. Our recent best-selling books include

Grapes of Wrath, a novel inspired by the dispossessed farmers of the Southwest; *Christ in Concrete*, a study of Italian laborers in the United States; *Native Son*, which presents the social problem of the oppressed Negro; *Now in November*, the farmer of the Middle West struggling against man and nature to be able to live; *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, about the people in a small Southern town who fight the violent prejudices there against the "poor-white" and Negro, who cry out for human understanding and sympathy; *Look Homeward, Angel*, *Of Time and the River*, *You Can't Go Home Again*, the great trilogy of Thomas Wolfe, showing in epic manner the progressively changing point of view of a North American boyhood, young manhood, and finally, manhood itself, and the beginnings of maturity. There are many others, too numerous to go on mentioning.

Similarly, in Latin America we find a literature traditionally rooted in folklore, in the struggles of the people against their oppressors, and in the poetry of nature. At random, there comes to my mind the wonderful social ballads of the Afro-Cuban, Nicolas Guillen; "Espana en el corazon" and the many other works of the Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda; the strong social prose-poems of Pablo de Rokha; the fine novels, so beautifully cadenced and impassioned that they might easily be broken up into verse, of Eduardo Mallea of the Argentine; the work of Jorge Icaza of Ecuador, who champions and portrays the sufferings of the Indians and half-breeds in much the same manner as our own John Steinbeck paints the lonely ranch hands and disinherited of the Salinas River Valley in California. Here, too, there are many others, too many to mention, from Mexico, Costa Rica, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela, Brazil, and on through the twenty Latin republics.

So the seeds for a profound unity of the peoples of America exist, and it is left to us to fertilize them. One important way this may be done is through a large-scale interchange of our literatures. I believe that especially the writers and intellectuals should cooperate in every way possible to bring this about. There is much work to be done; much more to be undone—we in the United States have not been without blame; we have not been named "Colossus of the North" for nothing; our whole conception of Latin America, until recently, has been that of a nice juicy continent to exploit for raw materials, for fruits, for chemicals. Our relationships, the North with the South and the South with the North, have never included the peoples. But now,

today, this must begin; our people must meet and know each other; and together our people must struggle against a common enemy, for our people, *all* people, have a common interest.

In the United States there is beginning a spontaneous awakening consciousness of things Spanish among the intellectuals. They are widening their scope, learning at last that there is a whole important literature and art to the South of us, a literature and art of extreme sensitivity and beauty. The literary magazines of my country, both experimental and established, have been publishing an increasing number of translations of the works of Latin American and Spanish writers, mainly poets thus far. *Poetry Magazine* has devoted an entire issue to Latin Americans; *Esquire* has published many pieces on the Spanish Civil War, and translations of Garcia Lorca; the *Southern Review*, best of our literary quarterlies, has devoted its complete poetry section (some fifteen pages) in the Winter, 1940-41, issue to Garcia Lorca also, and the editors express a deep willingness to publish other translations; *Fantasy*, *The New Mexico Quarterly Review*, *Twice a Year*, *Diogenes*, are among the most important of our experimental magazines regularly printing translations; *Kenyon Review*, one of our foremost critical magazines, runs in each issue a survey of Mexican art, literature, music, and theatre.

I think, as I have already suggested, that large-scale distribution of each other's literature on our respective continents in our respective languages is of the utmost importance. Our magazines and yours should publish writers from either the North or the South *together* in every issue; our bookpublishers and yours should interchange their lists. (By literature here I mean all kinds, not merely the serious and experimental.) In this way we will soon enough realize that all of us are *people*, not only gauchos and tango dancers or Al Capones and egotistical exploiters of the "dollar." Our literatures will combine the best that each has to offer, and as our ties grow stronger with the years, we may well have a Hemisphere Literature, a Hemisphere Culture, surpassing any yet known to man. Forgive me if I seem to day-dream a little now, but all this is very possible; your short story and novel could learn from ours, and our biography and poetry have much to learn from yours. And there is so little discrimination in Latin America against the Negro, the Chinese, against racial and color minorities in general, since much of your wonderful poetry and literature is rooted

in the folkways of these people, you will help, also, to destroy such discrimination here, where there is entirely too much of it. (The philosophy of Nazism is able to survive, in large part, because it is able to spread discriminatory hates among the people; because it is able to have the Jews, the Catholics, the Negroes, and other "non-Aryans" persecuted for mythical crimes; because it is able in this way to shatter the peoples' unity.)

* * *

The real enemies of the people are not of the people themselves; but they are the ones who depend on the creative power, on the strength of the people to keep them alive. And ironically, to go on living as parasites, they must do everything possible to curtail the creative processes of the people. In other words, their major occupation is, of necessity, to keep the people separated, to keep them hating among themselves, so that they will be blinded to the true reasons for poverty, suffering, and to their own value. The more educated the people become, the more violently do these enemies try to blind them. Then the day arrives when the enemies, in terror, realize that the people understand; on that day the enemy begins to strike with physical force. This was so in Loyalist Spain; in the France of the Popular Front; it is yet true of the struggles of the Chinese. It is the reason for a Hitler in the world.

And this brings us to an interesting contradiction: although Nazism and Fascism are essentially nationalistic in character, their interests are international; in Holland, Belgium, France, the enemies of those peoples were born Dutchmen, Belgians, Frenchmen. These were the men who would profit individually by a Nazi victory, the men who saw that the people were becoming too unified, too strong, who saw also that trickery would no longer split the people, and that sheer force was necessary.

Yet these men who recognize no mother-country, whose loyalty is only to themselves and their class, whose sole interest is in keeping what they have at every cost, are the very men who forever cry, "Viva la patria!" For, the louder they cry this, the more noble they make themselves seem to many of the people, and the easier it is for them to hide the real issues involved.

By the very nature of their interests, these enemies have to be men in high places. They should be carefully watched for, since in most

instances they have the respect that seems to go with wealth. *They are the brains behind all Fifth Columns.*

I should like to quote Herr Hitler himself, from *Mein Kampf*, on the Americas, and on his allies here: "Latin America—we shall create a new Germany there. We have a right to this continent. . . . Do you think that's so difficult? I think we [the Nazis] are capable of it. We shall not land troops like William the Conqueror and gain Brazil by the strength of arms. *Our weapons are not visible ones* [italics are the author's]. . . . We shall soon have storm troopers in America. . . ." And again, in a letter to Otto Strasser, May 21, 1930, Hitler says: "The Nordic race has a right to rule the world. We must make this right the guiding star of our foreign policy."

But just as Herr Hitler has his invisible weapons of attack in all countries, so do we have our invisible weapons of defense. Our weapons are love, understanding, and sympathy; just as his are the traitors who manipulate hates (new and traditional), fear, suspicion, and treachery. And our basic task, I feel, is not so much fighting Hitler on the battlefield—which I deeply hope we may be able to avoid—as it is to struggle against the spreading of his dark philosophy of ignorance.

We must say to him strongly, "We are a united *people* in this Western Hemisphere; we are a living and breathing people; we do not want your system of death, so don't you roll those mad eyes of yours in this direction! And if he *knows* that the North and the South of this Hemisphere are one, if he *knows* that he can get no foothold here, that we know the faces of his allies here (though many of them pretend to be against him), that *all the people* stand with folded arms along every inch of every coast of our two continents, he will not even try; for Herr Hitler may be a madman, but he is no fool, and he is not the sort to commit suicide at any time.

INDUCTION AS POETIC METHOD¹

Alan Swallow

IN CHAUCER'S "Franklin's Tale" Dorigen decides she will choose suicide rather than defamation of her virtue. She reflects upon the matter in the following terms:

"Allas," quod she, "on thee, Fortune, I pleyne,
That unwar wrapped hast me in thy cheyne,
Fro which t'escape woot I no socour,
Save oonly deeth or elles dishounour;
Oon of this two bihoveth me to chese.
But nathelees, yet have I levere to lese
My lif than of my body to have a shame,
Or knowe myselven fals, or lese my name;
And with my deth I may be quyt, ywis.
Hath ther nat many a noble wyf er this,
And many a mayde, yslayn hirself, allas!
Rather than with hir body doon trespas?

(The Canterbury Tales, F 1355-66.)

Following this she calls to mind a great number of women who have chosen suicide rather than to allow their bodies to be defamed, listing them as illustrations of the moral principle involved.

A convenient comparison from an Elizabethan source is afforded by Hamlet's thoughts on suicide:

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;

¹ [Editor's Note] This is the second installment of a three-part historical study by Dr. Swallow of the relations between literary method and philosophical and psychological patterns which underlie it. The first part was "Allegory as Literary Method," THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, X (1940), 147-57; the final part will be published in a future issue.

No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
 To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. . . .

(*Hamlet*, III, 1, 56-68.)

Or another convenient comparison of the method of Chaucer and of Shakespeare is afforded by their treatment of the Troilus story. In the Chaucer version, Troilus answers, when in the parting scene Criseyde asks that he be true:

To this answerde Troilus and seyde,
 "Now God, to whom ther nys no cause ywrye,
 Me glade, as wys I nevere unto Criseyde,
 Syn thilke day I saugh hire first with ye,
 Was fals, ne nevere shal til that I dye.
 At shorte wordes, wel ye may me leve:
 I kan na more, it shal be founde at preve."

(*Troilus and Criseyde*, IV, 1653-9.)

In Shakespeare's version, Troilus replies to a similar request:

Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
 Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
 Is "plain and true;" there's all the reach of it.

(*Troilus and Cressida*, IV, IV, 104-10.)

These passages may be compared on two important counts: first, the difference in the fulness and function of the imagery; and, second, the differences in the philosophical and psychological assumptions lying behind the uses of the imagery.

On the first point we may notice that the passages from Chaucer are relatively bare of imagery; there is only one image in both passages, and that a non-ambitious one, in the reference to Fortune's "cheyne." Other passages occur in Chaucer with greater liberality in the use of imagery, particularly descriptive imagery of a sort which renders his

close observations accurately and richly; but there remains a positive difference, even on the quantitative ground, between Chaucer's practice and the characteristic practice of Shakespeare and other Elizabethans. There is, further, a characteristic difference in function. Chaucer, in these passages, is dealing with situations which, in themselves, are of great emotional and psychological importance, but his treatment is primarily in terms of statement and of exemplary illustration.

In the first passages from Shakespeare, only slightly more than a third of the lines of the soliloquy are quoted, but they are sufficient to show the method. The two possible choices before the speaker are recognized, and as his thought pursues one or the other of the choices the possibility of the choice comes to him clearly with the impact of images. As these imaged consequences come to mind, the speaker moves rapidly from one attitude to another in response to the thought and the image. The psychological character of the experience is rendered fully and precisely. The *Troilus* passage also shows a psychological interest, for it is a piece of psychological self-analysis. And Shakespeare's practice of conveying the detailed psychological character of the experience in terms of imagery distinguishes his method from Chaucer's.

II

What lies behind this shift in poetic method? Chaucer's work as a whole, of course, represents a mixed case as far as method is concerned, for he was acquainted with some early Italian Renaissance work and made use of this knowledge in the occasional psychological interest in the *Troilus* and *The Canterbury Tales*. But, as was shown in my paper on allegory, medieval method most often generalized experience in poetry. The interest in the experience is directed towards the moral and theological implications of the experience. The attention is turned away from the individual, specific experience to abstract principles, which are the "explanations" of the experience and which are the source of the real interest behind the poetry. A popular practice, for example, with Chaucer as with others, was that of *illustrating* the theme, of seeking out *exempla* of the central theme. As Renwick comments:

The mediaeval man kept things separate, and attended to one at a time. The Griselda of the Clerk's Tale, for instance, offends the modern reader by her lack of proper pride; the Clerk's Tale,

however, is not about proper pride, but about patience. So also the passivity of Emily in the Knight's Tale is sometimes cited as a social document, evidence for the position of women in the Middle Ages, but the Knight's Tale is not about the relations of a young lady with two young men who are fighting for her, nor about her ideas or emotions, but about the relations of two friends who find themselves in enmity, and about the proper conduct of their quarrel.²

The medieval method is prominently a deductive, illustrative one. The type of interest represented in the poetry is not personal, individual, and psychological, but is generalized, moral, and theoretical.

Residues of the same approach appear in the Renaissance period, Spenser's *Faerie Queene* being the outstanding example. Mainly, however, the method provides in Renaissance hold-overs a convenient framework which is filled with some of the immediate interest in experience characteristic of the best Renaissance practice. One such hold-over is the personification of the virtues and the vices. In an intermediate stage, represented by Skelton's *Bouge of Court*, a vice is given a personal name and is described in these terms:

Upon his breast he bear a versing-box,
His throat was clear, and lustily could fain.
Methought his gown was all furred with fox,
And ever he sang, "*Sith I am nothing plain. . . .*"
To keep him from picking it was a greate pain:
He gazed on me with his goatish beard,
When I looked at him my purse was half-afeard.³

In later work, such as Nashe's *Pierce Penilesse*, sins are described with even greater particularity and less suggestion of the generalized figure. Here is one paragraph from Nashe's description of greediness:

Famine, Lent, and dessolation, sit in Onyon skind iackets before the doore of his indurance, as a *Chorus* in the Tragedy of Hospitality, to tell hunger, and pouertie thers no reliefe for them there: and in the innter part of his ugly habitation stands Greed-inesse, prepared to deuoure all that enter, attyred in a Capouch of written parchment, buttond downe before with Labels of wax, and lined with sheepes fles for warmenes: his Cappe furd with cats skines, after the Muscouie fashion, and all to be tasseld

² W. L. Renwick, *Edmund Spenser* (London: Edward Arnold and Co., 1925), p. 151.

³ *The Complete Poems of John Skelton*, edited by Philip Henderson (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1931), p. 46.

with Angle-hooks, in stead of Aglets, ready to catch hold of all those to whom he shewes any humbleness; for his breeches, they were made of the lists of broad cloaths, which he had by letters pattents assured him and his heyres, to the vtter ouerthrowe of Bowcases and Cushin makers, and bumbasted they were, like Beerebarrels, with statute Marchants and forfeitures. But of all, his shooes were the strangest, which, being nothing els but a couple of crab shells, were toothed at the tooes with two sharp sixpennie nailes, and digd vp euery dunghill they came by for gould, and snarld at the stones as he went in the street, because they were so common for men, women, and children to tread vpon, and he could not devise how to wrest an odde fine out of any of them.⁴

With the coming of the Renaissance the center of man's interest had shifted, in philosophy and psychology as well as in literature. It shifted from the generalized, categorical explanations of experience to its particular aspects.

This separation of human functions and interests could not last for ever, and when it weakened there began the Renaissance. . . . the discovery of the central inclusive facts of Life. On one hand the evasion of temperament broke down the dominion of mediaeval intellectualism, leading philosophy away from metaphysics, which exercised only logic, to ethics, which implies the co-operation with intellect of intuition and feeling; and on the other hand it removed ethics from the sole jurisdiction of dogmatic and inexpugnable ecclesiasticism, to be examined in the light of thought and experience. Men discovered that their own actions and emotions were really the most interesting subject in the world, and felt they were not receiving the serious attention they deserved.⁵

With the Renaissance man the particular situation was at the threshold of interest. His attention began to center in the experience itself, and to proceed, whenever a principle was needed for explanation of the experience, from the experience to the principle—in other words, in precisely the opposite direction to the one common to the Middle Ages.

In logic and science the Renaissance man abandoned the great interest of the Middle Ages in the final or spiritual "cause" or explan-

⁴ *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, edited by Ronald B. McKerrow (London: Sidgwick and Jackson, 1910), I, 166.

⁵ Renwick, *op. cit.*, pp. 151-2.

ation of experience. He turned more and more rapidly to the natural causes, which required observation of experience, until by the end of the seventeenth century, with Newton and the Royal Society, modern science was well under way. In the field of conduct and morals Machiavelli led the way to a new inductive positivistic approach. In drama, as Farnham points out, tragedy had formerly been the result of "a manifestation of man's powerlessness in an irrational world"; but with the Elizabethans tragedy is the outcome of character, either its vices, or, as in Shakespeare's best tragedies, its excess of good characteristics.⁶

The new logic set its foundation in sensation. Bernardinus Telesius (1508-1588) expressed the doctrine: "Sensation and appetite are modes of action of the *spiritus*; cognitive phenomena are reduced to transformations of sensation."⁷ In other words, the center of knowledge Co., 1926), I, 276.

is sensation, is the particulars of experience. Campanella (1568-1639), developing Telesius' doctrine,

lays down the thesis that all knowledge comes from sensation, and that the latter is a purely passive act which does not require the intervention of intentional species. What we call a general concept is but a weakened form or schematic *résumé* of sensation. Observation is accordingly the foundation of knowledge. . . .⁸

The importance of this shift in thought is indicated by the fact that this doctrine seems but a preamble to the thought of the English empiricists and to the central problem of the philosophical thinking of the last four centuries.

III

This new inductive approach to experience demanded a new method of handling the experience for poetry. The psychological interest and the dependence upon imagery characteristic of the new practice have been demonstrated in the passages from Shakespeare quoted at the beginning of this essay. Further techniques may well be illustrated by quotations also from Shakespeare:

⁶ Willard Farnham, *The Medieval Heritage of Elizabethan Tragedy* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1936), p. 309.

⁷ Maurice de Wulf, *History of Mediaeval Philosophy* (London: Longmans, Green and

⁸ *Ibid.*

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
 Now is the time that face should form another;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
 For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
 Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
 But if thou liv'st, rememb'ed not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.
 (Sonnet 3.)

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood. . . .
 (Sonnet 19.)

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang. . . .
 (Sonnet 73.)

Without going into a detailed analysis of these passages, it will be observed that the techniques relied upon here include a highly dramatic structure for the poem, a dependence upon metaphor and image, word play, and an adaptation of metrics to the psychological and dramatic movement of the poem. In what way were these techniques demanded by the psychology and philosophy of the Renaissance?

The first master of Renaissance poetry, and one to whom all other Renaissance poets either directly or indirectly owed a great debt, was Petrarch. And Petrarch's most famous poetry is love poetry. The world of love poetry is a psychological world; it is concerned with one person's feelings for another, and with the relationship between these individuals. The difference between the love poetry of the two periods, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, is one of method of treatment; and the treatment accorded it by Petrarch and his followers is an illustration of the Renaissance interest in the inductive approach to the psychological experience. As De Sanctis says:

The world of Petrarch is smaller than the world of Dante, is barely a tiny fragment of the vast Dantesque synthesis. But the small fragment has been turned into a perfect and rich thing in itself—a full, developed, analyzed world, complete and real, with every secret corner searched and characterized in its smallest details. . . . Love, set free at last from the universal things that had wrapped it round, is no longer a concept or a symbol, but is sentiment; and Petrarch, the lover, who is permanently in the centre of his own stage, depicts the story of his soul, exploited indefatigably by himself.⁹

The problem for such a poet, given such detailed interest in the psychological experience and such detailed analysis of it, was to find appropriate techniques for communicating this interest and analysis. This required a means of establishing an imaginative equivalent or objectification in language, so that the reader could, in the terms of the language, "re-create" the experience indicated by the poet. Then for our purposes here, the technical practices finally developed for the purpose may be justified by their ability to express the actual character of such analyzed experience; though the tendency to make this the final justification is to be guarded against; the final justification of any technical usage is an empirical one, but in relation to the product; the technical device is good or bad in a particular poem by reason of its ability or failure to aid in achieving that intelligent concentration of experience which we may expect of good poetry.

The love poetry of Petrarch derives some of its attitudes from the courtly love tradition, and in it we find the subjection of the lover to the Lady, and the figures of the lover, the Lady, and often the personification of Love. The poetry of Petrarch, however, is not simply a description of love nor even a description of the subtle psychological character of the love-experience. In his experience of love was an actual conflict, a conflict between physical desire and spiritual desire for the loved-one. The courtly love code was not his theme; rather, behind the courtly love machinery lay his basic theme, and that basic theme was a dramatic struggle in his experience.

⁹ Francesco de Sanctis, *History of Italian Literature* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1931), I, 270. This psychological interest was not limited to the love-experience or to Petrarch; it was a characteristic of the Renaissance, as noted by W. Windelband: "The modern mind, which had taken up into itself the achievements of later antiquity and of the Middle Ages, appears from the beginning as having attained a stronger self-consciousness, as internalised, and as having penetrated deeper into its own nature, in comparison with the ancient mind." *A History of Philosophy* (New York: Macmillan, 1907), p. 350.

It is obvious, then, that the general pattern of the love-experience of the Petrarchan mold provides a substance readily dramatized. In the first place, there are the conventional figures given, lover, Lady, and Love. Each has a code of expected action, and since the Lady was usually disdainful, to Love as well as to the lover, there was conflict among the conventional figures; yet the code demanded that the characters could not escape each other, for the Lady could not rid herself of the attentions, however distasteful to her, of the lover; and the lover, though spurned, must continue his bondage to her. Thus the poet could communicate the love-experience by presenting these figures; and the result is a poem which contains a little drama. And when we extend this from the courtly love figures to others which later developed, we have the explanation of the highly dramatic structure which is found in many Renaissance poems. This was not merely a conventionalized technical device, however. As was seen, Petrarch actually felt a conflict in his experience, a conflict which became his basic theme of physical as opposed to spiritual desire. This conflict demanded a *drama*—however little it appeared in a lyric—to express conflict empirically found within the experience.

The Renaissance poets found two alternatives to the drama of characters (which included the poem whose structure consisted of speech from the lover to the Lady as well as the poem which contained both as speaking characters), however, but which still provided an equivalent for the dramatic character of the experience. One of these was the paradox, obviously useful by its opposition of forces in expressing a psychological experience which contained conflict, such as the conflict between a need to throw off a love which was proving painful and a need to continue the love because it seemed the central vital element of experience.

The other alternative to, shall we say, "physical" drama was the image, especially the metaphor. The metaphor, by its identification of one thing with another, also sets up terms with a group of dramatic forces between them, though here again we must distinguish between this means of dramatizing the experience and the term more narrowly used in the sense of a scene containing personal characters. Very commonly the metaphor was, in Renaissance poetry, an extended metaphor, sometimes called a "conceit." At times it was extended even to include the entire poem, in which case the conceit became the basic structure

for the poem, as in Wyatt's sonnet in which the lover is passenger and Love is pilot of a ship lost at sea because the Lady's eyes (stars) are hidden and thus no longer guide them toward the port. More commonly the metaphor, either in extended or brief form, provided a means of visualizing and dramatizing partial aspects of the experience rather than providing the basic structure for the entire poem. Thus it is found in poems which have a drama of personal characters and in poems using a paradox as the structure for the poem. It is also found, perhaps most often in the work of such poets as Gascoigne, Raleigh, Shakespeare, and Donne, in poems whose structure is essentially expository or largely a poetry of statement. The importance of the metaphor in psychological poetry is indicated by its popularity in the later Elizabethan and the Jacobean drama, and in the poems of Donne and his followers. For the metaphor, extended or even brief, constituted an investigation of the experience as well as a dramatic equivalent for it; and the metaphor, in the hands of many Renaissance poets, included within its terms also the conceptual aspect of the experience.

This does not by any means exhaust the technical resources used by the Renaissance poet. Briefer devices, such as the pun, word play, and the correlation of metrical attention with the thought and psychological movement of the poem, particularly in conjunction with the dramatic structure of the poem, provided correspondent means of dramatizing parts of the experience, of concentrating the line with detailed perception. The ability of these practices to perform those functions we may take as the reason for their use.

Certainly these technical devices are not to be isolated, except for purposes of analysis. Most poems used several practices in conjunction, and some poems—some of Shakespeare's sonnets and several of Donne's poems, for examples—use nearly every technique in a single poem. But the Renaissance poet found, upon an empirical basis, that experience was not simple and one-directioned; rather, he found that it contained many complications of motive, thought, and feeling. The Renaissance poet did not approach the experience with generalizations which would force the experience into a simple pattern despite the complications which could inductively be found in the experience. So the dramatic structure, the paradox, the metaphor, word play, the pun, metrical devices—all became means for the Renaissance poet to achieve communication of an experience without, at least, the falsification of an approach which had generalization as its primary interest.

THE BOTCHY AND THE FAIRY

Richard Lake

GOODBYE! their mother called to them as they started across the meadow. "Come right home, now!"

"Yes, we will!" they cried, turning to wave.

Their mother stood by the gate, gazing into the early morning sun, watching them troop along single-file toward the trail that led up over the hill through the pine trees.

"We'll wave from the top of the hill," Jane called back.

But mother had turned into the house to get at her dishes.

Bennie wasn't quite five, so he walked behind. Jane was past seven, so she walked ahead. Up on the bench where there was a road with two wheel tracks they would walk side by side.

They hurried across the brown meadow, shining in the glory of the morning sun.

"We don't want to be tardy like the Bensons are all the time," said Jane. "Because teacher will make us stay after school, and Mama wants us to come right home."

Bennie had to walk very fast to keep up with his sister. And yet he lagged behind, stumbling along, because he kept looking off towards the farther pasture fence where they had their traps.

"We could just hurry and go down as far as the grove," he said longingly. "Every day there's one there."

"No, we better not," Jane warned. "If we get home early enough we can look at them *all* when we go after the cows. And if I have two," she promised, "and you don't have any, I'll give you one."

"How many you got now?" Bennie asked as though he didn't care, but Jane knew he was still looking off toward the fence. "I've got thirty-eight."

"Sixty-one, sixty-one, sixty-one," Jane sang. "I've got sixty-one."

"But you choked some," Bennie said sorrowfully.

Jane was gawky and thin from growing too fast, but her face was pretty and she had clear brown eyes. Her black hair was not braided in pigtails, but was brushed back and held by a bright red ribbon tied in a bow. Bennie was small and almost babyish yet, except for his sad face, always looking off and wanting something.

They had come to the foot of the hill now. As they crawled through the wire fence at the end of the pasture, they stopped to look at the landslide which had come down in the spring and stopped so close to the fence. Its edge was only a little way from the trail.

"We could just try and find a little blue clay," Bennie said, "to show teacher."

"No," Jane said patiently, holding the barbed wire for him. "Daddy is going to get you a whole ball of blue clay, and you can make little balls and let them harden and shoot them in your slingshot. And don't scratch your lunch bucket on the barbs. Hand it to me. Oh, you already have scratched it!"

They had new red lunch buckets—Union Leader this time—painted to look like basket weaving and with nice handles. Last spring they'd had Tuxedo. Bennie had already scratched his initials on his with a nail.

"Guy'll give us new ones," Bennie said calmly. Guy was the young farmer down on the creek who had one eye and who gave them his old Dad's tobacco cans. Guy, one eye—it rhymed.

After they had crawled through the fence, Bennie opened his lunch bucket just a little bit to smell the apple and peanut butter and hard-boiled egg smell that came from it.

As they followed the trail among the pine trees they entered shade. There was dew yet on the stones. The trail was broad and wound gently up the hillside.

Some of the stones were red and smooth-rounded. Bennie picked one up and said, "It looks like a kidney."

Jane took it from him. "Don't fill your pockets with rocks," she admonished. "It does look like a red bean," she said before throwing it away.

The children liked the quiet woods. In the winter they liked to play under the great firs where the ground was bare, and listen to the clucking of the grouse who roosted there and the scolding of the blue-

jays in the upper branches. In the summer they found crocuses and shootingstars and yellowbells among the trees, and patches of sweet strawberries in the thickets.

Near the top of the hill was a patch of brush where they had often found the small red wildfruit.

"Maybe we could find some strawberries," Bennie said, "to eat at recess."

"No," Jane said, "it's too late, and anyway here's the road now."

They took hold of hands and walked side by side. They could see a long way from the hill, and the view always excited them.

"We can see over the Big Hill," Bennie cried, pointing east. "That's where France is. I could just hear the guns yesterday," he added mysteriously.

"Oh, you could not," Jane said, laughing at him. "They're a thousand miles away."

"I could hear 'em," Bennie insisted. "That's where they are; Grandma told me."

"You could hear an earthquake," Jane said. "That's in the ground. Maybe that's what you heard."

"I know, and the earth splits open. What made the landslide, Jane, by our pasture fence?"

"The botchys did it," Jane said, swinging her lunch bucket and walking too fast, "the old progermans."

Bennie was puzzled. "Are the Bensons progermans?"

"We don't know," Jane said. "They're not botchys, though. Botchys cut off your hands."

"Like the Indians?" Bennie said, struggling to keep up. "Like the Indians when great-grandmother lived in a cabin on the prairie?"

They had topped another rise now, and Jane cried out, "Oh, there are the Crazies!"

The Crazies, to the south, were very jagged and very high. They wore glittering snow all the year round. In the mornings they were dazzling and flashing, terrifying and delightful.

"I wouldn't want to go there," said Bennie softly.

"No, because if you did," Jane chanted, "you'd go crazier'n a crazy sheepherder, and run around on your hands and knees, and fall down a well."

"Oh!" Bennie said, fearfully.

"Everybody that goes there does that," Jane said. "Maybe, Bennie, it was someone who had been there and gone crazy that put the cat down our well last winter."

All winter they had had to purify their water in a still. Jane echoed her mother's distaste at such a procedure, but Bennie liked it. It made drinking water seem more important.

The road ran down the bench, and they could see the schoolhouse among trees at the head of a coulee. They began to meet other boys and girls going to school. Lillian Price and her brother Dan, who were half-breed Indians. Wallis Riggs, who came galloping along on a shaggy pinto. The freckle-faced Hall boys with their carrotty hair. Cathy Decker and her brother Jim. Cathy Decker had long, almost white hair, very fluffy and shiny. Bennie loved to watch it and wish he could touch it. But Cathy Decker was spiteful, and pulled Bennie's ears. Tag Benson came hurrying up just as they reached the school house, and hurried over to walk by Lillian Price. All the kids were surprised to see *him* come early.

Everybody talked and told each other what they had in their lunch buckets, and wondered if they would have time for a game of pom-pom-pullaway before the last bell rang. Dan Price amused himself throwing pebbles at Bennie, who scuttled over by the coal shed and watched, puzzled and hurt, ready to slip inside if the rocks became big. Jane put her lunch bucket in her desk and told Bennie to put his in his desk, so nobody could steal from them at recess. She repeated Mother's warning not to trade off the good peanut butter sandwiches for those old benchhoppers' sourdough bread with lard on it. Bennie promised.

Then teacher came out of her cottage and crossed to the schoolhouse, ringing the brass bell. She was a trim figure in her light blouse and dark serge skirt. Her hair was drawn to a knot at the back of her head, and she had nice high-button shoes.

After everyone was assembled in the schoolroom, the Benson's buggy came rattling into the yard, and presently three more Bensons came lumbering in. Two overgrown loutish boys, and a gangling girl. All of them had been in the eighth grade for three years, and were trying to get out.

Singing was first. They sang "Good Morning, Dear Teacher" and then "America." Bennie couldn't sing, but he loved to listen to the singing. And he loved the smell of chalk, and of the ink in the inkwells, and of the varnish on the desks.

Classes started with spelling. Jane was the best speller of all, and for a while Bennie listened excitedly. But teacher made signs to him to get out his tablet, and he frowned and sighed.

Bennie was more or less in a class by himself. He sat using up his tablet trying to learn to write. But all he could do was scribble a jumbled mass of looped and uncertain lines. When finally teacher told him he could "go to the bookcase," Bennie was happy. He loved to read and look at pictures; but as most of the things were strange to him in the books he chose, he hurried through one after another, sampling. The books were even stranger and more glittering than the Crazies, more mysterious than the almost-heard guns.

At recess Bennie went hustling to find Jane. She was talking to Lillian Price, the dark, lazy-looking, half-breed girl.

"Las' night I felt so awful funny," Lillian was saying, "an' it was jus' lak I was goin' to have a baby, an' I was scairt."

Bennie felt he was not wanted, and edged away. He went to look for some bright stones by the coal shed. Just around the corner he saw Tag Benson, and Tag whirled around quick and acted surprised and confused. Bennie pretended not to see him, but Tag said, "Whatcha lookin' for?"

"Rocks."

Tag seemed trying to be friendly. Bennie strove to forget that Tag, as well as Dan Price, had thrown rocks at him. "We find arrerheads over in our coulee," Tag said.

"Real ones?" Bennie said, forgetting.

"Sure. Red and black and all colors."

"Oh." Bennie felt that maybe Tag Benson wasn't so mean after all. "Why," he said, offering his most precious secret, "my sister and I have a game."

"You do, huh."

"It's called Botchy and Fairy, and we play it down in the coulee."

Tag laughed. "Me'n Lillian Price have a game too that we play down in the coulee, but you don't know nothin' about that. . . . Say, Bennie, you got any peanut butter sandwiches today?"

"Uh-huh," Bennie said.

"Well, look, I'll bring you a red arrerhead tomorrow if you trade me one. I got some good bacon. . . ."

So at noon Jane had to scold Bennie, and he cried and said he was going right off and eat dirt anyhow. But there was a game of pom-pom-pullaway, and he sat on the school steps to watch it, and forgot about the dirt.

They played pom-pom-pullaway until teacher went into her cottage to take a nap. Then Almon Hall sneaked in to set the clock back so they could have a longer time to play. They started to play ball. Bennie watched Cathy Decker run with her white hair streaming out behind her. He looked at the blue September sky and wished the noon hour would last forever.

Teacher came out of her cottage and walked up on the steps to watch the game a minute before ringing the bell. Bennie saw shiny tears in her eyes.

Teacher had just read over for the hundredth time the last letter she'd had from her husband at the Front; it was dated July 11, 1918, and this was late September—such a long, long time.

It was a long afternoon. Bennie made a dozen trips to the water cooler, and looked at books, and scribbled until he broke all his pencils. But as all days must, this one came to an end. Dismissal bell rang, and as they all filed out, Cathy Decker whispered to Bennie that she was tired of being mean, and that tomorrow was her day to be nice to him. Glory, glory!

Bennie got his lunch bucket and sat on the steps watching Willis Riggs make his pinto pony rear up, while he waited for Jane to get through talking to Lillian Price. Dan came running past and scattered a handful of dirt at him, which he ducked. Presently Jane came. Lillian and Tag Benson walked slowly off down the coulee among the trees, not following the trail. As Bennie and Jane started home, Jane kept looking back to where they'd disappeared.

Jane was quiet; Bennie felt troubled. He looked off across the prairie to the Crazies, no longer shining and glorious but a sullen purple. He could see the dust rising where Al Decker was busting prairie sod with a tractor.

When they came to the brow of the hill, Jane said, "We can look to see if there are any strawberries, Bennie."

But the birds had found them all.

Entering their house, Bennie felt scared, thinking Jane would tell on him for trading off his sandwiches. Mother met them with a kiss

for each, and exclaimed, "What good kids you are! Come straight home! Did you learn a lot?"

"We had in history about Columbus," Jane said.

"I churned this morning," Mother said, "and saved you some buttermilk."

The walk home had been a long dusty two miles, and the buttermilk tasted good.

"C'mon now," Bennie cried. "The traps!"

"And don't forget the cows," said Mother, laughing.

They went down by the grave first. Someone who had lived in the house before they came was buried there, a small mound. Snow marked it with a soft curve in the winter. In the spring roses grew thickly over it. The mound was covered with long grass, not timothy as in the rest of the meadow. It was fenced around with barbed wire, and seemed to the children oh so strange and something hushful.

In Jane's trap by it was a gopher. Both the children squealed and dragged him forth. Jane pulled up the wooden peg by which the trap was secured and beat the gopher's head. Whack, whack, she beat until the gopher's skull was pulpy, and the eyes bulged out of the head.

"That's the way I'd beat the old progermans," Jane said, giving a final whack. "The old botchys!"

They found a new hole nearby. Bennie pounded the stake in with a smooth round rock.

They visited all the traps. Jane had two more, and Bennie had one. All were caught by the legs and had to be killed. Bennie was glad Jane did the pounding, but he liked the way the eyes bugged out.

After they had reset all the traps, Jane turned to Bennie and frowned. "I promised you one if I got two and you didn't get any, but I got three and you got one. So I guess you don't get none of mine."

Bennie didn't know. "We forgot to get some blue clay," he said, looking at the hillside.

"Oh, oh," Jane cried. "C'mon, Bennie, we'll get another!"

She had seen a gopher dive into a hole not far from the creek bank. They hurried up the creek to a little bend where they kept a rusty can. Together they packed water and poured it into the hole. They would pour the water, and then listen to the bubblings and gurglings that came seemingly from a long way down the passage.

"Hurry up!" Jane panted. "We'll get him!"

Bennie worked his short legs as fast as he could.

At last a huge bubble broke from the muddy pool at the mouth of the burrow, and a desperate dripping gopher lunged out, his pointed nose reaching for the life-giving air. In a flash he turned and tried to dive back into his flooded home.

But Jane's small hand was quicker. Like the strike of a snake, her right thumb and forefinger went round the gopher's neck. She held him up at arm's length. Bennie shivered in an ecstasy of excitement.

The gopher's four feet flashed in a writhing blur. Muddy water splattered the children. But grimmer than death itself Jane held on. Slowly the gopher's twisting quieted. When at last there was only an occasional spasmodic jerk, Jane laid him carefully on dry ground, and stood back, the gleam of battle still in her eye. Bennie watched, horrified.

Little by little, life came back to the gopher. His sides heaved, his head turned from side to side, he essayed his feet and took a few wobbling steps.

Again the swoop of Jane's right hand. Again the wildly beating feet, the crazy desperate writhing.

Several times this was repeated. Then Jane threw the carcass disgustedly down and smashed it with a rock.

"He didn't fight much," she said.

Bennie was shivering with joy and fear.

The sun was sinking now behind the great wooded hill. The children fell in behind the little herd of six Jersey cows that were dreaming homeward in their placid way. They lowed gladly at Jane and Bennie.

"I'll give you one tail, Bennie," Jane said. "You want to get your bank full too, and the gophers will be gone before long. And I won't tell about the sandwich."

Bennie's eyes were filled with the light of dusk, and the shining wonder of the great wooded hill standing against the sun.

A few winged seeds of the willow came floating on the breeze.

"Oh," Bennie cried, "they've come! Now we can play Botchy and Fairy again!"

"Yes," Jane said, "but I don't want to play fairy all the time. I want to beat the botchys' heads off, and a fairy couldn't do that."

A PLEA FOR PRIDE IN AMERICAN MUSIC

Joshua Missal

AT THE RISK of being chauvinistic, I believe that the time has come for all Americans to start being proud of American music. Too long we have been hiding behind the skirts of a safely Europeanized art whose Americanism has been considered slightly disgraceful if not downright indecent. We are told that the jazz idiom has no place in the concert hall; that there is no such thing as American folk song (completely overlooking every state in the Union, and every country in the Americas); that the only great form of music is the symphony, which American composers are grossly misusing; and that Americans must never expect to develop a national idiom because of the conglomeration of races, creeds, nationalities, and historical and geographical backgrounds. Music has grown far beyond such issues. Indeed, it is these very issues that, in my opinion, are the core of American music. From the traditional songs of the North Carolina hills and the Southwestern plains to the dances of our Indians and the spirituals of our Negroes, from the music carried along by the immigrants in their hearts to our shores, coloring our older folk tunes, to the jazz rhythms cultivated and developed in the melting pot of New York, we have a folk music rich, complete in itself, and as much a part of this America as its people.

Why do we continue to try to fit American music to a European standard? That standard was left far behind many years ago, a fact that the movie studios have seemed to recognize long before the rest of us. More good music is being written in America today than in any other country in the world. To say that American music is all good music would be inane, but there was bad music in the time of

Beethoven—including his own “Battle Symphony”—and along the sands of time lie the bleached bones of musical compositions that did not meet the standards set by their fellows.

Judgment of much of our American music has been reduced to a mere acoustical discussion of consonance versus dissonance, the impression still being widespread that everything that is written in the western hemisphere is as dissonantly sour as the sounds coming from a branding corral during a cattle roundup. However, the most healthy sign in American music to date is the recession of much of our music from its reactionary wild oats. The great art of any period reaches its apex through a steady upward rise, not through the abrupt violence of reaction and of the rejection of anything new.

To what extent an “American idiom” will be crystallized later would be hard to predict. I sincerely believe that America, indeed all the Americas, are leading the way to a new conception of music and perhaps of all art. The period of artist individualism is on the wane. Men like Aaron Copeland, Roy Harris, Howard Hanson, William Grant Still, and many others, are leading the way. Here are surely the seeds of classic universality. If this is true, our American idiom will not be the highly individual thing that we seem to be so anxiously looking for.

Lately, we have been fortunate in hearing the recordings of not only American music from the United States, but the music of composers from Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, Peru, Chile, and the other countries of this hemisphere. I say fortunate, for, if ever there was music that deserved to be heard, it is the music from our southern neighbors. One feels that the music of today is the music of tomorrow as well, and that its font is in the New World.

It is therefore rather sad to realize that the foremost conductor of today, Arturo Toscanini, continually performs works by tenth-rate contemporary Italian composers, while all around us at hand are works of better quality which are, however, saddled by the apathy of the average American to his own native music, by the feeling that all that is American is bad, and by the inaccessibility of native works to conductors of European tradition and training.

Music is once more becoming accessible to everyone. It is now the public property of all through the radio, through the public schools, and through the hundreds of symphony orchestras that are springing

up in every city and hamlet. It is no longer necessary for a conductor to have a European name and accent in order to be able to show his merit. Therefore it should be easier for the American composer to have his works performed. American music must be heard to be appreciated. It has been held back long enough not only because of our lack of interest (much of which is due to the fact that the opportunity to hear it has been so infrequent), but also because of the fact that few conductors have dared risk their reputations by performing anything but the standard works. Too many conductors, sharing a fallacy common to all of us, have felt that nothing is produced in America but money.

The start has been made in cities like Rochester, New York, whose American Composers Festivals have been the leading light, and by orchestras whose American conductors are more than willing to give American music a place on their programs. But it is only a start, and it will take not only recognition and appreciation from the American audience but loyalty as well before our own music gains its rightful place.

Meanwhile, those who experiment—constantly exploring the no-man's land of the musical future—are germinating the material with which the Beethoven of the twentieth century (and we are sure that he will be an American) will achieve the rare glory of eternal greatness.

PRAIRIES

Boyce Eakin

THE TRAIN was crossing the prairies. It finally stopped at another dusty station and three new passengers, three noisy men, swaggered in and sat down together. I glanced at my watch for the twentieth time, returned doggedly to my magazine, the train crawled on over the endless brown land, and when it stopped again, I didn't look up. The girl must have gotten on then and dropped into the seat behind the men. For I soon heard them begin telling smutty jokes, loudly, raucously, and they attracted every one's attention. The girl behind them, whose presence apparently stimulated the jokes, was leaning her head back in a tired way, and she must have come into the coach too listless to care about anything.

The fellow with the long, leering face had his eyes on her and he was doing most of the talking. Now and then he'd interrupt himself to spit on the floor. The jokes were nauseating, without humor, relished only by men who have always had to pay even for the pretense of love, men incapable of any beauty in their relationship with women. They looked like cheap salesmen, and the pasty-faced one with the fat belly would turn in the midst of his laughter and look at the girl too. The jokes weren't specifically about her, but no one could mistake what was in the minds of those men.

I stopped reading and watched, wondering what the girl would do. She certainly was irresistible physically, with a dark-haired, full, romantic sort of beauty. But the joy was gone and there was a fineness, too, about her face and figure that called up other thoughts. She must have been twenty-five and she was sitting back as comfortably as she could, her eyes half closed, wearily preoccupied. She was dressed simply and her light coat was thrown back on her shoulders. She had no suitcase, nothing but a purse which she held with motionless hands on her lap.

She seemed very much alone and started me thinking about girls without money to spare who travel unescorted on railroad coaches and cross-country busses, off to visit relatives, moving to look for a job, waiting to join their husbands, not making short trips, but trying to ease their cramped bodies day after night and night after day. They may have destinations, but in that interval they are solitary, facing the chances of an unfamiliar world. And if they're attractive, they've got to take a lot.

Sitting on the opposite side from the girl and several seats back so that I saw her in profile, watching the three men, and every man who sat nearby and all who passed, even the conductor, I wondered how long she could stand it. There wasn't one who didn't eye her suggestively, boldly examining the shape of her legs and hips and the size of her breasts, staring at her until the clothes that hid her nakedness were of no significance, staring until she must have felt their obscene eyes as hands feeling her body.

She had no protection against their behavior. It was as if she were lost on the vast prairies, lost on foot, destitute, struggling to reach that pitiful, distant farmhouse with its outbuildings and fence and windmill, struggling against the eternal wind that shamelessly flattened her skirt against her legs. Wind that wouldn't let a tree grow, that bowed down miles and miles of grass. She was prey to forces against which she could never defend herself. Her cries would fade on the wind. She was as much a victim to the lust of these men as if it were long ago and she were being attacked by an Indian as she fled from a flaming prairie-schooner. They were inhuman. They had no regard for her aloneness. It was that they took advantage of, vaunting unspeakable familiarities. What if her body was so provocative! Did that give them franchise? It seemed impossible we were in a railroad coach in a civilized country.

Even the most hardened prostitute would have grown uncomfortable in the circumstances. It was too utterly public. There were other unescorted women on the train who weren't pretty. I saw them watching and I'm sure they preferred, at the moment, their own unattractive obscurity.

Finally the girl roused herself, realizing how insultingly the men took her for granted. With a shudder of disgust she sat up and looked out over the wind-swept prairies, so flat, so unrelieved, so dull and vastly cultivated, without even the desolate fascination of a completely barren

landscape. The infrequent towns were mere outcroppings, towns of shacks thrown up carelessly, without a thought for man's need of beauty.

Her turning to gaze out the window exasperated the men. It seemed like indifference, and that was too much for them.

"What's the matter, babe?" leer-faced began. "Ain't we good enough for you?"

"Gettin' high-hat, eh! Well, you don't fool us."

"Don't think we're broke," the fat one chirped up, slapping his hip pocket.

The girl stiffened, but took it. I watched angrily. The conductor came through again and winked at the men. Whatever she might be, there was no excuse for their bestiality. They were all hounding her; they deserved a whip and I wanted to wield it myself, but it was hardly the place for mock heroics.

At last she turned away from the window and faced about, looking for another sea. From her expression I could have sworn all that was in my mind was in hers. Except that she was detached, completely and ironically detached, like a gambler too wise to expostulate with his mistress Fortune when the tide of his luck has turned. She was merely interested, carelessly interested in how great were the odds piling up against her. And I was drawn to her, fascinated by her aloneness and by the coolness of her courage.

She saw me watching and looked at me. There was a slight shock within her, I thought, as if she were surprised there was some one at hand who appreciated her position. The trace of ironic carelessness faded. Perhaps the perception of my sympathy weakened her momentarily, or at least reminded her that somewhere down inside things did matter, that even her courage was only a poor defense against her loneliness.

Anyhow she stood up rather abruptly, and instead of choosing another seat, stepped quickly along the aisle. She was looking straight ahead as she passed me, but I had time to get an impact of the changed expression on her face. The door at the back end of the coach opened and shut and I took it for granted she had crossed the platform and gone on into the next coach. The three men followed her with their eyes, made a last few smutty remarks, and then huddled together to talk.

I glanced out at the prairies again, thinking about the girl. I couldn't get her expression of waste and futility out of my mind. It

burrowed in and in until everything was waste and futility, until I felt the train, in spite of its speed, was getting nowhere, until each of the occasional farmhouses was the same, and there was only the one train, rushing but motionless, and only one farmhouse standing lonely and forever in a void. The scenery never varied; the sky itself was insignificant above the immense stretches of earth. I could hear the three men haggling over something, and they alone seemed triumphant. And the girl. . . . Well, what chance had she, what chance had sensibility itself in a world so bleak? Impatiently, even a little desperately, I pulled out the timetable again. Yes, I did change at the next station, but there was an hour before that and then not another train till morning. I tried to read again. Suddenly there was a burst of predatory laughter from the men, and I got up to go out on the platform for a cigarette.

I opened the door at the rear end of the coach and stepped out, and there was the girl. She was standing looking out on the prairies and her back was to me. I recognized her by the unmistakable shape of her figure. She must have heard the door open and shut, but she didn't move. I imagine she was waiting for the door of the next coach to open and shut and then she would know she was alone again. But it didn't, of course, and I could feel a sudden tension in the air. Almost immediately, though, the tension broke and I felt her relax, as if she had said to herself: does it matter?

There was a dark catch in my throat, an awareness of being alone with her, close to her, and then I remembered the three men and I was looking out again on the waste of the prairies, looking out with her eyes, feeling as I was sure she was feeling.

"Hello," I said quietly.

She didn't move.

"I'm going to have a cigarette. Would you like one?"

She turned quickly. Then, with a sort of tired, uninterested relief in her voice, she said, "Oh, it's you."

She plucked a cigarette from the offered pack and I lit it for her. She inhaled deeply and at length, relishing the effect. Finally she blew the smoke out, and then she thanked me and added, "I've been wanting one." Which meant she hadn't any. Was she down to a few last dollars, or a few last pennies, I wondered.

We faced each other as we smoked and each of us leaned a shoulder

against the casement. I groped for a conventional word or two, but she was so obviously not ill at ease that the slight awkwardness I was conscious of in myself soon faded. More than anything else, I was aware of an undercurrent of mutual feeling, a something that didn't need words. I was sure that she accepted me completely. Completely, and, of course, passively. Active emotion was the last characteristic I would have attributed to her. She struck me as being burned out, incapable of any more hope or passion. Whatever warmth she had once had was lost, sterile, dead within her.

She went on inhaling and all the while she looked at me in the most equivocally analytical way. And then I had the sensation that she didn't see me at all. You know how it is when you're with someone and suddenly the eyes go fixed, and seem focused on something inside the person's mind, on some vision, on the piece of a dream, maybe a memory? What *was* she looking at? If only I could have thought of a query that wouldn't have seemed like trespassing! At last she carefully dropped her half-smoked cigarette to the floor, scrunched it out with a precise toe, and turned to gaze out the window again.

I glanced out myself. The prairies were still there, and they were the same motionless expanse. The sky was the same gloomy grey, without rain and without the hope of sun. For all the difference it would have made, we might have had the dark, solid sea of clouds as the road-bed and the prairies as the ceiling. We seemed to have been traveling for days. The monotony was enough to make you lose all sense of proportion, all sense of self. Yet she gazed out the window steadily, as if she loved the landscape and found solace in it.

Almost in desperation, I turned back to watch her, tried to think of her apart from the immediate environment, tried to see some self apart from the abandoned self, some bit of her not permeated with disillusion. At the same time her body intruded on me, intrigued me. You couldn't look at her without becoming aware of the other self, the physical self. Her coat still hung loosely back on her shoulders and I found my eyes dropping to her neck and her breasts and the rest of her. By contrast with her dead soul that lovely body had a tremendous significance. It had the same abandoned quality so that a man knew he could have from it an utter sensuality, a sheer physical possession. It was that which had aroused the three men, and it was arousing me.

I don't know where my eyes were nor exactly what I was thinking

when she turned and started to ask, "Do you mind if I have—?" She paused, looking at me with a knowledge that had long ago found wisdom wanting.

"Here." I held out the pack to her. "Keep it, won't you? I have another."

"Sure?"

I nodded.

"All right. Thanks a lot."

She put the pack in her purse and I lit a match and steadied it at the end of her cigarette.

"I'm not much different from them, am I?" I said by way of apology. "Guess you haven't much of an opinion of any of us."

There was the trace of a wry smile about her mouth. "You're pretty honest."

"It's true, though. We're all the same."

"Not necessarily." She glanced away, out at the prairies and the brooding sky, but immediately again met my eyes with hers, met them with a burden of confidence I felt unworthy of. "They think I'm *made* for it." Bitterness tightened her lips, whitening them. The meaning in her eyes was so intense that I had to drop mine. There was the tragedy: as far as men were concerned, she was made for it, she couldn't avoid being the object of their desire.

I raised my eyes, ashamed of having lowered them. I wanted to say something that would cut through her disillusion, wanted to somehow make her renew her faith in life, in people, in whatever we should have faith, but what was there to say, what was the use? She was already back in her own stark, impenetrable world, back beyond any chance of help from any one. The burden was all here again, the spark of confidence was out.

"How far are you going?" I asked.

"The next town, I think."

"I've got to change there myself. How about dinner?"

The train was sweeping around a great curve to meet a bridge over a baked river-bed. In the distance there was the hard silhouette of a few high buildings.

"I don't mind," she answered listlessly.

I went back into the coach to get my suitcase and then rejoined her on the platform.

"Ever been to this place?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I'll bet it's no more inspiring than the rest we've passed."

Another track, running north and south from nowhere to nowhere too, bent to join ours. Barbed-wire fences took shape, the strands holding piles of tumble-weed against the straining wind. The huge, inert bulk of a grain elevator loomed overhead and the train slowed through the freight yards where dirty bales of cotton formed barricades. The conductor appeared to bang open the door, recognized the girl, glanced at me and winked. I clenched a fist, and thought better of it. The train ground to a noisy stop.

We got out and walked along the lee sidewalk under the false fronts of the one-story buildings. The wind, tearing in from the prairies, made it cold and the girl pulled her light coat close around her. I buttoned mine. A car whipped up the wide, unpaved main street, spraying dust on the curbs. I looked for the high buildings I had seen from the train; they were two bare brick hotels, modern, box-shape, incongruous above the board shacks at their feet. The main street divided them, and then went on pointlessly out into space. A crazy whirlwind of dust danced by in the same direction.

We entered the first presentable restaurant and sat down at a table near the door. A waitress was leaning on the bar, talking to the proprietor behind it. She detached herself and sauntered over to us. Her hair was dyed to some reddish hue and her make-up was slapped on heavily, obviously. There was a careless hardness cut in her emaciated face, and all sign of a consciousness of tragic defeat had disappeared. She looked at me and looked at the girl, knowingly and without changing her bored expression. It might have been an amusing situation if one had been in a mood to be amused.

You're wrong, I wanted to say to the blonde. You don't recognize this girl as one of your own. She's not the physical automaton you are. She'll never be; she'll die first. She's better than you ever were. And there *was* a difference between the two. But would that difference last? Would the beauty of the girl with me fade? Would her consciousness of tragedy disappear and she become hard and colorless?

She herself seemed oblivious of the little pantomime. Apparently she didn't feel any kinship with the waitress. I ordered a couple of cocktails and the dinners and the waitress moved off.

"Suppose a person had to live in a town like this," I said. "What would he be like in a few years?"

She didn't answer. I looked at her intently.

"You're going on, aren't you?"

"I don't think so."

"Because you're broke, you mean? I've got some money."

"No, not that."

"You don't *want* to stay here?"

"You don't see me fitting into a fancy town, do you?"

Suddenly I was angry and I said, "I certainly don't see you picking this God-forsaken excuse for a place. Do you know any one here? Any friends?"

"No." She looked at me curiously. "What are you so burned up about anyhow?"

"What do you think?"

She lowered her eyes. My unreasonable anger subsided. "Say, look," I inquired frankly, quietly, with an earnestness that surprised me, "don't you ever get fed-up killing yourself inch by inch?"

She didn't answer, but I noticed her twinge as she raised her glass to her lips.

"I'm sorry," I said. Her burden closed over me, weighed me down, and we began to eat in silence. She ate without pleasure, almost unwillingly, as if she were at odds with her body for needing nourishment. She was making no effort to keep it alive. Then why in the name of common sense didn't she kill herself and be done with it? Was it that her body had to be fulfilled? Would she gladly have killed herself after the first stark injustice, after that beautiful body had attracted someone she loved only to learn her body was all he wanted? But being a slave, like all of us, she had to go on, had to live with that body until it wore itself out and was as ready for death as the rest of her that hadn't been fulfilled and now would never be?

We finished our meal and lighted cigarettes again. What else was there to do? See the town? We'd seen that—one wide street with its scraggling arteries and the dust-covered shacks in the midst of nothing. Well, there was a movie.

"Want to go to the movies?" I asked.

"No thanks."

The restaurant was still empty except for ourselves and the pro-

prietor. The bored waitress had disappeared. Outside it was beginning to get dark and I watched the girl staring through the window into the street, seeing nothing. She might still have been sitting in the train staring out over the prairies, sitting there alone, worn out by forces beyond her control. It was a damn shame! If only her body weren't so . . . so My fancy slipped out from under the insistence of her burden and went to that body. I thought of having it in a room, with only myself to know its beauty, the breasts uncovered, all of it naked. And those men, that was what each of them wanted, too!

"Where are you going to stay the night?" My voice was heavy, obvious.

Without turning her head, she slowly moved lusterless eyes in my direction, then slowly moved them back to the window.

I finished my cigarette and squashed it out. "Want to go?"

"I don't mind."

We got up. The proprietor shuffled over, I paid him and we went out. We walked farther along the darkened street toward the light from the better of the two hotels. The wind roared over them and around them. When all the wooden shacks had long since been blown away, the brick boxes of the hotels would still be there, gaping into the flat, empty distance.

A huge plate-glass window fronted the street. Several hard-driven cars were parked diagonally to the curb. Just inside was a brass rail and a row of easy chairs, most of them occupied by burly men with their hats on. Unmarried, though, independent men, in from the cotton and wheat fields with money in their pockets, lounging with their feet on the rail watching the occasional passersby, talking lazily of politics, the weather, the crops, escaping from the blank prairies to be bored with their leisure, wanting something they didn't know how to find. As we entered, they didn't look at me; they stared rudely at the girl who took them in with a long, tired glance. Not for an instant did we fool them, nor did we fool the shiftless clerk when I registered her as my wife. Nothing could stand in the way of men wanting her body, wanting only that when she had once had so much more to give. Maybe they dimly realized she was the nearest they would ever get to finding what they sought when they came in from the prairies with loose money in their pockets.

We went up to the room. She threw her purse on the bureau, I

dropped my suitcase in a corner. The stucco walls were discolored by the scratching of innumerable matches, and I thought of the men downstairs and the way they had looked at her, and she at them. She walked over to the window. I followed and stood close behind her, gazing out over her shoulder. From our height we could see a few lighted yellow squares in the houses below, and on the horizon the headlights of a single car plowing toward the town. What for? Indeed, what for? How could men have brought themselves to build such a place? How they could endure to live in it speaks well for their insentience. And all because there existed a shadow of commerce.

I shifted restlessly; my body brushed against hers. "Has it got to be like this?"

She shrugged and said nothing. She was going to stay. She had been gravitating toward this town on the prairies. And the men with their feet on the rail in the lobby, who scratched matches on the walls of the rooms they hired for the night, were lying in wait for her. Well, maybe somehow this lost town would make it easier for her to stand them.

The car was getting nearer. You could see the beams of the headlights bouncing on the washboard road. A few more futile yellow squares blinked off down below. The night was closing over something it should keep for its own, forever, in spite of commerce. No commerce was worth exiling families to such a spot. For a moment I even forgot about having her close to me in the room, having her all to myself. And the next it seemed that desire alone could wipe out the bleakness, could fill the void.

FROM MANILA TO MADRID An Epistolary Record of Travel, 1920-1921¹

George St. Clair

III. EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

Cairo, Egypt, September 3rd

DOES THAT name conjure up visions of things old, strange, and awe-inspiring, or does it merely serve to remind you of those disagreeably hard names of dead kings and moldering dynasties which you tried vainly to keep in your memory in your school days? At any rate, here we are in the land of the Pharaohs, "vrai touristes," here today and gone tomorrow, with no time to linger anywhere, however fascinating these places may be. But it costs a lot of money, even with our favorable exchange. I believe a couple of days will do us for this city of dead dynasties.

I think I broke off as we were nearing Suez. The last few days of the voyage were extremely hot and disagreeable, although as a compensation it was very smooth, and a glorious moon flooded the sea with brightness every night.

We reached Suez at ten o'clock on the first, stayed there till nine that night, and then started through the canal by moonlight. It is supposed to be an eighteen-hour trip, but by good fortune we followed directly after the mail boat, and so had the right of way. We passed several ships coming from Port Said that had to tie up for us.

The trip through was more interesting than when I made it in 1909, partly, I think, because I am a better observer than I was then, though

¹ This is the third installment of a travel diary kept by Dr. George St. Clair in 1920-21. Further selected portions of this travel record will appear from time to time. Installments I and II appeared in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, X (May, November, 1940), 73-86 and 245-258.

I must admit I did not see much of the end of it, for I sat under a boat up on the hospital deck playing chess with a lieutenant who was shot through the leg last January and who has been in the hospital ever since, with the bone broken in five places. He beat me two games.

Shortly before eleven the following day we were at Port Said. We went ashore after lunch. Port Said is an ugly, dusty, hot, and uninteresting place. Most of the buildings look like square brick boxes, and many of them present a curiously unfinished appearance. It has the reputation of being the most immoral city in the world. We did nothing to prove or disprove this reputation.

We found that most of the Americans had already gone to Cairo. We said goodbye to those who had remained on the ship and to our Czechoslovak friends, signaled a rowboat pulled by one Ali Hassan, a genial robber who had taken us ashore before, and took our departure.

We were not sorry to get off the boat. Though we had enjoyed the trip and had received the best of treatment from all the officers, fifty-four days of ship fare had proved almost too much for us. I must tell you, by the way, a funny little incident that occurred a few days before we landed.

One morning, one of the soldiers brought up on the maindeck two Siberian cub bears. You know the bear is a very inquisitive animal—his long nose was not given to him for nothing—and these two soon started nosing around. One of them put his paws up on the high threshold of the quartermaster captain's cabin and looked longingly in. Just at that moment the governor, who had been watching him, gave him a gentle kick in the rear and he tumbled into the cabin. He lost no time in beginning an investigation. Near the captain's berth was the wash basin, invitingly open. With some difficulty he clumsily clambered into the basin and there settled himself on his haunches, crowded down into the basin, which was much too small for him.

The captain, who had no doubt been dreaming like the Turk in his guarded tent, of fame and glory, was suddenly awakened by the peals of laughter of the spectators outside. Still only half awake, his startled gaze fell upon this strange, ferocious monster, who sat calmly in the wash basin and gravely regarded him. The apparition was too much for him. With a wild yell the doughty warrior, hero of a hundred fights on the Mexican border, clutched frantically at the bedclothes and began to burrow down under them, leaving exposed a considerable

length of lean, naked limbs. In his excitement, his language reverted to his boyhood days, as he brought the amusement of those outside to a climax with his stentorian though muffled cries: "Der Teuffel! take dat tammed brute away!" The picture of that inquisitive cub squeezed into the basin, and solemnly gazing at the badly disorganized soldier as if to ask him what he was making such a row about, will long remain with me as one of the pleasantest recollections of that voyage.

But to return to our muttons. In about a half hour, Ali Hassan landed us at the custom house, where a flashily-dressed Egyptian attached himself to the governor, while two porters seized hold of me and our baggage. The result was a wordy battle between the two forces, from which we were rescued after much choice Arabic had been spilled on both sides, by the chief of the inspection division who sprang into the fray with the greatest energy when he learned who the governor was. The only trouble I had was with my typewriter. I had to sign a number of guarantees that I did not mean to sell it, and then to pay a deposit of eighty-five piasters on it, they to refund me all but five when I leave the country. A piaster is now worth about four cents. It used to be five.

We escaped from them at last, got our baggage on a cart, and, followed by one of the turbulent, turbaned, and wordy porters, started for the train. On the way we stopped at Thomas Cook's, and bought tickets for Cairo. They are over double what they used to cost.

The railroad runs through the desert alongside the canal almost to Ismailia, about half-way to Cairo. That part of the ride was hot and dusty. From Ismailia, however, we left the canal behind us and soon came to the irrigated region, green on both sides of the road as far as the eye could reach, a most refreshing change. Here we first saw the date palm with its rich clusters of golden-brown, bronzed, or green fruits; here were fellaheen, Egyptian peasants, turning waterwheels in just the same way as their ancestors did under the Pharaohs, but under infinitely better conditions; sometimes a camel would walk by, or there would be a water buffalo or a donkey turning the waterwheel, walking round and round in approved treadmill style, usually with their eyes blindfolded. Several times we noticed the donkey walking around on his beat, with his master asleep in the shade of a palm, a comical sight. Corn and cotton were the common crops. We have been told that three

crops, one of cotton and two of something else, can be grown in one year on the same piece of ground.

Lunch on the train was a rather unsuccessful affair, the food being largely flavored with desert sand. For dessert, they served us some sort of cheese which rivaled an automobile tire for toughness and was evidently of the Fourth Dynasty. Fruit was for sale at the stations, especially luscious figs and grapes, but we were afraid to buy them so dirty were their vendors. The train, which had left Port Said on time, brought us into Cairo on the minute, a feat which is rarely performed now by the European trains, so fellow travelers tell us.

We are staying at the Continental Hotel, a rival of Shepheard's, which is the older and more fashionable and therefore more expensive house. It is situated in the heart of the city, on Opera Square, just across from the Esbekia Gardens. These are small but pretty and offer a cool retreat from the heat of the day. A band plays there several nights each week, and there the fashionable world goes to be seen. I remember when we were here in 1909 that we went to the Gardens on the first night of our arrival. As we were sipping our sherbet and enjoying the music and the queer people around us, a little street Arab ran up to us, crying out, "New York Herald, sir!" You know we were trying to pass as Spaniards then, and it nettled us to be spotted so unerringly. So we merely looked at him with silent scorn. "A' right, 23 my number; I skidoo." Do you remember the days of that sort of slang? There are none of those engagingly impudent gamins here now. The city has lost by their disappearance, as they were gay and amusing. There is little left now of anything amusing. Everybody seems so somber and serious—the result, I suppose, of the increasing difficulty in making a living and the intense and bitter agitation for independence.

We have small rooms on the second floor, well but not expensively furnished. We pay 130 piasters a day, with all manner of extras. Baths, forty cents; soap, fifteen; and fruit in the morning charged on the bill. The cuisine is French, with the inevitable French salad—plain lettuce—at both lunch and dinner. Everything is good, but I perforce sigh as I think that the same accommodations for which we now pay twenty-six shillings a day, were only seven shillings nine or eleven years ago. Thus the wheels of progress run merrily around!

September 4th

Our first visit to the Great Pyramids was a memorable one. One is

impressed as he gazes at those mighty monuments which have defied Time for five thousand years, and then thinks of the fearful labor, the sweat, tears and blood expended by countless armies of slaves, to build—what? Nothing but a tomb! God pity all poor humans.

But the really sublime thing out there in the desert is the Sphinx. I do not know why it moved me so. Somehow, it seemed to me to be invested with life, lying there and staring unwinkingly as it had done for centuries, into vacancy. It seemed an epitome of the dead centuries which it had watched in majestic silence fleet by into oblivion. I think it does one good to visit those remains of a vanished civilization and then to observe the degraded descendants of those old kings and priests. It seems like a truism to say it, but I felt more than ever then the dignity and value of democratic institutions and their necessary concomitant, education.. One *has* to moralize, after seeing those ruins!

We did the usual tourist stunts. Rode on camels and had our pictures taken in front of the Sphinx—ten dollars a dozen—and were bothered by the hangers-on, who importuned us to buy old coins, scarabs, etc., guaranteed genuine, and made in Germany before the war. The governor bought six genuine antique Roman coins for two shillings—certainly a bargain!

The governor was very much taken with his camel-riding and wrote an amusing letter about his experience to a friend. He was particularly impressed by the pants, wheezes, gasps, groans, creaks, and probable internal blasphemies with which that ungainly and ill-tempered beast greeted the command to lie down so that the governor could change to a donkey. It may be that his camelship resented being left for a lowly ass; it may be that he felt lowered by having a plain Yankee on his back, he, the descendant of the Pharaohs; it may be that he was just an ugly-tempered brute; whatever the reason may be, the governor swears it is a fact that the camel turned his long, skinny, undulating neck around to him, looked him squarely in the eye, and in almost intelligible language said to him: "You go to hell!" "To think," concluded the governor, "that at Ceylon I refused to ride on an intelligent animal like an elephant and then consented to libel myself by having a picture made with me mounted on that impossible brute!"

As we were nearing the tramcar station at the end of our ride, my camel driver said to me, "I wish you satisfied, Mr. Yankee, and have pleasant time on my camel." I agreed with him that I wished I were,

too, pretending not to understand what he was fishing for. So he repeated this little speech several times, showing he had it by heart. I asked him the name of his camel. "Yankee Doddle," he says. "I suppose if I were French you would say 'La Marseillaise'?" "Yes, good business, master Yankee." Cheerful rogues! I gave him a handful of piasters for his honesty and wit.

Ibrahim El-Shazr, an Arab of the desert, who was our guide to the Pyramids, came around at an early hour this morning to get us. We drove first to the Museum, a notable one for Egyptian antiquities such as mummies, sarcophagi, and sculpture. After a couple of hours of strolling through its twenty-three rooms, we decided that we could get along very well without Egyptian sculpture, though the mummies fascinated us, especially those of Seti I, I believe, and his son, Rameses II, who is supposed to be the Pharaoh that oppressed the Jews. What puzzled the governor was how his mummy could be there, while his body is presumably at the bottom of the Red Sea.

It was interesting to watch our guide Ibrahim. He had told us he had never been to school and could neither read nor write, yet he knew every statue, monument, mummy, and tablet, and could tell their history and place them in their proper dynasty. He talks well and intelligently of the political situation here, and makes one believe that if he is at all typical of the average Arab, now clamoring for his own government, there is little doubt as to their ability to manage their own affairs. It is certainly surprising to find so much information possessed by an illiterate man. And, with it all, he is always amusing.

I told him, when he was trying to persuade us to give him a trial, about our experience here in 1909 with a solemn old fraud of a guide, one Abdallah Hassan, who must needs have a carriage even though we had but a quarter of a mile to go, who was the thirstiest soul I have ever known, wanting to stop every half hour for a lime squash; and who, when he took us into our first mosque, sat down cross-legged on the floor, leisurely pulled out a cigarette, and drawled: "Now I will talk to you." And then how he had wasted nearly an hour of our time, droning away about some dead old sultan whose chief claim to immortality had been that he had built himself a fairly good-looking tomb. Well, Ibrahim remembered all this and several times made witty references to our old friend, who is no doubt now receiving his just reward from Allah.

Ibrahim showed us two pillars, built very close together, and told us that these were once used to test men's virtue and holiness. If he could squeeze through between them, then he was doctrinally sound. If he could not, he would have to take a lot of trips to Mecca before he could convince people of his holiness. It happened once that a very fat Caliph occupied the throne, and to save his face he announced that he had been directed by Mohammed to seal up these two pillars. So the holy men of today have to prove their orthodoxy in some other way. To judge by the number of sheiks who surround us every time we enter a mosque, one way of proving it is by getting contributions out of infidels. Probably Ibrahim was repeating a guide-made legend, but he told it amusingly, anyway.

The old church of Abou-Sirgeh, in the ancient city, is almost entirely underground, built in Egypto-Byzantine style. We arrived just as they were finishing service and saw a curious ceremony, the laying-on of hands, by their chief priest. This is a Coptic church, with a curious old crypt, said to date from the sixth century. The Copts are Egyptian Christians, descendants of the old stock. The priests who showed us around pointed out a niche where Mary and the infant Christ lay hidden during Herod's persecutions. It was dark, gloomy, and dismal, not at all the sort of place where one would choose to have his family live. Around the walls there were hanging some stiff old paintings in the early Byzantine manner, but I don't know how old they were. We found the Christian priests just as eager for "contributions" as their Moslem brethren.

On leaving the church we went to a landing place on the Nile where we embarked in a ferry boat that took us across the river. There Ibrahim showed us the spot where the princess, Pharaoh's daughter, found Moses hidden in the bulrushes. Some bulrushes were growing in the vicinity, but Ibrahim was doubtful as to their being the original plants that protected the young Moses. Moses, you see, is venerated by the Mohammedans as one of their six great prophets, the order being: Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed. Each one is considered greater than his predecessor, and each in turn superseded the other.

Jerusalem, September 9th

We are lodged at the Hotel Allenby, outside the walls, near the famous Jaffa Gate. Although Jerusalem is set up on a hill, 2,500 feet

above the sea, one of the disappointing features of the trip was our inability to see it at a distance, for night had settled down upon us long before we came in sight of the gates of the city.

At the station, which is over a mile outside of the walls, there was the usual bustle and confusion, with customs inspection again. This occupied only a short time, and at last we were through the gates and ready to enter the sacred city. But we were held up while our hotel runner indulged in a fierce altercation with the cab driver in which they very nearly came to blows several times. The governor became impatient and almost laid violent hands upon the fellow himself, thinking he was going to assault our driver, but I managed to restrain him, representing to him the inconvenience of being locked up for lamming an Arab. Since then, we have heard so many of those apparently fierce and bitter quarrels, in which each of the disputants insults the other so freely, and then parts from him in a few minutes, evidently on the best of terms, that we have begun to believe that a Syrian would not fight, even if you called him a sheep thief. We finally got packed into our rickety old hack, which rattled merrily away and shortly deposited us at our hotel, which was, much to my disappointment, outside the walls. I went to bed that night feeling curiously uplifted in spirit, a little as the knights of the First Crusade must have felt when they pitched their tents for the first night outside those walls which separated them from the longed-for Holy Sepulchre.

September 12th

From our hotel, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Dome of the Rock, the two most interesting places in the city, may be reached in about ten minutes walk. In fact, it is surprising to find Jerusalem so small. Somehow, one feels that a place which has played such a part in the history of the world should cover more space. I am sure that, even in my youthful days when Biblical history and geography were fairly familiar to me, I had no conception of the relatively small area covered by this most famous city of the world. One may walk around its walls in about forty minutes, though it is true that the present walls include only about two-thirds of the area of the city of David. Every vestige of that city has disappeared, and it now lies beneath the accumulated ruins and debris of several other rebuilt cities. The foundations of the ancient city go down seventy feet below the present walls. I suppose I must have had some idea of this fact before I walked on these walls, but it never came home to me with such force as now.

This city is interesting not only for the Biblical memories that cluster thick around it, but also for the many heroic episodes in its secular history. There is also, of course, much of architectural and antiquarian interest in and about it, but little of what you might call pure beauty. The streets are narrow and rarely straight. They climb up and down in a very irregular manner, sometimes passing under great, low arches, or by passages cut through houses; usually dark, often filthy and always wholly insanitary, so that one must frequently put his handkerchief to his nose and watch his step most carefully. The churches are not beautiful outside, though they are lavishly adorned within. The only really artistically satisfactory building is the mosque called "The Dome of the Rock," generally misnamed "The Mosque of Omar."

Looked at from above, though, especially from the Mount of Olives, Jerusalem presents an imposing appearance. No doubt, in the days when the Temple glittered from the top of Mount Moriah and magnificent palaces covered the present site, the city justified Solomon's use of it for purposes of comparison: "As beautiful as Jerusalem." Now, with its magnificence a thing of the past, its glories faded, it is largely a city of sacred memories.

The first morning we spent in getting oriented. We followed the walls around, on foot, to the Mosque, where a turbaned sheik prevented us from entering; then we walked through the city back to our hotel, and thence by carriage to the consul's, where we transacted various necessary business. The consul was formal but courteous. He took our passports to have them stamped by the British authorities.

That afternoon we made our first excursion—to Bethlehem. A small town, about six miles south of Jerusalem, it is clean, possesses many fair looking buildings, and is said to be the most prosperous city in Palestine. It has about five thousand inhabitants, all Christians. For Christians it should be the most sacred city of the world. Jacob buried Rachel here; here Ruth met Boaz; on the hills around it, David dreamed, and here the shepherds tended their flocks by night, as beautiful and bright the Star rose over Bethlehem.

Our main objective was, of course, the Church of the Nativity, considered the oldest church in the world, authentic tradition ascribing its construction to Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. It dates from the first quarter of the fourth century, that is, the central basilica—the Church of St. Mary—does, for there are a number of other

churches and chapels built around this one. We were more interested, however, in the grottos below the church, for there the Christ was born.

We entered the church by a low, narrow door, built so for purposes of defense. We did not linger long in the Basilica, it being plain and unpretentious, and of interest only for the lines drawn on the pavement which define the "spheres of influence" of each of the principal sects that own the church—Latins, Greeks, and Armenians.

A venerable old priest gave us a lighted candle, and, led by a small boy, we began our descent into the grotto down gloomy, clammy steps. There are six grottos. In the first, we were shown the niche where Christ is believed to have been born. It has very much of the appearance of a manger: Fastened to the floor, under the altar, there is a silver star bearing a Latin inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Someone told us a curious story about this star the other day.

You see, there is a great deal of friction and even strife between the different sects which own this shrine in common. Often, in the past, it was necessary for the Turk to intervene and restore peace, frequently at the point of the bayonet. One night the star disappeared, stolen, so the Latins said, by the Greeks. After much fierce wrangling between Greeks and Latins an appeal was made to the then Sultan, Abdul Hamid. The Sultan considered the merits of the dispute, long and carefully stroking his sacred beard, but, unable to come to a decision, he finally had another star made, exactly like the other one. With this the Latins had to be content. It is said also that a nail has recently disappeared and that more trouble is expected. But think of a Moslem having to settle disputes between two Christian sects, disputes that rage over the very birthplace of the gentle, peace-loving Christ!

All of the grottos are dark, but one of them is better lighted than the others, for it possesses a window. It is reputed to be the room where Jerome translated the Bible into Latin, the famous Vulgate Bible. Only the truest piety could have kept a man working in such a bare, uninspiring cell. Our boy guide showed us Jerome's tomb also, telling us at the same time that its supposed location has been changed several times within the last few years.

That gloomy grotto may have been the stable where Christ was born, and it is natural that men should have decorated it. But it would be more impressive to me were it left absolutely bare and unadorned

just as it was that first Christmas evening when the angel choirs sang their Gloria in Excelsis. We are glad, though, to have been in Bethlehem, the city to which all Christian hearts turn at least once a year.

The next morning saw us on our road to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho. We left the hotel at about seven o'clock, with the same carriage and driver which had taken us to Bethlehem, but with an additional horse, for the trip is a long and hard one, and the road back is very steep. I understand better now the expression in the parable: "There was a certain man who went down to Jericho," for it is certainly down most of the way. Jerusalem is about 2,500 feet above sea level, and the Dead Sea is 1,292 feet below that level.

The morning was delightful. Over us was the beautiful blue sky of Judea, the bluest blue imaginable, especially as seen against the brownish-white hills. The first part of our journey lay between the city and the Mount of Olives, past the Garden of Gethsemane, and then on to Bethany, from which village Christ began the triumphal procession that was to end at the cross. And always the glistening white highway wound around arid hills or descended into narrow, barren-looking valleys.

As we got farther and farther from Jerusalem we met fewer travelers, and from the point where we left the main Jericho road and turned off for the Dead Sea, we met no one at all. I have never seen anywhere a more perfect picture of desolation than the plain over which the last two hours of our journey lay. The sun blazed down from a cloudless sky, flies buzzed and stung us, clouds of dust enveloped and stifled us. Unless that plain was better looking before those wicked cities were destroyed than it is today, Lot must have had a very poor eye for picking out real estate.

After what seemed hours of slow misery we reached a point where we could get a good view of the Dead Sea, whose waters seemed, for their intense blue, a reflection of the sky above. It looked to me as if we were almost at the sea, but the governor maintained we were at least a half hour away. I laughed at the notion, but he was right; it was over an hour before we actually reached its shores.

The Dead Sea is the lowest point on the surface of the globe, and many add that it is the hottest and most desolate. But its water looked wet; so without much ado we peeled off our clothes, at a lonely spot on its forbidding shore, and waded in. The sensation was a curious one.

We were able to wade out almost up to our shoulders, but our feet then went out from under us and shot up in the air, and from then on, it was a struggle to keep them down. To sink was impossible. The feel of the water was sticky and oily; its taste was bitter, burning, and nauseating. The governor got some of it up his nose, and it caused him intense pain. I kept my new felt hat on because of the burning sun, and where the waves broke over it, there were greasy spots which it was impossible to wipe off. The stuff clung to our bodies after we got out, irritating us almost beyond endurance. I am glad to have had the experience, but I want no more of it. There is something there, too, that weighs down one's spirits. Perhaps it is partly the memory of those once smiling, joyous cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, over whose sites this horrible water now rolls. At any rate, I have no desire to repeat that experience.

We lunched at a little hut, near the sea, on cheese, bread, and grapes, and then, after an hour's rest, started for the Jordan. We had thought the heat almost unendurable before, but our previous discomfort was as nothing compared to that we suffered on the ride through the dusty, arid plains with the Dead Sea salt clinging to our skins, while the sun poured its fiercest rays into our uncomfortable carriage. Imagine the feelings of delight with which we hailed the Jordan, when we finally emerged on its low shores!

From all accounts, the Jordan is a very remarkable river. Though a small stream, its current is very rapid, it winds and twists about probably more than any other river, and for a long distance, it flows through a terrific gorge, like a trench cut through the earth, and is besides practically unnavigable. Its Hebrew name, "Yarden," means "the river that goes down." The many historical and sacred associations connected with it naturally enhanced our interest. Otherwise, it possesses little of beauty to attract the traveler.

The picture which I carried away with me is that of a narrow, muddy little stream, with vegetation growing thick upon its banks, and a ford, used also as a bathing place, where the mud was slimy, tenacious, and deep. As we hastily threw off our clothes and waded in, we found ourselves sinking up to the shoulders in this mud, a good deal of which I carried away with me. The governor avers that a remarkable cure was effected in him by its waters; that, before he went in, he had been hearing what I said to him with considerable difficulty, but that he noticed

that his hearing had improved immediately on coming out. The river is famous for its miraculoûs cures, and here we have another slight one to add to the list.

About an hour after leaving the Jordan, we came to the green and smiling plains of Jericho. The governor, who is looking over my shoulder, swears he has yet to see anything green in this country, but I say those plains were green in comparison with the arid, choking desolation of the Dead Sea plains. We stopped for a moment at a grove of fruit trees, said to be the site of Gilgal, the first camp which the Israelites made after crossing the Jordan into the promised land. Shortly afterwards, we reached the modern city of Jericho, a filthy, uninteresting village—not on the site of the ancient city—whose inhabitants are almost black and strangely bloated. They bear a very bad reputation, especially the women, who are said to be loose morally, something which can rarely be said of Arab women.

At Elisha's Pool, beyond the town about a mile, we saw two Moslem women with their faces exposed. One of them dropped her veil when she saw us, but the other stared boldly and impudently at us, a rather unusual thing for a woman of any country to do, and almost unheard of among Mohammedans. At the pool, which is the one that Elisha healed, as told in the Bible—where, I remember not—we drank cool, sweet water, the first time I have drunk unboiled or undistilled water for years.

Above this pool are the remains of the ancient city of Jericho, around whose walls Joshua's army marched seven times. It gave one a strange feeling to think that one was treading upon stones that had formed parts of a city already several hundred years old before Helen of Troy raised such a rumpus in Greece. From the top of the mound, we had a fine view of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, with the mountains of Moab beyond. Our driver pointed out Mt. Pisgah, from whose summit Moses viewed that promised land which he was never to enter, and Mt. Nebo, on whose top the "angels of God upturned the sod, And laid the dead man there."

The villainous little hotel where we stopped that night was utterly unprepared for guests, the caretaker having to clamber up over the wall to let us in. Language is not strong enough to describe that night. It was unbearably hot, and a little beast shaped like a flea attacked us without truce or respite. Like Cervantes in regard to that town in La

Mancha, where his hero was born, I have no desire to remember the name of that hotel. All tourists who go down to Jericho have, unfortunately for them, to suffer and endure there.

Our return trip was similar to the down journey except that it was uphill, and therefore much longer. We saw various interesting things along the road, such as the remains of an old Roman aqueduct, an old monastery built right in the face of a steep cliff, and the mountain which has been identified as the mountain of the Temptation of Christ.

We stopped at Bethany and descended into what is known as the tomb of Lazarus. It was so dark and gloomy, the steps were so narrow and slippery, and our guide, a humpbacked Arab, so sinister looking, that we were glad to escape unhurt out into the bright sunlight.

You remember that it was from Bethany that Christ started on the journey that was to end five days later on the cross. We were interested in identifying the probable places where the multitudes from Jerusalem met him and escorted him into the city, singing Hosannas and spreading their mantles and palm branches in front of him, as well as the place where he stopped, and, gazing sadly at the great city, spread out in all its proud beauty below him, wept for its approaching doom.

This ride, which lasted over six hours, was made a little bit shorter for us by our driver, Isa, who sang quaint Syrian songs, and talked incessantly in a strange mixture of Arabic, French, German, and Italian, with English "cuss" words thrown in occasionally, to season the mess. The first day we had him, he told us he was a Christian; on this trip, he claimed to be a Moslem. I am afraid that Isa's principal religion is to extract coins from travelers for "pourboire," and to give "mangaria" (chow) to his horses, for which purpose he halted at least a half dozen times on the way back. He was an engaging rascal!

September 13th

Tomorrow morning we leave for Alexandria. We feel now that we have seen almost enough of Jerusalem. It is an uplifting and moving sensation, this feeling that I am in a country rendered sacred by so many memories, but the visits to the shrines built over the alleged sites of important events in the life of Christ leave me cold. I have visited the Church of the Holy Sepulcher twice. There is so much that is incongruous, so much tinsel and glitter, so much evidence of its being a show place; all these things, combined with the knowledge that the site of Christ's tomb is located at several different places and that he could not

possibly have been buried in Jerusalem, if one judges by the accounts of the disciples, combine to destroy that feeling of reverence with which one would like to approach a place consecrated, at least, by the prayers and devotions of generations of believers. Still, in spite of all this, a visit at twilight does affect one, though in broad daylight it left me cold.

My first visit was at dusk, and that "dim, religious twilight" softened everything, and helped put me in the proper frame of mind. An old priest led me directly to the little chapel where the tomb is. At its foot knelt a cowed monk in devout adoration. In spite of myself, the influence of the place took hold of me, and I almost dropped to my knees beside him. I left the church feeling truly lifted up in heart.

I experienced something of this same feeling this afternoon when Mr. Heizer, the American consul, took us to visit the Armenian Convent of St. James. We were entertained with exquisite cigarettes, a delicate cordial, and excellent Turkish coffee, by the Acting Patriarch and several of the brethren. They were strange and pathetic figures, with their long, gray beards, brown gowns, and a kind of black veil over their heads. There were no young men there, the reason being, as they feelingly told us, that they had all been drafted by the Turk into labor battalions during the war, and had never come back. They were strangely impressive old men, resembling, as the governor said to them, the Hebrew prophets.

They showed us a number of interesting things in their treasury, but what we particularly admired and wondered at were their ancient illuminated manuscripts, some of them of the sixth century, all done by hand on parchment and many of them of the most exquisite beauty of design and coloring. They were the work of Armenian monks. Most of them were copies of the Bible or the New Testament. They were very much admired by the governor, who is a devoted lover of the antique. He says he would not go across the street to see a building that is not at least five hundred years old. At the same time, he insists that the Capitol building at Washington is the most beautiful structure in the world.

We felt exceedingly sorry for those monks. The Bishop asked us, with tears in his eyes, why America had done so much for the Philippines, but refuses to take the mandate for Armenia, which needs help so badly. Our explanations did not seem to satisfy him. I am glad, as

I leave Jerusalem, to carry away with me the memory of those dignified and venerable old men.

We have walked in the Garden of Gethsemane, where an ancient Franciscan monk took a picture of us standing at the foot of the extremely old, venerable, and twisted olive tree that is supposed to mark the site of Christ's agony on that night when Judas betrayed him to his death; we have entered the chapel where he took the Last Supper, and we have seen the Tomb of David, one of the sacred places of the Mohammedan world, and kept carefully locked and guarded; the Tombs of the Kings, the Jews' Wailing Place, and many other sites of interest too numerous to mention.

But the most beautiful place we have visited, and also the most expensive for us, is the Dome of the Rock, next to the Mosque of Mecca, the most sacred Moslem place of worship. It stands on the site of the Temple of Solomon and is, architecturally, the most satisfying building in Jerusalem. It is the only one that is built out on an open space, so that its beautiful proportions can be seen to advantage. We were shown here various sacred sites, around which have grown up a number of absurd legends. These did not interest us, but we did enjoy their fine mosaics and exquisite stained glass windows.

Through the influence of the consul, who was with us, we were allowed to go down under the sacred Rock, where we saw the print of Mohammed's foot, as he strove to avoid being pulled up by the angel, and the hole in the rock, where his head finally went through when the angel won out in the pulling match. The fact that we were allowed to go under the Rock, as contrasted with an incident which they told us, shows how much more liberal Moslems are becoming. It seems that a young American girl was shot and killed by a fanatic about ten years ago, because she strayed a little too close to the entrance. The sheiks told us this story, and it was confirmed by the consular "kwass," or guard, who was with the party at the time and saw the murder. The kwass, by the way, is a very stately Turk, who dresses in an imposing uniform, goes armed with a revolver and a long, wicked-looking scimitar, and stalks solemnly in front of the consul whenever the latter goes out anywhere, carrying a whip with which to clear the way. The whip is only for show, though, as he does not use it any longer.

The dignified, bearded sheiks descended upon us in droves at this mosque, and stayed with us to the end. After they had showed us their

most holy places, they lined up, six in number, and modestly requested a "contribution" for the mosque. From their needy appearance, we concluded that they felt themselves more necessitous than the mosque and that very little of the five dollars which was extracted from us found its way into the common treasury. I remarked the other day to the consul how I noticed the disappearance of the beggars that used to infest all the Oriental towns. After going through that Mosque, I am convinced that most of them have merely taken up their abode inside, instead of stationing themselves outside the doors of the mosques, as formerly. The governor remarked, upon our return from the Armenian convent, how strange it was that we had been able to get out of a sacred place without being requested to donate something for its upkeep. I believe that at least ten per cent of our expenses here have been in the form of gratuities to church, temple, or mosque attendants.

Well, tomorrow we shall be gone. We are glad that we came. We are carrying away many interesting and pleasant memories, and some amusing ones. What will be the future of this country? I ask myself. *¡Quien sabe!* There are many different peoples, and three religions. A wise and able man is needed to keep the peace among them. I hope and believe Sir Herbert Samuels is the man for this difficult task. We wish him well!

[To be continued]

OLD DOC YAK

Louis L'Amour

HE WAS a man without humor. He seemed somehow aloof, invulnerable. Even his walk was pompous and majestic. He strode with the step of kings and spoke with the voice of an oracle, entirely unaware that his whole being was faintly ludicrous, that those about him were always suspended between laughter and amazed respect.

Someone began calling him Old Doc Yak, for no apparent reason, and the name stayed with him. He was a big man, rather portly, wearing a constantly grave expression and given to a pompous manner of speech. His most simple remark was uttered with a sense of earth-shaking import, and a listener invariably held his breath in sheer suspense as he began to speak, only to suffer that sense of frustration one feels when an expected explosion fails to come off.

His conversation was a garden of the baroque where biological and geological terms flowered in the most unexpected places. Jim once remarked that probably someone had thrown a dictionary at him, and he got all the words and none of the definitions. We listened in amused astonishment as he would stand, head slightly on one side, an open palm aslant his stomach, which he would pat affectionately as though in amused approbation of his remarks.

Those were harsh, bitter days. The waterfronts were alive with seamen, all hunting ships. One theme predominated in all our talk, in all our thoughts, even perhaps in the very pulsing of our blood—how to “get by.”

No normal brain housed in a warm and sheltered body could possibly conceive of the devious and doubtful schemes contrived to keep soul and body together. Hunger sharpens the wits, and renders less effective the moral creeds and codes by which we guide our law-abiding lives. Some of us who were there could even think of the

philosophical ramifications of our lives, and of our actions. The narrow line that divides the average young man or woman from stealing, begging, or prostitution is one that has nothing to do with religion or ethics, but only such simple animal comforts as food or shelter. We had been talking of that when Old Doc Yak ventured his one remark.

"I think," he said, pausing portentously, "that any man who will beg, who will so demean himself as to ask for food upon the streets, will stoop to any abomination, no matter how low."

He arose, and with a finality that permitted no reply, turned his back and walked away. It was one of the few coherent statements I ever heard him make, and I watched his broad back, stiff with self-righteousness, as he walked away. I watched, as suddenly speechless as the others.

There probably was not a man there who had not at some time pan-handled on the streets. They were a rough, free-handed lot, men who gave willingly when they had it, and who did not hesitate to ask when they were in need. They were men who worked, men who performed the rough and dangerous work of the world, and yet they were men without words, and no reply came to their lips to answer that broad back or the bitter finality of that remark. In their hearts they knew him wrong, for they were sincere men, if not eloquent.

Often, after that, I saw him on the streets. Always stiff and straight, he never unbent so far as to speak, never appeared even to notice my passing. He paid his way with a careful hand, and lived remote from our lonely, uncomfortable world. From meal to meal we had no idea as to the origin of the next, and our nights were spent wherever there was shelter from the wind. Off on the horizon of our hopelessness there was always that miracle—a ship—and endlessly we made the rounds in search of work. Shipping went slowly, and men struggled for the few casual jobs alongshore, and coming and going on my own quest, I saw men around me drawn fine by hunger, saw their necks become gaunt, their clothing more shabby. It was a bitter struggle for survival in a man-made jungle.

The weeks drew on, and one by one we saw the barriers we had built against hunger slowly fall away. By that time there were few who had not walked the streets looking for the price of coffee, but even the ready generosity of a seaport town had been strained, and shipping seemed to have fallen off.

One morning a man walked into the Seamen's Institute and fainted away. We had seen him around for days, a quiet young man who seemed to know no one, to have no contacts, too proud to ask for food, and too backward to seek other means. And then he walked in that morning and crumpled up on the floor like an empty sack.

It was a long moment before any of us moved. We stood staring down at him, and each of us was seeing the specter of his own hunger.

Then Parnatti was arrested. He had been hungry before, and we had heard him say, "I'm going to eat. If I can make it honest, I'll make it, but I'm going to eat, regardless." So, when the time came, he had stolen a car from a parking lot and sold it. We saw the item in the paper without comfort, and then turned almost without hope to the list of incoming ships. Any one of them might need a man, any one of them might save us from tomorrow.

Old Doc Yak seemed unchanged. He came and went as always, as always his phrases bowed beneath a weight of words. I think, vaguely, we all resented him. He was so obviously not a man of the sea, so obviously not one of us. I believe he claimed to have been a steward, but stewards are not popular at sea. Belly-robbers, they call them.

Glancing over the paper one afternoon, searching for the ship that might need men, I looked up accidentally, just in time to see Old Doc Yak passing his hand over his face. The hand trembled.

For the first times in days, I really saw him. Many times in the past few days we had passed each other on the street, or had sat in the main room at the Institute, but I had paid little attention. Now, suddenly, I noticed the change. His vest hung a little slack, and the lines in his face were deeper. For the moment even his pompous manner had vanished. He looked old, and tired.

In the ugly jungle of the waterfront the brawl for existence left little time for thinking of anything except the immediate and ever-present need for shelter and food for the body. Old Doc Yak had been nothing more than another bit of waterfront jetsam discarded from the whirl of living into the lazy maelstrom of the alongshore. Now, again, as on that other night, he became individual, and probably for the first time I saw the man as he was, and as he must have seen himself.

Tipped back against the wall, feeling the tightness of my leather-jacket across my shoulders, I rubbed the stubble on my unshaven chin, and wondered about him. I guess each of us has an illusion of himself.

Somewhere inside of himself he has a picture of himself he believes is true. I guess it was that way with Doc. Aloof from all of us who lived around him, he had existed in a world of his own creation, a world where he was somebody. Now, backed into a corner by economic necessity, he was a little puzzled, and a little helpless.

Some of us had rented a shack. For six dollars a month we had a shelter from the wind and rain, a little chipped crockery, a stove, and a bed. There was a cot in the corner, too, where I slept, and somebody had rustled an old mattress that we stretched on the deck. For a dime, or perhaps three nickles, we'd let a man bunk in the bed, or on the mattress. For a nickle they could take an armful of old newspapers and roll up anywhere. And with the money we gathered enough to pay up another month's rent.

It wasn't much, but it was a corner away from the wind, a place of warmth and a retreat from the stares of the police and the more favored. We needed such a place, and never did men return home with more thankfulness than we returned to the shack on the muddy hillside. Men came and went, the strange, drifting motley of the waterfront, men good, bad, and indifferent. Men who knew the ports and rivers of a hundred countries, men who knew every sidetrack from Hoboken to Seattle. And then one night Old Doc Yak walked up the steep path to the door.

There was rain that night, a cold, miserable rain, and a wind that blew it against the thin walls. It was just after ten when the knock came at the door, and when Copper opened it, the Old Doc walked in. For a moment his small blue eyes blinked against the glare, and then he looked about, a slow distaste growing on his face. There was a sailor's neatness about the place, but it was crude, and not at all attractive.

He looked tired, and something of his own neatness was lacking. He might have been fifty-five, but he looked older then. Yet his eyes were still remote, still unseeing of us who were the dregs. He looked around again, and one saw his hesitation, sensed the defeat that must have brought him, at last, to this place. But the shack was warm,

"I would like," he said ponderously, "a place to sleep."

"Sure," I said, getting up from the chair I'd tipped against the wall. "There's room in the double bed for one more. It'll cost you a dime."

"You mean," he said abruptly, and he actually looked at me, "that I cannot sleep alone?"

"Sorry, this isn't the Biltmore. It's just a place to stay. You can sleep with Copper and Red."

He was on the verge of turning to the door when a blast of wind and rain struck the side of the house, sliding around under the eaves and whining like a wet saw. For an instant he seemed to weigh the night, the rain, and the cold against the warmth of the shack. Then he opened an old-fashioned purse and slowly lifted a dime from its depths.

I say "lifted" and so it seemed. Physical effort was necessary to get that dime to my hand, and his fingers released it reluctantly. It was obviously the last of his carefully hoarded supply. Then he walked heavily into the other room and lay down on the bed. It was the first time I had ever seen him lie down, and all his poise seemed suddenly to evaporate, his stiff-necked righteousness seemed to wilt, and all his ponderous posturing with words became empty and pitiful. Lying on the bed with the rain pounding on the roof overhead, he was only a tired old man, strangely alone.

Sitting in the next room with the crackle of the fire in the stove and the rattling of the rain against the windows, I thought about him. Youth and good jobs were behind him, and he was facing a question to which all the ostentatious vacuity of his words gave no reply. The colossal edifice he had built with high-sounding words, the barriers he had attempted to erect between himself and his doubt of himself, were crumbling. I put another stick in the stove, watched the fire lick the dampness from its face, and listened to the rain beating against the walls, and the labored breathing of the man on the bed.

In the wash-room of the Seamen's Institute some weeks before, we had watched him shave. It had been a ritual lacking only incense. The glittering articles that had been blocks in the walls of his self-esteem, his florid cheeks—these things had been steps in a ceremony that never varied. We who were disciples of Gillette and the dull blades watched him with something approaching reverence, and went away to marvel.

Knowing what must have happened in the intervening weeks, I could see him going to the pawnshop with first one of his prized possessions, and then another, removing bit by bit the material things, those glittering articles that had been blocks in the walls of his self-esteem. Each time his purse was replenished for a day or two, and as each article passed over the counter into the great maw from which nothing ever returns, I could see some particle of his dignity slipping away. He was

a capitalist without capital, a conqueror without conquests, a vocabulary without expression. In the stove the fire crackled, and on the wide bed the old man stirred and muttered in his sleep. It was very late.

He did not come again. Several times the following night I walked to the door, almost hoping to see his broad bulk as it labored up the hill. Even Copper looked uneasily out the window, and Slim took a later walk than usual. We were a group that was closely knit, and though he had not belonged, yet for the time he had been one of us, and when he did not come we were restless.

It was after twelve when Slim turned in. It had been a wet night, and he was tired. He stopped by the chair where I was reading a detective yarn.

"Listen," he said. "If that guy comes up tonight, Old Doc, I mean, I'll pay if he ain't got the dime. He ain't such a bad guy."

"Sure," I said. "Okay."

He didn't come. The wind whined and snarled around the corners of the house, and I heard the tires of a car whining on the pavement below. It is a terrible thing to see a man's belief in himself crumble, for when one lacks faith in one's own illusion there is nothing left. Even Slim understood that. It was almost day when I fell asleep.

Several nights drifted by. There was food to get, and the rent was coming due, and we were counting each dime, weighing each one thoughtfully. We had almost made the six dollars, but there was still a gap, still a breach in our wall that we might not fill. And outside was the night, the damp, and the cold.

The *Richfield*, a Standard tanker, was due in. I'd a shipmate aboard her, and when she came up the Channel, I was waiting on the dock. They might need an A. B.

They didn't, and it was a couple of hours later when I climbed the hill behind the shack. I didn't often go that way, but this time it was closer, and I was worried. The night before, I'd left the money for the rent in a thick white cup on the cupboard shelf. And right then murder was cheap at five bucks. Accidentally, I glanced in the window. Then I stopped.

Old Doc Yak was standing by the cupboard, holding the white cup in his hand. As I watched he dipped his fingers in and drew out some of our carefully gleaned nickles, dimes, and quarters. Then he stood there letting those shining metallic disks trickle through his thick

fingers back into the cup. Then he dipped his fingers again, and I stood there, holding my breath.

A step or two, and I could have stopped him, but I stood there, gripped by his indecision, half guessing what was happening inside him. Here was money. Here, for awhile, was food, a room, a day or two of comfort. I do not think he considered the painstaking effort of acquiring those few coins, of the silent, bedraggled men who had trooped up the muddy trail to add a dime or fifteen cents to the total of our next month's rent. What hunger had driven him back, I knew. What helplessness and humiliation awaited in the streets below, I also knew.

Slowly, one by one, the coins dribbled back into the cup, the cup was returned to the shelf, and Old Doc Yak turned and walked from the door. For a moment he hesitated, his face strange and old, staring out across the bleak, rain-washed roofs and the gray waters of the Channel.

Then he walked away, and I waited until he turned the corner before I went inside, and I who had seen so much of weariness and defeat, hesitated before I took down the cup. It was all there, and suddenly, I was a little sorry that it was.

Once more I saw him. One dark, misty night I came from the lumber docks, collar turned up, hat pulled low, picking my way through the shadows and over the ties, stumbling along rails lighted only by the feeble red and green of switch lights. Reaching the street I scrambled up the low bank and saw him standing in the light of a street lamp.

He was alone, guarded from friendship as always by his icy impenetrability, but somehow strangely pathetic with his sagging shoulders and graying hair. I started to speak, but he turned up his worn collar and walked away through the shadows.

NEW MEXICO MEDICINE

LeRoy S. Peters

HAVING TAKEN my degree in medicine during the early years of the present century, it has been my privilege to witness the dying years of the "horse and buggy" doctor and the birth and growth of medicine as we know it today. The transition has been rather rapid, and because of this cyclonic advance many areas in the country still retain much of the old and have failed to benefit to the greatest degree from the many advantages and concepts of the new. This is especially true of the more sparsely populated regions, such as the states in the mid-Rocky Mountain division. The thickly populated areas of the industrial East, as well as the middle Western agrarian states, where large cities have sprung up, and the Pacific Coast, with its large urban population, have been able to a large degree to assimilate the new order and to aid with their wealth the further development of modern medicine.

It is difficult to realize that the modern conception of preventative medicine in the entire United States received but little attention until the middle of the nineteenth century. Men were too busy with the idea of money making and the development of the natural resources of the country to give heed to the ills of mankind. Profit-producing animals, such as hogs and cattle, claimed the attention of veterinary medicine. Communicable diseases ran wild, and the contagious diseases of childhood took their toll. In fact, during my youth supposedly intelligent mothers would take their children under school age to their neighbors, where the ordinary diseases of childhood had fastened upon the offspring of those families, in order that their innocents might too become infected, since "they would get it in school anyway."

By the middle of the century there was no State Board of Health in the United States, and only twenty-one cities had health organizations. It took frequent epidemics of smallpox, typhoid fever, and yel-

low fever to awaken the public conscience to the fact that something must be done, or all material gain would be of no avail if the individual did not live to enjoy his riches. Massachusetts led the way by the establishment of a Board of Health in 1869. California followed in 1870, Alabama in 1875, and South Carolina, Kentucky, and Rhode Island in 1878. Other states fell in line, and preventative medicine was on the way toward becoming a realization.

Do not think, however, that it was quite as simple as these statements would make it appear. For all advances in a democracy, public opinion must first be converted. Many people considered such health steps too advanced for the times. They contended that so far the country had rapidly developed without considering the health of the nation and the measures being advocated would only add to the tax burden and retard the expansion of capital. Why worry about things that did not concern the "Fathers of our Country"? What was good enough for them should be good enough for us. Even the doctors then as the doctors now, worried about the practice of medicine by the state, and knew that if such license were granted, the physicians of the country would soon be regimented, and socialized medicine would become a fact.

When I came to New Mexico in 1906, there was a so-called State Board of Health but it functioned only as a board of Medical Examiners. At the time I applied for license to practice, I was ill in Silver City, and had only to send my diploma together with photograph and twenty-five dollars to the Secretary of the Board in Santa Fe, who granted me a license without a formal appearance before the Board. It was many years before a law was passed which protected the laity from poorly prepared medical men. Today an applicant must be a graduate of an "A" school, must hold a license by examination from another state (in lieu of this license, he may take a written examination before the New Mexico Board), and must be a citizen of the United States, or have taken out his first papers. This makes for well-trained, well-qualified physicians, and compares favorably with the laws throughout the country.

New Mexico did not organize a State Board of Health until 1919. However, it must be remembered that the State was not admitted to the Union until 1912, and that her population even now is only that of a fairly good-sized city. The population before the last census was 3.5

persons per square mile compared with 41.3 for the nation at large. These figures show the tremendous burden of public health faced by the state.

In Dr. Thomas C. Donnelly's study, "Public Health Administration in New Mexico," we find that in 1921 the State Bureau of Public Health and the Child Welfare Bureau were placed under the supervision of the State Bureau of Public Welfare. In 1936, to coördinate the work of the State Board of Public Welfare and the newly created Relief and Security Authority, the governor asked for the resignation of all members of both boards. The governor then reappointed the members of the Relief and Security Authority as before, but in reappointing the State Board of Public Welfare he only reappointed two of the former members, and in the place of the other three, he appointed the three members of the Relief and Security Authority. Legally the State Board of Public Welfare remained an independent board but actually three of its members were also members of the Relief and Security Authority.

The groups interested in public health work in the state favored the separation of the health department from the supervision of the Board of Public Welfare, and began to agitate for the change. They were successful, and the Thirteenth Legislature of 1937 passed an act which placed the health department under a separate board known as the State Board of Public Health. This board consists of five members, each appointed for a six-year term, the terms overlapping. At the same time the new health board was created, the basic health law was reenacted, with a few unimportant changes. As in the old law, the Director of Public Health was given the right to exercise the legal authority of the State Board in health matters in the interim between meetings. New Mexico has been fortunate in being able to avail herself of federal aid since the establishment of the Health Department, and with this help has made excellent progress. However, only the surface has been scratched, and much remains to be accomplished before the people can relax and point with pride to work well done.

To give a picture of the early years of the present century, let me describe the town of Silver City. The population at that time was about 3,000 and the community considered itself a health resort. Much advertising had been done nationally to bring tuberculous patients to the town but, with the exception of the Cottage Sanatorium and the

Catholic Hospital, there were no sewer facilities to be found. In 1908, I helped to establish an institution and to avoid the old cess pool, we built a sewer to a deep canyon. Above the outlet we placed a barrel filled with crude carbolic and timed a drip method so that a certain number of drops of acid would mix with the sewage and sterilize it. Then when the next rain produced a flood down this particular arroyo, the outlet was washed clean and the sewage carried down through the town of Silver City.

After leaving the sanatorium to live in the village, I was offered a house with the only bathroom in town. I thought I must have overlooked something in the way of available houses to rent. Much to my surprise, when I inspected the home the bathroom proved to be an old bedroom with a tin tub in the center of the room. From this tub a pipe led to the outside of the house. You carried the water in buckets to the tub, and then, the bath finished, the water flowed to the outside to water the lawn. An old-fashioned outside privy adorned the back yard, together with a stable for the horse and cow.

This was the "Silver City with a Golden Climate" but, aside from climate, it had little to recommend it as a health resort.

Times have changed all this, and Silver City today is a modern, up-to-the-minute city with all the advantages that sanitary engineering and a district health unit can provide.

The early years under the new board were filled with difficulty. The original setup made the county the local health unit, and when one considers the financial status of many of New Mexico's counties, it can readily be seen that any attempt to maintain a properly functioning organization was all but impossible. Add to this the fact that many of the more well-to-do counties showed but little interest and that not a small number of physicians were antagonistic to the board—and it is at once apparent that something had to be done.

From this experience was born the District Health Act. This act established ten health districts containing from two to four counties, and by combining poor counties with their more fortunate neighbors, provided the population with at least minimal standards of service. All counties now have, in addition to the district health officer, a full-time county nurse and a county health clerk. Many of the richer counties have more than one nurse and a few of the school boards employ health nurses for work in the public schools.

Although this is far from a perfect setup, it provides the State with a functioning board and the counties with full time units. On the basis of standards set by the United States Public Health Service, New Mexico can classify only along minimal lines; but the fact remains that the machinery is running and future growth with increased finances can but add to the efficiency of a modern service.

Let us review briefly the outstanding problems with which the state is faced. The infant mortality rate is higher than that of any other commonwealth in the country. Part of this is due to the fact that a large percentage of childbirths are unattended by a physician. When a doctor is available, the home environment is such that a clean delivery is next to impossible. A child brought into the world under such circumstances has a handicap given it before the first cry and before the first breath of polluted air. Add to this the prevalence of summer diarrhea, and the death list mounts.

Since the advent of the WPA privy, it is surprising how the mortality from summer diarrhea has dropped in given communities. This disease is carried largely by the house fly in its myriad trips from outhouse to the unprotected food in the family dwelling. When the outhouse is properly built and screened from flies, the source of contamination is materially reduced.

Syphilis is another scourge, especially among the lower income groups. Under the State Board of Health, clinics have been established in some of the larger cities where diagnosis is made and treatment given without cost to the patient. At the time of Dr. Carl Buck's survey in 1934, there were about 21,000 cases of syphilis in the state. Much excellent work has since been done, and with time and money the disease can be relegated to the status of an unimportant health problem.

Diphtheria is another preventable disease that claims far too many victims. The situation is largely due to lack of medical attention or the use of antitoxin. Free antitoxin must be made available to every child whose family can not afford to purchase it.

Typhoid fever also claims too great a toll. This is without question a preventable disease and with county units properly functioning, should be brought under perfect control.

Tuberculosis is by far the greatest health problem with which the state is faced. Regardless of eastern opinion, the desert country is still considered by patients a suitable place in which to recover from tubercu-

losis, and at least during the past years there has been a large influx of health seekers. This has been a fertile source of infection to the inhabitants and especially to the new born of all communities. The surveys made in the state reveal a high percentage of infection and the incidence of infection among the Anglo and Spanish-American, according to Dr. Walter I. Werner, is practically the same in the different age groups, and after the age of twenty-four has been reached, tuberculinization of the population is almost universal. Dr. Werner further shows that the mortality rate is only 15.6 per cent higher in the non-resident group than in the native born group, which includes both Anglos and Spanish-Americans, with evidence of a decrease in the former and a rise in the latter. The decline of the death rate in the number of migratory health seekers is due to the fact that with every year fewer of them have come here. Of the deaths in the native population, 68.6 per cent were Spanish-Americans, 29.3 per cent Anglos, and 2.1 per cent Negroes. The ratio of deaths in this group is 1 Anglo to 2.3 Spanish-Americans.

From these figures it can readily be seen that the problem of tuberculosis control is a difficult one, and is without doubt a public health problem of major importance. So far, little has been done about it. If a solution is to be found, it lies in a program of early recognition of the disease, adequate hospitalization and medical care for both resident and non-resident alike. So far, we have a small state sanatorium that cares for residents only. Attempts are being made through school surveys, both in public schools and institutions of higher learning, to recognize the early cases, but because of lack of finances so far only the beginnings have been made. The state sanatorium is the only place where residents can be given institutional care. Isolated attempts at treatment, such as a free pneumothorax clinic at the Presbyterian Sanatorium in Albuquerque, are slowly taking root and may eventually expand into a real medical service for the tuberculous. Until such expansion comes, the people of New Mexico must pay the price of continued infection of the population.

From the standpoint of preventative medicine a real beginning has been made. The same, however, is not true of clinical medicine. Here New Mexico is faced with a most serious problem. When one considers the low income of the majority of the population, it is readily apparent that adequate medical care can not be forthcoming. Then, too, one

must remember that the small communities offer the average young medical man little inducement to cast his lot in such an uninteresting environment. He must have the spirit of the medical missionary if he is to choose to minister to the underprivileged, and he must have the missionary's faith that his reward is not of this earth but in the life hereafter.

There are many counties in the state that do not boast a doctor of medicine. Babies are brought into the world by midwives or by some kindly neighbor. I know one such community in which the veterinarian leaves his animal practice long enough to officiate at many childbirths. And be it said to his credit, he no doubt does a better job than many of the talkative old women of the neighborhood.

These people have a right to adequate medical care, but this care can never be given without federal and state assistance. This is the situation the Wagner Health Bill seeks to remedy. The opposition to this legislation must still be so fresh in the memory of all of us that it needs no detailed discussion here. However, the antagonism of the organized profession has softened somewhat, and if the administration sees fit to bring it before the next Congress for consideration, a serviceable law may yet develop. If this should happen, states like New Mexico would be in a position to render a much better medical service to the indigent and to the very low income group.

As in all parts of the country, the wealthy can afford any and all types of medical and surgical care. If they are not satisfied with local conditions, their money buys their way into any clinic, group, or office of any private practitioner of medicine. We need have no concern with these fortunate fellow citizens. What does concern us is the man with moderate income and the so-called white-collar worker. There should be developed in central places hospitals for diagnosis—institutions where people of moderate means could come and be able to pay nominal fees for various necessary diagnostic procedures. This is much the same idea that President Roosevelt had in mind when he advocated the establishment of hospitals in rural centers. From those units the way is made easy to form diagnostic clinics and to put adequate care within the reach of all.

At present there is nothing of this kind within the entire state. There is not even a county hospital in any one of the thirty-one counties. The only free beds are found in three Catholic hospitals and

the Miners Hospital at Raton. These institutions are given a small appropriation from the state to maintain a free ward, but the amount is so insignificant that only a few of the large number of deserving patients can be admitted for treatment. A number of the larger cities of the state attempt to look after indigents in a small way. Albuquerque is a fair example. A tax levy returns about \$13,000 per year, which is spent by the Charity Bureau. Each penny is pinched almost beyond recognition, and yet the Bureau is unable to meet but a small percentage of the needs of the community. Attempts by the local hospitals, by refusing admittance to indigents, to force the issue and compel the local authorities to provide funds for such care were all but laughed down. Physicians do the usual amount of so-called charity work, but with lack of diagnostic centers, with no provisions for hospitalization, this is so much effort wasted.

The problem still stares the people of New Mexico in the face. The people of New Mexico still do nothing about it. Interest in adequate medical care arises at times. Meetings are called, explosive speeches are made, the reformers retire, and the episode is forgotten. Some day we may awaken. So did Rip Van Winkle, but he saw a strange world. Let us hope that our awakening shall not be too long delayed.

ON AND ON

Spud Johnson

On a Journey to the End of My Toe

A SUN BATH—I reflect, as I lie stretched out on a serape in the patio, drenched in waves of heat as definitely inundating as the surf—a sun bath is probably the most relaxing, the most mind-emptying process in the world.

The infinitesimal tickle of a hurrying ant describes a graph along my hand. Without looking, I can feel him drawing a careful chart, up, then down, perhaps indicating this week's business trends for next week's issue of *Time*. He suddenly veers up to show a financial boom or the peak of aluminum production on my wrist, then turns with the horrified abruptness of a crisis, and plummets down, down, clear under my forearm to make the awful abyss that represents a Crash.

A flock of pigeons fly over the patio in a great swoop and whirr, like the throb of motors. "Supposing they *were* of steel," some hidden subterranean voice whispers, but hardly ruffling my sun bath calm. "Supposing each time you heard that approaching thunder of wings, you had to rush underground, like a worm exposed when a stone is lifted. Supposing they brought fear, instead of delight?"

The pigeons wheel away into a single, silent speck in the sky, some miraculous hole of a vanishing point, and are no longer even a murmur, but merely something out of the past—or out of the future. . . .

The ant makes a charming, skittering parabola around my shoulder, delicate as the merest trailing finger of a grassblade, or as the faintest tentative line drawn by a tattoo-artist who is still uncertain what he wishes to etch into the skin with his electric needle—and yet not only the skin on my shoulder, but my whole body is pleasurably conscious of his perambulations, and tiny nerves tingle in his wake.

I thread words together, sketchily, dazzled and lulled in the heat:

As I lie in the sun, the pigeons fly over:
A whirr, a shadow, and a fleeting odor . . .
Then there is only a distant murmur,
The shadow narrows in the sky
And the only smell is of warm earth. . . .

So what? So they've gone, and everything is the way it was before. But is it? When a lovely flight of birds can plunge you into the horrors of war, hasn't that changed your entire universe? Oh, stop that! Isn't it wonderful enough to lie in the sun with nothing happening? Stop tossing pebbles into unruffled ponds just to watch the circles of ripples rush off into space.

Suddenly the ant makes a beeline down my torso, setting up a new kind of vibration, making a soundless xylophone of my ribs. Such purpose. Such a straight swoop to a definite goal. Such a worthwhile little buzzard. (Why should Mr. Hayes say that "buzzard" sounds like "bastard?" He's crazy.)

O. K., little one, I'll be purposeful, too. I put on sunglasses, pick up paper, pencil, and telephone book, and start going down the list. "Vitamins for Britain" literature must be in the mails by Saturday. Abbott, Adams, Ambrose, Baca, Boswell, Bright, Chapline, Cheetham, Dasburg, Denton, Dunn, Emetz. . . . Check, check, check. . . .

But what's this? I come up short against a line in the 'phone book, as though it were a sudden stone wall and my horse had balked. There, as big as life in our brand new six-page "Summer 1941" directory, among our meagre 400 listed telephones, I find:

Federal Bureau of Investigation—Call Information.

After a minute, it's almost funny. Who do you suppose I'd get if I asked Information for the FBI? The Sheriff? The State Policeman? The District Attorney? Or would they put me straight through to Washington to hear my Fifth Column revelations?

"Hello! Washington? FBI Headquarters? Listen, I've just seen something. I thought they were bombers and they turned out to be only a fleet of pigeons. But what do you think? They had Swastikas embroidered on their breasts—Mexican feather-work, you know. Headed north. —Yes, I'll keep you posted. Good-bye."

I snicker, foolishly, at my flight of fancy—or should I say my descent

into infancy? — then, as though it were out of my own throat, and out of my own subconscious, so neatly is it mingled with my chuckle, I hear the throb of aeroplane engines again. The pigeons have come back. Down they swoop toward me in a wide arc. And I start threading words like beads on a string again; like knitting for the Red Cross to quiet my mind:

Back they come with a rush
Like the soft, even splash
Of waves on a shelving beach.
(Knit two; purl two)
Again the mottled shadows
Sprinkle my body....

But here I jump, suddenly, and drop a stitch.

"Hey, you!" I shout, in a loud giant's voice, to the ant. "Verboten!" And I give him a push with my pencil. He doesn't seem to mind deflection, and scurries on down my right leg on less sensitive terrain as though there'd been no detour.

The pigeons fly on over me in a solid cloud, obscuring the sun for a scattered instant. Where was I?

Flecking my body with mottled shadow,
As though autumn leaves were falling . . .
("Or bombs," I mutter, parenthetically, knitting away with
my words like Madame Defarge.)
As though it were the end of summer,
Instead of the beginning . . .
The end of everything.

And then the pigeons are gone again; their shout of imminence once more a murmur. How shall I put it?

Time is brought back on earthly wings,
Which signal, "Now!" — Then disappear. . . .

The ant has reached my knee. He pauses for a moment and waves his antennae in the air—a frantic kind of signal to the stars that aren't there. I look up into the clear empty blue of the sky: nothing.

Then, all at once, there is something, crystallizing out of the ether as though by magic. A feather, floating down silently. One remnant of the pigeons' blitz-flight. I watch it, fascinated, as it drifts toward me, growing larger, important now, almost significant. I note its pale,

curved quill, the gun-metal shimmer of the delicate filaments blending to a white that is more vivid than any color against the sharp, deep blue of the sky.

Deliberately, almost tenderly, the feather swoops, curves—and alights on the palm of my hand. I close my fingers on it.

“Death can be like that, too,” says a voice from way down deep in the bomb-shelter where the pounding waves of heat have driven thought.

The ant has got clear to the end of my toe, and he teeters precariously on the pinnacle as though undecided whether to take that dreadful suicide-leap to the ground.

A HOUSE FOR JENNY

Elizabeth Martin Ouellet

THE EARLY sun crept into Jenny's room with morning in its hands and it touched Jenny's cheek with a warm and golden finger, awakening her. She lay there for a while wiggling her toes under the covers, blinking at the light, and then she rolled out of her bed and ran to the window where she pressed her face against the cool pane. Outside, the poplar, the secret-whispering tree, brushed back and forth against the screen, throwing flat circles of sunlight on her cheek, murmuring the secret of forever.

"Today," Jenny said, singing the words, "I'm nine, and Daddy's coming home, to stay forever like he said. I'm nine, and the poplar tree is high as my window, to the very top like Daddy said it would be when he came home to stay."

It was a school day but Jenny put on her Sunday dress of pale blue silk. She tied a blue ribbon in her brown and shining hair, and in her eyes there was an eager, waiting look.

Jenny turned her head and saw her mother standing in the doorway.

"Hello, Mums," she said. And she gave a tolerant little smile, as if to say you're sweet, but you're not Daddy; you can't ever be like Daddy. . . .

"Happy birthday, darling." Her mother spoke in a quiet, a very careful voice. She carried a white package in her hand. She wore a pink flowered apron and she seemed very young. Daddy Ben had called her Edie. "It came this morning," she said, handing Jenny the package. "For you."

"For me?" Jenny cried. "A present!"

She took the box and spread her brown fingers over it. Then she began to fumble happily with the ribbons.

Edie sat down on the edge of the bed to watch.

When Jenny drew a doll from its tissue paper nest, a doll with wide brown eyes, credulous eyes like her own, she gathered it into her arms with a quiet acceptance. She held it to her shining face and smiled.

Blinded, Edie turned away.

There was a tag fastened around the doll's neck. Very slowly Jenny read what was written there, holding each word. "Yours, forever and ever. . . ." She paused. "There isn't any name."

"No name, Jenny? How exciting." But Edie's eyes did not meet Jenny's. With the package there had come that morning a letter bearing a London postmark, a letter addressed to herself. It was folded now in the pocket of her apron.

In the letter Daddy Ben had said, "I hope Jenny likes the doll. She must be a big girl now; too big, maybe, for dolls."

Jenny laughed. Rapturously, she laughed. And when Edie looked at her then she saw the sun on Jenny's head and the morning in her eyes, a look of forever.

"There isn't any name," Jenny said, "but I know who sent it." A secret smile twinkled in the corners of her mouth. "And it's funny that he sent it, Mums, because he's coming home today, you know." She sat down beside Edie on the bed.

"Coming home, Jenny? Who's coming home?"

"Why, Daddy, Mums. You silly, didn't you know?" Jenny squeezed her mother's fingers. "It's going to be wonderful," she said.

"No . . . I didn't know, dear. I . . . I guess I forgot." Edie slipped her hand into her pocket and touched the envelope. She wanted to say, "I had a letter this morning from Daddy Ben. A long one . . . he said . . ." But not now. Not on a ninth birthday with Jenny wearing this look of forever on her face. "You'd better come down now and have your breakfast."

She leaned over and kissed the top of Jenny's head. Then she arose and went out of the room.

She walked slowly down the stairway where the floor showed through the worn carpeting. She had looked at carpets for the little brown house, but she had not bought them. She had made curtains for the dining room, Ben's favorite shade of blue; she had not put them up. Edie remembered the day Ben had gone away. Jenny had been seven. "Just a little stroll around the world," he had said to them. When Jenny was eight he had not come back, and even then Edie knew that

the world was a long, long walk. People like Ben forgot their way home. There had been a great many letters at first, good letters, gay and reassuring. For the past year they had come less often; they had been less gay. And now the letter had come that was not gay at all; one she must read to Jenny sometime, but not today. And maybe, she thought, her little burden of knowledge would never come to any words that she could say, and Jenny, with terrifying patience, would go on waiting.

Edie stood in the doorway and saw the kitchen recede and sway beyond a mist of tears. She thought she saw Ben there, and dreamlike, she moved towards him.

He was sitting at the kitchen table, buttering his toast with great, extravagant slabs. His eyes were very blue.

"I think I'll plant the poplar today," he said. "The one Jenny wants to grow past her window. By the time she's nine she'll be able to reach out and touch it."

"It's a nice house, Ben. We'll have it all our lives."

"Forever," he said, "and ever."

In the kitchen doorway Jenny asked, "Who were you talking to, Mums?"

Edie whirled about, blinking her eyes against the swiftness of time.

"Oh, hello there. Did you say something, dear?"

Jenny straddled a kitchen chair.

"I just thought I heard you talking to someone. When I came downstairs I thought maybe that Daddy was home already."

"No," Edie said, "there wasn't anyone. No one at all. I was thinking . . . out loud. Do you want bacon?"

"Hmnn . . . he said he was coming home today."

"I don't remember . . . did he?" Edie flipped the bacon over in the pan. "How many pieces, Jenny?"

"Three. . . . He said he'd be home to stay when the poplar touched the top of my window. That was when I was seven he said it. . . . I just went out to look, and it does . . . all the way to the very tip-top."

"That's fine," Edie said brightly.

"Anyway, Mums," Jenny went on, "he said he'd always come on birthdays, no matter what."

"You said that last year, honey. And he didn't come."

"I guess he just couldn't, Mums. But when I was eight the poplar was only as far as the window sill. Maybe he knew. Maybe he wanted to wait until it was all the way to the top so as he wouldn't have to go again."

Edie stepped outside to the service porch where she gripped the edge of the wash tub with her white fingers. "I can't tell her," she thought. "I can't ever tell her. Not today . . . not tomorrow"

She went back into the kitchen then and took the bacon from the pan and put it on Jenny's plate.

Jenny covered her toast with thick slabs of butter. She bit into it, and with her mouth half full she said, "I'm not going to school today because it's special. I wouldn't want not to be here when he comes."

Edie wheeled about then and faced Jenny, compelled to speak.

"Jenny," she said, "I don't think he's coming. It would be better if you went to school."

But Jenny only laughed.

"Why, Mums, of course he's coming. I'm just as sure as anything. It won't be any time at all now till he's here."

And Edie was silenced.

Forever is a brown house. A brown house on a green street. With her doll in her arms Jenny stood on the front walk and looked at it, of all the houses she had ever seen or known, the real one. She had lived there always with Edie and Daddy Ben, and always was forever. Now Daddy was coming home again. She sucked in a sharp little breath of pure bliss. There was the sentinel poplar rustling softly in the familiar wind, and the snap-dragons coming up again in neat, bright rows beside the hedge. She could see Edie watering the flowers. She had on her pink sunbonnet, and she was laughing. Daddy moved across the lawn with his rake and the smoke curled up from his pipe in pudgy rings. Edie sat back on her heels and squirted the hose at him. When Jenny closed her eyes she could hear them laughing. Forever is a brown house, and Daddy coming home to rake the leaves away and see the poplar.

With wide, eager eyes Jenny caressed the rough brown walls. She came across the lawn and put her hand upon them. She stood beside the poplar, listening. *Forever and ever. Ever and forever.* And for an instant it was Daddy chanting the words in a voice that came towards her from far away.

She went to sit on the smooth top step of the porch and she found

Edie there, half hidden by the trailing vines. A thick packet of letters lay in her lap. She had been sitting on the step for a long time and her eyes were full of Jenny.

They did not talk at first, and Jenny sat there listening to the secret-whispering tree, feeling the brown wooden arms of the house around her. She closed her eyes and for a brief moment she looked back at herself and Edie, sitting there on the porch step like people waiting.

With troubled eyes Edie looked at Jenny. She fingered the letters in her lap.

"You love it very much," she asked suddenly, "this little house?"

Silently Jenny nodded. She locked her brown hands together.

"More than anything, almost," she answered finally. "But it's not quite real."

"Not real, Jenny?"

"Not without Daddy, it isn't. When he comes today it will come alive again. It used to talk to me, you know, when he was here. It's waiting for Daddy, Mums, just like us." She rested her head on Edie's shoulder. "I wonder if it gets awfully tired waiting, Mums."

"I think it must be tired, Jenny," she said. "A very tired little house."

Jenny leaned forward and peered up and down the street.

"I think it would be easier waiting, Mums, if I went to school at noon. He might be late, maybe"

"That's a good idea." Edie turned the letters over in her hand.

"Maybe he'll be here when I get home."

Edie did not answer. She picked up the letter that lay on the top of the packet. But she didn't say anything. She just stared at it, her teeth sinking into her lower lip, and after a while she put it back.

"Are those Daddy's letters?" Jenny asked. "I've read them all, haven't I?"

"Yes, I think you've read them all, Jenny. All but the last one."

Jenny stood in the parlor. Her hands were clasped behind her back.

She saw the blue overstuffed chairs, the big fat one that was Daddy's, and the rug that was blue and flowered. She stood very still and looked on all the beloved shabbiness while the sunlight drew a slow-moving finger across the floor. It was Time moving on the rug, but Jenny was forever and she did not see. She walked about on tiptoe, feeling the things that she loved, the fragile porcelain figurines on the mantle, the

ivory keys of the piano, the rose bowl that was so roundly smooth to her touch. She traced the bright bird patterns on the curtains and when at last she laid a finger on the thing that was forever, she heard the fluttering of wings and a cry far away.

Through the open door she saw Edie watching her from the top step of the porch with a strange, uncertain look upon her face. For a fleeting instant Jenny paused there, questioning. Then she moved out of the path of the sunlight and went upstairs to change her dress for school.

Edie stood in the empty parlor holding her letters in her hand. She saw the shaft of sunlight withdrawing across the floor. She knew that it was Time moving on the rug. When it was gone, leaving the room in shadow, she shivered. Beneath the window a great silver dish glittered with a final brightness on the table. She put the letters down where the inscription read, "Edie and Ben . . . 1929."

When she heard Jenny's footsteps on the stair she turned from the window. She saw the child come through the doorway with her brown straw hat on, a book under her arm, wearing the credulous and shining look, Jenny forever. Edie sagged slightly against the table, suddenly limp before the luminous face, and her hands jerked forward in an agonizing gesture of love. She went to her then and kissed her gently, straightening the wide brim of her hat.

"Goody-bye, darling."

"Bye, Mums. Tell Daddy not to sweep the leaves in the yard until I come"

"I'll tell him, dear."

"We always had such fun doing that, you know."

"Yes, I remember."

"And tell me what he says about the poplar. He'll never believe it got so big."

"No."

"Nor that I'm so big, will he, Mums?"

"I should say not."

"Bye, Mums."

"Good-bye, Jenny"

Edie watched from the window until Jenny had turned the corner. She stood by the table where the letters lay in the silver dish, and in one hand she held a little box of matches. Now and again she struck a match

and sometimes she waited until her fingers were scorched before she blew it out.

After a time she took the top letter from the packet and drew the scrawled sheets from the envelope. As she read it the corners of her mouth twitched and the skin around her mouth became gray.

"It is too late now," he had written there, "to come back. I have begun a new life. I want to be free; I want to marry again.

"I know now that nothing lasts; forever is only a word on a piece of paper. Keep the house for Jenny She will forget me soon, if she has not, as I imagine, forgotten me already. Tell her about me, Edie, so that she'll understand how it is with me. Let her forget me, but don't let her hate me. . . ."

"Keep the house for Jenny. . . ." Edie thought of the poplar tree swaying so gently against the brown walls whispering the secret of forever. "Forever is a word on a piece of paper." If there was to be a new life for Jenny, the roots of the old life must be destroyed.

Edie struck a match and held the letter to its thin yellow flame. Then she set the letter down with the others on the silver dish. The crisp curtain with the bright bird patterns on it drifted back and forth over the tiny tendrils of fire.

Edie closed her eyes against the sharp, familiar outlines of the room. When she opened them again the close circle of darkness fell away and she saw the tongues of flame upon the curtains, a twisted, golden vine. She stood there until the heat burned upon her throat and arms and the smoke was bitter on her tongue and in her eyes. She turned away then and went out the front door very quietly, closing it behind her.

Edie was sitting on the curbstone when Jenny came home from school. Already the poplar was a ghost of a tree swaying against an emptiness of sky, and the little leaves, brittle with death, were fluttering away on the wind.

INSECTS ON A PIN

II. Death

Joaquín Ortega

MY LINES: Showcase
of my mind: insects on
a pin—one at a time.

21

DEATH IS NOT ARTISTIC. (*In a moment of zest for the integrity of form.*) VISION MACABRE. Bald men: The hand of a skeleton combed their hair. DIMINUENDO. Death is not artistic, because it comes gradually, pinching us, annoyingly, from all sides. Muscle, bone, nerve, and blood decay, and we go down, painfully. It were better to be young, always, and die, unexpectedly, like this good tree in the corner that slept last winter and never wakened!

22

MANNERS. Many souls, for lack of manners, or simply because of ataxia due to inhibition while living within matter here on earth, will be embarrassed and act as rustics or half-wits, after death, when matter is no more and life is measured in abstract terms. . . . But I know, O my soul, that you, good or bad, shall be seemly unto the last.

23

DESCENSION. Now my Life is a descending stair, step down, step down, step down, towards the ground. . . . Death.

24

CREPUSCULAR LOVE. (*After a reading of "El Celoso Extremeño"—"The Jealous Husband"—of Cervantes.*) Sensual old men, grasp

ing the elusive hand of youth, with the avarice of a money-lender who clips the last coupon of a poor investment.

25

NÉBULEUSE. (*Shakespearean.*) To be, and cease to be? That's the question.

26

HOW TO LIVE AND HOW TO DIE. (*The soothing remembrance of my mother.*) Catholic mysticism: To open one's arms as a living crucifix; to open one's eyes to the stars . . . and drift along toward the Open Seas of Eternity.

27

JORGE MANRIQUE: Si "nuestras vidas son los ríos que van a dar en la mar, que es el morir . . .," ¿por qué no echan nuestros cuerpos allí?

28

THE NIGHT OF DEATH. When I die my eyes will not see color or line . . . and I shall be free . . . from the Relative. And I shall be free . . . from the ambiguous chorus of lights and shadows of the earthly night.

29

WE CAN CHEAT DEATH. (*Ex-voto of my friendship to Dr. Hugh P. Greeley when he married after forty.*) Life does not begin at forty. Death begins even before forty. . . BUT, we can cheat Death and retard the acceleration of our step, by grafting ourselves in the love of woman, in paternity . . . by flooding ourselves with charity for others, with illuminations of the mystery . . . by sucking from the breasts of imperishable Poetry.

30

ONWARD ROSINANTE. (*Inspired by Cervantes' famous dedication of his "Persiles and Sigismunda" to the Count of Lemos, dated April 19, 1616, four days before his death.*) My noble Count: The work is done, or undone, but Dawn is coming and Rosinante

trembles under my stirrup. . . . Yesterday, the Last Sacraments. Time is short, fears hover, hopes vanish; and yet, I hope, and fear not, for my head is loaded with reliques, fancies. . . . My noble Count: The Dawn is coming. . . . I shall follow the dusty road and meet the next adventure, gaily, with my Rosinante.

31

UNIVERSAL. (*Días de la guerra civil española.*) Nancy, mi niña, dice, sin saber lo que ha dicho en su infantil candor: "Quiero morir" Y el alma, angustiada por la lucha fraternal, se nos va por la vertiente del dolor universal.

32

POSTSCRIPT. (*Inspired by the Reverend George Edwin Hunt of Madison, Wisconsin, a venerable and courageous man of the church, officiating—with a broken neck—at the funeral of John Showerman, March 30, 1933. The letter written by young Showerman, one of the most brilliant young men ever graduating from the University of Wisconsin, to his parents before committing suicide to free himself from an incurable brain tumor, is among the greatest farewells to life. His father, the famous classical scholar, Grant Showerman, spent the rest of his days counted by sorrow. "We have come not to mourn, but to record inevitability. We have gathered in presbytery to say that this young man harbored in flesh heroic stuff. We have come, in humility, to ask God for grace unto his grace and bounty unto his valor and decorum. We say no more." And the old man, shaken and firm, garbed in the black folds of mystery, wrinkled, wise, and experienced, BEAUTIFUL, with that homely beauty of Protestantism, transfixed, let the words fall over the casket, like the unwritten postscript.*

33

TARDE! La indiferencia gris de esta tarde nublada de Primavera se entra en el corazón. El Origen, el Destino, el Vivir mismo . . . interrogaciones mudas. El vacío de lo hecho, y de lo que uno cree que tiene que hacer. La Muerte que nos espera tras el dintel de esa puerta tal vez sin más allá. Arrastrando los pies—cansados, sin cami-

nar—el vano orgullo de ser lo que no se es; y la herida, viva hasta el final, de no ser lo que se es.

34

INSURANCE BUSINESS. A garrulous man was selling to me life insurance, and I asked: "Why call this life insurance, when you give assurances only to my death?" And he said: "Of death insurance, Sir, people would be afraid."

35

THE OLD BACHELORHOOD OF A ROMANTICIST. When his death comes he shall be a twisted tree, with bare branches, bitten by the cold of long nights and remembrance . . . showing through its crevices a tragicomic laughter.

36

DEATH IN MODERATO. My lines: death in moderato. X-rays of my brain, showing, upon close observation, the decay of the tissues.

37

EPITAPH OF AN OPTIMIST. If remembrance is not oblivion, why write down here my name?

POETRY

CANTO GENERAL DE CHILE

(Fragment)

From the North, Almagro brought his wrinkled lightning.
And across the land, between thunder and quiet,
he leaned day and night as over a map.

Shade of thorns, ghost of wax and thistle,
the Spaniard stood again with his lean figure,
watching the exhausted strategies of earth.

Night, snow and sand shape the form
of my wasted fatherland,
silence stretched in its long line;
foam rises from the sea's face,
cinder covers it with mysterious kisses.

Like live coal gold burns in its fingers
and silver illumines, like a new moon,
its hardened shadow of a dark planet.

The Spaniard, having settled near the rose one day,
near oil, near wine, near ancient sky,
did not imagine this point of angry stone
rose from below, out of the dung of the sea eagle.

PABLO NERUDA

(From *Repertorio Americano*, and
translated by Joseph Leonard Grucci.)

BITTERNESS

Near the sea
it was, the bitter sea.
Lips made bitters

by salted water;
bitter the lips
from the bitters of tears.

Near the sea,
the bitter sea,
beneath blue sky
and blue morning.

Worn with bitterness
the soul;
lips of salt,
of tears,
of bitters.

Beneath the sky,
beneath the mourning sea.

JUSTO G. DESSEIN MERLO
(English version by Lloyd Mallan.)

BIRDS

There were some that found the tremulous branch,
others walked the night,
and some carried reddened dreams
away from high towers.

Yet others flew the infinite ribbon
dividing you from winter,
and clawing eyes in seas
and gnawing fish were others.

Some came with dust and tears,
shuddering in fear;
dragging shadows with their eyes,
mire with their wings.

But those that never returned,
those that parted in twilights without goodbye,
that never knew the crisp flower,

that never dropped a feather
to shelter someone's dream,
are the ones now fluttering
in the solemn moment of evening,
in the egoism of night,
upon the ultimate silence, fluttering
against the profile of a dead child.

ESPERANZA FIGUEROA
(English version by Lloyd Mallan.)

NUDE WOMAN

It snowed all night
on your body's garden;
but still there were roses
and open buds.

From the tree's furthest bough
soft slender blossoms
fall like golden rain
across the firm whiteness of stalks.

Violets
lie concealed
in the grass of your eyelashes,
deep and passionate.

Two roses lie
in restless sleep
on the indifferent magnolias
of your breasts.

And more gold
in those thighs
to paint with sunlight the silk
of mosses.

And your feet and hands,
roots great and small,
go deep into earth,
tremulous with love and gardens.

ENRIQUE GONZALEZ ROJO
From *Espacio*. (English version by Joseph Leonard Grucci.)

BY THE RIVER

The washerwomen
rinse and hang out
their lives by the river:
they have allowed their fate
to run with him.

The hurrying river slows down,
his muscles contracting,
as he turns the mills
and moves the turbines,
sings in the aqueducts,
becomes cloud, plasma, light.
He works many hours,
the river works overtime.

The sun is boss of the river,
he drinks his sweat, tires him,
exploits him, tans his hide.

Cities shame him,
they fling him their rubbish.

The fields injure him,
using him for drainage.

Everyone tires
his abundant patience.

Proletarian river,
dark river
under the cruel
tyranny of the bridge.

To you I announce
that the great flood
is approaching,
and the masonry
will come tumbling down.

IGNACIO LASSO

—*Indice de la Poesia Ecuatoriana Contemporánea*
(English version by Joseph Leonard Grucci.)

VOICE ON THE ROAD

No, soldiers! do not go,
 for the road ends here!
 Sleep in my warm dry room,
 not in the dampcold grass;
 drink water fresh from my well,
 not filth from the muddied pool;
 see how the afternoon falls
 and how the evening rises:
 rifle springs up after rifle;
 bullet answers bullet;
 but do not follow,
 for the road ends here!

NICOLÁS GUILLÉN

—*Cantos Para Soldados y Sones Para Turistas*
 (English version by Joseph Leonard Grucci.)

CONQUEST FOR MUSSOLINI

The lethargic highbacked turtle,
 No way geared for sleek evasion
 Nor practiced to the ruthlessness
 Of powered destination,

Water-led across the highway
 Inches on where furious speed
 Over indurate cruel cement
 Ridicules the simple need. . . .

Now it lies a carrion blob,
 Red-mashed, guardless, dished-up prey
 For the blackshirt wary crow,
 Gorging, eye cocked either way.

C. V. WICKER

THE PAST

In Paco Cemetery in Manila
Caskets let end-wise into the wall
Claim each a two-foot square of moss-edged space
In the great stone circle.

Ylang-ylang trees
With year-long steps parade the centuries
Slow.
Just now
Evening is heavy with their breath;
The dizzying sweetness tastes of death,
And all around
Waxy-yellow petals are fallen on the ground.

TIME

A single leaf drops from the top of Pagsanjan Gorge;
Leisurely it drifts its long, slow descent,
Playing with the perpendicular as it falls,
Dipping and swaying,
Aimless but directed.

The leaf strikes the waiting water,
Moving swiftly into a graceful right-angle;
Inert it lies upon the taciturn water,
Which takes it as something that is sent, that makes
no difference,
Something that will go beyond the river,
Out of the world of the river.

This happens in the primitive calm of Pagsanjan Gorge;
As I saw it I heard the anxious cry of a bird;
Then there was nothing.

But there is always another leaf, falling or ready to fall,
And the taciturn water is always waiting.

C. V. WICKER

HERITAGE

In the old burying-ground near Milford Town
 I saw the graves of many of my ancestors,
 Their friends and neighbors, old Connecticut settlers
 And their descendants. Bassett, Putnam, Allen,
 Winslow, Cleve, and Woods were the names, each worn old slab
 Cobwebbed, rainpitted, caked with centuries, each a window
 Through which I looked back to those old hardy ones
 From whom I had descended. (We in Western New York
 Came down from the adventurous Jacob, who had wived a Winslow,
 Had gone up into Vermont, then over the New York border
 And so up the Mohawk Valley to the wild Niagara frontier.)
 Here in a far corner under a lilac gray with August dust
 Was the grave of my father's grandmother, Asenith,
 Her mother beside her.

Returning to Milford Town in late afternoon,
 Cousin Edna, my brother, my father, and I, our auto passed,
 Like time leaving an older age behind, an ox-cart
 Driven by a sunbonneted countrywoman whom time
 Had forgotten to touch; along the dusty road
 The slow-footed beast with ancient nodding head
 Kept on. I turned in the speeding car and gazed back
 Until the quaint, forgotten figures fused in dust and distance.

In town once more we did not see such names
 As Bassett, Putnam, Allen, Winslow, Cleve, and Woods
 On signs and windows of shops and offices;
 New Connecticut settlers had taken their places,
 Later pilgrims from many other lands.
 We stopped and bought meat for supper at Colosimo's
 Butcher shop, and groceries from Mr. Max Ginsberg,
 For whom Cousin Walter worked.

Burying-ground
 And ox-cart, death and slow time behind,
 Milford Town, heritor of new living streams,
 Frontiers afresh into ways of human strength.

C. V. WICKER

MEMORY OF REPUBLICAN SPAIN

I cannot speak
 the word your deeds have shaped
 as a stone
 shapes the roots of flowers;
 the word comes
 eager to the throat
 (as even the quietest seedlings wake,
 that dryly held
 within earth's brain
 grow thirsty for a little rain)
 but is too big and slow
 for speech.

ROOM FOR THE LIVING

Over the earth,
 high over the people everywhere,
 frozen the planes hung in air
 *—nor will I forget Leonardo,
 who with mechanic wings
 would destroy the Chinese Walls
 of minds and nations—*
 then like wounded eagles
 fell earthward,
 grazing the million-busy streets,
 where their bombs released geysers
 of earth and stone
 and blood
 and bone.
 Seaward the planes ascending air
 Tortured,
 unseeing,
 the faces stare
 from below.

JOSEPH LEONARD GRUCCI

LA BELLE DAME

Always there is what cuts the face:
a small voice full of glass
a bloodshot European garden
menageries of silence full of wounded grace.

Always a moment falls between
the handshake and the lost lion grin
love's last under-water bout
and the sharply stamped enamel dream.

What lies aching in the room
is the white command sent too soon.

THE ENEMY

There are no stones for him.
He teaches stones how to lie, not to rot.
He teaches gardens how to grow around them.
For him there are no bones.
He teaches drought the secret of perpetuation.
How to skin a man alive.
He is the hand at every throat
—and dies by strangulation!

GRAMMAR OF MEMORY

If the light fail
redeem it—
out of no book,
out of no false stare,
out of no hardihood
for racing the common horse;
but out of the punctual worm,
crashing the coffin lid,
whose great electric head,
breaking the hoggish herd,
stirs those long wide-world
river bells.

EDWIN HONIG

SPECTACLE

Solomon dead, all lusting done,
Past the clay that was David's son
Came his concubines, one by one:
Slender, plump; as a cedar tall
Or high as my heart; demure in shawl
Or bare-faced bold with ready eye—
To rustle of silk they passed him by.
The last was old, she had been fair,
She touched the feet set neatly there.

Quiet the feet that between her own
Had lain, the loins now cold as stone;
Stilled the hands once prompt to show
Builder where every beam must go;
Singing tongue inert as lead,
Empty of thought that high, domed head,
He who was wisdom lying dead.

Between the dead and my stiff-held spear
They passed, and stared on that gorgeous bier.

PROGRESS

The gracious trees drooped feathery limbs
Along the quiet street;
The leaves whispered tiny hymns
In summer's rain and heat.

Came loud strange men with coils of wire
And posts of foreign wood;
The wind, each leaf in his choir,
Tiptoe, listening, stood.

The strangers went their way; the breeze
Mourned, and the leaves mourned too:
Holes had been hacked in all the trees
To let the wire go through.

J. PATRICK BYRNE

NO NEARER

Time is passing:

Tomorrow is no nearer.

Time is passing:

Today is very long.

Over the unquiet earth, the great fire flows.

Over our day and night, the stars have fallen.

Up the avenues of earth, the soldiers' feet come

And the soldiers' laugh and the soldiers' cry

And the soldiers' world becomes the day.

Ever present over this once fertile ground the wind

And the wind's way and wind's word

To this land now dying whispers

This message of the wind ever present:

Time is passing: tomorrow is no nearer.

Out of the jungle the tiger driven and the lion.

Out of the swamp the crane and the duck gone.

Heavy the clouds over the winter moon.

Too bright this desert sun:

Time is passing.

The music stops, the clocks wind down.

The young grow old, the children die.

Time is passing:

Tomorrow is no nearer.

HALDEEN BRADY

A HOUSE CANNOT STAND

George Snell

THE SHADOWS began to spread along the street as Harry walked toward town. The neon lights were all on, and the after-dinner crowds were going to movies, or window shopping, or just coming downtown to pass the time before going to bed. It was about eight o'clock, and the traffic had not reached its height in the streets. Harry walked slowly because he didn't want to get there in the middle of the feature.

It was pretty interesting, all right, to watch the people. There certainly were all kinds of people in the world. For instance, look at that poor old woman coming along the sidewalk. She looked as if she could hardly stand up on account of her feet hurting her. She hobbled along, carrying a mesh market bag full of kindling wood, and she had cut her shoes all to pieces so that her bunions could bulge out freely.

Or for instance, look at this old man barely moving, he was so old or something. It took him a long time to take a step, probably because he was paralyzed; but he was dressed up fit to kill, with a high white collar that looked like it was going to choke him, a straw hat, and a big red carnation in his lapel. Yes, and when you looked into his face you could see he was old all right, but he certainly was keeping a stiff upper lip. Harry felt a warm feeling for the old man and exchanged a courteous smile with him.

But of course it was more interesting to look at the girls, although there weren't so many of them on the street right now, and what few there were hanging on the arm of some fellow, going to a show, or a dance maybe. If only he had a girl hanging on his arm right now he would be a lot happier. Especially if it was a good-looking girl, like this one walking ahead of him, and if he wasn't so embarrassed when a girl was around.

He looked enviously at this girl's pretty legs, and he could see her heels exposed in the kind of shoes she was wearing, and it was easy to imagine that her foot if it had no stocking on would be little and white and smooth. His eye travelled up from her heels to her hips and watched how they moved slightly from side to side as she walked, and he could even see the faint outline of something she wore under the sheer dress: two faint lines converging down the round buttocks; probably a pair of panties or something. It made him feel extremely exhilarated for some reason, and restless, when he saw something like that.

But then the girl and the fellow turned off and went into a brightly lit alcove of a store to look into windows. Harry walked on, heaving a slight sigh.

He thought enviously he would be quite embarrassed to be walking with a girl, though. These fellows didn't seem to be embarrassed; instead they acted as if they owned the whole world; and they laughed and kidded with the girls just as if it was nothing at all. He wished he could do that; but girls certainly made him feel funny. It was a mystery how these fellows could go right ahead and talk and act around girls just as if they were anybody else.

Now for example, some fellows even boasted that they went to whore houses. How anybody could do that was beyond him. In the first place it was a sin to do things like that, and in the second it was dangerous and you couldn't tell what might happen to you. Anybody who respected women wouldn't do such a thing, that was certain all right. He would never, until he someday got married and had a beautiful wife who would be on a pedestal, and he would be able to go to her as clean and innocent as she would be when she came to him.

He allowed himself to dream of what his wife would be like and how it would be to have a wife; but he couldn't at all crystallize the matter. There were more and more people on the street now, and he was getting close to the theatre section. There were beer parlors and cocktail lounges along the street, and already they were beginning to attract customers. Harry glanced in through the doors as he passed and he could see men and women sitting at the bars with glasses in their hands and hear the laughter of the women, high and brittle. It made him feel uneasy and strange, like the sight of a girl's slim heels.

It was a subject he had thought a great deal about; in fact, it was the most absorbing matter he had ever encountered, and it was in his

mind a lot. Girls were so different from anything else. There were so many different kinds of them too; and they were so dangerous, especially the kind that sat in places like this and drank. If they got hold of you you had better watch out. Such girls, or women, would like nothing better than to get hold of a clean young man and try to debauch him. That was plain enough from what he had read and what his mother had told him often enough. It made you a little scared of them when you realized what they could do to you if they got you in their clutches.

Harry thought of his mother sitting home and wished he had asked her to go to the show with him, but she wouldn't have anyway because she would never go anywhere, and his father would not be home yet from work. It was too bad his father had to put in such long hours and that his mother wouldn't ever go out. His mother certainly wasn't like any of the women in these places. He tried to imagine what she had been like when she was a young girl, but he couldn't even imagine it. Probably she was awfully serious and the kind who stayed in the house and was interested in cooking and sewing and stuff like that, being so stern and all.

His eyes fell on another girl walking ahead of him, and he tried to imagine what she was like. She was older than the other, the one with the slim heels and the sleek buttocks, but she was even more interesting to watch. Look at the way she switched her hips, and she had such high heels he couldn't see how she could stand up. As she walked her heels clicked on the cement. She had red hair. He noticed that she even brushed the man walking with her with her hip, and she was doing it on purpose, sometimes leaning toward him as they walked.

There seemed to be something familiar about the man. He wasn't a young fellow by any means, and he walked with a heavy tread. The man's back looked almost like father. Harry speeded up a little and his eyes were jumping out of his head. Now that he looked, it couldn't be anybody but father.

As soon as he decided that, he stopped trying to catch up. It was only eight-fifteen, and father worked until ten. He couldn't understand how his father could be here, walking along with a girl or woman at this time of night. Maybe she was somebody from the office, though, or something like that. He wondered where they could be going. He felt a little foolish and guilty to be walking along behind them, and them not knowing they were being watched.

He couldn't help looking closely at the girl, more than ever now because it was father she was walking with. He wished he could see her face, but she would have to have a pretty face to have such a good-looking back. It was the best-looking back he had ever seen, including her hips and her legs. Her dress was high and when she walked he could even see the smooth inside of her knee and the little swell under the silk stocking of muscle behind her knee. His father didn't seem to be talking, but the girl was, and she suddenly turned her face toward his father, and Harry could see her profile.

It was certainly pretty, all right, and she had red cheeks, he could see even from where he was; they were rouged about like some of the girls you see coming out of the stage door at the Rialto. And she was clinging to his father's arm, and suddenly reached over and sort of hugged him.

That was a shock to Harry. Now he didn't believe she was from the office, or if she was it was certainly a funny way to act. He began to feel nervous about following them. He couldn't believe his eyes when his father's hand strayed back and patted the girl's rump. He tried to think that it wasn't his father after all; and maybe it wasn't; maybe it was his double. After all there are such things as doubles. Harry began to walk faster quite boldly, and in a moment was almost treading on their heels. He heard the man laugh. It was his father's laugh beyond any doubt, and Harry immediately fell back.

In all his life he had never seen his father with any woman but his mother; he couldn't remember any time. This was an awful thing, he was beginning to think, as he kept following them at a respectful distance.

He began to think of all the terrible meanings, wondering if mother knew of this, and asking his father under his breath: what are you doing, I can't understand. His heart was beginning to beat heavily against his ribs.

Just then they turned into a place. When Harry came up to the doorway he saw it was a beer parlor. He hesitated outside; he had only once been in such a place. But he decided to go in; he was very curious yet awed. He wanted to know what his father was doing with a woman. He wanted to see the woman's face clearly, and to see his father's face. Then he would know what his father was doing perhaps.

He pushed open the screen door and walked in cautiously. His

eyes took in the length of the bar and saw that his parent was not sitting there. He sauntered to the bar and leaned his elbow on it self-consciously, feeling the half dollar in his pocket that he had been going to buy his show ticket with. Looking along the booths he saw the woman sitting in one, and his father's shoulder was visible, with his back turned toward him.

He was afraid to look squarely at the booth, and he turned his head away but kept his eye on the booth. She was a good-looking girl or woman, all right. She had plenty of makeup on, and her hair was red. She was smoking a cigarette now, holding it in one corner of her small scarlet mouth and talking out of the other corner. She was pulling off her black lace gloves, and his father was giving an order to a waitress.

The bartender asked him what he would have. Harry asked for a glass of beer, and the bartender said he looked pretty young, bud. Harry said he was nineteen and knew he would get away with it because he did look three or four years older than he was.

He tried to make the beer last a long time, and that was easy because he didn't like the stuff anyway. He watched how the girl or woman drank her cocktail, and set the glass down empty after just putting it once to her mouth.

As he was lifting his glass again his father suddenly thrust his head out of the booth and called the waitress. Harry ducked his face away. It was his father, all right. And he looked different, too. His eyes were bright and watery looking, and his face was redder than usual, as if he was hot. His voice even sounded different, more bossy and bragging or something. It was too loud.

After they had had two more cocktails the girl or woman began to talk loud and to laugh quite a bit. She giggled, and Harry could see her white teeth and her tongue in her mouth when she laughed. She would look at his father in a most peculiar way as if she wasn't at all afraid of him.

Harry felt very bad. He didn't feel like going to a movie now, and besides he didn't have enough to get into the Rialto even in nigger heaven. The beer made him feel sick also. He tried to think of what his mother would say if she knew this about his father. He still could hardly believe all this was happening. That didn't seem like his father sitting back there, where he could hear his low rumbling voice and the tittering of the red-headed girl or woman.

He saw the girl get up, lurching; and he quickly put the beer glass down and walked out. He went up the street a short distance and turned to look into a jeweler's window, waiting for them to come out. His tongue felt thick and his stomach was sick.

When they came out, his father had his arm around the girl's waist; and she was leaning on him. They were both talking and laughing. That made Harry feel worse than ever. His father's face was redder than he had ever seen it.

He thought the girl might stumble and fall as she continued to lean on his father and they went down the street to the corner and turned. As soon as they turned Harry hurried after them. You never could tell what mischief a woman such as that might get a man into. It was too bad his father didn't know better. He felt he ought to keep an eye on them now; and he was still feeling bad because he knew himself that his father did know better.

Around the corner about half a block he saw the two enter a doorway. Over it hung a sign that said Rooms 50c-\$1-\$2. They stood in the doorway for a few moments, and Harry scrouged himself against a wall so they wouldn't notice him. He saw his father pulling on the girl's arm. She didn't seem to want to go in. His father was coaxing her and pulling her. Pretty soon she shrugged and let him pull her in. Then he couldn't see them any more.

Harry walked on and stood before the entrance for a little while, looking at the warped steps of the staircase, leading up. Nobody was there but he could almost see the red-headed girl's or woman's red mouth and made up face, and he felt like slapping it with all his might.

Without any money he couldn't go to the show, so Harry just walked around for a while and then went home. His mother was sitting there sewing, and she asked what was the matter. He said they changed the bill and the picture wasn't there he wanted to see. He looked at her off and on the rest of the evening trying to read but mostly just thinking about everything. Then about eleven the back screen door opened, and Mother glanced up in that quick, sniffing way she had. Harry's eyes turned to the kitchen too. His father came in grinning. He didn't look red-faced now, but he smelled like beer or whiskey.

"I had a few drinks with the boys after we got through," he said before Mother said anything.

"I could smell it," his mother said, sniffing.

"Well, we were so tired out we wanted just one to pep us up before going home." He threw his hat on the couch. "Hello, Harry," he said.

Harry said hello, and couldn't look in his father's eyes. In a flash he remembered that lots of evenings were like this.

"Well, what you been doing?" his father said to him.

Harry kept his eyes averted.

"He was going to a show, but they changed the bill," his mother said. "We just spent a quiet evening."

"Ah," his father said, "don't I wish I could do that. But no, I have to work every night."

His mother sighed and said nothing.

His father came over and gave his mother a kiss. "I'm so worn out I guess I'll go right to bed," he said.

"Poor dear," his mother said. "I don't think a drink does you any good."

His father shrugged. "Well, goodnight, son," he said.

Harry turned away.

His father looked surprised. "What's the matter with him?" he asked Mother.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she said.

"Nothing's the matter," Harry muttered. He got up and walked out of the room, and he could hear his father saying something about even his son turning against him in this house.

BOOK REVIEWS

Pan America: A Program for the Western Hemisphere, by Carleton Beals. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1940. \$3.00.

Carleton Beals is today and has been for a good many years back the leading interpreter of Latin America to the people of the United States. The writings of this free-lance American journalist are not the product of brief excursions to the countries of Latin America, but derive from long residence among our southern neighbors. Author of seventeen books, of which *The Coming Struggle for Latin America* and *Mexican Maze* are the best known, the man has an unparalleled knowledge of the countries below the Rio Grande.

Beals is no mere reporter for he suffuses all of his writings with his own political thinking, which is that of a modern liberal. Humane and understanding, enthusiastic and hopeful, he also has a lively sense of the practical. Although he has little use for the native feudalism that passes for republican government in Latin America, he has a genuine love for the ordinary people of the region and appreciates the savor and substance of their life. In this, his latest book, he describes the economic resources of these semi-colonial countries, and suggests an economic program for their development that would be of mutual advantage to the people of Latin America and the United States. Coming at a time when we are concerned over securing an adequate and convenient source of raw materials essential to our armament program, and when we are worried over our future international trade, the book is of much interest as it offers a possible solution for these problems.

Beals, in a series of lengthy chapters that might have been made briefer in the interest of readability, inventories the material resources of Latin America, actual and potential. The list is impressive and on it can be found almost every raw material this country needs now or will

likely need in the future. What Latin America lacks to make these resources available to the United States, says Beal, is capital for their development, the training of its labor in the technical arts, and an assured market for the absorption of its products.

The goal of such a program should not be merely shortsighted self-interest on the part of the United States but the creation and maintenance in Latin America of independent nations of free people. You cannot buy the friendship of the people to the south, he says, by the continuance of the old system of public loans to the fly-by-night dictators who divert the funds to their own personal uses. A loan policy whereby loans are made only for productive industrial purposes, preferably for the production of essential materials for which there is a ready and assured market in the United States or other parts of the world, is essential. Such a policy, by creating the opportunities for more employment in Latin America and an increased purchasing power for the people there, would at once bring them more of the benefits of civilized living and us a valuable export market.

Accompanying such an economic program should go a political program if the former is to succeed, Beals points out. We should not seek in developing South America to gain control of their resources, but permit them to remain in native hands. Nor should we seek to monopolize the entire output of strategic materials, but merely to secure the minimum amounts vitally necessary to ourselves on fair and liberal terms, the remainder to be available to other countries. No restrictions on Latin American trade with other parts of the world should be sought. An announcement on our part, once we were ready to embark on such a program, that we desired no territorial expansion and that we would not infringe on Latin American sovereignty, as we do not now permit others to do, would gain for us much popular support in the region, Beals thinks.

One can find little fault with such a statesmanlike proposal; one can only doubt whether we will develop and sustain the social vision necessary for its accomplishment. Certainly, if some policy closely approximating Beals' suggestions is not followed, we are going to wake up some day to find Latin America a problem rather than an asset.

An admirable part of Beals' thinking about Latin America is that he sees that just as economic isolation is impossible for the United States, so it is impossible for the hemisphere. Latin America needs to be

developed economically, primarily for its own people, then for the United States and the other nations. We should not, and western cattlemen will agree with him on this point, import South American products to the detriment of home producers, but instead seek the development of industries in Latin America complementary to our own. If we concentrate on this the non-complementary products of Latin America can be sold to the countries in the region benefitting from increased purchasing power and to the nations of other continents.

The major criticism to be made of the book is that the author devotes well over half of his first 500 pages to discussing the shortcomings of traditional international trade practices before he discusses his program for the western hemisphere from which the book gains its principal interest. His object in these introductory chapters is to give a world setting for Pan American problems, but it could have been accomplished in much shorter space.

As a practical, short-range program likely to be of immediate benefit to the United States in its present defense efforts, Beals' program is open to serious doubts. It would take years to realize practical benefits from such a program. The reviewer feels strongly that to buy the time necessary for such a program to operate, we had best give increasing aid to Britain in helping win the Battle of the Atlantic. A Nazi-controlled Europe, with its international barter system of trade, would probably mean the doom of any hope for the development of Latin America in an economic or politically democratic way.

THOMAS C. DONNELLY

Our Latin American Neighbors, by Philip Leonard Green. New York: Hastings House, 1941. \$2.00.

Reportage on Mexico, by Virginia Prewett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1941. \$3.00.

Puerto Rico, by John W. Thompson. New York: Hastings House, 1940. \$1.50.

The growing interest in our neighbors in the other Americas has produced, in recent years, many titles by authors of varied interests and experiences. With each new title the publisher reminds us, either directly or indirectly, that the volume that he is publishing is not "just another book" on Latin America.

Although in the past there has been a paucity of books dealing with Latin America and its problems, considering the importance of these problems to the United States, none the less there have been many studies which have proved to be a valuable source for further investigators. It may be said that some of these earlier books, in spite of their age and inaccuracies, are more valuable in shedding light on the problems of modern Latin America than many recent publications. An example of one of these is García Calderón's *Latin America: Its Rise and Progress*, which appeared in London in 1913. In spite of the years that have elapsed since its publication, this book is still very vital; for even at that time, the author pointed out perils of which we are only now becoming aware (i.e., the German peril, the Japanese peril).

As far as content is concerned it must be said that there is little in these three books that is new or unusual. It is necessary, therefore, to turn to the presentation of the material to find why they are not to be classified as "just another book" on Latin America.

Our Latin American Neighbors, by Philip Leonard Green, is an excellent book for the reader who wants a condensed summary of the many Latin American problems from pre-Columbian days to the present. Mr. Green has done this in 173 pages! The material, though presented in somewhat the fashion of a syllabus, makes interesting reading. Owing to the tremendous scope of the book, there are many generalizations; yet the reader feels that the author made these only after careful study and investigation.

In the first three chapters of *Reportage on Mexico*, Virginia Prewett gives a quick picture of Mexico up to December 1, 1924, when Calles assumed the presidency. The other ten chapters deal with Mexico since that date. The last four chapters are based on firsthand information gathered by the author in Mexico during the past year, and are, therefore, more personal in style than the others. For example, the chapter "Mexico's Blackest Crime" (concerning the murder of Trotsky) has all the color of modern journalism.

Puerto Rico, by J. W. Thompson and edited by Laszlo Fodor, does all that it purports to do, "to give at least a glimpse, in words and pictures, of the Island's people and their cities and plantations." The book is lavishly illustrated; there are twenty pages of text and fifty-two of pictures. Although the book does not pretend to be a guide to Puerto Rico, it serves as an interesting and valuable introduction to that island.

Puerto Rico belongs to the series "Our Beautiful Americas" of the Hastings House.

ALBERT R. LOPES

Total Defense, by Clark Foreman and Joan Raushenbush. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1940. \$1.25.

The essential thesis of *Total Defense* is that there has arisen in the world a mighty and compelling force to challenge the democratic way of life and that unless that force is checked by the transformation of democracy into a mightier force, nothing can save the world from Nazi domination.

It is not enough that we build airplanes and tanks and guns, the authors of *Total Defense* point out, not enough that we raise a powerful army to defend our liberties by military force. If democracy is to survive, it must demonstrate its fitness to survive in terms of economic flexibility, industrial productive capacity, an international point of view, and material security for the common man. We have done enough talking about democracy; the time has now come for democratic faith to be implemented with action.

The arguments of Foreman and Raushenbush are given dramatic emphasis by the form into which they are cast: that of two memoranda, the first on the topic "The Economic Conquest of the Americas" purporting to be addressed to Herr Hitler by his Reichsbord for Political Economy, and the second, "An All-American Economic Program," addressed by the authors to the President, the Congress, and the people of the United States.

"The Economic Conquest of the Americas" is a frightening (and not too improbable) detailed plan for achieving political domination over the entire western hemisphere through economic penetration. Starting with the assumption that the most effective way for Germany to accomplish the downfall of the United States is through the establishment of German control over Latin American nations, the authors proceed to analyze with Machiavellian realism Latin America's economic weaknesses as well as those of the United States, and to point out step by step the exact methods Germany should use in obtaining economic domination. With characteristic German thoroughness they list fifteen reasons why the conquest of Latin America should be easy,

reasons ranging from the poverty and illiteracy of the people to the fact that Latin American men need money to support their mistresses, and then for good measure they add five powerful reasons why the United States won't be able to do anything to stop Germany, two of which are our failure to make democracy work internally and our insistence on clinging to an archaic concept of world trade.

The German program can be accomplished in five steps. The first of these, the purchase of Latin America, will be brought about by a realistic economic program working under twenty-first century business ethics. The second, the circumventing of the Monroe Doctrine, will be cleverly designed to make the United States appear the aggressor in any military action in Latin America. The third step will include the transition from economic control of Latin America to full political control. The United States' gold hoard will then be rendered useless, and this country will pass from sovereign status to the role of colonial adjunct of the Reich.

If the "Economic Conquest of the Americas" is depressing in its delineation of the future, the second memorandum in *Total Defense*, "An All-American Economic Program," offers some hope that we may be able to escape German domination if we act quickly enough and with sufficient foresight.

Five factors are at present operating to force America to take quick action. These include the recognition that huge armies and navies are no longer enough; that the speed of major social and economic change has increased enormously; that the German economic and political monopoly threatens everyone; that air power over the sea lanes is dangerous to our national survival; and that an able enemy of the democratic system has arisen and must be challenged.

Foreman and Raushenbush outline a six-point program that may enable us to meet the Nazi menace. First of all we must have an increase in our investments in Latin America along with a new type of investment that will operate to the mutual advantage of both the United States and the country invested in. Then we must have an all-American economy designed to industrialize the semi-colonial countries of Latin America and raise the standard of living throughout the entire hemisphere. Immediate steps must be taken to stave off Germany's economic thrusts, and we cannot afford to be niggardly in our spending to accomplish this purpose. We must develop roads, railroads, steam-

ship and air lines to facilitate trade and travel between the Americas; we must set up a systematic program of advertising ourselves in Latin America; and finally we must make democracy work in the United States before we can hope to sell it below the Rio Grande.

The weakness of the plan for the defense of the Americas lies, unfortunately, in the one area where Germany is strongest, and that is in the degree of governmental control over the economic policies of the nation. To stop Hitler's economic domination of Latin America will call for bold economic policies based on twentieth rather than eighteenth century thinking, for swiftness of action, for a long range view with almost no emphasis on immediate profits, and for a high degree of coördination between government and industry as well as between the various industries themselves; and, if the response of industrialists to the government's 1940 call for all-out aid to defense is any indication, we are not likely to be effective in any of these fields.

It is too soon to say that we will or will not eventually be dominated economically by the conqueror of Europe. But if we are, it will not be because there was no way to escape such domination, but rather because we preferred business as usual to national independence.

Foreman and Raushenbush have clearly pointed out the dangers we face and have indicated a plan whereby we may escape them. The degree to which we take heed of the dangers and utilize some such plan as they have worked out, may well prove to be the measure of the ability of democracy to survive.

LYLE SAUNDERS

No Life for a Lady, by Agnes Morley Cleaveland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1941. \$3.00.

Agnes Morley Cleaveland's *No Life for a Lady* fulfills the first requirement for a good autobiography: it presents an interesting personality. I liked Mrs. Cleaveland immensely, from the opening page when the tearful little girl with a Territory of New Mexico ribbon across her chest sends the Decoration Day parade back to put flowers on her father's neglected grave, to the last glimpse of her swapping yarns with another old-timer about a figger-4 roan. I followed her fortunes eagerly, and accepted the accounts of her own and her brother's hardy exploits because of the convincing reality of the woman who

emerges in these pages. There is a story going the rounds that her skeptical Eastern publishers made Agnes give a personal demonstration of her alleged ability to play the harmonica; but for my part, if she says she can play a harmonica or beat two scalawags in an all-night poker game, that settles it.

Another requirement for a good autobiography, of course, is that it shall be well written. This requisite is the downfall of many a memoir; for it is hard to write frankly and naturally about oneself and still make a good story of it. Mrs. Cleaveland is charmingly candid and simple, but she also has a gift for dramatizing herself and her companions. As a child seeing for the first time the Datil Canyon that is to be her home, she screams, "That's *my* mountain!" and takes possession of it for life. As a slender girl riding sidewise on a horse, Agnes risks her neck to head off two mules; and forty-five years later the very cowboy who saw her do it shows up to gild the memory of her daring exploit. She rides across her narrative at full gallop, and it is worth the reader's while to try to keep pace with her.

New Mexico readers doubtless recognize Agnes Morley Cleaveland without introduction; but the general public needs a word of explanation that she is the daughter of the famous William Raymond Morley who was chief construction engineer of the Santa Fe Railroad in the early days, and that after his premature death in the eighties Mrs. Morley and her children ran a very large cattle ranch in what is now Catron County, New Mexico. In spite of the efforts of them all, the Morleys gradually lost much of their land; but the children had each a bit of "steer-money" for a good education. Agnes grew up on a horse, and was doing virtually a cowhand's work when she was sent East to school at fourteen. Her education was later continued at the University of Michigan and at Stanford. In 1899 she was married to Newton Cleaveland and became a "visiting Californian," as she says, in view of the fact that she still counts New Mexico home.

Many years ago Mrs. Cleaveland used to write successful "westerns," and was influential in directing Eugene Manlove Rhodes into a literary career. After a long lapse, she was recently persuaded to complete her own life story and to enter it in the Houghton Mifflin contest. It is published as a Life in America Prize Book.

No Life for a Lady is an account of the author's childhood and youth on the ranch. The rest of her career—her education, marriage,

homemaking, motherhood—she touches lightly or omits entirely. With skill she selects the typical and colorful episodes of her cattle range days, and weaves them into a sort of chronological, topical pattern that leads the reader on with a surprising amount of suspense. The first two-thirds of the book, I think, is more entertaining than the later chapters, partly because she devotes overmuch space toward the end to her brother's activities. However, autobiographies have a way of "petering out" at the last. Witness the disappointing conclusion of *The Education of Henry Adams* and of Mary Austin's great *Earth Horizon*.

Mrs. Cleaveland recounts her youthful triumphs and mishaps with the easy assurance of the born tale-teller. Rarely has a woman so successfully mastered the art of telling frontier anecdotes. One has to re-read the book carefully to realize how rich it is in jokes and yarns, some of them well-worn folk material like the tale of Johnny Gollymike and the hant, which I have heard told with very slight variations in the hills of Stewart County, Tennessee.

Agnes Morley Cleaveland is the kind of American that has flourished on every frontier, vigorous and independent and bold. There must have been many other women like her, but very few have possessed her literary ability. *No Life for a Lady* is a good book, and good for you. I recommend it to all present-day Americans, and in particular to those who are fainthearted.

REBECCA W. SMITH

In My Mother's House, by Ann Nolan Clark. Illustrated by Velino Herrera. New York: The Viking Press, 1941. \$2.00.

In this book for children about the Tesuque Pueblo Indians, Mrs. Clark has done a good job and Velino Herrera's illustrations are charming. It should please all children.

It is particularly pleasant for me to make these comments, since I feel like a sort of mother to the book. It was I who first told Mrs. Clark at the Writers' Round Table Conference in Las Vegas that Indian children especially like "rhyme and rhythm," immediately before she entered the Indian Service and began teaching in Tesuque. And it was in my living room at the Santa Fe Indian Boarding School in 1918 that Velino Shije—later Velino Herrera—first painted Indian pictures as a lad

of thirteen, dressed in a black sateen shirt, which was a fine background for gay ties. During those three years that he painted daily in my home, we became great friends, naturally, so it is with delight that I view and enjoy these present illustrations of *In My Mother's House*, the proceeds of which have enabled him to make a "down payment" on an automobile for his family of industrious wife and three growing children.

But even if I were not prejudiced in its favor, the book deserves the immediate success which it has been accorded all over the country. The facts are authentic, which is not always true in books for children, and Mrs. Clark has the real Indian rhythm, gained from poems written in her classes by the Indian children themselves. It is also not too full of detailed information, but touches only the few entertaining highlights that children will grasp and enjoy.

In the book, she tells of the building of the house, the harvest, corn grinding, the closeness of the houses, Indian dances, council meetings, planting, irrigating, erosion, the value of land to the Indians, horses, cattle, sheep and goats, piñon nut gathering, wood hauling, herb collecting, hair washing, pottery, and wild life.

The title, with its universal appeal of home, has been wisely chosen. All of the verse is appealing. I shall quote a few choice bits:

See, brown fields,
The sun shines for you;
The sun will warm you,
And make you happy.
Soon the rains will come
And wet you,
And give you water
For your baby corn seeds sleeping.
The sun will call the corn seeds;
The rain will call the corn seeds;
They will push up;
Little corn seeds will push up,
Up through the broken ground,
Little corn seeds growing.

And:

Lakes
Are the holding-places
For water,
As the fireplace

Is the hold-place
For fire,
As the plaza
Is the hold-place
For people.

Also:

I have heard
That clouds gather
In the mountains,
And that rainbows
Make bridges
Over them.

I have heard
That mountains
Are the home
Of the winds
And the night.

Perhaps these things are true;
I have heard them.

I heartily recommend *In My Mother's House*.

ELIZABETH WILLIS DEHUFF

Mustangs and Cow Horses, edited by J. Frank Dobie, Mody C. Boatright, Harry H. Ransom. Austin: The Texas Folk-Lore Society, 1940. \$2.50.

Golden Mirages, by Phillip A. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1940. \$3.00.

Goldboat, by Belle Turnbull. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1940. \$2.00.

The galloping grandchildren of conquistadores' proud stallions; old Pegleg Smith stumping across the desert searching for his three gold buttes dark against a changing skyline; a goldboat "mad, unpredictable, pitching and wagging her head, spitting her tailings into the sump." There you have three books fairly oozing the romance of the West, of the Texas plains, the deserts of Arizona, the placer mines of Colorado. Enough western magic there to set a tourist to seeing visions of wild

white pacers behind every mesquite bush, golden treasure in every dry wash.

The Dobie book is a compilation of all the lore old-time westerners have ever thought or written about the range horse. Mr. Dobie says he selected his material not as choice literary treatments of the subject. Rather he tapped the rich and sometimes raw sources of old-timers' tales of the western horse to introduce to his readers these mustangs as personalities who helped make Texas history. And before you've finished with Black Kettle, Peepy-Jenny, Corazon and company, you'll find Mr. Dobie has done an excellent job of introduction. Such a job that you'll feel like going up to shake hands with the next cow pony you see grazing on the mesa, so intimately acquainted have you become with the family of range horse.

Yet in spite of his emphasis on the horse per se, Mr. Dobie's collection of anecdotes breathes with the underlying spirit of early Texas, its men as well as its horses. The story of Canebrake is typical. Canebrake, that fiery horse of the piney woods, snorting the unconquerable spirit of Texas in Reconstruction days, stamped to death a carpetbagging sheriff, and then won his freedom in a carpetbaggers' court of law to the click-click of great pocket knives menacingly thumbled by a Texas audience.

Mr. Dobie and his co-editors have certainly assembled a mass of material on the subject of the range horse. But in arrangement of this material the book is like one of its own wild mustangs, more kick in the rear than in the front. The first chronicles are devoted entirely to mustang genealogy and methods of capturing these wild herds. There's the usual typical touch of range man's callousness in the cool accounts of capture, too often concluded with a statement like this: "my bullet instead of creasing him, broke his neck, and the magnificent blue mustang dropped dead." And even in early days methods were boringly standardized, so that the book grows a bit wearisome in detail—so much detail that the most tender-footed reader ought to be able to go out and capture a few herds for himself if the galloping ghosts still ranged the mesas. It's a relief when Mr. Dobie turns from capture or slaughter to horse anecdotes. Yet all in all the editors have done well by mustang history and have made sense to the old saying: "In Texas the history of the horse is equally as important as that of his master."

Just as gold is more enticing to most people than horses, so Mr.

Bailey's *Golden Mirages* should hold the casual reader's interest better than Mr. Dobie's mustangs. Mr. Bailey, writing in the most plain and convincing way in the world, brings romantic visions of lost gold mines and massy golden treasures swimming before your eyes. In fact, the author himself must have been a bit apprehensive after he finished his book, alarmed lest he had made his maps and stories so authentic that they might start a long line of feverish gold seekers into the wilderness. So he concludes with a serious warning of the dangers that lurk among the burning reaches of mirage-swept sands for unwary gold hunters.

Pegleg Smith is the eternal desert rat who stumbles on golden nuggets at the summit of some dark hill, only to lose his landmarks and forever after wander the ways of the desert, seeking, seeking. Castañeda wrote in his narrative of the search for the Seven Cities of Cíbola "while they did not find riches, they found a place in which to search." This statement, according to Mr. Bailey, applies as well today to the many tales of the desert as it did in 1540, if it is made to read "they found gold, and having lost it, we now have a place in which to search." *Golden Mirages* amply supplies its readers with those mysterious places in which to search. It is not a book for the man with treasure-lust in his veins, unless he can leave his office chair or fireside to follow where Mr. Bailey's maps so urgently beckon.

The subject of Belle Turnbull's story in verse, *Goldboat*, is fascinating: an old steam gold dredge held fast in the Great Divide above a fortune in gold, not lost but unclaimed. The author's medium does not seem at first as happy as her subject. There's a Robert Service roll to her thunder of words, her rough language of the mine and mountain men seems too self-consciously rude, it swaggers a bit, as women did years ago when they first wore slacks in public. But as the novel in verse rolls on, its stride grows more natural. There's a thrilling swing to lines which take a driller's report and stamp out a rhythm of gold. The plot is unimportant: the honest young engineer building his goldboat with blood, sweat, and curses, the beautiful daughter of the unscrupulous mine promoter, the engineer's honor versus watered stock and porcelain-delicate love, and the mountain girl, Leafy, who gives honor a helping hand. Leafy receives the most tender line in *Goldboat*—"she is as quiet as a balsam spreading/ she is not pretty/ she is woman."

MARGARET PAGE HOOD

Utah, a Guide to the State, compiled by Workers of the Writers Program of the Works Projects Administration for the State of Utah. New York: Hastings House, 1941. \$2.50.

The volumes in the Guide Series in America are, first of all, group enterprises, solid pieces of work that have used the total resources of a community. The expert, the man with the hoe, a mass of records gathered from obscure attics and archives alike have all gone to produce these books. The Utah Guide follows the general pattern of the series in suggesting what to take with one on a vacation trip to the state, then launches seriously into all the facets of background, gives descriptions of cities and highways and dugways, with planned tours by road and rail well described, and goes on to a discussion of parks and primitive areas. The generous selection of pictures will encourage many readers to a thorough perusal of the book—readers who would begin with only a casual dip.

Necessarily the Guides have stressed the differentness of each section of America. Utah, so long a subject of moral and political controversy in the United States, emerges somewhat too readily as a state still bearing the earmarks of "peculiarity." For cursory acquaintance this is perhaps unavoidable and not too objectionable, but it seems a little unnecessary to find the Utah Guide at the outset remarking that most visitors now betray no disappointment at finding Mormons hornless. In the case of Idaho, the Guide managed to explode some of the fixed notions of what a frontier people were like, and this was a contribution to understanding as well as to curiosity.

But once past the section on the contemporary scene and the pride displayed there in the difference between Mormons and the rest of mankind, the Utah writers seem to have done a very thorough piece of work. Utah, with its wild mountains and highly eroded deserts, is unusually rich in spectacular scenery, and it is rich also in social history—prehistoric, Indian, and immigrant Mormon. The description of scenic attractions is well handled, and due space has been given to agriculture, mining, and industry, and to the purely scientific accounts of geological and other phenomena. Ethnological data on Indians are well represented both as to space and picture delineation, but "Utah," for most people, is almost synonymous with "Mormon."

The history section is largely devoted to Mormon history and is particularly well done. Most treatises have leaned to overemphasis

upon either the good or bad, depending upon prejudice; so the fair balance maintained in the Guide is refreshing and important. The compilers have not hesitated to distinguish between the myth taught in the Church and the historical fact, as for instance in the case of Brigham Young's visions of Salt Lake Valley as "the place" to settle; Young had studied all that was known of the region before ever leading his people westward in the great and continuous trek that ended so fortunately for the Church as an institution. On the other hand, the compilers do not hesitate to give credit for the accomplishment of so vast and complex a colonization to the able leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints. The Guide mentions that the Church is conservative and that members do not feel the need of doing something about the social problems that face them; and this in spite of the fact that Utah, in proportion to resources, admittedly supports more people than Japan and that every fourth person in the state has received relief since the beginning of Federal aid. The much publicized relief program of the Church is no answer to the need of providing for a population far in excess of resources in their present distribution.

LORENE PEARSON

A Field Guide to Western Birds, by Roger Tory Peterson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1941. \$2.75.

Although several field guides to western birds have appeared through the years, this new book by Peterson is the only one that can rightfully lay claim to such title in that it is the only guide that actually covers all the birds in the entire region west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1934 the same author published a highly creditable book entitled "A Field Guide to the Birds," which covered all North American species east of the Great Plains. Nevertheless, the present book is a distinct improvement over the former in that more attention is paid to voice. Some of the songs are interpreted by the use of a system of symbols so well developed by A. A. Saunders. The treatment is simple, direct, and complete. The author has worked out a system of identification which stresses the distinguishing characteristics of birds when seen at a distance. This is done by both descriptions and pattern diagrams, all species being pictured in one way or another. While there are only six pages of full color, these are used with discretion wherever color renders

identification more easy. The author takes the position that a consideration of color is often an unnecessary, if not confusing, factor in identification and uses it therefore sparingly. In the color plates true bird colors are poorly reproduced, but from a practical standpoint this is not a serious flaw since they do show color values and color relationships. Most field guides are difficult for the beginner to use, but this book with its emphasis upon critical field characters and avoidance of confusing detail makes possible its use by the layman. This is especially noticeable in the stress upon shape of body and body parts.

Despite the simple treatment and strong effort made to render the book useful to the beginner, the work is scholarly and carefully executed in every way, being sufficiently comprehensive to interest the seasoned student of birds. Pains are taken to indicate confusing groups with which the beginner is likely to have trouble and to clarify such situations as with the gulls (pp. 69-71), the flycatchers (p. 116), and the juncos (p. 189).

An excellent feature of the work is that the range of species is regularly instead of occasionally given as in many books on ornithology. However, rather too much reliance is placed upon the restriction of the various species to certain life zones. Anyone who has given much attention to the study of birds in the field is aware that few species remain within the confines of any one life zone.

E. F. CASTETTER

LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

Not since 1891, according to the "old-timers," has rain in New Mexico been the cause of wonder, or an umbrella the cause of envy. Never since that time have the mesas been so green, the Pentstemon so tall, the Mariposa lilies so lovely. Even those allergic to tamarisk were silenced this spring by the beauty of towering rose and lavender plumes sweeping across every valley.

The preceding paragraph was written mainly to intensify the nostalgia of New Mexicans far from home, a disease which is always virulent, but especially so at this particular season of the year. Just for the sake of the record, and for the benefit of future weather statisticians, we should like to add that at the final rehearsal of the Senior Shakespeare play, traditionally given during Commencement week on the campus of the University of New Mexico, the merrie wives of Windsor and Mistress Quickly topped their Elizabethan costumes with fur coats. Falstaff and Dr. Caius built a bonfire at the rear of the outdoor stage, around which the less fortunate members of the cast waited for their cues huddled in blankets. A few might be interested in knowing that the directors froze. This is not a tall tale.

The presence of many distinguished visitors high-lighted the late spring and summer months here. Among them were playwright Thomas Phipps and his charming actress-wife, en route from a two-year stay in Hollywood to their home in Tryon, North Carolina. Mr. Phipps is a nephew of the American-born Lady Astor, and although a product of Eton and the modern British literary world, his favorite authors are the French stylists Flaubert and Proust.

One will never forget Dr. Louise Pound or her lecture last month at the University under the auspices of the English department. One can readily understand why her classes at the University of Nebraska often top the four hundred mark in registration, and never fall below



the hundred line. Equally charming is the famous scholar's sister, Olivia, who reminisced delightfully about their friend Willa Cather. Most of the characters in Miss Cather's books are in reality Nebraska people, according to these intimate friends of the author. Lucy Gayheart is a lovely girl whom they all know and love. "Paul's Case" is a true story, and when it appeared in *McClure's Magazine* just after the turn of the century, Nebraska people were surprised, and a few resentful. *A Lost Lady* is also based on fact, and most of the characters in *One of Ours* are mutual friends of the Cathers and Pounds. "Of course," said Miss Olivia Pound, "we all think that the best book that Willa ever wrote is *Death Comes for the Archbishop*."

Lorene Pearson, whose novel of the Mormons, *The Harvest Waits*, is being featured by Bobbs-Merrill on their fall list, took nine years in writing the book. She believes writing it might have been easier if she had followed the more usual procedure of writing an autobiographical novel first and discarding it. *The Harvest Waits* is an ambitious piece of writing, and the whole technique of writing a novel had to be learned, Mrs. Pearson says, while she was working with it, and many revisions had to be made. She also had to make extensive firsthand studies of communities in Utah, and do a great deal of research in the Mormon library at Salt Lake City. When she took the first draft of the first half of the novel to the writers' conference at Boulder in 1936, she had several reactions. Novelist T. S. Stripling singled it out for condemnation from among two dozen or more novels submitted at the conference; in a lecture at the conference he read one paragraph and said that it was a beautiful bit of writing in a desert of words. (The paragraph is not in the final version of the novel.) Martha Foley, editor of *Story* magazine, read a few pages and advised Mrs. Pearson to abandon the project. It was Robert Penn Warren who gave her great encouragement and many helpful suggestions for revising the work.

Dorothy Greenwood, of the Villagra Book Shop in Santa Fe, is the proud owner of the very first edition of Ann Nolan Clarke's beautiful book, *In My Mother's House*. The author, who teaches at Tesuque, states in the preface of her recently published book that her third grade children were badly in need of a geography and workbook that would supplement each other and that could be used together. Under her direction the children wrote their own book, illustrated it in crayon, and bound it in red calico. This is the book that Mrs. Greenwood so

proudly displays. It seems that a representative of the Viking Press saw the book, and realized its sales appeal and value. Velino Herrera reproduced the children's drawings of maps, houses, and people in water color, but no changes were made in the text; the result is an authentic book on the background and life of the Indian village children told in a rhythmical style.

Not many people know that Lucile Welch, English teacher at the Albuquerque High School, is a prolific "tec" writer, because she has written under a nom de plume for the past five years. She can dash off a short story with the ease of a Butterick fashion designer. "Nothing to it," says Lucile, modestly, "once you get a formula." She must have a perfect one because her publishers take anything she sends them. Her summer activities, besides whipping up mysteries, have including knitting for the Red Cross. To date she has made four sweaters.

"All you have to do in order to sell articles to trade journals is to get the proper slant on the commodity," say Margaret Byrnes, who is not only winning a thrilling fight back to health, but making a reputation for herself in the magazine world. Other articles sold recently by Miss Byrnes include "Indian Rhythms," to *Musical Courier*, and "A New Mexico Living Room," to *Interiors*. "Writing is lots of fun," says Miss Byrnes, who is out of bed now for the first time in ten years.

Two new books of poems were issued in July by Alan Swallow and Horace Critchlow at the Big Mountain Press in Albuquerque. One was *Fool's Fable*, by Richard Lake, a private stationed at the Air Base in Albuquerque, formerly connected editorially with Caxton Printers and the magazine *Frontier and Midland*. The second is *Score for This Watch*, by James Franklin Lewis, who teaches chemistry in Mississippi State College. Both Private Lake and Dr. Lewis have been represented by work in recent issues of this magazine. The Big Mountain Press has received wide publicity, encouragement, and congratulations from publishers throughout the West.

The August selection of the Literary Guild of America was *Great Short Novels*, an anthology compiled by Edward Weeks, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The book contains twelve short novels by such famous authors as Laurence Sterne, Herman Melville, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, John Galsworthy, Virginia Woolf, Thornton Wilder, DuBose Heyward, John Steinbeck, Joan Kenyon MacKenzie, Ralph Hale Mottram, and Conrad Richter. A significant book certainly, but

the inclusion of Mr. Richter's *Sea of Grass* brings honor to the state of New Mexico, and his many friends and admirers here are proud of his ever increasing literary recognition and significance.

As all the Scripps-Howard reading world knows, Ernie Pyle now calls Albuquerque home, much to our pride and joy. His recently published book, *Ernie Pyle in England*, had a tremendous sale here, of course, as well as throughout the country. In our opinion, the famous columnist's tribute to his mother, written shortly after her death, will be ranked with William Allen White's similar column, "Mary White," which up to this time has remained the classic example of such reporting. Quentin Reynold's statement in his recently published *London Diary* that the best chili stew in the world is made at Carrizozo, New Mexico, recalled the fact that in 1934 this now world-famous newspaper man lived at Carlsbad, New Mexico, and edited a paper called the *Cavern City Chronicle*.

Fall publications just announced by the University of New Mexico Press include a very important volume in the Coronado Historical Series called *Revolt of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico*, by Charles W. Hackett. Another volume in the Quivira Society series, a translation by H. B. Carroll and J. V. Haggard, edited by Dean George P. Hammond of the University of New Mexico, will also be on the fall list of the University Press. Local friends of John G. Neihardt will be interested in the announcement by Macmillan Company that his epic "Cycle of the West" will be completed this fall with the publication of *The Song of Jed Smith. Diary and Letters of Josiah Gregg; Southwestern Enterprises, 1840-47*, edited by Maurice Garland Fulton, a recent publication of the University of Oklahoma Press, is being widely reviewed. The introduction to the new book on the famous trader-explorer was written by Paul Horgan, who, according to the *New York Times*, has "unearthed a great amount of new material."

The many friends of Dorothy and Nils Hogner will be interested in knowing that Nils recently held a one-man show in New York City, and that Dorothy's latest book, *Smoky*, will be an early fall publication. . . . *All of Their Lives*, by Myron Brinig, a spring publication, has for its central character Mabel Dodge Luhan of Taos. . . . Emily Hahn, author of *The Soong Sisters*, a biography of the three sisters who rule modern China, lived in Santa Fe for several years, and has many friends there and in Albuquerque. . . . Mrs. Frank Andrews spent three years in writ-

ing her recently published book, *Red Chili*. . . The New Mexico Book Store reports *The Bamboo Blonde*, by Dorothy B. Hughes, a sell-out.

Hasta la proxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

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