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The New Mexico Quarterly

MAY, 1931

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Sunrise in the Sandias

THE night dissolves in morning's heady wine,
Bathing dark summits in a primrose flush.
Peach-blow and apricot the mist-clouds blush
And glow as swarthy peaks incarnadine.
Rimming the jagged heights a lambent vine
Of coral brightens; in the morning-kush
Of brilliance, iridescent sun-beads brush
The dusky boughs of mountain-spruce and pine.

The shafts of mellow light flare zenith-tall,
Color is crystallized on indigo,
And deepens to an arc of living fire.
A gallant sun wheels up, imperial,
Casting its rays on valleys cupped below,
Tipping in gold a heaven-pointing spire.

CHRISTIE JEFFRIES.

"Star-Dust."

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

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Research (An Editorial)

By JOHN D. CLARK

RESEARCH is a word which is often heard. Too often it is interpreted as meaning something of academic interest to a professor, something which the millions of a General Electric Company can transform into dividends, or something a great philanthropic foundation can conduct, reporting on it in a bulletin, which will attain a ripe old age on the shelf of a library. When called by some other name, it frequently seems closer to the daily life of the average man.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is interested in finding more markets for the products of the five thousand odd factories in the neighborhood of that city. The nearer its possible customers are to Los Angeles, the better the chances of securing their trade as increasing distance from that Pacific Coast metropolis means closer approach to the factories of the east. A Western customer is *the* man the chamber seeks to serve.

To purchase, one must have some product with which to make payment, and it was with a view of finding how much produce Los Angeles consumes which is not made, mined or grown in the West, that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce conducted some research under the name of a trade survey.

Mr. Albert V. Weigel reported the findings of the survey to the annual meeting of the Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce. In brief, they are in the following table, which gives what Los Angeles purchased last year in New Mexico, and what it purchased from points east of our state:

	From New Mexico	From East of New Mexico
Sweet Potatoes	59 car loads	149 car loads
Vegetables		214 car loads

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	From New Mexico	From East of New Mexico
Dressed poultry (mostly turkeys)	68,613 pounds	7,500,000 pounds
Butter	81,753 pounds	250,000 pounds
Cheese		1,000,000 pounds
Hogs		300,000 head

Interesting as are these facts themselves, and as significant as they are, it should be of far more interest to us to note that an outside agency, financed by far-seeing business men, has conducted the research which so clearly points out to us economic opportunities of which we ought to take advantage.

More than once men have asked "Of what real good will the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy Project be to us when agricultural depression is so general?" We have not given our own answer. An outsider has given it for us.

New Mexico has yet to appreciate how much more than the cost of research it may be worth to her to *get the facts*.

New Mexican Versions of the Tar-Baby Story

By AURELIO M. ESPINOSA

MOST Americans, both adults and young, are acquainted with some version of the tar-baby story. The best known version is the one first published by Joel Chandler Harris in 1880, in his popular book, *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings*.¹ This version was collected by Harris among the negroes of Georgia and for that reason it was considered a distinctly negro tale, and most scholars believed that it was a tale of African source. Soon it was discovered in many parts of the world and versions similar to the Harris version began to appear from Africa, India, the American Indians, the Philippines, and all parts of America. Within the last few years many versions have been collected and published from North, Central, and South Spanish America.

In the year 1888, eight years after the publication of Harris' "wonderful tar-baby story" and when many similar versions had already appeared from Africa and America, the English folklorist, Joseph Jacobs, published an English translation of the fifteen hundred or more years old Jataka 55 version from India and showed that it was a tale that contained the fundamental motif of the tar-baby story.² He expressed the opinion that the tale was of oriental origin, specifically from India, and since then the theory of the African origin of the tale has gradually lost ground. Since 1912, when the first Spanish-American versions from New Mexico, Mexico, and other parts of Spanish America began to be collected and published, and especially when the dis-

1. New and revised edition, New York, 1924, pages 7-11, and 16-19.

2. *The Earliest English Version of the Fables of Bidpai*, London, 1888. Introduction pp. xlv-xlvi, and *Indian Fairy Tales*, London and New York, 1910, pp 194-198, and 251-253.

tinguished American folklorist, Elsie Clews Parsons, discovered and published the important Portuguese versions from the Cape Verde Islands, where the tar-baby story was attached to the story of the master-thief, a well-known oriental and European tale. Professor Boas, of Columbia University, Dr. Parsons and I have gradually abandoned the theory of the African origin of the tale in question.³

The last defender of the African origin of the tar-baby story was Dr. Norman Brown in an article published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1922. He made a study of some sixty versions from various parts of the world, not taking into account any of the then known Spanish-American versions and not knowing of the existence of any European versions, however, and after a series of ingenious affirmations and denials he comes to the conclusion that the tale is essentially African in character and definitely of African source. I shall not at present go into the weakness of his arguments, the chief of which is his failure to take into consideration the relations between the old and modern India versions and other modern versions.

In an extensive study recently published in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, *Notes on the Origin and History of the Tar-Baby Story*, I have made a careful analysis of the outstanding elements of some one hundred and fifty-six versions of the tar-baby story, classified the tales according to their geographical distribution, and have studied comparatively the outstanding elements in their relation to African, Indian, Oriental, and European tradition, and I have come to the following conclusions:

3. Professor Boas published two excellent Mexican versions with important comments in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXV, 204-214, 235-241, and 247-260. See also his opinions in *The Romantic Review* XVI, 199-207. Dr. Parsons published her Portuguese versions from the Cape Verde Islands in her publication, *Folk-Lore from the Cape Verde Islands* I, 90-94. See also her articles in *Folk-Lore* XXX, 227-234, and in *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXX, 330.

4. Volume XLIII, No. 168, January-March, 1930. A brief resume of this study together with the European versions of the tale, the Lithuanian version of Schleicher and my own version from Castile, both cited later in the present article, was published in the London review, *Folk-Lore*, XL, 1929, 217-227.

I. The original baustein or primitive form of the tar-baby story as established from the study of one hundred and fifty-six versions with all their constituent elements was probably of the following type:

1. A man has a garden or orchard. 2. A certain animal—a jackal, a monkey, a hare, or a rabbit—comes to the garden or orchard after night to steal garden produce or fruit. 3. The man wishes to catch the thief and sets up a tar-figure, usually a tar-monkey, a tar-man, a witch-baby, or fetish. 4. The animal thief approaches the garden or orchard to steal, and, when he sees the tar-figure, he tries to engage him in conversation or tells him to get out of the way. 5. Receiving no reply, the animal begins the attack, striking first with the right hand or paw. 6. This sticks or is held fast, and the animal begins the dramatic monologue—"If you don't let go of my right hand I'll hit you with my left hand," etc. 7. The dramatic monologue and the fight continue, and the animal is finally caught fast at four (two hands and two feet) or five (two hands and two feet, and head or stomach), or even six (two hands and two feet, and head and stomach) points. 8. The next day the man finds his thief caught fast. 9. The animal escapes alive.

II. Very early, however, there developed another type where all the dramatic characters are human. In general, this second type is exactly like the above, except that the animal-thief is substituted by a human destroyer, bully or mischief-maker. We know of at least two European versions of the tale, the Lithuanian version of August Schleicher and the versions from Castile, and both of them belong to this human dramatic-character type. The Jataka 55 version, the fifteen hundred or more years old Buddhistic version from India, is also of this type.⁵

5. Some folklorists believe that the *Uncle Remus* version published in 1880 was translated and transmitted to other countries as a popular, traditional tale. Nothing could be more absurd. The versions now found in various parts of the world are traditional and have nothing to do with the published versions. The Lithuanian

III. The tar-baby story originated in India. From India the original baustein, already differentiated to some extent into two or three types, passed into Europe, and later into Africa, perhaps by way of Egypt. The probability of the early transmission of the tale into Europe is based principally on the evidence of the two European versions, both so strikingly similar to the Jataka 55 version, which is the primitive tar-baby story par excellence, both in form and age. We are certainly justified in assuming that a tale that is at least fifteen hundred years old is a more primitive version than the modern versions. Furthermore, the India version from the *Samyutta Nikaya*, a tale at least two thousand years old, furnishes us with another India version older than any other form known to us, a tale where a monkey is caught in the usual manner with sticky plaster.⁶ The dramatic dialogues have a perfect and almost identical development in the Castilian version, in the Jataka 55 version, and in some of the best versions from Spanish-America.

IV. From Europe the tale was transmitted to Spanish-America, especially from Spain and Portugal, and also to Africa, in the XVIth century. The European versions of India origin and the African versions of the same origin meet in Africa, and from Africa both India-African and India-Europe-African versions are transmitted by African

6. *Samyutta Nikaya*, edited by Leon Feer, *Pali Text Society*, London, 1898, V. iii, 7.

version of August Schleicher was published in the year 1857, twenty-three years before Uncle Remus, in his *Litauische Marchen, Sprichworte, Ratsel und Lieder*, pp. 35-37. Why folklorists who have heretofore discussed the problem of the origin of the tale were ignorant of its existence I do not know. The tale is confused with and attached to the story of the child deceived by a witch, but the actual and fundamental tar-baby baustein is there in all its primitive form and splendor. My own Castilian version was collected in Spain in 1920 and published in my *Cuentos populares españoles* (three volumes, Stanford University, California, 1923-1926), I, no. 35. This version is attached to the tale of the precociously strong man, in the beginning something like the tale of John the Bear, *Cuentos populares españoles* II, nos. 123-125. The two versions from the Cape Verde Islands, published by Dr. Parsons, are attached to the tale of the master-thief, as already indicated.

slaves and by Europeans to all parts of America. From Spain the tale also goes to the Philippines. The American versions are of European and African origin, their primitive source being, of course, India. The India-European type prevails, but the Spanish-African types, African types that have come under the influence of the Spanish types or vice-versa, are not entirely negligible, and even the purely African types have in some special cases found their way to America, especially North America and the Antilles.

V. The modern versions show interesting developments in certain secondary details, but even these are often already suggested in the old India versions. The female tar-baby, a characteristic of the modern African versions, the marrying the king's daughter, a characteristic of the Spanish-American versions and definitely of European source, the objects that are thrown at the tar-man or tar-figure and that stick before the regular attack, are all definitely outlined or suggested in the old and modern India versions. These and other elements not found in the primitive baustein established above may often differ considerably in the modern versions, and may in some cases reveal the racial characteristics or spirit of a people, but they count for little as baustein determining factors.

VI. The African versions are originally from India, like all the others. The female tar-baby, which is, of course, already found in the India versions, found a special development in the African versions. Only the water-stealing incident and animal partnership, the live-tortoise trap, and the insignificant mock-plea ("Don't swing me by the tail") are characteristic of the African and not of the India versions.

VII. The Anglo-African versions are of the ordinary original baustein type, and have in common with the African versions a full development of the female tar-baby and courtship episode. The mock-plea is also common to both

groups, but the pleas are not of the same type. The animal or family group of characters is also characteristic of both groups. But the tortoise trap is found only in Africa. The Anglo-African versions, therefore, show a genetic relation in some cases with the versions from Africa. The conclusion is that the Anglo-African versions come from European sources, probably Spanish and Portuguese on the one hand, and from Hispanic-African and purely African sources on the other. The Uncle Remus type of version, curiously enough, shows none of the outstanding African or Anglo-African characteristics with the single exception of the mock-plea.

VIII. The Hispanic-American versions are of European origin. Of the entire number of Hispanic-American versions, thirty-eight (thirty-five from Spanish-America and three from Brazil), not a single one has the female tar-baby and courtship episode characteristic of the African and Anglo-African versions. Two more important African characteristics,—the water-stealing episode (also Anglo-African) and the live-tortoise trap,—are also totally absent. Only three have the mock-plea, which is also characteristic of the African and Anglo-African versions, although probably of European source, and only one has the special type of Anglo-African mock-plea,—“Don’t throw me into the briar-patch.” On the other hand, the outstanding features of the Hispanic-American versions,—substitution and the ruse involved, the punishment of the substitute animal, coyote or fox, by scalding with hot water or burning with a hot poker, the tar-baby that will not play cards, most of which are characteristically European,—are conspicuously absent from the African and Anglo-African versions.

The versions from the Greater Antilles, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Santo Domingo are characteristically of the Spanish-American or Hispanic-American type. Those from

the Lesser Antilles, on the other hand, belong to both groups.

IX. The American-Indian versions are characteristically Hispanic-American, and have none of the special features of the African or Anglo-African versions in any marked degree, except the water-stealing episode. The female tar-baby and courtship episode appears once, and the mock-plea four times. Substitution, the outstanding Spanish-American characteristic, is an important feature. On the other hand the Indians have received the Spanish-American form of the tar-baby story and contributed to it one of the most original episodes of any version from any country, the coming to life of the dead animal episode of the Taos versions.⁷

But in spite of the above conclusions, and in my opinion they are scientifically established, the problem of the origin and diffusion of the tar-baby story throughout the world is of such transcendental importance that additional evidence is always welcome. That the tale originated in India and that from India it traveled to Europe are facts that seem to me definitely established. The best and most original forms of the tale are from old India, and the two European versions are certainly related to them. On the other hand there seems to be no doubt about the relation between the Castilian version and many versions from Spanish-America. In view of the importance of the Castilian version and the popularity of the tale in Hispanic America, it is desirable to collect more versions from Spain and from Spanish-America. In my bibliography there are only two Spanish versions from New Mexico. Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, on the other hand, has collected five versions from the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and four of these have some of the most original features of any tar-baby versions known to

7. I give one of these versions later.

me.⁸ It is with the hope that folklorists may collect other Spanish and Indian versions from New Mexico that may throw more light on our problems of origin and diffusion that I beg to call special attention to the New Mexican versions, both Spanish and Indian, as well as to the peninsular Spanish tale from Castile collected by me in 1920.

The first New Mexican Spanish version of the tar-baby story known to folklorists is the one collected by me in 1910, and published in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXIV, 419-422. It has the episode of the race attached to the tar-baby story as an introduction, and, as is the case with many of the Spanish-American and American-Indian versions, the tar-baby episode is only part of a series of incidents in which the rabbit plays several tricks on the dumb coyote. In other words it is only the principal episode of the numerous ones that constitute the tales of the coyote and rabbit cycle. The majority of these episodes are clearly of European source. The second New Mexican Spanish version I have in manuscript form. It is of the general Spanish-American type without the introductory race. The race occurs, however, in one of the Mexican versions published by Professor Boas, the Oaxaca version. I give the first New Mexican Spanish version below, first in the original New Mexican Spanish as published in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* and then in a free English translation.

EL CONEJO Y EL COYOTE

Este era un labrador que tenía una güerta y ya no si aviguaba con un conejo que li hacía mucho daño todo el tiempo. Y lo pior era que li hacía el dabo de nochi. Pa espantalo y pa juyentalo hizo el labrador tres espantajos tan grandes como un hombre y los puso en tres esquinas de la güerta.

8. One is published in her work *Tewa Tales*, New York, 1926, No. 69. The other four Dr. Parsons has kindly sent to me in manuscript versions.

Nomás escureció y se jué el conejito pa la güerta comu hacía toa las nochis, pero esta vez se vido de repente delante di unue los espantajos y mucho se espantó. Creyó el conejo que era por nada juir porque estaba muy cerca del que él creiba que era un hombre, y le dijo:—No me mates. Ya te vide. Vamos a correr di aquí a la otra esquina e la güerta y si me ganas me matas; pero si yo te gano me das libre. El espantajo no respondía, pero como no le hizo nada creyó el conejo qui había ceeutau el desafío.

—Pus vamos—dijo el conejo, y echó a correr sin voltiar la cara. Pero redepente, al al llegar a la otra esquina se topó con lotro espantajo y pensó que era el hombre qui había llegau antes dél.—¡Aque carajo, ya me ganates!—le dijo el conejo.—Pero dami otra chanza. Vamos a correr otra vez, y si esta vez me ganas haces lo que quieras conmigo. Así habló el conejo y echuá correr con toa sus juerzas y lo más recio que podía. Al llegar a lotra esquina sincontro con último espantajo y creyó que el hombre li había vueltua ganar.

El conejo, muy espantau, le dijo al espantajo:—Por vi e quien que ya me volvites a fregar. Tú sí eres el diablo. Onde le ganas a correr a un conejo, ¿quién serás? Pero, mira, vamos al moquete y veremos quien es más hombre. Diciendo esto levantó el conejo la mano y le pegún moqueti al espantajo. El espantaju era de cera y sé le pegó la mano al conejo.—Suelta, suelta,—le dijo el conejo.—Si no me sueltas te doy otro moquete. Y como la mano pegada no se soltaba le dió el conejo con lotra mano y éso también se pegó. Entonces el conejo, muy nojau, le dió con una pata, peru ésa se le pegó también. Más nojau que nunca le dijo el conejo:—Tuavía me qued' una pata, y pa que veas que soy hombre con ésta te voy arreglar. Y le dió una patada con última pata y se le prendió tamién. Tuavía no se dió el conejo por vencido y le diju al espantajo:—Piensas que porque me tienes agarrau e los pies y e las manos no me

queda con que defenderme, pero stas equivocau que tuavía me queda la cabeza. Y diciendo esto le dió conella un cabezazo, pero sólo sirvió de que se le prendiera también en la cera.

Otro día en la mañana cuando jué el labrador al campo pa ver su güerta hallual probé conejo bien pegau al espantajo y lu agarró pa lleváselo pa su casa. Lu amarró muy bien y se jué pa su casa. Cuando llego el hombre a su casa tenía la mujer lagua hirviendo, y el probe del conejo dijo:— Ora sí vor a morir. Seguro qui ai me van a sancochar.

Peru antes de matalo lo dejaron amarrau cerca e la estufa y entraron un rato pa dentro. En esto llegó el coyote buscandu al conejito pa comérsele. Pa engañar al conejo le dijo:—¿Qué stas haciendu aquí, amigo conejito? Ven conmigo para ir a pasiarnos.—No,—le dijo el conejo;—mira esos peroles hirviendo sobre l'estufa. Aquí van a tener orita la comida y mi han convidau. Si tú quieres tomar mi lugar ven y desátame y aquí mismo te quedas tú hasta que vengan por ti.—Sta güeno,—dijo el coyote, y lo soltó y se echó en el mismo lugar del conejo a esperar que vinieran envitalu a comer. El conejito muy contento se escapó.

Cuando el hombre y la mujer salieron a ver su conejo pa matalu y cocelo dijo el hombre:—Mir' hija, comu ha crecido este conejo. Éste sí que va hacer una güena fiesta. Vamos echalua l' olla pa que se cueza bien. El coyote pensó que lu iban a llevar a la fiesta. El hombre y la mujer lo levantaron y lu echaron en lague hirviendo. El coyote, cuando vido lo que le sucedía, pegún brincó, y aunque medio pelau se le scapó al labrador y se juá buscar al conejo muy nojau.

RABBIT AND COYOTE

Once there was a man who had a fine vegetable garden. A rabbit was doing great damage to the garden during night time and the farmer did not know what to do. After

thinking over the matter he set up three wax-figures as large as men at three different corners of the garden.

As soon as night came Rabbit went to the garden as was his custom and became frightened when he saw before him one of the wax-men. He was already too close to him, however, and decided there was no use in running away. For that reason he said to the wax-man, "Please don't kill me. Let us run a race from here to the other corner of the garden. If you win you can kill me; but if I win I am free." The wax-man did not say a word and Rabbit thought that it meant that he agreed to run the race.

"Here we go," said Rabbit; and started to run as fast as he could. When he arrived at the other corner of the garden he stopped before the second wax-man and thought the man had beaten him in the race. "By gum, you beat me!" cried out Rabbit, almost exhausted. "But, please give me one more chance. Let us run another race and if then you beat me I'll give up." Thus spoke Rabbit and he started to run again as fast as his legs could carry him. He arrived at the third corner of the garden and stopped immediately before the third wax-man. Again he thought the man had won the race.

Rabbit was greatly frightened and he said to the wax-man, "Again you beat me! Holy smokes, man! You must be the very devil when you can beat a rabbit running! But, look here; let us have a fist fight. That is the best way to find out who is the braver of the two." Saying this he raised his right hand and struck the wax-man a heavy blow. His hand stuck to the wax-man. "Let go, let go, for if you don't I'll strike you with my other hand," exclaimed Rabbit. The right hand did not come off, so Rabbit struck the wax-man with his left hand, and that stuck also. At this point Rabbit became very angry and he gave the wax-man a terrible kick. His leg stuck. Angrier than ever he said to the wax-man, "I still have one leg, and in order that you

may know that I am a real man I am going to fix you right now." He then gave the wax-man another terrible kick with the other leg, and that stuck also. Rabbit did not give up even then. Instead, he said to the wax-man, boiling with anger, "Do you think that just because you have me caught by the hands and feet I can't defend myself? If you do you are terribly mistaken because I still have my head left." He then gave the wax-man a terrific bump with his head, and that also stuck.

The next day when the farmer went out to the garden he found the poor rabbit caught fast to the wax-man. He pulled him off and took him home to make a meal of him.

When he arrived his wife began to prepare the hot water to boil him. The man then tied the rabbit and left him outside for a moment. In the meantime Coyote passed by and said to Rabbit, "What are you doing here? Let us go out for a walk." "I should say not," replied Rabbit; "they are going to have a big dinner here very soon and I have been invited. If you want to take my place untie me and then you can stay here until they come for you." "Sure I will," said Coyote. Immediately he untied Rabbit and put himself in the same place waiting for the dinner-hour. Rabbit was greatly pleased and ran away.

When the man went out to get Rabbit in order to boil him he said to his wife, "Gracious goodness, how this rabbit has grown! We are certainly going to have a fine meal! Let us put him into the boiler." Coyote believed all the time that they were going to take him to the feast. The man and his wife picked up Coyote and threw him into the boiling water. When Coyote realized what it was all about he certainly gave an awful howl, and he jumped out of the boiler as quickly as he could. He ran away to the forest in search of the rabbit, although nearly half of his skin had peeled off.

Our New Mexican Spanish version is, of course, of Spanish source as is the case with most of the Spanish-

American versions. In these as well as in most of the American-Negro versions we have coyote and rabbit instead of the all human characters or man and jackal (monkey, hare or some other animal) of the old and modern versions from India. Joseph Jacobs has perhaps explained correctly how it is that a rabbit has entered in the India and Africa versions (and perhaps also the early European versions) instead of the Buddha of the Jataka 55 version. Buddha is venerated as a hare in the latter Buddhistic traditions and in fact in one of the old Jatakas Buddha is transported to the moon as a hare on account of a great deed of sacrifice.⁹ But in any case the Spanish-American tales of the coyote and rabbit cycle are for the most part of European source. This opinion I have held since I first began to study these materials twenty years ago.¹⁰ Not only the tar-baby episode but all the other episodes of this cycle so extensively developed in American-Spanish and American-Indian tales are for the most part of European, specifically Spanish, source. Professor Boas seems to be of the same opinion, for he states: "Thus it does not seem to me improbable that those particular elements of the rabbit tales which are common to large parts of South America and Central America, reaching at least as far north as New Mexico and Arizona, and differing in their composition from the Central African tales, are essentially of European origin."¹¹

Surely there must exist among the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico more versions of the tales of the coyote and rabbit cycle with the tar-baby episode. A careful search may even result in finding a version similar to the peninsular Spanish tale collected by me in Castile and which I give below.

9. See *The Earliest English Version of the Fables of Bidpai*, cited at the beginning of this article, and also his edition of *Caxton's Aesop*, London, 1889, I, 113, and 136-137.

10. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXIV, 397-398, and XXVII, 211-212, 216-218.

11. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXV, 254.

The Pueblo Indian versions of the tar-baby story that we have from New Mexico are more numerous, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons. The four manuscript versions from Taos that she has sent me are of special interest on account of the extraordinary way the tale ends. In other respects the versions are of the ordinary primitive baustein type and I believe they are derived from Spanish versions brought to New Mexico in the XVIth century. I have myself collected XVIth century Spanish ballads among the Pueblo Indians of Isleta and undoubtedly they are found in Taos and the other Pueblos. The presence of tar-baby stories of Spanish source among the Pueblos is, therefore, to be expected. Indeed the studies of Professor Boas and Dr. Parsons show that there are many folk tales and traditions among the Pueblo Indians of Spanish provenience.¹² An extended investigation into the traditions and folk tales and ballads of Spanish source that may be still found among the Pueblo Indians, particularly those who are old and speak Spanish, is one of the desiderata of American folk-lore. Dr. Parsons has suggested that I undertake this task myself, and I hope that I will soon find the time to do so. I now give with Dr. Parsons' permission one of her manuscript versions from the Taos Pueblo. It is the same version published by me in my extensive study in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*.

THE RABBIT THAT WAS KILLED AND COOKED AND CAME TO 'LIFE AGAIN

Once there lived a husband and wife who had a very pretty daughter. They had a vegetable garden and Rabbit was doing a lot of damage in it. They did not know what to do. The man set up traps, but could not catch him.

12. See: Parsons, *Tewa Tales*, already cited, Introduction; Parsons in *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXXI, 216-255; Parsons and Boas, *Ibid.*, XXXIII, 47-72; Boas, *Ibid.*, XXXV, 62-98.

One day he found the rabbit hole and said to his wife, "Wife, I don't know what to do. This rabbit is doing too much damage in our garden. But tomorrow I am going after wood and I am going to get some *piñon* gum."

The next morning he got up very early and went and got some gum, made a little figure out of it and placed it in the garden at night.

Rabbit came out as soon as the man left and saw the gum-figure. "Who are you? Who are you?" said Rabbit. The gum-figure did not reply so Rabbit continued, "Who are you? Who are you? If you don't reply I am going to hit you." He struck a blow with his right hand. It stuck. "What do you think? Do you think I have only this hand?" said Rabbit. He struck another blow with his left hand. It stuck also. "What do you think? Do you think I can't defend myself?" said Rabbit. And saying this he struck another blow with his right foot, then another one with his left, and both feet stuck. In order to free himself Rabbit then struck the gum-figure with his head, but his head stuck also. Rabbit was now stuck altogether.

The next morning the man got up early and found Rabbit stuck fast. He killed it and took it home and told his wife to prepare hot water, clean Rabbit well and cook it with *chile*. "I want it cooked tender, very well done," he said.

When Rabbit was well cooked the woman put the dish on the table. They began to eat. "Be careful not to drop any soup from your mouth," warned the husband. As they were eating the woman dropped some soup from her mouth, and Rabbit came to life again and ran away, upsetting all the dishes. "I told you not to drop any soup from your mouth," said the husband. And they quarreled and quarreled over the matter.

In another one of the Taos versions a drop of blood falls from the dead rabbit before being cooked, and then he comes

to life again and runs away.¹³ This coming back to life of the dead animal after being killed, and even cooked, is unknown to me outside of these four Taos versions. It is the outstanding feature of all the American-Indian tar-baby stories and the distinctly Indian contribution to the Spanish-American form of the tale. Apparently it is specifically a Pueblo Indian contribution. A search for more versions from the various Indian Pueblos of New Mexico, however, would show whether this contribution belongs to the Taos versions only or whether it is a general Pueblo Indian contribution, and it is indeed extraordinary and original, to the primitive form of the tale taken from Spanish-American tradition.¹³

The peninsular Spanish version of the tar-baby story collected by me in the province of Ávila, Ávila of Santa Teresa, in Old Castile in 1920, and published in my *Cuentos populares españoles* I, no. 35, is of special interest to folklorists, and in particular to those interested in Spanish-American folklore. It is not unlikely that a similar version may be found in New Mexico. In order to make it more widely known I reprint it below, first in the original Castilian dialect of San Esteban de Muñana, and then in English translation.

SANSON

Éstos eran unos señores que eran muy ricos y no tenían hijos. Y decía la mujer:—¡Ay, si Dios nos diera un hijo tan grande y tan fuerte como Sansón pa que nos comiera la hacienda! Y tanto estuvo diciendo eso que por fin Dios les dió un hijo tan grande y tan fuerte como Sansón. Y lo bautizaron y le puson el nombre de Sansón.

13. The incident of a person being killed or boiled in oil, or in human blood, and then coming to life again, rejuvenated, through magic and incantation, is, of course, well known in oriental and European folklore. See my *Cuentos populares españoles* II, No. 140, III, Nos. 169-170, Aarne-Thompson, *The Types of the Folk-Tale*, Helsinki, 1928, No. 531, *Folk-Lore* VII, 232-240, XIX, 61-62, Frazer, *Golden Bough* IV, 218.

Y fué creciendo el niño y cuando llegó a ser hombre se comía en un día tres cerdos, una fanega de garbanzos y una fanega de pan. Y ya en poco tiempo se comió toda la hacienda y los padres quedaron muy pobres. Y dijeron entonces los padres:—Ahora le vamos a hacer un azadón pa que vaya a trabajar y gane pa que coma. Y le hizón el azadón y fueron tres hombres por él, pero no pudon llevarlo. Y fué entonces Sansón y sigún llegó lo cogió con facilidad y dijo:—Esto se hace así. Ustedes no valen pa na. Y como lo cogió como coge una guinda todos se quedaron muy sorprendidos.

Y ya se echó el azadón al hombro y se fué camino adelante. Y llegaba a servir en las casas y trabajaba mucho, pero como se comía todo lo que había en la casa en un día todos le despedían al segundo día, y ya nadie le quería recibir. Y como todos le temblaban de miedo todos se quitaban el sombrero cuando le vían pasar.

Y ya viendo que nadie le quería recibir se fué al palacio del rey y anduvo cabando todos los jardines y todo con su azadón hasta que destrozó casi todo. Y nadie se atrevía a decirle na. Y ya llamó el rey a sus caballeros y les dijo:—¡Ay, señores, lo que nos pasa con este hombre! ¿Cómo vamos a librarnos de él?

Y ya acordaron enviar a muchos caballeros armaos y a caballo al campo a pelear todos juntos con él pa ver si le mataban. Y salieron los caballeros con sus mejores armas al campo a esperar a Sansón. Y Sansón llegó y cogió un caballo del rebo y empezó, ¡Pin, pin, plan, plan! y a todos los mató dándoles con el caballo.

Y volvió al palacio y le dijo al rey:—Güeno, pues ya los he matao a todos.

Y entonces acordaron hacer un hombre de pez pa cogerle. Y hizón el hombre de pez y lo pusón allí cerca del palacio. Y pasó por allí Sansón y como el hombre de pez no le hizo la venia al pasar volvió Sansón y le dijo:—¿Me haces la venia? Mira que te doy. ¿Me haces la venia? Mira que

te doy. Y como el hombre de pez no le hizo la venia le dió Sansón un puñetazo y se le quedó pegada la mano derecha. Y entonces le sigue diciendo:—¿Me haces la venia? Mira que te doy. ¿Me haces la venia? Mira que te doy. Y le dió con la mano izquierda y se le quedó pegada. Y entonces le dijo:—¿Me sueltas las manos? Mira que te doy con el pie. ¿Me sueltas las manos? Mira que te doy con el pie. Y le dió una patada y se le quedó pegao el pie. Y entonces ya muy enfadao le dice:—¿Me sueltas las dos manos y el pie? Mira que te doy con el otro pie. ¿Me sueltas las manos y el pie? Mira que te doy con el otro pie. Y le dió una patada con el otro pie y se le quedó pegao tambien. Y ya le dice:—¿Me sueltas las dos manos y los dos pies? Mira que te doy un tripazo. ¿Me sueltas las dos manos y los dos pies? Mira que te doy un tripazo. Y le dió un tripazo y se le pegó la tripa.

Y ya como estaba bien pegao allí cogieron y lo mataron.

SAMPSON THE GIANT

Once there were a husband and wife who were very rich and had no children. And the wife was wont to say, "If the Lord would only give us a son as big and strong as Sampson so that he could consume our wealth!" And she repeated this so often that finally the Lord heard her prayers and gave them a son as big and strong as Sampson. When they baptized him he was named Sampson.

The child grew up and when he reached manhood he ate three pigs, three bushels of chick-peas and a bushel of bread a day. In a short time he consumed all the wealth and the parents remained in poverty. Then the parents said, "Now we must get him a large hoe so that he can go away and make his living." The hoe was made and three men went to get it, but they could not carry it. Sampson then went after it, and as soon as he arrived he picked it up easily and said, "This is the way you do it. You are all worthless." He

picked it up just as if it were a mazard-berry, and all were greatly surprised.

He put the hoe on his shoulder and started on his way. He found work as a servant in many places and he worked very faithfully; but everywhere he would eat all the food in the house in one day so he was always asked to leave the second day. Finally no one wanted him. Everybody was afraid of him and all would take their hats off when he passed by.

When he saw that no one wanted to receive him he went to the king's palace and went about digging up everything in the gardens so that much damage was done. But no one dared to say a word to him. Finally the king called his knights and said to them, "What a time we are having with this man, gentlemen! How are we going to get rid of him?" They decided to send several knights well armed and on horseback to fight with him in the field and kill him.

The knights went out well armed and riding well-trained horses. Sampson met them and seizing one of the horses by the tail he began to deal blow after blow furiously until he killed all the knights with the horse. He then returned to the palace and said to the king, "Well, I have killed them all."

Thereupon they decided to make a tar-man to catch him. They prepared it and placed it near the palace.

Sampson soon passed by and, in view of the fact that the tar-man did not salute him he said, "Are you going to make a bow to me? If you don't I'll hit you. Are you going to make a bow to me? If you don't I'll hit you." The tar-man made no reply, so Sampson gave him a blow with his right hand, and it stuck fast. He then continued saying, "Are you going to make a bow to me? If you don't I'll hit you. Are you going to make a bow to me? If you don't I'll hit you." Again there was no reply, and Sampson struck the tar-man with his left hand. That stuck fast also. He then spoke thus, "Are you going to let go of my hands? If

you don't I'll hit you with my foot. Are you going to let go of my hands? If you don't I'll hit you with my foot." And he gave the tar-man a kick and his foot stuck fast. Sampson then became very angry and said, "Are you going to let go of my two hands and my foot? If you don't I'll hit you with the other foot. Are you going to let go of my two hands and my foot? If you don't I'll hit you with the other foot." And he gave him a kick with his left foot, and that stuck fast also. Angrier than ever, he shouted to the tar-man, "Are you going to let go of my hands and feet? If you don't I'll strike you with my belly. Are you going to let go of my hands and feet? If you don't I'll strike you with my belly." And he gave him a terrible blow with his belly, and his belly stuck fast.

He was so well stuck now that the king's knights came out and killed him.

SMOKING CUSTOMS AROUND THE WORLD

GEORGE ST. CLAIR

"And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

UNTIL I was twenty I had never smoked. I know that dates me beyond any shadow of a doubt. I must admit it, I belong to the older generation.

For nearly twenty years the Philippine Islands was my home. Now, this is peculiarly the land of the cigar and the cigarette. One sees them there of all shapes, sizes and colors. Besides, before we Americans, with our modern ideas of government and finance, introduced the hated, though undoubtedly efficient, internal revenue taxes, tobacco was unbelievably cheap. Cigars were almost given away. Indeed, so cheap were they that one really seemed to be losing money if he did not smoke.

It was this reflection which finally induced me to begin smoking, as it did my chum, who was also of a thrifty nature. Shortly after our arrival in Manila then, we decided to undertake the great experiment.

Both of us being Scotch, however, we did not wish to waste anything. At that time one could buy a very pleasant little cigar at the rate of four for five centavos, a little less than a half cent each. Most men would have been content to start in with a cigar apiece, but not such Scots as we. If this experiment was not to be a success, we did not wish to lose more than one of our *Petit Bouquets*.

As my friend was the elder, he had first puff. Anxiously I watched him sputter, choke, and cough, while the tears ran down his cheeks. Almost I was deterred. But No! The hand being to the plow—"Childe Roland—Dauntlessly the slughorn, etc." I was an initiate. I had made the acquaintance of my first and most faithful mistress. Incidentally, my chum and I were badly nauseated that first try.

Since that day I have been most assiduous in her service. In many lands and under many flags I have offered burnt sacrifices on her altars. Love? Friendship? Oh, yes! But fidelity! Lady Nicotine has had my heart for many years now. Does she share it with anyone, you ask me? See the line above from Kipling.

Tobacco and travel! It is a bit strange that nobody has ever noted the alliterative association between these two words. Almost inevitably a traveler becomes a devotee of tobacco. Sir Walter Raleigh is one case in point. I am another.

Now to travel costs money, and to enjoy travel fully one must smoke. That again burns up considerable money, especially in certain countries, where the sanifying and soothing influence of tobacco has not yet been realized, and where, consequently, heavy duties have been placed upon it. When I say that I have been a school teacher for nearly thirty years, my financial status will at once be apparent to everybody, and yet, I have loved both travel and tobacco, and have had a rather extensive acquaintance with both. Combined, the two have been the cause of many curious experiences.

Just after I started smoking, my brother in Georgia had a birthday. By this time I had begun rather to fancy myself as a smoker, but I had not yet learned one important truth, that one must look at a cigar before he purchases it, on the old principle of never buying a pig in the poke. I reversed the principle and looked at my cigars *after* buying them. They never went to my brother. Green is a beautiful color, but smokers have somehow always had a prejudice against green cigars. "Fifty dusky beauties" is what they want. These first cigars of mine were of a green—oh! a most poisonous green. For me they were absolutely unsmokable. Most men would have dumped them in the ash can right away. But I had a better plan. The Scotch in me was not so easily downed.

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Cigars make unusual room decorations. That is, as long as they last. Carefully, I strung these cigars in festoons around my one-room bamboo house, hoping that with time they would change from *verde* to *colorado*. Perhaps they would have done so had they been given a fair chance. But I had not reckoned on my landlord's courage and spirit of thrift. With a determination worthy of a better cause, he daily abstracted one of those paris green abominations. To smoke? Well, not even resolute Filipino landlords can work miracles. I used to think that he tried to smoke them, but it just occurred to me that he wanted the tobacco to mix with his betel nut. Another of my illusions shattered. For years I have admired his courage. Now I am afraid I must admit it was nothing but greed.

After one has grown fond of Manila cigars he finds it difficult to become accustomed to the flavored American weed. Therefore, upon my departure from the Islands, I brought with me a thousand *Londres*, ten boxes. I thought that a certain number of cigars would be admitted free of duty. I found that I was mistaken; at least, a customs inspector convinced me that I was wrong.

I left my ship at Victoria and came by steamer to Seattle. It was late at night when we started. Shortly after our departure, I was told to go down in the baggage hold to open my trunks for inspection. I was not worried, because I did not believe I had anything dutiable.

At the bottom of my large trunk lay the ten boxes of cigars.

"What are these?" asked the inspector.

"Cigars from Manila."

"Did you declare them?"

"No, I did not. I did not know they were dutiable," I answered.

"Well they are, and you are smuggling. I shall have to confiscate them."

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In vain I argued with him. He was unshakeable in his determination. The cigars belonged to the government.

"Very well," I finally said. "Duty is duty. Confiscate them, if you must. But, before taking them for the government, keep one box for yourself."

He was properly shocked, hinted at bribery. It would be too dangerous, etc. I told him at last that I should lay one box on a trunk near me, and he could do what he liked with it. I did this.

"That's all right," he said. "Keep them there." So saying, he shoved the boxes back to the bottom of my trunk. I looked around discreetly for the other box. It had gone. I never saw it again.

Our incorruptible customs service! I still believe I had the right to bring those cigars in and that he was merely holding me up. Anyhow, my conscience has never troubled me about it.

After many years of vacationing in the States or in the islands up in the Baguio mountains, I decided to try Japan for a summer. Anyone who has smoked constantly will agree with me that there are times when a cigar does not seem to fill the bill. One needs the good old pipe. But, since it is too hot in the Philippines for pipe smoking, one must content himself with cigars. Now, however, I was going to a cool climate. At once I thought of my pipe.

Having been through Japan several times, I knew what brands of pipe tobacco could be bought there, how unsmokeable they were, and how expensive. I also knew that there was a heavy customs duty on tobacco. So I determined to take enough tobacco for the summer and resolved not to pay duty on it. This was the first time I had ever deliberately tried to smuggle.

One is permitted to take eight ounces of tobacco into Japan. But any smoker knows that eight ounces will not suffice for a whole summer's smoking. In addition to the

eight ounces, then, I put into my suitcase a pound in a glass humidor. The permitted amount was carelessly exposed at the top of the suitcase. The pound? Well, that was, as I thought, artistically arranged.

The runner from the Hotel de Japon (this was at Nagasake, at which port I disembarked,) who was an old acquaintance of mine, agreed to see me through the customs. He did.

Fortunately for me the Japanese customs inspectors speak and understand very little English. "Yis," with a great indrawing of the breath, is their favorite expression. Therefore, when the inspector inquired if I had anything dutiable, I was able, by vacant looks and discreet noddings of the head, to give the impression that I had nothing. Not satisfied, however, with my artistic evasions, he began rummaging in my suitcase. Alas for my well-packed humidor! The girdle of my bathrobe had caught in the top. As the inspector gave this a jerk, the glass cover flew into the air, carrying with it at least an ounce of tobacco.

"Ah, yis." There was nothing to say. The evidence was too damning. The one concession he would make was to let my pay the duty and knock off one-third for the tobacco he had spilled. That tobacco had cost me one dollar in Manila. I paid three dollars customs on it. How that tobacco burned my tongue.

I have never smuggled intentionally since that time, but I have got into just as much trouble as if I had.

Once, when crossing the frontier from Egypt into the Holy Land, my traveling companion, then vice-governor of the Philippines, had an amusing experience with an English army officer. It was about midnight, and we had already turned in. We had to undress in the dark, by the way, the train lights not working.

Just as we were getting off to sleep, this officer awoke us to inquire if we had any dutiable articles. The governor had three boxes of Manila cigars. The Britisher told him

he could turn them over to be sent on to Jerusalem, where he could obtain them by paying the duty.

"Well," the governor said, "Take a handful for yourself."

"Righto, I'll do that."

As there was no light in the compartment, he took them to the window in the corridor, through which a faint light was coming. Almost immediately we heard a loud burst of laughter. Then the officer came back.

"Let me see the other boxes," he said.

He took each box in turn to the window, and each time we heard his raucous laughter. The last time he came in.

"What is so funny?" the governor asked him.

"Oh, it's priceless, you know. I was just laughing to think of your face when you got to Jerusalem and paid the duty on those cigars and found every one of them full of wormholes. Most amusin', what?"

For once, at least, a Britisher found humor where two Americans couldn't see the joke.

Later, in Spain, we had another adventure connected with cigars. We had decided to make a hurried round trip from Madrid through Andalucia, and so we each took only one small suitcase, which we could carry ourselves. A friend of the governor's in Barcelona had given him two boxes of cigars. Each of us carried one of these boxes on top of his suitcase.

Not many people know that Spain still preserves the medieval custom of the *octroi* or duties between towns. I had known it but had forgotten about it. We had had a very pleasant visit at Granada and were coming on to Sevilla. When we reached the station at Sevilla, we each took his suitcase and started out.

Two gendarmes, or *guardias civiles*, as they are called there, were stationed at the exit. One of them, a peculiarly villainous looking bandit with a patch over one eye, touched me on the shoulder.

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"Do you have anything to declare?" he asked me in Spanish.

"No," I assured him.

"Please go into that room with your companion," he said.

We went in. There was nothing else to do.

In a few minutes the two *guardias* came in. They had annexed a companion now.

"Open your suitcases!" said the one-eyed bandit.

We did so. There, on the top, lay our cigars.

He picked a box up, opened it, examined it inside and out, and then turned to me.

"Where did you get these?"

"In Barcelona, a gift from a friend."

"Aha! And they have no stamps on them. No duty has been paid on these cigars: therefore you are smuggling."

We looked at the boxes. It was true, they were entirely innocent of stamps. We had not noticed this before.

"We must confiscate these cigars," he continued, "and take you before the magistrate."

"Very well," I replied, "take us at once. We don't want to spend all night here."

"Ah, but, *señor*, that is just what we cannot do now. It is already beyond the closing hour. We must detain you until tomorrow."

"Detain us! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, *senores*. Detain you. Arrest you."

"Arrest us?"

"Yes, for smuggling. You will have to come to the *juzgado* now."

The hoosgow! I had visions of the governor spending a night in a Spanish jail, of the discomfort, of the scandal. I decided something desperate must be done. But what? I thought furiously for a moment. Ah! I had it. I must throw a big bluff.

"Do you know," I demanded hotly, and in my most impressive Spanish, "do you know who this gentleman is? You are to understand he is a very exalted diplomatic officer of the government of the United States of America, and that the action you contemplate taking would be an insult not alone to his Excellency but also to the whole American nation. I beg you to consider this seriously. You do not know into what international complications you may be dragging your unhappy country."

During this speech I had observed on their faces an increasing evidence of indecision. Now, at a signal from bandit Number One, they retired to a corner of the room, where they put their heads together and began to whisper animatedly.

In a moment they returned to us.

"It is all right, *señores*. Put the cigars back."

I picked up a box. "Will you, not each have one?" I asked them.

"No, *señor, gracias*," he replied. "Not CIGARS!"

It is not possible to indicate in writing the emphasis he put upon the word "cigars." A flood of light poured in on me.

"Oh, not cigars," I repeated. "But you will have no objection, I hope, to drinking the health of his Excellency?"

"Oh, no, *muchas gracias*."

They watched us as we closed and strapped our suitcases. Then they lined up at the door. The governor went out first. Many bows on their part. Then I came. Each man's hand was suggestively outstretched. As I passed them, I dropped a silver dollar into each hand. The one-eyed bandit embraced me. The others shook hands with me. All of them wished us bon voyage and God-speed. It was not until we reached our hotel that it occurred to me that we had been the only ones stopped. It was a putup game, and my eloquent speech had merely afforded them a pretext

for letting us go. We had been neatly trimmed by the one-eyed bandit.

My last smoking adventure was on the French frontier.

On our way from San Sebastian to Paris we were detained by the French customs officer. The Paris train was impatiently waiting.

"Have you any liquor, cigars or cigarettes, or smoking tobacco?"

"Yes, I have some smoking tobacco," I told him.

"Let me see it."

I had one can of Prince Albert. It was at the very bottom of my suitcase. Carefully and slowly I took out each article until I reached my one can of tobacco. I held it up. "Voila!" I said.

He looked expectantly at me. "And the rest?"

"I have no more. That is all."

"All! Mon Dieu! That is all you have?"

"Why, yes."

"But it is not possible. You have but the one can of the tobacco and you take all this time and hold the waiting Paris train. Par l'amour —"

"But you did not ask me how much I had—"

"Oh, Mon Dieu. *Les Sacreès Américains!* Vite."

I leisurely put my things back while he fumed. I was satisfied. I felt that I had secured my revenge on the whole tribe of customs officers.

Sustention

Winds from the mesa
Beat against my small house;
The night has no stars
And the moon lies lost
In an inkblack sky.
And I
Am alone
Realizing solitude. . . .

Somewhere in the Southland
Where an autumn moon
Floods silver over cane and cotton land
You exist: And this
Is all I need to know.

CATHERINE MACLEOD.

Dr. Tight—The President and Man

By C. E. HODGIN*

IN 1901, Dr. William G. Tight was called by the regents of the University of New Mexico to become president of the institution. The preceding president, Dr. C. L. Herrick, upon his resignation, recommended as his successor, Dr. Tight, with whom he had been associated at Denison University, Granville, Ohio. At that institution, Dr. Tight had received his early college education. He did later work at Harvard, and earned the Ph.D. degree at Chicago University.

He specialized in biology and geology, with greater interest in geology. In fact, it was the rich field of geology which particularly attracted him to New Mexico. But when he arrived, took charge of the University, and became acquainted with its immediate, pressing needs, he slackened his geological activity, and intensified his interest in the University, throwing his supreme effort into its development.

One of the first things that gripped his attention, was the improvement of the environment. He knew that a barren campus on the desert would never attract young people.

With little or no appropriation for campus work, and his own salary but \$2,000.00 a year, he, nevertheless, started action. Water from the city reservoir was very expensive, and in the effort for cheaper irrigation service, a deep well was dug and a high wind mill put up for motive power.

Trees and vines and flowers were to be planted. Only a few scattering ones then existed on the campus. A plan for setting trees was made, practically as we see it today, and Arbor Days were most effectively utilized. The day before this holiday, boys with wagons and horses were sent

* An address delivered by Dr. Hodgins at Memorial Day exercises, February 28, 1931.

out to the mountains or in the valley for trees. Other boys dug holes, and prepared for the trees, under direction and help of the president. On Arbor Day morning the trees were carefully set. At noon, although we had no Home Economics department then, the University girls had ready a most inviting dinner, and a joyous occasion it was.

In the afternoon the annual baseball game between the regular team and a faculty team was played in the presence of the students and townspeople. President Tight himself was a splendid athlete and a star baseball player, so with a few good players from the faculty, and perhaps a lawyer or two added from the town, this event was usually exciting and well attended.

A beginning was made to place on the campus all kinds of vegetation found in New Mexico, as an instructive feature and for practical use of Botany classes. As an illustration there still stands the tall group of yuccas brought from the extreme southwest of the then territory, and brought at considerable trouble. They still give us, in season, their beautiful white blossoms.

The magnificent evergreen grove on the west, which we enjoy today, was set under most discouraging circumstances—stone covered hillsides, apparently poor soil, expensive irrigation, and the expression by most people that those pine trees would never grow. Dr. Tight's plan called for a beautiful fountain, a little later, in this pine grove.

Clinging woodbines were brought from Lincoln Park, Chicago.

The swimming pool, which still brings considerable pleasure to students, was built as a combination with an irrigation reservoir.

An arbotheater was made between the power house and the estufa, in a natural depression which lent itself to an outdoor meeting place. Many assemblies were held there. Several trees are left, but the bowl between the stage on the west and the terraced seating on the east has been filled up.

An outdoor gymnasium was erected northward from the swimming pool and was much used until taken down.

Each year the graduating class was invited by the President to leave a class memorial which would enhance the attractiveness of the campus, so we have the little fountain and fish pond, the vertical sundial in the rockery, the concrete seats, etc. But the old rustic pump with the water trough, gave way to progress.

Wherever President Tight went he seemed to be thinking of things that would add to the interest of the University. One summer while visiting a park in Ohio, he secured a number of tame squirrels, brought them to the campus here, made boxes for them in the trees, and hoped they would become a permanent feature of life and beauty on the campus; but the squirrels were not kindly treated by all, and in time ran away, much to the President's disappointment.

An experiment in irrigation was made. It was realized that there was much waste by evaporation from surface irrigation, and that in jointed pipe lines under ground the fine roots of trees worked in and clogged the full flow of water. Inverted wooden troughs were found to be unobstructive to the water flow, and then concrete troughs for longer wear were made and placed open side down, with success.

Quite a pretentious museum had been started with well planned cases, drawers, shelves, etc., but everything was lost in the fire of Hadley Hall in 1910. At that time there was also a deeply regrettable loss in the destruction of Dr. Tight's New Mexico field papers, sketches, and writings.

Another phase of development to which President Tight's attention was early turned was the strengthening of the curriculum. Being a scientist, it was not surprising that his immediate interest should turn toward science courses, though he was not narrow, and tried to bring all courses up, as well as appropriations made possible.

He established quite a complete music school for the University in the city. The third story of the old Academy building, later the public library, on the present city library corner, was rented. There was a large assembly hall in addition to several rooms, and some work was done in roughly finished rooms in the basement. A faculty was placed in charge for vocal training, piano, violin, public reading and musical kindergarten. Dr. Tight's plan was to place music *free* in the University, the same as English, mathematics, and science. His large interest in music was rather surprising to some of us who were familiar with his own lack of ability in the art, which he freely admitted, saying that he could not carry a tune, nor tell one tune from another. Yet he enjoyed music, and thoroughly believed in its elevating power and refining influence in the development of character. He compiled and had published the "U. N. M. Song Book," which was used on college occasions. The music school was a success, and many Albuquerque citizens can recall the splendid recitals and entertainments frequently given in the Music Hall. But it seemed impossible, financially, to bridge it over until adequate appropriations could be secured.

President Tight was much interested in adding astronomy to the curriculum, and sought money for an observatory. In fact, he had chosen a site on the highest point of the mountains to the east, and roughly surveyed a road to the place. John D. Rockefeller had made a small loan to Mr. Tight in his early educational career, so Mr. Rockefeller was appealed to again, this time for a gift of sufficient proportion to construct an adequate observatory with proper equipment; but he failed to respond.

One more special line of endeavor aroused Dr. Tight's interest. He had not been here long until he began to give thought to future building plans, in an effort to establish some kind of unity in construction, as only a "hit and miss" style was being followed. It soon dawned upon him that

there was a possibility of using an Indian type of architecture which might be unique, attractive and distinctly appropriate to the environment. His thought was absorbed with the prospect of breaking away from the common, and striking the unusual, a new-old style which would make the University of New Mexico absolutely distinctive in college architecture, the world over. With much enthusiasm, at least as shown to intimate friends, he began to study Indian construction as he had occasion to go from place to place over the territory. Many were the photographs he took of Indian buildings until his room looked like a sort of picture gallery as he began to make a careful study of lines and walls and windows and roofs. At last, in connection with Architect Cristy, of Albuquerque, after deciding on the Pueblo type of architecture, he sought to combine the important features of the Pueblo expression and to record the same in blue print.

With the consent of the regents he began by building the power house in the chosen construction, and then the estufa of the fraternity—Pi Kappa Alpha.

The next step was to build the boys' dormitory, which was named "Quataka," or "Man-Eagle," and the girls' dormitory, called "Hokona," or the "Virgin Butterfly," which names still appear over the entrance doors. The symbols in circular form, which are seen on each building, Dr. Tight himself painted, assisted by Miss Ethel Hickey, a member of the faculty and a sister of Judge Hickey. These conventional figures show the Indian eagle on "Quataka," and the butterfly forms on "Hokona." It is interesting to note how the different colors of paint have been preserved.

The next Pueblo building and the last of Dr. Tight's work, was the remodeling of the administration building, in 1908. It was a large, three story, plain, red brick structure, with basement, and top-heavy roof. With this change there was added Rodey Hall, in which we are now assembled. It is a replica of an Indian church, and you will notice the room

is built in the form of a cross. It was named Rodey Hall in honor of the late Judge B. S. Rodey, the founder of the University.

The next building to have been constructed was a library. Plans were drawn according to the latest ideas of library service at that time, money was secured, and the site selected. It was to have been ellipsoid in form and placed across the north end of the avenue just above the present dining hall. But a new president came in, changed the plans and used the money in the construction of the science hall, with the elevated roof. This was intended as an entering wedge to break away from the Pueblo architecture.

Most people approved Indian architecture, especially tourists and those from the outside. A few Albuquerque citizens were strongly opposed to this type of construction. One man said to me one day: "How foolish to go back 300 years for a type of building—not much evidence of progress in that." I said: "What about going back two or three thousand years to copy Greek architecture?" "Well," he said, "if you are going to be consistent, the president and faculty should wear Indian blankets around their shoulders, and feathered coverings on their heads!" But in spite of opposition the idea went forward, and seems today to be established.

When the great change in the large administration building was affected, the group of buildings began to make a very striking appearance. At this time an exceedingly attractive illustrated article appeared in the *World's Work*, which gave wide publicity and called attention to the University of New Mexico. This article was written by E. Dana Johnson, of the *Santa Fe New Mexican*.

I was, one evening, in the office after class hours, when a gentleman and lady drove up, came to the office, asked the privilege of looking through the buildings, announcing that they had seen an article in the *World's Work* while in New York, that they were on the way to California and stopped

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over in Albuquerque for no other reason than to see the University buildings. After I had shown them around, they expressed themselves as delighted with the uniqueness and beauty of the buildings, and their appropriateness to the environment.

Dr. Tight was deeply interested in the building program, and watched very closely every detail of the construction, as the following incident will show.

While the dormitories were being built, it was necessary for him to be away for some time. Upon his return, his first thought was to see the new buildings, so I took him on a personally conducted tour. As we approached Hokona, the girls' dormitory, his eye promptly caught sight of an arch over the front entrance. Immediately he said, "How does that come? There are no curved lines in this architecture. That must come out at once"; and it did come out.

Dr. Tight had a rich experience in the summer of 1903 when he was chosen as general scientist, for observations from geology to astronomy in the expedition, headed by Miss Annie Peck, the famous mountain climber, to South America. She was out this time to climb Mount Sarata. When the party was ready to return home, they were caught by a quarantine which lasted almost two months. Those were anxious weeks for us at the University, as they ran far beyond vacation. At last I received a cablegram from Arica, Chile, saying "Homeward." That one word cost the scientist \$8.40. The expense encouraged brevity. A cordial reception was given the president when he got back to the University.

Dr. Tight's keen interest in the building program and other matters kept up, so that only a comparatively small time was given to geology, although he tramped over the mountains, mesas, and hills a great deal. Having to curtail his geological activity in New Mexico was a real sacrifice to him but he expected to make up for the loss in a sabbatical year's leave of absence promised him, when he

was to study the entire scope of New Mexico geology. For this work he was planning a special wagon which would afford him a home, a desk, and conveniences for his geological records, as he devoted himself to this extensive and intensive work. But the year did not come to him.

In conclusion, let me say a few words about Dr. Tight, the man. He and I were not only bound closely together in the work of this University, but we were very close personal friends. In giving my estimate of him, however, I would not have you think that I looked upon him as one without faults. He certainly had his human frailties as all of us have, but it is my purpose at this time to point out some of those qualities of character which served him so well in his effort to advance this institution.

Physically, nature had well endowed him. He was tall, broad shouldered, robust and wholesome looking. For many years he wore a full beard, well trimmed, which gave him rather a distinctive appearance. He was genial, approachable, and enthusiastic. He was accommodating and loyal to friends and held as little lasting resentment to enemies as is usually found in a well-balanced man. He was brimful of the spirit and joy of youth, tending generally to inspire confidence and action from faculty and students, such as is characteristic of a *leader*. He was a genius to do things—was a practical plumber, a carpenter, a painter, and he did not hesitate to don his overalls and use his mechanical ingenuity to help in any emergency that might arise.

This recalls an amusing little incident one day at my home, where he did considerable experimenting in underground irrigation, raising vegetation. On this occasion he had his rough clothes on and was spading the soil, when a nicely dressed lady drove up and asked if Dr. Tight lived there. He answered that he did and that he would go and call him. So he went in the house, hastily changed his apparel and returned to receive the waiting lady, introducing himself to her.

The president was broad and liberal in his ideas, which both made and lost him friends. He was a member of the Baptist Church, but was often misunderstood in his religious conception.

Dr. Tight was active and aggressive in the work of education. He was a live member of the New Mexico Educational Association, and was prominent in local and national educational councils.

He was a man of strong personality, and consistent persistency. Let me give an illustration or two. In 1906, when he was attending the New York meeting of the Geological Society of America, he had a plan to invite and secure that national organization to hold its next meeting in the small town of Albuquerque, New Mexico. On account of the remoteness of the place from the East very few of the members at first seemed to prefer it. But Dr. Tight presented his claims with so much interest and enthusiasm that his invitation was finally accepted, and the organization had a great meeting here the next year. The secretary of the society, in commenting on the meeting, wrote as follows:

"Dr. Tight worked hard for the success of the Albuquerque meeting, interesting everybody in town, and even securing concessions from the Santa Fe railroad that were far greater than the size of the gathering in itself would have warranted. He was everywhere at all times and did everything that anybody could for our comfort and profit. If direction was needed he was the director, and if a camp rustler was called for he cheerfully volunteered his services. His preparations in every respect were so complete that the society expressed itself in a formal vote of thanks at the concluding session. In connection with this meeting he organized a very instructive and enjoyable excursion to the Sandia Mountains, and another to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado." The secretary further adds, "Probably this meeting was one of the brightest occasions of his life."

When Dr. Tight first came to Albuquerque, at request of the former president, Dr. C. L. Herrick, he was to see me on arrival. His calls upon us were quite frequent, and he let it be known to us that he was concerned about getting a good place to live, and finally said he wanted to live with us. We told him more than once we were not taking anybody. But one day an expressman drove up to the house and delivered a trunk which he said Dr. Tight had sent, and a little later the owner of the trunk *himself* appeared on the scene, and again announced his desire to live with us. He stayed until he had permission to put his trunk in a room where he followed and then remained with us, in our home, for seven years.

He never ceased to show appreciation of this home, as he came and went, and his varied activities which were generally woven in some way about University interests. When he entered the house he would fill it like a breeze, always happiest when he had something favorable to report regarding the University.

Thus, throughout the years, his life went on, but one day there came a sudden change. In the morning mail, a letter was received from the regents of the University asking for his resignation. No opportunity was to be allowed him for answering any charges, or making any explanations. I shall never forget the expression that clouded his face as he read to me that fatal letter. To thus be torn away so suddenly, just in his prime, from his deepest life interest, with no chance for defense, quite broke his heart and his spirit, and doubtless a little later on, his health.

Dr. Tight was subject to occasional attacks of sick headache. These now grew more frequent and more severe until in a few months he was taken to the Glendale Sanitarium, California, where in a short time, due to an acute condition which terminated in blood poisoning, he passed away. At his own request his body was cremated, and the little urn of ashes sent back, through Albuquerque, to his Ohio home.

The Art of Living in Los Angeles

By GEORGE SHELTON HUBBELL

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The author insists that this essay is optimistic. It was written in a blithe mood and in good faith. One can live in Los Angeles!*

SIX years ago I was living in Albuquerque; now I live in Los Angeles. Many people now of New Mexico would like to live in Los Angeles. I have heard some of them say as much; and I have seen the endless procession of dusty motor cars that bring into this state migratory families from Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, and points east. (Once here, they look back upon all that hinterland as simply East—synonym to them for by-gones, limbo of lost years.) I, then, one of those who came, write these words as a message to those who have not come—at any rate, not yet.

It is foolish to be "choosy" about the place where one will live. At all events, it is generally vain. We must live where we can, and make the best of it. But I used to think otherwise. I once fancied that a certain environment—in my case, an environment of libraries and seminars—must be indispensable. Among my associates I did not wish to apologize for a footnote, to take up time explaining the elementary facts about Ammonius Saccas. In short, I fear I was too particular. My feeling, however, was not snobbish, but defensive. The fact is, I had been acutely unhappy in other environments, whereas among books and bookish people I had found peace. It did not occur to me then that I might discover an art of living peacefully even in unfavorable conditions and along with people whose interests were not mine. Yet one chooses, when the time comes, among possibilities, not among ideals. I came to Los Angeles. Not as the migratory families come from Iowa, full of hope and

confidence, but with grim resignation, I turned my face to this western coast. I anticipated no congenial, fostering surroundings. I found none. But I knew that here henceforth was home.

I set myself then, of necessity, to learn the art of living in Los Angeles. And I have come to believe that the general principles of that art apply to living anywhere. Those principles, though very difficult to practice, are simple and obvious.

1. *First, one learns not to be a drag, ultimately at least, on anybody.* This principle, implied by Emerson in his doctrine of self-reliance, has both material and spiritual consequences. For our total human condition is fundamentally economic. We have not enough of anything to justify careless expenditure; time, energy, sensitiveness, intelligence are all limited. Henry Adams wrote of his father: "Charles Francis Adams' memory was hardly above the average; his mind was not bold like his grandfather's (John Adams) or restless like his father's (John Quincy Adams), or imaginative or oratorical—still less mathematical; but it worked with singular perfection, admirable self-restraint, and instinctive mastery of form. Within its range it was a model." Charles Francis Adams had, I take it, an important qualification for living well. Happy are those who operate efficiently within their own range. We manage our powers, as a country safeguards its resources, by watching the trade balance. When our proper resources fail and we start using those of our neighbors, trouble has begun. Dependence brings compromise, sense of inferiority, the poignant hades of envy and discontent.

From Demosthenes to Patrick Henry to Everett Dean Martin endless have been the panegyrics of liberty. Yet few will resist the temptation to enslave themselves by dependence. In debt to begin with for our early nurture and education, we always find it distressingly easy to take more

than we can pay for. But the secret of living well in any environment lies first in discharging there, as nearly as possible, every obligation. Helpless youth and helpless age must be paid for in working years. All coöperation, all gifts and favors must be acknowledged and duly recompensed. Only so is one free to live one's own life on even a narrow margin of liberty. And this means practically that obligations must be cut down, in order to increase the margin. He who borrows little has little to repay. By operating on little, obscurely in some corner, one conserves time and energy for the main enterprise, the making of one's own life.

This vital economy today is easy in material things. One's neighbors strain and impoverish themselves to buy motor cars, radios, expensive clothes, and other luxuries. Then, throwing good pennies after bad, they squander still more of life and energy in the use of these knickknacks. But the relative enrichment from doing without unnecessary impedimenta is quite easily achieved. One has, of course, to forego the reading of the more popular magazines and the newspapers, both of which aim principally to promote sales. But the loss from such abstinence, compensated by better reading or more advantageous use of the time, turns out really to be a gain. One has also to live in a cheap rented house in an inferior neighborhood, but this too has delightful compensations, beyond the economy. Resulting freedom from responsibility and from disturbance of entangling social activities is almost the essence of liberty.

But vital economy must extend to mental and emotional life. One must swallow one's own smoke. One must learn to shun confession, consolations, advice, perhaps even religious dependence. Debts in these realms are still debts, entailing obligations, limiting the margin of liberty. Whenever they have to be incurred, they must be promptly and fully discharged. And here again there is rich compensa-

tion, in self-confidence and self-respect. There is happiness in being a drag on no one.

2. *But a life well led in any environment must contribute, must construct.* To break even, simply owing no man, is, of course, creditable. Most of us will be lucky if we can do as well as that. We cannot, however, feel quite satisfied with a performance which, after hard work, leaves everything just as it was. Even to fall behind might seem more interesting. Yet real contributions are difficult to make. One may fail to achieve the harmonious operation of mind necessary for significant creative thought; it is an all-but-universal failure. One may lack the enormous energy necessary for abundant work of very fine quality. And there arises, in either case, the temptation to *borrow* what is needed, with future accomplishments as security. But that is a poor arrangement, involving obligation, and mortgaging achievement. No, it cannot be learned too early that a constructive life is almost impossibly difficult. And such a lesson implies that life itself is difficult, for our best incentive to living is the desire to make some peculiar contribution. Without extraordinary gifts, then, and without borrowing too heavily from the gifts of others, how can we preserve a reasonable hope of living well—even any zest for living at all?

The requisite technique is old, simple to present, difficult to master and apply. It has four steps: Learn, practice, plan, build. One must be working at any or all of these steps throughout life. New projects must be continually taken up, whether old ones succeed or fail. Efficiency must be developed by continued learning and practice; wisdom should rise and accumulate as the process goes on. Faithfulness and quiet zeal in the work are fostering conditions, but the *sine qua non* is intelligence.

3. *One realizes that all living is relative to some environmental conditions.* The important thing is not that

one should accomplish this or that piece of work, but that one should strike a balance between obstacles and achievement. God does not exact day-labor, light denied. Our tasks, however they obsess ourselves, are petty and inconclusive at best. And their results constitute only very subtly the index of our living. Only the finer qualities of our work evidence the deprivations and struggles through which it was completed. Is there nothing of the Civil War in *Paradise Lost*, nothing of blindness, nothing of domestic turmoil? Work unmarred by any hostile environment yet is the worse for the doer's inexperience. Prosperity is an obstacle. One's spiritual stature will be the same, North, South, East, or West; fostered or obstructed; magnified in success or cut off in failure. Great living is *always* difficult, failure fatally easy.

For any life of mind and character, Los Angeles furnishes an environment of great hostility. There is not much narrow persecution or concentrated disparagement. The opposition is oblique, but not the less powerful on that account. For here smart houses exhibiting every characteristic of finished workmanship and modish line sell at breath-taking prices; but they are made of paper, chicken-wire, and fancy mud; they begin to warp and leak as soon as the workmen leave; after a few years they totter to hopeless decay. They do! Here men at fabulous expense concoct entertainment with much glitter; but it insults the intelligence of the world. Here schools, imposingly housed and bewilderingly administered, seek to indoctrinate millions of children and young people with a standardized intellectual pap calculated chiefly to make them victims of any advertiser's page. Here people cultivate luxuries under the guise of civilization, chicaneries dressed up as service. They ride out of town in their cars, and then at evening ride back again. They turn the knobs of their radios for hours to hear scrappy nonsense and blatant insincerity.

It is like a fair or a circus—tolerable for a holiday, perhaps, but maddening for a permanent environment. It is the froth of America. It is mad. And finally there is no health in it. Only the real shall endure, only the truth. All else is a heady illusion. Los Angeles is nine-tenths illusion. In this place one, to keep sane, must hear nothing but the wind overhead, and the ocean waves. One must see only the sky and sea and mountains. Here one's ideas must come from books, one's aims strictly from within. Through the wild babel no intelligent voice is heard. Beauty or honest strength is lost in the confusion of shams. Yet one can have no grudge against a city; living in Los Angeles is like swimming in the sea, like working with fire. It is not necessary to drown or burn.

The art of living in Los Angeles, though based on the same principles which underlie all good living, has, of course, its special conditions, including some advantages. The chief advantage is solitude. Among millions, one will almost never find a companion for other than material concerns. And the library stacks offer real solitude. One's time can well go to books and typewriter; there is no human converse by which to be detained.

But with all the wealth about, one might almost as well go to Isleta for a scholar's equipment of books. Most of the funds available to the libraries for purchase of books have apparently gone to furnish innumerable duplicate copies of textbooks, reference books, and popular novels, so that the money gave out long before the supply of necessary works could be completed. And, of course, a new library never can have many old or rare books; it is necessary to wait till they come on the market.*

*The city holds some very excellent special collections, notably the Huntington and Clark libraries and the private collection of the late Dr. Lummis. The university collections and the Los Angeles Public Library are growing rapidly. Perhaps by 1950 or 1960 they will be large enough to serve the principal needs of graduate students.

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At all events, in this city there need be no apology for footnotes; they are ignored, apology and all. One may read about Ammonius Saccas in peace; nobody cares. One may think anything, say anything, quite without effect. The advertisements are so loud on every hand that no private voice is heard. One might as well be alone in the midst of a desert. Indeed, living here is like living as a hermit in some desert cave, around which incessant mirages rise and fade. Only ignore those illusive appearances, only hold fast to the vision within, only use the utter loneliness for the strength and leisure which it affords—do these things without tiring, always, and you have mastered the art of living in Los Angeles.

For an Autumn Moment

Pause, like the earth, and shoulder the light of evening;
The light, and the light reflected in yellow water
Where the river turns and flows south against the mesa,
Thrusting the black rocks asunder with its singing
That never is hushed an instant, even at sundown
When the world pauses, and you and I, and the leaves that hang
windless
In the moment of changing to gold from the green of summer.

MARGARET POND,

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Love Song

Across the distance

I call to you

Having no message to say

Begging no wish

Neither sending any manifestation.

I only ask

That your lips be parted

As this same west wind

Presses against your brow.

CATHERINE MACLEOD.

Los Comanches

Translated by GILBERTO ESPINOSA

OF ALL THE savage Indian tribes with whom the early Spanish settlers of New Mexico contended, by far the most warlike and formidable were the Comanches. These dread warriors of the plains were the scourge of all the other tribes and they repeatedly raided the Spanish settlements, leaving destruction in their wake. In 1777, they made a most merciless attack on Tome, a small village which still exists, some twenty miles south of Albuquerque, in which attack they massacred the entire population. They did not spare a single soul, man, woman, or child.

Repeated expeditions were sent against them and they were severely chastised on numerous occasions. In 1747, Governor Coadallos with five hundred soldiers surprised them near Abiquiu, New Mexico, and killed one hundred and seven, captured two hundred and six of their warriors and one thousand horses. In 1751, Governor Capuchin marched against them and severely defeated them near Galisteo, New Mexico. Governor Urrisola met them in a terrible battle near Taos in December, 1760, and inflicted a terrible defeat upon them, the Comanches leaving four hundred warriors on the field. But their power was unbroken.

In 1777, Juan Bautista de Anza, governor, ordered an expedition against the Comanches, determined to end their power. This expedition was sent under the command of Don Carlos Fernandez. It is the details of this battle, which occurred on the Staked Plains, in New Mexico, that the theme of this poem is found. According to the historian Alvarez, the Spaniards surprised the Comanches in the early morning, the battle lasting all day. The Indians suffered a terrible defeat. Hundreds of them were slain and hundreds taken captives to Santa Fe.

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The poem, which is the basis for the play, "Los Comanches," still played in many villages and hamlets, is the work of an unknown author, who is supposed to have been a soldier in this expedition. Almost every one of the older generation of New Mexicans can repeat this poem by memory so generally is the play enacted. Don Amado Chavez, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, has a very old manuscript, which is evidently a copy of the original. In 1907, Aurelio M. Espinosa, of the Romanic Language Department of Leland Stanford University, California, published a "Critical Edition of Los Comanches," Vide Bulletin of the University of New Mexico, No. 45. Language Series Vol. 1, No. 1, December, 1907.

From the above, this translation of this true New Mexican epic poem is made.

LOS COMANCHES

List of Characters

CUERNO VERDE (Green Horn)	Chief of Comanches
DON CARLOS FERNANDEZ	Spanish General-in-Chief
DON JOSE DE LA PENA	A Spanish Captain
EL TENIENTE (The Lieutenant)	A Spanish officer, name not given
DON SALVADOR RIVERA	A Spanish Captain
OSO PARDO (Grey Bear)	A Comanche chieftain
CABEZA NEGRA (Black Head)	A Comanche chieftain
LOBO BLANCO (White Wolf)	A Comanche chieftain
ZAPATO CUENTA (Beaded Moccasin)	A Comanche chieftain
DON TORIBIO ORTIZ	A Spanish General
BARRIGA DUCE	A Spanish camp follower

SCENE—On the Staked Plains of New Mexico

TIME—In the year 1777.

Cuerno Verde, Chief of all the Comanches, speaks:

From the sunrise to the sunset,
From the South to frigid North
Is seen the glitter of my arms

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And my trumpet blares go forth,
And alike among all nations
Boldly I make my camp and rest.
Such is the valor, such the bravery
That reigns within my breast.
And my banners are unfurled
To the breeze where none else do
For the most enraged I humble
And the haughtiest I subdue.
Unrestrained and without fetter,
Knowing none who master me,
Like the savage bear and tiger
Wandering unopposed and free,
For there's not a hill or mountain,
Not a stone and not a tree,
But that will not be a witness,
Of the praise they tell of me.
Those who have opposed my progress
Have had reason to regret,
And this proud and haughty Castle
Will also feel my vengeance yet.
Today's sun will see its downfall,
See in ruin its haughty walls,
Though its strength be great and mighty
I'll assault it till it falls.
Well I know they are preparing
To receive my warriors bold:
I have watched their preparations,
And much more I have been told.
Let them ask the many nations
Who have felt my conquering heel,
Let them ask my might and prestige,
Learn the misery they now feel.
Today they find themselves abandoned,
And their homes in ruin see
Let them ask the Caslana nation,
What it is to war with me.
Today their star is dimmed forever,
For from such prestige they fell,
That . . but why should I repeat,
Facts which everyone knows well.
Everyone except these Christians
And without number though they be,

Today for certain blood will flow—
 Blood that means revenge for me.
 This recalls to my memory
 One of these, though brave and bold,
 He left his blood to stain the flowers
 On a battle field of old.
 Those I've slain are without number
 They have slipped my memory now
 Without counting all the captives,
 Men and women and children. Now
 My brave men, valiant redmen,
 Let this order go with care,
 I, your general, give this edict,
 Let everyone his arms prepare.
 Prepare we must, and meet them ready,
 What general would seek to rest,
 With the enemy before him.
 Prepare to do your best.
 I will never be contented
 With a victory half complete.
 Don your war paint, sound the war drums,
 We must bring them to our feet.
 I shall go and seek this general,
 This foolhardy, impious man.
 Let him meet me in this battle
 And survive me if he can.
 Who is he, what do they call him,
 Whomsoever he may be.
 I, Cuerno Verde, challenge him
 To come and combat me.

Don Carlos Fernandez, the Spanish general, answers the Comanche:

Bide your time, Oh bloody heathen,
 I will come without your call.
 Your challenge is not needed
 I will meet you one and all.
 But first, tell me, who are you,
 And whence those idle boasts.
 Harken to these words I utter,
 You and your savage host.

Cuerno Verde, the Comanche, speaks:

I am that mighty captain
 At whose name men shake with fear.
 I am the brave, the bold, the terrible,

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This horn which you can see
Green and golden, see it glisten,
All its fame it takes from me.
Today I claim the homage of
Not alone these warriors at my side
But all men proclaim me master,
Through this nation far and wide.
From the sunrise to the sunset
From the South to frigid North,
Caiguas, Quituchis, Indios, Caumpes,
All follow me when I go forth.
Many others without number
There's no need to name them all.
Yield to me their blind allegiance,
And are ready at my call.

Don Carlos Fernandez, the Spanish general, answers Cuerno Verde:

Bide your time, oh bloody heathen,
I will be your master yet.
You will find your spirit broken,
When the Spaniard you have met.
In the land across the waters,
There reigns a prince of right
Who rules the world from pole to pole
Through his power and his might.
Throughout this entire world you see
His power reigns supreme
Germans, Englishmen, and Turks,
All peoples whomsoever they be
When they hear the name of Spaniard,
Bend and tremble at the knee.
You have never met a worthy foe,
Nor do you know the might
Of Catholic arms in battle.
You will learn this in this fight.
This is why your idle vauntings,
This is why your spirit bold.
I shall meet you in this battle,
I shall leave you dead and cold.
And if you wish to know who I am,
I shall state that you may know.
This is not my first encounter,
This battle you offer, and so,
Here you find me in your own land

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And though I am advanced in years,
 Know and note, oh impious stranger,
 Carlos Fernandez has no fears.
 Your lands I've always invaded,
 When it suited me that way.
 And now, oh boastful captain,
 Go prepare you for the fray.

Cuerno Verde, the Comanche chieftain, replies:

You have said it, without fail,
 We shall see who shall prevail.

Don Carlos Fernandez, the Spanish general, addresses his men.

This war again presents to us
 An opportunity to show
 The valor of your Catholic arms
 That all the world may know,
 That Spanish arms in battle,
 Never yet have left the field
 Without honor to their country.
 A Spaniard will never yield.
 You have heard how this Comanche,
 This untutored savage beast
 Comes before us with such boasting,
 'Tis high time that this should cease.
 He addressed me with such vauntings,
 Applauded by his savage bands,
 Asking who could be this general
 Who had dared invade his lands.
 Told us of the hosts he'd murdered.
 Of the lands he'd filled with fear
 And I answered with equal frankness
 That his equal he'd find here.
 Told him that the Spanish soldier
 Knows no rival, knows no peer.
 Told him of that mighty nation
 At whose name men shake with fear.
 But 'tis time to cease this vaunting,
 We must hasten to the fray,
 You, my captains, speak your counsel,
 How we best can win the day.
 Let Tomas Madril come forward,
 José de la Peña, too,
 And Don Salvador Rivera.
 Bring your sergeants all with you.

We must all consult together
And decide what we must do.

Don José de la Peña, a Spanish captain, speaks:

Oh, my brave and worthy general
Of whose valor we well know,
Plan your battle, give your orders,
We shall follow where you go.
A more worthy, a more just
War than this was never seen.
Let us haste and give them battle,
And exterminate this spleen.
For my heart cries loud for action,
And the issue holds no fear.
With the aid of Virgin Mother,
I see victory is near.
Through her Immaculate Conception,
Born of woman, without sin,
Full of grace and full of mercy,
She will surely help us win.
And besides to help us conquer,
Is that celestial martial band,
With the blessed angel Michael
Who will surely be on hand.
He, the patron of my brave men,
Who are ready for the fray.
Give your orders, we are ready,
This is all I have to say.

The Lieutenant speaks:

The worthy José de la Peña
Has spoken what I would say.
Only one word I have to offer,
Then I am ready for the fray.
Listen, Oh worthy Don Carlos,
My obedience to you I yield.
'Tis a special honor to serve you,
Proof I'll give you on this field.
My will is made, I am ready,
To go forth to battle this day,
To fight for your honor and glory,
Or to perish in the affray.
Well I know I am not worthy,
To serve in such an honored task.
In truth the honored post I have,

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Is more than I would ask.
Don Carlos I shall not fail you.
This is all I have to say.
I am ready for the battle.
I shall follow Don José.

Don Salvador Rivera, a Spanish captain, speaks:

Señor Don Carlos Fernandez
I have hearkened to what you say.
I am ready with the lieutenant,
With the lieutenant and Don José.
With powder and ball we'll assail them.
We shall make them repent their sins,
And forget their idle boastings.
Faith and valor is what wins.

Cuerno Verde, the Comanche chieftain, addresses his war captains:

Hear, ye lions, all my captains
You, the bravest in the fray.
All prepare your arms of battle
We are out to win the day.
Up and at them with a fury
Let them know whom they assail,
And remember that united
You can never, never fail.
Bear in mind what you have pledged me.
Fight with valor, fight with might.
With the valor of your forebears,
You are battling for the right.
I shall be there with a vengeance.
This is not an idle boast.
You well know me and my mettle.
We shall crush this savage host.

Oso Pardo (Grey Bear), a Comanche chieftain, speaks:

I also rise to speak a word.
It is both meet and right,
That the promises given Cuerno Verde,
We should ever keep in sight.
Remember, you are the chosen ones,
Whom your captains called to war.
Yon Spaniards, answer me today
Or be silent forevermore.
What captain from amongst you
Will match this savage bear?

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This bear who tames the savage beasts
Who will assault him in his lair?
The fiercest lion of the wilds
Flees to the forest deep,
When this Grey Bear presents himself,
Now who will dare to leap
And with this Grey Bear match his arms
This day in single battle?
Whence is your courage, whence your might
Come forth and prove your mettle.

Don José de la Peña, the Spanish captain, speaks:

This Grey Bear shall be my quarry
This rock shall prove his end.
Rock of valor, rock of prowess,
Tame this savage that he may send
No more idle threats and boastings.
Idle glutton, boastful one,
I shall prove your false feigned courage
On this field e'er we are done.
And the high sun of your glory
Soon will set, your day is o'er
When we meet in mortal combat
That sun for you will rise no more.
Not long ago I met your warriors,
In numbers great they came to fight.
With but a handful of my brave men
I met and put them all to flight.
Valor such will merit boasting
Deeds like these, in days gone by,
Rolando and his twelve immortals
Performed beneath the Spanish sky.
But, you know not whence I speak of,
Of whom I speak or what I say.
Did you know, and having met us,
You would think them here today.

Cabeza Negra (Black Head), another Comanche chieftain, speaks:

Why this chatter, why this waiting?
Worthier tasks we have to do.
See this sharp and glistening lance point?
It shall pierce their general through.
Pierce that proud and haughty Christian,
Leader of these hosts they say.
Cease this talk and reminiscing,

I have come to kill and slay.
 Be there brave men from amongst you,
 In your haughty warrior band,
 Who would meet Cabeza Negra,
 In single combat, hand to hand?

Lobo Blanco (White Wolf), another Comanche chieftain, speaks.
 First he addresses Cabeza Negra.

Worthy sir, hold back a while yet,
 Soon we'll have them in our foils.
 I must be the first to meet them,
 For my blood within me boils.
 Let me first show them my prowess.
 Their fury is not new to me.
 We have met before in battle,
 And I've nothing new to see.
 And because we've met in battle,
 And I thirst for vengeance too,
 Let me be the first to smite them,
 With a vengeance they shall rue.
 It is time this battle started,
 Time we struck them with our might.
 We are fighting for our hearthfires,
 For our honor and our rights.

Zapata Cuenta (Beaded Moccasin), another Comanche chieftain, addresses Cuerno Verde and his warriors:

Valiant Redmen, bend your war bows,
 With a true unerring eye, that
 With each arrow from your bowstrings,
 We may see a Spaniard die.
 Don your paint and gaudy feathers,
 Sound the war drums, take your stand.
 Sing of joy and sing of battle,
 For the hour is at hand.
 I, your captain, will support you,
 You will find me at your side.
 Zapata Cuenta is your chieftain
 And in him you can confide.

Tabaco, a Comanche chieftain and an ambassador seeking peace, speaks:

Noble Redmen, you have ordered,
 That your men be ready all.
 And these Christians who seek battle,
 Soon will hear your martial call.

Tobaço is also a mighty captain,
With many warriors at his command,
And we recognize no master,
In this broad and mighty land.
Alone, unarmed, and fearing no one,
To Taos I went, among these men,
On a peaceful mission went I,
And we signed a treaty then.
I can say this of the Spaniard,
He respects a worthy foe.
Without fear I went amongst them,
Mingled freely, and you may know,
This is why I cannot join you.
I cannot join this strife today.
I cannot prove a traitor
To the peace I've made to stay.
I go forth to seek the Spaniard,
Urge him to leave and save his life,
For if he persist most surely,
He will perish in this strife.
I shall tell him Cuerno Verde,
With his numerous warrior band,
Have come to meet the Spaniard,
And drive him from this land.
That I come from the Napeiste,
Bringing him these tidings true,
That Oso Pardo and Cabeza Negra,
Are here to give him battle too.
If you choose, go forth to battle,
This is what I have to say.
I will keep the pledge I've made.
I and mine will leave today.

Don Toribio Ortiz, a Spanish general, speaks:

I am Don Toribio Ortiz,
And a general's rank I hold.
In the service of my king,
I have grown gray and old.
But my right arm still is potent,
And my step is firm and steady.
Come, a champion from your ranks,
Don Toribio Ortiz is ready.
Cuerno Verde I have heard it,
That you are a valiant foe.

Come you hither, give me battle,
I would let your warriors know,
That to me your strength and valor,
Means but little, when we meet,
I shall smite you with this sharp sword,
And will lay you at my feet.
All my troops, stand at attention,
Let no one seek the fray,
Till I give the word to battle,
We must conquer these today.
Let each lance thrust claim a victim,
Every one of them must yield.
Either crown yourself with glory,
Or leave your bodies on the field.
Our Immaculate Mother Mary,
She shall be our strength and guide,
Send a message of your prowess,
Through this nation far and wide.

Don Carlos, the Spanish general, again speaks.
Your assurances make me happy,
For I know you all are true
And on many fields of battle,
You've been tested through and through.
Since we all are of one spirit,
And all are eager for the fray,
Form your men in line of battle,
Unleash your war dogs and away,
Sound the trumpets, Santiago!
Holy Virgin! Lend your aid!
Cross through yonder willow thicket,
That is where their camp is made.

Cuerno Verde, the Comanche chieftain, speaks to his warriors.
They advance! They seek the issue,
Meet them with your battle cry.
In their midst I see their general,
Either he or I must die.
Hear their shouts, oh valiant Redmen,
Of the brave Comanche race,
You who've never met your equal,
Here or any other place.
You alone of all the Redmen,
Still defy the Spanish might.
We have clashed with them in battle

And we've put them to the flight.
Wave aloft my lofty banners,
Which have never known defeat.
Up and at them with a fury,
That will sweep them off their feet.

Barriga Duce (A Spanish camp follower), speaks as he views the battle from afar:

Let them die, the more the better,
There will be more spoils for me.
Soft tanned skins of elk and beaver,
What a comfort they will be.
Meat of buffalo in abundance,
Everything that one might need,
I will fill my larder plenty,
I have many mouths to feed.
My good wife shall want for nothing,
She shall cook a gorgeous meal.
Oh my comrades, give them plenty,
What a happiness I feel.

The Comanches abandon their camp and Barriga Duce enters.

Ah, at last I've reached their treasure,
There is plenty here indeed.
Sugars, fruits, and meats, and jellies,
What a life these heathens lead.
Everything to tempt the palate,
What a feast, fit for a king.
I shall eat and then I'll gather,
I'll not leave a single thing.
Let them fill themselves with glory,
While I eat with joy and mirth.
With their arms they prove their valor,
My glory is measured by my girth.
And if anyone should doubt this,
Let him measure side by me.
Not with words and idle boasting,
But with proof that all may see.
Give no quarter comrades, smite them,
Do your duty, have no fear,
Strike them, smite them, without mercy,
I'll attend to what is here.
Santiago! You are with us.
How the battle rages fierce!

See our brave and valiant comrades,
How they cut and thrust and pierce.
Like the autumn leaves they scatter,
It is o'er. They all have fled.
While upon the field of battle
Lies Cuerno Verde, with his dead.

The End.

The Story of the Dial, 1840-44

By HELEN E. MARSHALL

IN THE spring of 1872, a ragman called at the old home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in Concord, and carted away a heavy load of dusty magazines. For over thirty years this huge stack of unsold copies of *The Dial* had been stored in the Emerson attic, and no one had ever had quite the courage to dispose of the lot. Culling out magazines and papers was a common occurrence during the house-cleaning season, and the ragman regarded his burden with no unusual reverence. To him it meant nothing that this was the last of the little quarterly which the Transcendentalist Club had sponsored, and which Emerson was editing at the time of its suspension in 1844. He dumped the modest volumes into his cart without knowing that between the uncut pages of *The Dial* were to be found priceless echoes and reflections of the most cultured and spiritual minds in New England during the forties.

From 1815 to 1850, New England was in a state of transition. Commerce was giving way to manufacturing, and the small villages to the great mill towns and cities. With changes in industry, came changes in thought. Calvinism gave way to Unitarianism, and as New England became more tolerant and practical, there was danger that she was becoming less spiritual. There were persons who sensed a feeling of unrest, and wondered if the pendulum had not swung too far. Among them were the Transcendentalists, a little group of staunch souls who were beginning to thaw out, cast off the narrow confines of their New England environment and partake of a world culture. They longed to proclaim their findings. One of the staunchest was Emerson, who wrote in his diary in 1840:

The world is my history. I can as readily
find myself in the tragedy of Atrides, in the Saxon

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Chronicle, in the Vedas as in the Old Testament, in Aesop as in the Cambridge platform or the Declaration of Independence.¹

Of the intellectual forces at work in New England, Emerson early discerned the trend. In the first issue of *The Dial* he wrote:

No one can converse much with different classes of society in New England without remarking the progress of a revolution. Those who share in it have no external organization, no badge, no creed, no name. They do not vote, or print, or even meet together. They do not know each other's names or faces. They are united only by a common love of truth and its work. . . .

The spirit of the time is felt by every individual with some difference. . . to each one casting its light upon the objects nearest to his temper and habits of thought: to one, coming in the shape of special reforms in the state; in modification of the various callings of men and the customs of business; to a third, opening a new scope for literature and art; to a fourth, in philosophical insight; to a fifth, in the vast solitudes of prayer. *It is in every form a protest against usage, and a search for principles.*²

About 1835, a group of these like-minded persons, "seekers after truth" began to meet together occasionally in various Boston homes and discuss the things that lay nearest their hearts. An interesting little club was the "Symposium," as Bronson Alcott loved to call it. About fifteen or twenty, never more than thirty of these congenial souls met, and in reading and conversation revealed the strides that each was making toward a fuller and more perfect understanding of the world in which they lived and the relationships to which all men are subject. There were no officers, only those leaders that were created by nature to be out-

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Journal*, July 31, 1840. Boston, 1910, p. 448.

2. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "From the Editors to the Readers," *The Dial*, Vol. I, No. 1, Boston, July, 1840.

standing, Emerson, Channing, Ripley, Theodore Parker, and Margaret Fuller. The arrival of Henry Hedge from Bangor was usually a signal for a meeting. Looking back through the journals of Emerson, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller, one finds a galaxy of brilliant minds and interesting personalities among those who congregated at the Alcotts, the Emersons, the Ripleys, or the Channings. At these Transcendentalist gatherings might be found Theodore Parker, the great Unitarian preacher; George Ripley and his wife Sophia, who were soon to found the Brook Farm experiment in communistic life; Henry Thoreau, the nature lover; Elizabeth Peabody, who kept a book stall and later opened the first kindergarten in Boston. There was quaint, lovable Bronson Alcott, a great philosopher but a poor provider, and for whose eccentricities Emerson was constantly apologizing and warning people lest they fail to appreciate the true Bronson; and there was Emerson himself, one of the most earnest and gifted of the Transcendentalists, and Margaret Fuller, student, teacher, and brilliant conversationalist. At that time, with the exception of Theodore Parker, Emerson was the most widely known and popular of the New England writers. Later Margaret Fuller was to be a great exponent of woman's rights and in her effort to free herself from bondage of tradition and custom was to shock New England.

About 1839, the club became interested in editing a magazine. As early as 1835, Emerson had written to Carlyle inviting him to come to America and edit such a journal.³ About this time John Heraud began to publish a monthly magazine very much like the one that the Transcendentalists had in mind. It gave the Boston coterie more of an incentive for publishing a magazine of their own. Bronson Alcott wrote in his journal, September 28, 1839:

3. George Willis Cooke, *Introduction to the Rowfant Edition of The Dial*, Vol. I, Cleveland, 1902.

I had an agreeable talk with G. Ripley on the times and particularly on my transatlantic friends. He is much taken with *Heraud's Journal*, which he has read from January last. He wishes to establish an organ of like character among ourselves. We need such a journal but lack the ability to make it worthy of our position. There are but a few contributors and those are not at all free from the influence of the past. Yet such a journal we must have in due time. Doubtless it would succeed even now. Brownson's *Boston Quarterly* is pledged to a party in politics (Democrat) and takes a narrow ground in philosophy and literature. We must have a free journal for the soul which awaits its scribes.

Other contemporary magazines were *The North American Review*, founded in 1815; *The Western Messenger*, a Unitarian magazine devoted to religion and literature, and edited by Channing, Cranch, and Freeman Clarke; *The Harbinger*, published at Brook Farm, and *The Present*, published by W. C. Channing.

By 1840, the scheme had sufficient promise of support to warrant publication. The club wanted Henry Hedge to become the editor but he feared it would take too much time from his Bangor pastorate. George Ripley finally consented to become the assistant editor and Margaret Fuller was made the editor. At a meeting of the Symposium at the house of Cyrus Bristol, on September 18, 1839, Bronson Alcott suggested as a name for the magazine, *The Dial*; he called his dairy by this name and thought it particularly appropriate for the type of magazine which the club was contemplating.

The purpose of the club in editing the magazine is best given in the editorial announcement which appeared on the outside of the rear cover of *The Dial* during Margaret Fuller's editorship.

4. Quoted from Cooke's *Introduction to The Dial*, Vol. I, p. 59.

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Preface to *The Dial*, a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion.

The purpose of this work is to furnish a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions which interest earnest minds in every community.

It aims at the discussion of principles, rather than the promotion of measures, and while it will not fail to examine the ideas which impel the leading movements of the present day, it will maintain an independent position in regard to them.

The pages of this Journal will be filled by contributors who possess little in common but the love of intellectual freedom, and the hope of social progress; who are united by sympathy of spirit, not by agreement in speculation; whose faith is in *Divine Providence*, rather than in human prescription; whose hearts are more in the future than in the past; and who trust the living soul more than the dead letter. It will endeavor to promote the constant evolution of truth, not the petrification of opinion.

Its contents will embrace a wide and varied range of subjects and combining the characteristics of a magazine and a review, it may present something both for those who read for instruction and those who search for amusement.

The general design and character of the work may be understood from the above brief statements. It may be proper to add that in literature, it will strive to exercise a just and catholic criticism, and to recognize every sincere production of genius; in philosophy it will attempt the reconciliation of the universal instincts of humanity with the largest conclusions of reason; and in religion, it will reverently seek to discover the presence of God in nature, in history, and in the soul of man.

The Dial, as its title indicates, will endeavor to occupy a station on which the light may fall; which is open to the rising sun; and from which it

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may correctly report the progress of the hour and the day.⁵

The Dial was a quarterly magazine and scheduled to appear on the first day of January, April, July, and October. Each number contained 136 octavo pages, which made for the year a volume of 544 pages. The first two numbers were bound in pale green paper, and the subsequent issues were bound in dark brown. The cover carried the modest legend of "*The Dial*, a Magazine of Literature, Philosophy, and Religion," together with the date and number of the issue, and the name of the publisher and the printer. The inside of the front cover carried the table of contents for the issue, while on the inside of the back cover there were listed from time to time the offerings of the publishers, the only advertising matter that the magazine ever carried. It contained papers on art, music, and literature, especially German literature, translations from the ancient oriental scriptures and original modern scriptures in the form of Bronson's Orphic Sayings, and a great deal of verse on nature and other themes attractive to the transcendental mind.⁶ After Emerson became the editor he added to the magazine a section styled, "Intelligence" which was devoted to current events such as the reports of conventions which were just becoming popular in America, and lectures of interest to students of philosophy and religion.

In January, 1840, Margaret Fuller wrote to all the possible contributors with whom she was acquainted and asked that they lend a hand in making the magazine worthy of its existence. In a letter from Jamaica Plains, May, 1840, she wrote:

Whether all that has been said is the mere restlessness of discontent, or these are thoughts really struggling for utterance will be tested now. A perfectly free organ is to be offered for the ex-

5. *The Dial*, Vol. I, No. 1, Boston, July, 1840. Probably written by Margaret Fuller.

6. *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*, Boston, 1852, V. 2, p. 25.

pression of individual thought and character. There are no hearty measures to be carried, no particular standard to be set up. A fair, calm tone, a recognition of universal principles will, I hope pervade the essays in every form. I trust there will be a spirit neither of dogmatism nor compromise and that this journal will aim not at leading opinion but at stimulating each man to think for himself and to think more deeply and more nobly by telling him how some minds are kept alive by a wise distrust. We must not be sanguine as to the amount of talent which will be brought to bear on this publication. All concerned are rather indifferent and there is no great promise for the present. We can not show high culture and I doubt about vigorous thought. But we shall manifest free action as far as it goes, and a high aim.⁷

There were high aspirations back of *The Dial* and so far as her own writings were concerned Margaret Fuller measured up to the high aim, calm tone, and a recognition of universal principles. She was also successful in getting a large number of the best minds in the Transcendental group interested in writing, most of whom were yet unknown to fame but have since been ranked as the leading writers and thinkers of the nineteenth century. When one considers that none of the contributors was paid, it seems quite remarkable that so many writers were attracted to it, and at the same time that fact explains why some of the writers sent not their best but their second best writings to *The Dial*. The Transcendental magazine served well as an outlet for thought but the demands of the butcher and the baker were more urgent than the desire to build up a quarterly based on ethical considerations, and the more prominent authors looked elsewhere to dispose of their wares.

Among the contributors to *The Dial* were Henry D. Thoreau, W. E. Channing, Frederick Henry Hedge, Charles

7. *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*, Boston, 1852, V. 2, p. 53.

A. Dana, Ellen Hooper, Theodore Parker, Samuel G. Ward, C. P. Cranch, Charles Lane, George W. Curtis, Charles S. Wheeler, J. S. Dwight, A. Bronson Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, George Ripley and his wife, Sophia Dana, Caroline Tappan, James Russell Lowell, Elizabeth Peabody, J. F. Tuckerman, W. D. Wilson, Jones Very, and Elizabeth Hoar. Many of these contributors gave several articles or poems to a single issue. Margaret Fuller and Emerson, by virtue of their editorial obligation of 136 octavo pages were compelled to be the heaviest contributors.

Theodore Parker, with his sermons and religious studies was a frequent and voluminous contributor. His writings were the only inducements to the sale of several numbers. Parker was popular with the readers not because he was such a great theologian but because he was strongly anti-slavery. He had articles in all four numbers of the first volume and in all but one of the second volume. Among his contributions to *The Dial* were "Divine Presence in Nature and the Soul," "Truth Against the World," "Parable of Paul," "Thoughts on Labor," "German Literature," "Primitive Christianity," "Thoughts on Theology," and two poems called "Protean Wishes."

George Ripley wrote many of the book reviews for *The Dial*. He showed a particular aptitude for reviewing. He followed Margaret Fuller's injunction that the business of criticism in periodical writing was to sift and not to stamp a work; even today his reviews have the effect of stimulating the reader to investigate the work for himself.

William Ellery Channing, who married Margaret Fuller's sister Ellen, contributed more separate works to *The Dial* than any other person. Most of his writings came at the solicitation of Emerson. Among his poems were "Dirge," "Poet," "William Tell's Song," and "Autumn Woods."⁸

8. Cooke, *Introduction to the Dial*, V. I, p. 22.

The writings of Henry Hedge were deeply influenced by European study, while the writings of James Freeman Clarke and Thomas Treadwell Stone reflected the sentiments of the reformers of the age, the woman's rights party, peace movement, and the anti-slavery agitation. Clarke always approached his themes through poetry. William Dexter was a New England contributor who had developed his own system of metaphysics. William Ellery Channing favored Ripley's doctrine of associationism and rejected the individualism of Emerson and Alcott. His best contribution to *The Dial* was "The Story of Ernest the Seeker," the experiences of a young man who, seeking the truth of religion in the various churches was led through the Catholic, Methodist, Quaker, and Unitarian principles, scripture, soul, and society, and finally to a love of Christ himself.

Few contributions attracted so many widely different kinds of criticism as Bronson Alcott's Orphic Sayings. Some readers hailed the new scriptures with delight, others were extremely critical, and even Christopher Cranch was tempted to cartoon and caricature the wisdom of the Cheshire sage, while Emerson himself confessed that Alcott had vision without talent, and compared him to a mighty Torso, a colossal head and trunk with hands and feet. Sophia Ripley, the drudge of Brook Farm, contributed a significant article on "Woman." Henry Thoreau contributed articles on nature and selected the Ethnical Scriptures. The most consistent contributors of poetry were Christopher Cranch, and the Sturgis sisters, Caroline Tappan and Ellen Hooper. Of the two, Mrs. Tappan's poems were probably the better.

A comparison of the list of contributors to *The Dial* with the names of those who met in the Symposium reveals the one almost identical with the other, and a study of comparative biography would show other interesting similarities. Most of the men were graduates of Harvard Univer-

sity and over two-thirds were either graduates of the Harvard School of Divinity or had studied there. The women were chiefly teachers whose education in the deeper studies of philosophy and religion was self-imposed and self-taught, there being no institutions of higher learning for women in that period. On the whole the Transcendentalists were young. In 1840, Ripley was only 38, Emerson 37, Hedge 35, Margaret Fuller, Parker, and W. H. Channing 30, Barton, Cranch, and Dwight 27, Thoreau 33, and W. E. Channing 22.⁹ The youth and idealism of the contributors gave to the quarterly a quality of vigor and determination, and hope that made it different from other magazines of the day.

Editorially, the history of *The Dial* falls into two periods. From 1840 to 1842, Margaret Fuller was the editor, and from April, 1842, until the magazine was suspended after the sixteenth number, Ralph Waldo Emerson was the editor. He was assisted by Henry Thoreau.

Since the story of *The Dial* is largely a story of aspirations, and the reflection of certain modes of current thought, it can not be properly told without noting the objectives and the methods of the two editors. Their editorial policies differed as may be observed from the types of articles each accepted, and in the records they have left in their diaries and letters. Margaret desired a free open magazine with no definite plan, merely a reflection of people's thoughts and reactions as they made their search for truth. She believed the experiment worth trying. "Hearts beat so high," she wrote, "they must be full of something, and here is a way to breathe out quite freely. It is for dear New England that I want this review."¹⁰ However, dear New England did not take so heartily to it. The subscriptions came in slowly and some of the Transcendentalists who had been so enthusiastic over the project of the quarterly were quite indifferent on the matter of sending in literary offerings.

9. Cooke, *Introduction to the Dial*, V. I, p. 27.

10. *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, Boston, 1852, V. 2, p. 27.

Many times the editor was compelled to rely upon her own resources for filler for the 136 pages which had been promised the subscribers. Days filled with teaching and evenings devoted to public lectures were often followed by nights occupied with writing filler for the impatient printer. Although much of Margaret Fuller's writing was done under pressure and in haste, she produced her very best work in *The Dial*. Several of her studies which were published in it for the first time, were later expanded and incorporated into larger and more comprehensive works. "The Great Lawsuit," in number one of volume four was later published under the title of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." This was her largest and best work. In its originality and freshness of treatment, her genius is best revealed. Her interpretation of the nature of woman is clear, unbiased, and compelling. She made a strong appeal for the emancipation of her sex, and a broader outlook and opportunity for women. Bronson Alcott declared the sex had no abler advocate.¹¹

For two years she edited *The Dial* under the most adverse of circumstances. The Symposium had not been as practical as it had been ambitious in establishing a magazine, and all too often the two hundred dollars that were allowed for the editor, went to pay the printer. In 1841 after the failure of Munroe, Weeks and Jordon, Elizabeth Peabody volunteered to take over the publication. Soon she complained that there was not enough money to pay even the printer.

When the strain of teaching and the labor of editing the quarterly became too much for Margaret, she resigned, and Emerson, somewhat reluctantly, became the editor. On March 20, 1842, he replied to her appeals that he take over the editorship:

After thinking a little concerning this matter of *The Dial* I incline to undertake it for a time

11. A. Bronson Alcott, *Concord Days*, Boston, 1888, p. 78.

rather than to have it stop and go into hands that know not Joseph. I had rather have it not be suspended. Your friends are my friends and will give me such aid as they have given you, and my main resource is to adopt the expedient of selection from old or foreign books almost with the liberality to which Alcott would carry it, certainly to make Signesius or Lucian or Chaucer speak themselves when a dull article is offered or rejected. Perhaps I shall rue this day of accepting such an intruder on my peace, such a consumer of my time as a *Dial*.¹²

His principal motive in taking over *The Dial* was to see it continue, and he did not want Theodore Parker to edit it lest it become the organ of reformers in theology. In his diary we find:

The Dial has to be sustained or ended, and I must settle the question, it seems, of its life or death. I wish it to live but I do not wish to be its life. Neither do I like to put it in the hands of the Humanity and Reform men because they trample on letters and poetry, nor in the hands of scholars for they are dead and dry.¹³

In writing to Carlyle of the new venture Emerson spoke of having committed himself to a "necessary literary patriotism."¹⁴ *The Dial* was frequently mentioned in the exchange of letters between Emerson and Carlyle, and the American Scholar was plainly anxious that the little journal be well received on the other side of the water. After receiving the first number of *The Dial*, Carlyle wrote from Chelsea, September 26, 1840:

The Dial No. 1 came duly. Of course, I read it with interest; it is an utterance of what is purest, youngest in your land; pure ethereal, as the voices

12. Emerson's letter to Margaret Fuller. Quoted from Cooke's *Introduction to The Dial*, V. 1, p. 92.

13. Ibid.

14. Letter from Emerson to Carlyle, July 1, 1842. *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson*, Boston, 1892, V. 2, p. 329.

of the Morning. And yet, you know me, for me it is too ethereal, and more confessedly inadequate, untrue, unsatisfactory, almost a kind of mockery to me.¹⁵

Emerson appreciated Margaret Fuller's efforts but he had not always agreed with her editorial policy. After the first number of *The Dial* appeared he wrote in his journal that he thought it ought not to be a mere literary journal but that it should contain the best advice on the topics of government, abolition, trade and domestic life.¹⁶

New hopes came with the new editor. Aspiring writers were anxious to attract the attention of the widely known and influential Mr. Emerson, and, for a few months the editor's desk was deluged with copy which he could not print either from lack of space or because it lacked the transcendental temper. Emerson had always favored stressing the poetical contributions in *The Dial* but a close comparison of the first issues which Miss Fuller edited and the first issues brought out by Emerson shows scarcely any better poetry or any more poems in the last than in the first years of *The Dial*.

The financial status of the journal was always bad, but Emerson, with the help of Thoreau, who made a house to house canvass for subscriptions, was able to tide the magazine over for a time.

People saw in *The Dial* various things. Admirers were especially enthusiastic, critics were harsh and abusive. The Philadelphia Gazette called the editors, "Zanies," "Bedlamites," and spoke of them as being considerably madder than the Mormons.¹⁷ Horace Greeley, who was just beginning to dabble in spiritualism, saw in *The Dial* a profound spiritual force which might be developed to an advantage. In New York, Thomas Delf approached Emerson and inquired if it

15. Letter from Carlyle to Emerson. *Correspondence*, V. 2, p. 330.

16. Emerson, *Journal*, July 31, 1841.

17. Henry Goddard, *Transcendentalism*, New York, 1908.

would not be possible for every number of *The Dial* to contain at least one article which would be a statement of principle, good for doctrine so that there would be something solid and distinct for the eye of the reader to rest upon, and an advancing evolution of thought. Emerson did not think this unreasonable.¹⁸

None of the Transcendentalists was really happy over *The Dial*. Alcott wrote an English friend that it partook of their vices, it consulted their moods, and was awed somewhat by the bearing of the existing orders, but it was superior to other literary organs for it satisfied in part the hunger of youth. To him it measured not the meridian but the morning ray.¹⁹ On the other hand the insurgent wing of the Transcendentalists, the Reformers, desired action, and were not content that *The Dial* should report the progress of the hour and the day alone but hoped to make it push the day ahead. *The Dial* was addressed to a rather sophisticated audience which existed only in the minds of the Symposium. It revealed a love for truth and beauty but it did not make the great contribution to human happiness and understanding which the club had coveted for it.

The first issue was largely a Boston book. The signature of the author was given only in rare instances. Theodore Parker's articles on religion were usually accredited for very politic reasons. The popular demand for *The Dial* was always somewhat augmented when it contained contributions from the great preacher. Now and then articles were initialed but more were left unsigned. Perhaps this was due to the unhappy state of affairs that compelled the editors to fill so many of the pages with work from their own pens.

The Dial in its broadest sense was a magazine of culture and it aimed to stress and stimulate an interest in all things which made for a wider expression and appreciation

18. Emerson, *Journal*, V. 6, p. 164.

19. Van Wyck Brooks, *Emerson and Others*, Boston, 1927.

of the true and beautiful in life. As Boston turned to music she gave only another evidence of New England in transition. Margaret Fuller wrote of the concerts of the winter of 1839-40:

We can not flatter ourselves for a moment that we of Boston are, or shall be for years to come, a musical people. The devoted lover of art is only beginning to be countenanced and recognized as one better than an idler. He must still keep apologizing to his incredulous neighbors for the heavenly influence that haunts him. He does not live in a genial atmosphere of music but in the cold east wind of utility, and meets few who will acknowledge that what he loves has anything to do with life.²⁰

She commended the oratorios, "The Messiah" and "The Creation," which were given the previous winter by the Handel and Hadyn society.

Handel should be heard more, and Hadyn and Mozart and Beethoven. . The work of true genius which can not be too familiar since they are always new like nature, should salute our ears until the noble cords within our souls respond. We should be taught the same reverence for Bach and Handel as for Homer; and having felt the spell of their harmonies upon us, should glow at the mention of their names.²¹

Throughout *The Dial* the criticisms in art and music were based not upon a technical knowledge but upon the effect which they produced upon the emotions of the reviewer.

Emerson sensed a lack of inspiration in the literature of the period. "Death and sin have whispered into the ear of the wild horse of Heaven, and step by step with the entrance of this era of ease and convenience, the belief in the proper Inspiration of man has departed."²² Emerson

20. Margaret Fuller, "Concerts of the Past Winter," *The Dial*, Vol. 1, No. 2.

21. *Ibid.*

22. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Thoughts on Modern Literature," *The Dial*, V. 1, No. 2, Boston, October, 1840.

was hopeful of poetry for here he said was a feeling of the One Mind. It is significant to note that many of the poems first published in *The Dial* were later reprinted in books and are today widely known. An example is the short poem by Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

Beauty and Duty

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty
I woke and found that life was duty
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday of light and truth to thee.

If *The Dial* may be said to have contributed anything to the thought of the nineteenth century, it was most apparent in the field of religion and religious philosophy. Through the Ethnical Scriptures selected by Thoreau, the readers were given a knowledge and approach to the religion and the philosophy of other nations and peoples. The Orphic sayings of Bronson Alcott were a truly American contribution to philosophy. No story of *The Dial* would be complete without a few quotations from the Cheshire teacher and philosopher.

III Hope

Hope deifies man; it is the apotheosis of the soul; the prophecy and the fulfillment of her destinies. The nobler her aspirations, the sublimer her conceptions of the Godhead. God is his idea of excellence; the complement of his own being.

XXVII Sepulture and Resurrection

That which is visible is dead; the apparent is the corpse of the real; it undergoes successive sepultures and resurrections. The soul dies out of the organs, the tombs can not confine her; she eludes the grasp of decay. She builds and unseals the sepulchres. Her bodies are fleeting, ethereal. Whatsoever she sees when awake is death; when asleep, dream.

XXXIX Embryon

Man is a rudiment and embryo of God; eternity shall develop in him the divine image.

XXXVI Solidity

Solidity is an illusion of the senses. To faith nothing is solid, the nature of the soul renders such fact impossible. . . Matter is ever pervaded and agitated by the omnipresent soul. All things are instinct with spirit.²³

George Ripley, in a review of "*Charles Elwood or the Infidel Converted*, by A. O. Brownson" advanced the idea that "Humanity does not traverse in an eternal circle. It advances in one career of progress toward the Infinite, the Perfect." Through the doctrine of atonement, Ripley saw the coming of a new civilization "when man would no longer be regarded as the antithesis of good" and when man would reverence man and slavery would cease.²⁴

In the first volume Theodore Parker wrote:

God is present in man as well as in matter, and not idly present in him. The presence of God in the soul is what we call Inspiration; it is a breathing in of God. His action on the outer world is an influence; on self-conscious souls it is an inspiration. By this he imparts Truth directly and immediately without the intervention of second causes. . . . Since every atom is penetrated and saturated with God, it can not be that a few Hebrew sages, prophets or apostles though ever so noble, have alone received visitations from the Soul of all souls, and wholly absorbed the energy and substance of God so that all others must wander forlorn or catch some faint echo of Inspiration reflected in a Hebrew word.²⁵

Thus *The Dial* shows the changes that were taking place in New England theology, and the work of Alcott,

23. A. Bronson Alcott, "*Orphic Sayings*," *The Dial*, V. I, Boston, 1840.

24. George Ripley, "Review of Charles Elwood," *The Dial*, V. I, No. 1.

25. Theodore Parker, "Divine Presence in Nature," *The Dial*, Boston, 1840, Vol. I, No. 1.

Ripley, Parker and others was making smoother the pathway and even indicating the direction that Mary Baker Eddy was to take in a more completely industrialized New England thirty years later.

For four years *The Dial* struggled to "occupy a high place and correctly record the progress of the hour and the day" but with the publication of the sixteenth issue in July, 1844, Emerson declared the journal suspended. If it did not occupy a high place, it certainly occupied an unique place, and if it could no longer record the progress of the day and hour, it was not because there was no progress to record but because *The Dial* was not constructed on a very permanent basis.

Had the financial backing of *The Dial* been a sound one, it is doubtful if it could have long continued. Never more than three hundred copies were sold. After Thoreau's rather strenuous canvass in 1844, there were only 220 persons listed as subscribers. The magazine was addressed to an intellectual minority, not the popular mind; and it made its greatest appeal in literary and philosophical fields that were beyond the comprehension of the average New England reader. The noncommittal policy of the editors on subjects of controversy made *The Dial* appear weak in an age that demanded an identification of all periodicals on the issues of the day, and when cleavage was the rule rather than the exception. It had no creed in an era when men were searching after creeds to support. There were too many radicals, "come-outers," iconoclasts, and individualists among the Transcendentalists for them to develop a progressive, harmonious program; and presently all the contributors were scurrying off in a dozen different directions to engage in more exciting if not more compensating fields of labor. Stone was writing peace sermons for William Ladd, George Ripley was absorbed in editing *The Harbinger* as the exponent of associationism at Brook

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Farm; Margaret Fuller was in New York writing for Greeley's *Tribune*; Elizabeth Peabody was devoting her time to the kindergarten experiment; James Freeman Clarke was giving lectures on temperance and abolition; and Orestes Augustus Brownson was championing the cause of labor, and along with Sophia Ripley was soon to find solace in the Catholic Church.

The Dial in its short life enabled the Transcendentalists to commune with each other if not the world. It afforded them an opportunity to crystalize their ideas and give a clearer expression of what they regarded as a larger and nobler motive in life. Emerson, in compiling Margaret Fuller's *Memoirs* in 1852, neatly summed up the story of *The Dial*:²⁶

... *The Dial* betrayed through all its juvenility, timidity, and convention rubbish some sparks of the true love and hope, and of the piety to spiritual law, which had moved its friends and founders, and it was received by its earlier subscribers with almost a religious welcome.

The suspension of *The Dial* and the disbanding of the Symposium mark the close of an epoch in the history of transcendental thought, but the files of the little quarterly published in 1840-44 must ever remain a treasure-trove, or to use Emerson's own phrase, a "valuable herbarium" where one may find rich mementoes of Transcendentalism in its glorious hey-day of the forties.

26. Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*, Boston, 1852, p. 323.

Indian Thoughts

Male rain in heavy raindrops falling
Against defenseless heads of flowers.
Daffodils drooping in silent sadness,
Strong Male rain caressing.

In laughing lakes strong Male rain falling,
To mingle there with Female rain already poured,
And mingling in the sweetest passion,
Gives birth to child rain,
Ascending on sunbeams to unknown clouds.

THOMAS RICHARD WARING, JR.

Malakas *A Story of Old-time Philippines*

By JOSE GARCIA VILLA

HAI! I have heard the songs of the wind, the songs of the young lush moon, the songs of tall, strong trees. And I have heard, too, the wisdom in all these songs—but the greatest of all wisdom is in the song of love, when man and woman love. For this I tell you: There is wisdom in love, for love is wisdom. *Hai!*

And this more I tell you: The love of man is stronger than the love of woman. The love of man is a great red flower with a blue-white heart, and it is a heart that is hard yet big. And so, when man loves, he is cruel—even to himself.

And this yet have I to say: A love that is not cruel is dead. *What is alive, hurts.* A mother that loves her child punishes it when it has done mischief. A snake that is alive stings. A rose on the plant tears with its thorns. I say, *a love that is not cruel is dead.* It is not love. *What is alive, hurts.*

And so love stings. And in its sting there is wisdom. For all love is wisdom. *Hai.*

* * *

And now let me tell you the story of Malakas.

Full twenty handsome years was he when the river Pasig yet was young, when cool, green clumps of bamboos arboresced its soft, sandy banks. Tall and big and wide of breast was he like a young gorgeous god; brown his skin, hard his muscles, fleet his feet. Thick were his wrists as the wild free bamboo, and his hands not soft nor hard, but the hands a woman would like to have twist her wrists when a man is jealous of her. And when he walked, young dreamful eyes of women followed him—yearned for him, for the warmth that lay in the enclosure of his brawny

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arms, for the male firmness of his young full lips. Ah, the women that looked after him, how fast beat their hearts, how wild became their blood with song, with cruel silent desire.

They said of him that he was bewitched—for love had not yet found his heart, for Mabi, who was but fifteen, had already loved and wedded, for something in Malakas' eyes was deep and faraway and hungry of dreams, and he would not marry yet.

His father had told him: "Hath thou no desire to see the son of thy son, or even yet thy son's son's son? Then why doth thou not marry yet? Many are the young women gladly would have thee for a mate."

And he had replied: "Father, I do not mate—I *love*. I shall love."

"Marry then the woman you love."

"I dream of her yet."

At night, when the moon was a thin silver smile on the face of the night, the young women, unable to sleep, said aloud to themselves: "Why can he not love me? Are my eyes not dark enough for him? Art my lips so pale they cannot awaken his? Are my arms so short they cannot curve round his neck?" And they were not ashamed to say these, for they were not afraid to love.

And those with whom Malakas had played when he was a child, when his arms had not yet become long and strong and his hair not so dark,—these girls now grown into women, when they thought of him, wept. For he was so handsome and his lips were bare of sweet words. He sang to them no songs nor even touched their hands. He looked at them but the look in his eyes was not the look they wanted. The look he gave them was blank, meaningless—passive, tame. What a woman desires in a man's eyes is the look of possession, the look of the master, the look of defiance, the look that exclaims to her, "You belong to me, only to me. See if that is not true!" Malakas could not

understand, did not heed, the call in their eyes. And when other young men came to them and told them honeyed words and sang to them of their love, they sat silent and looked abstractedly at the night. Yet they married these young men whose tongues were glib and soft, whose arms were not shy to hold a woman.

And the years glided past until Malakas was twenty-two. Handsomer he had become, wider his breast, thicker his arms, and his eyes both dreamful and happy.

For of the children of a few years ago, a new crop of women had emerged. One of them was named Maganda. A gentle brown was her face, ruddy were her cheeks, her lips a soft red bloom. Her eyes were not black but the color of wild red roses scorched to death. Full was her bosom and slender her waist, and her voice the voice of women in dreams.

And with Maganda, Malakas fell in love. There blazed in his eyes the first fires of love—long, tender flames that sent their golden glow as streams of languid music, caressing, holy, to every fiber of him, adding more dreams to his dreams, more hunger to his soul. And his lips became warm and full of poems; he told her words so sweet the bees, too, could understand them:

"And my heart is a little blue boat on the breast of a blue, blue river. Come, O my beloved, I am waiting for you."

Sweet were his phrases as the first taste of nectar to the young, young bee, as the morning dew is sweet and cool to the eyes.

"Of many silver dances were you born, of many soft winds, of the attar of many lovekist hearts of flowers."

And she did not understand him, she was yet so young. She let him go on talking, cooing his love to her, while her thoughts were of Bayani, the youth who had grown up with her, played with her, who had one day, on the banks of the Pasig, prisoned her in his young lusty arms. She had

felt nothing for Bayani *until* this Malakas talked, Malakas, whose lips said words sweet and tender, beautiful words that Bayani's lips did not know—words that revealed to her she was *not* so young, that she *did* understand—Bayani—loved him, not Malakas.

She told him: "Close thy lips, Malakas. I love another. I love Bayani."

He protested. "He is only a boy—he is only sixteen."

"Never mind. I love him."

"Do you not care for me?" he pleaded.

"No. I love Bayani." But there were tears in her eyes, and she took his big wide hands in hers and patted them. "Do you care so much, Malakas?"

Malakas sobbed, so great was his love for her.

"Forget me, Malakas," she said. "I will give thee my firstborn, if she be a daughter, for thee to love," she promised, and ran away.

And Maganda and Bayani were married, Malakas lived alone. His eyes that had brightened once with love now lost their shine and grew dull. And though his lips had learned to be sweet, now they were silent again. In his heart lingered the face of Maganda, lingered it painfully there.

To Maganda there was born a daughter. Fair was she, this daughter of Bayani, and he called her Maganda after her beauteous mother.

Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, grew more beautiful each day. Each morn that passed softened the curves of her body and strengthened the rich fullness of her limbs. The sunshine, when it fell on her hair, goldened it with the gold of champaka flowers, and when the moonlight fell on it blued it with the blue of a sky after seven rains. Ah, fair was she, so fair Malakas gradually lost his sorrow and gladdened each time he saw her. Once again his eyes did brighten, his lips become full of poems, his soul ached with love.

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"Rejoice, Malakas," said Maganda to him. "For the daughter I promised thee soon will be a woman. Then you can marry her if you love her."

"I love her, Maganda," he told her. "I love her, thy daughter, fair as thyself and yet more fair. I love her truly, Maganda, even as once I loved thee."

And in his eyes, in the tender passion of his lips, Maganda saw that beautiful was Malakas' love for her daughter. Great was her happiness that she should be able to offer her daughter's love to the man who had loved her so well. To Maganda, her daughter, spoke she about Malakas, words to plant love in the young heart, words fraught with the melody of many bygone years, of many lost songs found again.

"Love him," said she to her daughter, "for he knows how to love."

And Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, looked at her mother and asked:

"What is love?"

And by that Maganda knew that her daughter was not a woman yet.

More years passed. Malakas' father died, and the children with whom Malakas had grown up now had grandchildren and some already had grey hair. Maganda, Bayani's wife, was older now and no longer looked young; thin had grown her arms, her mouth drooped, her hips were wide. And the river Pasig was broader now, deeper, and the little bamboos of long ago now had grown so tall they stooped with their own weight. Yet to Malakas the years were not so cruel, for the love in his heart kept him young in spite of his seven-and-thirty years.

Then one day Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, reached her fifteenth year. She was so beautiful, so fair, she dazzled everyone's eyes. Everybody was proud of her, but proudest of all was Malakas, who loved her, who had waited for her these many years to grow up.

On this day, Malakas went to her and thrust his spear into her staircase. So strong was he the spear split the cane step and stuck deep in the ground. Many were the youths who tried to pull it out, but it resisted bravely until at last they retired ashamed. And Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, felt proud of Malakas.

Maganda's mother said: "If thou lovest my daughter, take her."

"I love her," replied Malakas.

To Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, he said:

"I love thee—have waited for thee these many years. Wilt thou have me for thy husband?" In his voice was a beautiful tremor that she caught and understood.

"Prove to me thy love," she said.

He held her in his powerful tawny arms, and she seemed so soft, so small, against his breast he was afraid to embrace her tighter lest he crush her.

"Is that the way of thy love?" she asked.

"That is the way of my love," Malakas answered.

And she understood: The strong man does not brag of his strength, he does not hurt every weak thing that is placed in his hand, for he knows he is strong—only the weak man is cruel to a woman.

"I will marry thee," said Maganda, the daughter of Maganda.

There was great rejoicing among the people of the village. There was much fishing, much hunting, and much singing. The young men began preparing beautiful gifts for the bride, and the young men dove deep into the bay for the bluest and whitest of seashells. And these gifts they kept hidden, a secret, until the day of the marriage. They were to be laid at the feet of the bride and the bridegroom amidst rice-throwing and well-wishing. And the music was the music of the young, for young would be the bride, young and beauteous and fair.

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And the day for the wedding came. Oh, the joy and merriment of the day, the songs on the lips of old and young, the meaningful twinkles of gay young eyes, the claspings of old wrinkled hands. And in their midst stood Malakas, tall and big and wide of breast, his eyes aglow with love and hope, his heart wild with suspense.

The old, white-haired, bent woman who would marry them ran thin passionate fingers through the dish of white, uncooked rice, a long canny grin on her dried-up face. She called for the bride.

But Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, appeared not. Maganda and Bayani called for their daughter—but there was no answer.

Then Malakas called—and still she appeared not.

The guests called: "Maganda, O daughter of Maganda."

Yet she appeared not.

Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, had eloped with a youth on the day of her wedding.

Out of Malakas' eyes went the brief happiness he had known. He stood rooted to his place till all the guests had dispersed. Then huge sobs racked his big, sturdy body and he shook like one in mortal spasms, his hands hard on his face. And the great hurt, the great choking emptiness in his soul, made him thereafter like unto a man of stone.

One day, weeks after, Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, who had fled to the nearby woods with her young lover, returned to her people with her mate. He was so young, this boy whom she had mated, that the light of boyhood was not yet out of his eyes, the voice of boyhood not yet out of his throat, and the fullness of muscles not yet come. His step was that of a young wild deer, brisk and quick and light; his eyes dark and piercing, his lips bold and free,—he was all youth. Around Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, he had his long

tensile arm, and they wedged their way through the crowd that had gathered to see them, like a pair of idyllic lovers.

And of those who saw them come back was Malakas. And as he stood gazing at them he knew that Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, had done *right* when she ran away on her wedding day. He realized that for him there was no love in Maganda's heart—there had not been love—that love always had been for this boy who now walked beside her.

He kept on gazing at the beauty of the young pair till they were out of sight. And when he returned home he blessed them in his heart, wished them great happiness—while his own lips quivered.

When Malakas and Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, met again, she took him aside by a clump of dense bamboos, and said:

"Forgive me, Malakas. I have not done thee right."

"I understand," he replied.

"I will give thee my firstborn, if she be a daughter, for thee to love." Then she went away.

To Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, a daughter was born. And Maganda, the young parents named her.

The years that passed put grey on Malakas' temples. A little stoop descended on his wide, thick shoulders, wrinkles lined his brow, deep sunk his eyes. Twenty-and-thirty years had Malakas now, waiting for Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda.

And Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, grew into a woman. Fair was she, fairer than Maganda, fairer even than Maganda, the daughter of Maganda,—so fair she was like a dream. Black was her hair as the long voluptuous night, with the shadows of flowers mingled therein. Pink mellowed with brown were her cheeks, and in her eyes the light of hungry stars. A sea of sweetness were her lips, pink as the pink of guava seeds. As two lilies were her hands, and her feet as twin doves. Lithe and slender and small was she, a little golden princess,

a little dawn of roses, a flower of seven delicate fragrances.

Many were those that loved her, many the bold hearts that beat only for her, many those that desired her to be the mother of their children, but none loved her so well as Malakas—and Isagani. Isagani, the youth born under her same moon, the youth who had played with her, who dreamed of a nest with her, whose arms were measured for her breasts.

And when Isagani spoke to her of love, she listened—but her heart heard not. For in her heart she cherished the picture of one who was tall and big and wide of breast, whose lips moved seldom, whose eyes were wistful.

And when one day he came to her and told her, "I love thee," she did not say, "Prove to me thy love,"—but "I, too, love thee, Malakas."

They spoke no further words, they just looked into each other's eyes till they were magnificent with tears—and knew they loved each other, had always loved each other.

In her eyes he read: "Why did you not come to me sooner, my love? Why have you been so long in coming? *I have been yours always.*"

And in his she read: "Love has not been long in coming, beloved—it has always been in my heart. *I love thee so much.*"

The day of their wedding came. The house of palm-leaves and bamboos was filled with people. Songs were within and without.

"Why has he not come yet?" asked Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda.

"He is preparing his best, maybe," comforted Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, her mother.

And they waited for him.

* * *

He might have been a stone god, Malakas, standing tall and big and wide of breast, brown, immobile, a little grey on

the temples, looking lingeringly at the hut he was leaving. He might have been no man at all, but one celestial, hallowed, as he stood in the soft afternoon sunlight, impressing into his soul the loved details of the home he was leaving, a divine transcendent curve to his lips. And the small brown boy with the up-lifted face, the rapt, innocent face, standing before him, might have been no boy at all but his little loving worshipper, his young beautiful archangel.

Malakas' lips moved softly, slowly—pierced the wistful silence around with infinite tenderness.

"Go thou to Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda. Tell her Malakas will not come—will *never* come. Malakas is not for her. She is a wisp, a fragrance, a delicate little flower—Malakas is a rock, heavy and old—his hands are clumsy. Malakas will not blight her—will not destroy her—he cannot do it—he loves her so. Tell her a youth awaits her—a youth that loves her—Isagani. Tell her to go to him. Malakas will not come—will never come."

He might have been a stone god—he did not move—only his eyes were bright and dreamful and faraway.

* * *

Hai! I have heard the songs of the wind, the songs of the young lush moon, the songs of tall, strong trees. And I have heard, too, the wisdom in all these songs—but the greatest of all wisdom is in the song of love, when man and woman love. For this I tell you: There is wisdom in love, for love is wisdom. *Hai!*

And this yet have I to say: A love that is not cruel is dead. *What is alive, hurts.* A mother that loves her child punishes it when it has done mischief. A snake that is alive, stings. A rose on the plant tears with its thorns. I say, *a love that is not cruel is dead.* It is not love. *What is alive, hurts.*

And so love stings. And in its sting there is wisdom. For all love is wisdom. *Hai!*

Letters from Quarterly Readers

THE most disastrous reception that a new magazine can meet, is that of dead silence. To editors, nothing is so terrifying as silence. They must have their praise or their condemnation; else the spur to effort is gone.

Next to dead silence, as an evil omen, ranks the faint praise that damns. It is the least satisfactory of all rewards for the effort that it takes to bring together material and dish it up in organized printed form. Strange as it may seem, criticism that has the ring of sincerity behind it, is most satisfying when a publication is young and striving to find its place in the world. It denotes *interest*, and given interest of readers, half the battle is won.

The first issue of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY drew many comments, spoken and written. Some were very helpful. Very few, may it be said, were of the *faint praise* class. Most of them gave vigorous encouragement; several were emphatic in their criticism.

It is interesting to look over the letters which have been received, and it may interest readers to have excerpts from a few of them.

E. H. Shaffer, one of the advisory editors of the magazine, had this to say:

I have not been able to read thoroughly the first issue of the QUARTERLY but I have seen enough of it to know that I think it is a very creditable piece of work.

For general appearance and make-up I consider it fine. It's a good job.

My suggestion as to future contents would be that an effort be made to get at least one good controversial article per issue. It might be controversial about the weather or the condition of the moon or what-not, but controversial.

I should say off-hand that the great danger of the QUARTERLY will be that it becomes pedantic,

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dull and stodgy. One big problem will be to keep it from becoming a text book. Don't let it get stuffy and ponderous. I am not suggesting that the QUARTERLY run comics or become undignified. But I think the editors should insist on life and color and an air of sprightliness.

More careful proof reading (someone would bring that up), and elimination of the line "Published by the Faculty, etc." from the front cover, are suggested by Dr. T. M. Pearce, who concludes:

The dearth of real criticism in this communication is the best tribute I can pay to the first issue of the magazine. I am confident of its success. . . .

From Elizabeth Cooley, librarian of the Carnegie Public Library at Las Vegas, came this brief observation:

I want to thank you for the very interesting number of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY. It is a very much worth while magazine and I hope it will have a long life. Please enroll the library as as subscriber and send bill.

President J. F. Zimmerman, also a member of the Editorial Board, paused long enough in the midst of worries and activities incident to the legislative session, to comment:

I do wish to say, however, that I am very much pleased with the first issue, and congratulate you on its form and general appearance. I feel that we are launched on a program that will bring great credit to the University. . . .

Witter Bynner, poet of Santa Fe, who was, perhaps, most noted of the contributors to the first issue, prefers a plainer cover. He wrote:

My only suggestion after reading your excellent first number is that at the top of the right hand page throughout the magazine, you print the name of the contribution. I venture, however, to add my preference for a plainer cover: a well

balanced piece of type setting like the *Yale Review*, for instance, eliminating the cut. I particularly liked your leading article; and I thank you for the pleasant position you gave my poem.

"It feels its oats, I can see," is the reaction which comes from Dr. G. S. Hubbell, formerly of the English Department of the University of New Mexico. He believes the QUARTERLY one of the best ideas which has come from the University. Other comments were:

There is symmetry among the contributions in this first number. It will help if you add more discussions of *current* questions which are not purely local such topics have a living interest and significance as news, and each one has a local aspect, too. . . . If you could work for some sort of symmetry in each issue, embracing a definite portion of the best thought available at the time, I think a short editorial might greatly help to point the focus. It would prevent an appearance of scrappiness. . . . Your request for a contribution is flattering.

Speaking from experience in a similar field, Henry Smith, editor of the *Southwest Review*, published at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, says:

The magazine as a whole strikes me as very promising. I believe, however, that you will have the experience which we have had with the *Southwest Review*: namely, that a journal published in the Southwest ought to restrict itself to the Southwest. But then I may not fully understand the purpose of your journal. . . .

Nostalgia

There in the willow shadow
I could rest,
Leaning against the stone which made a bench.

There where the tall tree whispered,
And the slow, unhurried stream
Carried the echo of a song once sung,
Now gone forever with a flying wind,
I would make up my mind's untumbled bed.

Oh, lost and unforgotten!
When the moon snatches itself
Above the mountain's rim,
Recall how silver quieted the sand
And how the lamplight on the round blue stones
Wakened a sky which night had put to sleep.

Oh, desert silence, break for me again
With singing heard—
With singing still as death!

DOROTHY ELLIS.

Book Reviews

THE MIDDLE ANT HEAP

Zuñi Folk Tales—Frank Hamilton Cushing—Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

This is not a new book. Thirty years ago it was first printed. Now it comes from the press of Alfred A. Knopf, the same book in new and very attractive dress and carrying, in addition to the introduction by Major J. W. Powell, a second introduction by Mary Austin.

There are reasons for this second printing. From a very practical standpoint, the book was ahead of its time in 1901. Now the focus of attention has, to a large extent, turned to the field of folklore as found among our Southwestern Indians.

The thirty years, during which much has accumulated in the same field, has not detracted from its value, but has made it more apparent. It has been made more important to the ethnologist, the archaeologist, the writer, and he who reads for pleasure and instruction.

Since the book first appeared as a pioneer, there has been none to take its place or to equal it. Mary Austin says:

"There are still in our institutions of learning men to whom it will come as a surprise that the sole reason for re-printing now, after a complete lapse from public attention, Cushing's *Zuñi* myths and tales, is that he is the only American who notably brought to bear on that field adequate literary understanding."

With the accuracy of the scientist, for such he was, and the license of an author, Cushing has been able to produce a volume that is thoroughly readable and enjoyable, entirely aside from its value as a source of rich information and a door to understanding of our Southwestern Indians.

The volume contains thirty-three folk tales. They are the group which center about the one central religious epic

of the village, last of the Seven Cities of Cibola. In them is religious significance, the rich tradition of the tribe and the artistry of generations of Pueblos who created stories for the enjoyment of their people. The longest tale in the book can be read in half an hour.

In the Indian imagination, all natural things are personified. The birds are enchanted people, the prairie dogs at unexpected moments break into rational human conversation, mountains themselves are but chained-up personalities which have played a part in the great drama of the universe. This world is surrounded in every direction, above and below by other worlds, the spirit worlds where these enchanted beings have their permanent abodes.

There is poetry in the whole conception. Old Zuñi is the Middle Ant Heap of the World. Thunder Mountain is the Olympus, where dwell the Twin Gods of War. In fact, the book, though prose, is characterized by the poetry of its subject matter.

Cushing died in 1900. He had been a frail youth and through that handicap had led a life in the woods. In spirit, he had become an Indian before he began his serious life work. When he came to New Mexico in 1879 with Major J. W. Powell on a scientific expedition, he asked and was granted leave to stay at Zuñi. There he spent five years living as one of the Indians. He won their confidence and their respect. They initiated him into their secrets and honored him with religious office. As has been true of so many of those who have contributed worthwhile information about our Indians, he studied them after he had learned to be one of them. That understanding is essential, and it cannot be gained quickly.

There is no doubt but that Cushing is authoritative. He has also the literary ability to interpret and tell what he has learned.

BURIED TREASURE

Coronado's Children—J. Frank Dobie—Southwest Press. 1930. \$3.00.

An important and delightful contribution to the literature of the Southwest, and for that matter to New Mexicana, *Coronado's Children* is a collection from among the thousands of stories of buried treasures of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

The book is from the pen of a man well qualified to write it. Versed in the traditions of his own state, Texas, and a student of those of New Mexico and Arizona, Dobie also has the ability to see through the tales to the essentially human urge from which they spring.

Dobie is a member of the faculty of the University of Texas. He is a student of Spanish and Mexican archives, as well as of the American history of the Southwest. In this book he makes no pretense to historical accuracy beyond quoting in his notes the archives and sources from which the tales he writes had their starting point. For the most part, what he writes has been told him as it was told his teller—stories handed down from generation to generation in many cases.

Coronado's Children, for whom the book is named, is that host of men who, like Coronado, believed the stories they heard of buried gold and lost mines and succumbed to the lure of treasure seeking. That they exist even today in great numbers, those of us who live in New Mexico may well know. Such places as the Gran Quivira ruin, not far from Albuquerque, are pock-marked by the holes of those who have dug with the hope of unearthing chests filled with precious things. It will be recalled that at the last session of congress one man who claimed to have learned the secret of the fabled treasures of Gran Quivira applied to congress for permission to conduct a large expedition to the place. Hardly a session of congress passes without some such request being urged.

Dobie's book comprises 367 very readable pages. In fact, so enthralling is the romance which runs through them that few readers can put the book down once they have started it. In the book are nineteen chapters. Each of the first eighteen deals with a particular cluster of treasure stories coming from a single source, such as Jose Vaca, of Pecos, N. M.; or a group of tales and experiences clustering about a single original legend.

The last chapter is devoted to a discussion of the lore of treasure hunters, the signs and symbols used by those mythical early characters who planted the treasures. The introductory chapter, *In the Beginning*, is a philosophical discussion of the whole body of treasure myths, furnishing the only unity to the volume. A glossary of colloquialisms, mainly Mexican words and phrases, adds much to the book for those who have not acquainted themselves with the *nativos*, and excellent notes give sources of information where such sources are documentary.

Two of the chapters are primarily of interest in this state. One deals with the stories of Jose Vaca, of Pecos, who seemingly has spent a large part of his life in seeking the various mythical treasures in the neighborhood of that village. The other tells of the "lost mine" of the Guadalupe. There is also, in the introduction, the story of the search for the Seven Cities of Cibola, which ended in disillusionment at Zuñi.

The volume is illustrated with drawings by Ben Carlton Mead, of San Antonio, and with maps and charts from various sources. It is well printed and handsomely bound.

The book is not to be taken too seriously. It is very good entertainment and a valuable addition to the folklore of which the Southwest is beginning to become so conscious. The literary quality could be improved, and what passes for the manner of speech of the New Mexico natives is inaccurate and strained.

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Commercial Survey of the Pacific Southwest—Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. 1930. U. S. Superintendent of Documents. \$1.85.

The importance for American business of the fact-finding activities of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce is unrealized, perhaps, by the average citizen or even by the business man himself. This bureau is perhaps better able to carry on such work than any other body in the country because of its expert personnel and its financial backing. Certainly it is able to carry on the work of business and economic research in a more adequate manner than can be done by most colleges and universities.

The present volume is one of the best of the bureau's publications. It embodies the results of one of a series of regional surveys conducted by the bureau and is intended to facilitate the distribution and marketing of commodities of the Pacific Southwest. The survey covers the states of Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, almost all of New Mexico, and portions of Idaho and Texas. The publication contains 650 pages of valuable information concerning the economic resources of this territory. After an introduction treating of the historical background, the work is divided into eleven chapters with the following titles: Physical Factors, Agriculture and Related Industries, Forest Resources, The Mineral Industries, Fisheries, Manufacturing, Recreational Resources, Population, Transportation, Primary Trade Areas, and Market Data.

There is much in the volume of special interest to the people of New Mexico. The value of agricultural products of New Mexico ranks fourth among the six states surveyed, with a value for the 1923-27 average of \$51,653,000, surpassing Nevada and Arizona. Sheep and wool ranked first in value in the state; cattle, second; cotton, third; tame hay, fourth; corn, fifth; and the sorghums, sixth (pp. 85-86). There was in 1919, one-half million acres of land under ir-

rigation, with a potential area available for irrigation of over a million more. (p. 99) California alone surpasses New Mexico in lumber cut, New Mexico having 140 million board feet annually. (p. 308) The value of the principal mineral resources of the state in 1927 was over \$28,000,000, giving a ranking of fourth place. (p. 324) The value of manufactured products is very small in comparison with the other states, being somewhat under \$14,000,000 in 1927. (p. 432).

Of special interest is the chapter on recreational resources. While, it is pointed out, tourist trade has its economic advantages to the Pacific Southwest, nevertheless, in many cases the individual tourist is an economic liability. Many families starting out from the East or Middle West to cast their fortunes in the "golden West" in a decrepit car and possessing little available cash often become stranded along the way and become burdens on local communities. "Caring for these stranded, destitute families is really a serious problem in many sections of the Pacific Southwest, and although much has been done to discourage those without surplus funds and no definite prospect of a job from coming west, the never-ending caravan continues." (p. 445) Interesting figures gathered from various traffic surveys show the magnitude of the tourist traffic.

Covering, as it does, a territory of great distances, many will find special interest in the chapter on transportation. In another chapter an attempt is made to distinguish primary trade areas within the region, an attempt in line with certain trends in modern business research.

Business men, bankers, teachers, and others will find this volume a valuable addition to their private libraries. It has a full table of contents, but, unfortunately, it lacks an index.

VERNON G. SORRELL.

SCIENCE AND REALITY

Science and the Unseen World, by Sir A. S. Eddington, F.R.S. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 2 shillings, 6 pence.

Sir Arthur Eddington is Plumian professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge. His little book, *Science and the Unseen World*, is the Swarthmore lecture, 1929. The preface says that the Swarthmore lectureship has a two-fold purpose: "First, to interpret further to the members of the Society of Friends their message and mission; and secondly, to bring before the public the spirit, the aims and the fundamental principles of the Friends."

Everything from the pen of Eddington is lucid, illuminating, and original. The style is pleasant, racy, and humorous. As an exponent of Relativity Eddington has no equal; as a mathematical physicist, he is in the highest rank. In *Science and the Unseen World*, he speaks as a religious philosopher. Having outlined in a few pages the "scientific epic of the Creation," he shows how the recent progress of science has killed the mechanistic theory. "We have traveled far from the standpoint which identifies the real with the concrete." Not only time, but equally matter and all else that is in the physical world have been reduced to a shadowy symbolism." The spiritual is more real than the physical and concrete. Physical science seeks to find reality but finds itself unable to reach beyond "symbolic description." Its methods fail to "penetrate behind the symbolism." On the other hand, "that mental and spiritual nature of ourselves, known in our minds by an intimate contact transcending the methods of physics, supplies just that interpretation of the symbols, which science is admittedly unable to give. It is just because we have a real and not merely a symbolic knowledge of our own nature that our nature seems so mysterious; we reject as inadequate that merely symbolic description which is good enough for dealing with chairs and

tables and physical agencies that affect us only by remote communication."

This little book of 55 small pages should be read three times. It should be read on the open mesa, where there is peace. "There is an hour of the Indian night, a little before the first glimmer of dawn, when the stars are unbelievably clear and close above, shining with radiance beyond our belief in this foggy land. The trees stand silent about one with a friendly presence. As yet there is no sound from awakening birds; but the whole world seems to be intent, alive, listening, eager. At such a moment the veil between the things that are seen and the things that are unseen becomes so thin as to interpose scarcely any barrier at all between the eternal beauty and truth and the soul which should comprehend them."

This lecture to Quakers is written by one of the most learned of scientists. The world has no thinker more "free" or more "modern." Is he a Quaker? The reader can hardly feel in doubt when Eddington says, "In its early days our Society owed much to a people who called themselves Seekers; they joined us in great numbers and were prominent in the spread of Quakerism. It is a name which must appeal strongly to the scientific temperament."

Another name for the spirit of seeking is "agnosticism." It was applied first to J. H. Huxley, who, like Eddington, was a great Christian and a great scientific seeker. Christ blessed the spirit of the agnostic seeker in the words: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you"; and for encouragement, when the seeking became too hard, Christ said that the Holy Spirit should "lead you unto all Truth."

But the word "agnostic" is in bad repute. One would rather be called "silly" than "agnostic." By the early Fathers, Christ was called "silly." To be "silly" is to be "selig" or "blessed."

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In using words, one has to think of their association as well as their meaning. Incantations are dead but the fear of words remains. Words are clothed in incantations. To unfrock them would bring the "two-and-twenty jarring sects" to harmony.

At best, language is but a poor tool. Why do we handicap it with the useless frock of incantation? Fashion in the frocks of men is amusing; fashion in the frocks of words is tragic. Now and then—but it is very seldom—a word is pronounced differently according to its frock. In the East Riding of Yorkshire there are two ways of saying "God." The gods of the heathens are simply gods, but Jehovah and the God of the Christian world is "Gawd."

Often the language of the young man to his father, whom he respects and admires, has to be restricted and stilted for fear of using words whose frocks are ambiguous.

Just a little of this handicap is detected in *Science and the Unseen World*.

F. M. DENTON.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD SPAIN

The Star of Madrid, by George St. Clair. University of New Mexico Press. \$1.00.

Recently it was my pleasure to read Dr. St. Clair's romantic drama, *The Star of Madrid*, and I think it is fortunate in theme and in setting for a college cast here in this historic Southwest. Someone has said, and I think not inappropriately, that New Mexico is a land of high places and high colors. In this drama the author has caught the color, romance, and poetry of the life in Spain during the time that the alluring Lope de Vega was living, loving, and writing his plays.

It is difficult to criticise or appraise a drama with any degree of fairness unless one has seen the production actu-

ally staged; difficult to visualize the costume designs as to line and color; difficult to speak intelligently of the settings without having actually seen them to determine whether they properly interpret the atmosphere of the play. However, even from the mere reading of Dr. St. Clair's play, *The Star of Madrid*, I can picture the opening scene very vividly and can capture the flavor of old Spain. 'Tis autumn, 'tis dusk, there's a hush when the blythe, romantic young Spanish cavalier, with sword and dagger, fervently greets a beautiful young woman, whose head and face are covered by a lace mantilla.

To his plays, Lope de Vega gave the general name of *comedias*, which should not be confused with our word *comedies*, for the two are not synonymous. His comedias were of several types; and his *Star of Madrid* is of the group called *comedias de capa y espada*, which he created. In these plays, the principal personages are nobles and the theme is usually a question of love and honor. In Dr. St. Clair's play, the author has caught the gravity, valor and courtesy of the true Castilian and in this new cape and sword play, love and honor are the chief dramatic motives.

The dialogue is for the most part, good, and in places it supplies a powerful emotional appeal. Lope de Vega, the old master, insisted upon appropriate diction, and Dr. St. Clair has rather faithfully carried out this virtue. His clown consistently talks like a clown, and his hero like a poet and a man of distinction. The dialogue in some few speeches of the hero is vivid, interesting, and colored with real emotion. There is too little humor in the lines, and had there been more, the dialogue generally would have had more charm and life. Yet, there is versimilitude and the choice rhetoric is not wasted upon simple, negligible scenes.

The minor characters are the average stock characters. The poorest of all, in my opinion, is Father Damiano, who seems to be devoid of life or dramatic appeal. Yet, moving and having life and being, among his sweethearts, rivals,

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friends, admirers, and foes, is the talented and dashing hero, Lope de Vega, to whom Dr. St. Clair gives a keen sense of reality. Here we have emotion in action. We see in him a complex character—one in which are blended many rather conflicting emotions. He has rare intellectual gifts, a passionate temperament—which is typical of his country and clime—and he has an imperial presence and seductive address. He is a rare person, who seems to be an incarnation of the national spirit which throbs with life, movement, and emotion. It seems a trifle inconsistent that while a man is under the spell of a true and exalted love for a young, beautiful, and innocent girl, that he could so easily be intoxicated by the wiles of a common adventuress, that he could become so easily a relapsing, carnal sinner. Yet, Dr. St. Clair suggests in his interpretation that Lope was more weak than bad.

The plot is interesting in that it so truthfully follows the life of the hero, Lope de Vega, and at the same time develops the theme in a wholly original way. 'Tis the story of a thwarted lover, who having obtained fame, finds that life is empty without the love and companionship of some virtuous, true, and sympathetic woman. True, he has had many infatuations with sensual women, but he is not content with life and himself until, in the very zenith of his popularity, he meets Diana, whom he learns to idolize though he unfortunately is old enough to be her father. Eventually he learns that she loved his young secretary, and he happily discovers that his love for her is more parental than passionate. In consequence, he is fully reconciled when he finds that Diana is his own child.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the play, and I should like to have been in Albuquerque on the evening of its initial presentation. It is to be hoped that the author will soon give us another romantic drama equally pertinent to the Southwest; for *The Star of Madrid* has a particular appeal to those of us who live out here among the Spanish-

Americans, who still have lingering about them and around them, much of the romance, courtesy, chivalry and dignity of old Spain.

MARGARET J. KENNEDY.

SECOND BASE

Lincoln the Man. Edgar Lee Masters. Dodd, Mead and Company. 1931. \$5.

Perhaps in the long run, Edgar Lee Masters, in his bitter attack upon Lincoln, will render a service to the cause of truth. One wonders! Legend has made our great Civil War president a hero who could do no wrong.

Now Masters declares that this so-called statesman was a lazy fellow who disliked labor, who wasted his time, reading neither his law books nor the literary masterpieces of the day. A desultory reader whose acquaintance with Shakespeare was quite limited. A cold man who never honestly loved any woman, and who showed an unforgiving spirit toward his dying father. A third-rate lawyer who was none too scrupulous as to the kind of cases he accepted. A crafty politician who once crawled out of a window of the legislative chamber in order to defeat a bill by lack of a quorum. A log-rolling legislator who became the spoiled darling of a frontier town which he had made the state capital. A trimmer who sidestepped real issues.

A man who was ashamed of the poverty and sordid surroundings of his youth. Whose melancholy was due to the fact that he could not endure defeat and obscurity, and who was always envious of the abler Stephen A. Douglas. Everything that Lincoln did was wrong, and everything connected with him. His mother's illegitimate birth, his following "the shifty Henry Clay," his contradictory votes in the Illinois legislature and in Congress, his failure to appreciate the beauty of Niagara Falls, his introduction of the

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"cant and hypocrisy of Christianity into American politics"—all these are hurled against the popular idol. Since Lincoln served in the Black Hawk War, one is surprised to find that Masters fails to blame the Illinois leader for that disgraceful affair. He is blamed, however, for the "disastrous wickedness" of conquering the Southern states, for his indecision and weakness during the war, for the horrors of Andersonville—caused by Lincoln's refusal to exchange prisoners, for his disregard of the Constitution, for the burning of Columbia, South Carolina, by Sherman, for stifling liberty and working for monopoly and privilege.

Possibly, there is room for a reinterpretation of Lincoln. Masters' book, however, is too full of facts, fancied facts, and hatred of Lincoln and the Republican Party. The historical point of view is lacking. We are told that "as a war president Lincoln was negligible enough." Both Jackson and Cleveland would have surpassed him—Jackson "at every point." A statement incapable of proof, but quite characteristic of the work, which is not a product of research, or even a fair interpretation based on the research of others. Its involved sentences and reiterated partisanship make it a tiresome book to read through.

There is no doubt, however, that Masters is being widely read. One can only hope that readers will be led to question the Lincoln tradition, and that thus this challenging book may cause many to pull away from tradition and advance beyond the sensationalism of the muckraker, toward a truer conception of the real Lincoln.

MARION DARGAN.

Contributors to This Issue

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA, PH.D., is professor of Romanic languages at Stanford University. A native of New Mexico, he is this state's leading student of Spanish folklore.

GEORGE ST. CLAIRE, PH.D., professor of English at the University of New Mexico, has gained note in the fields of drama and the short story, as well as with his essays.

JOHN D. CLARK, PH.D., professor of chemistry at the University of New Mexico, is active in many fields. His principal interest lies in the study of New Mexico's great latent resources.

GILBERTO ESPINOSA, brother of Professor Espinosa, of Stanford, is an attorney by vocation, and a scholar for the sheer love of scholarship. He is publishing his translation of the historical poem of Villagra, warrior and bard of early Spanish New Mexico.

C. E. HODGIN, LL.D., emeritus professor of education and vice-president of the University of New Mexico, is a pioneer in higher education in the state and at present edits the New Mexico School Review.

HELEN E. MARSHALL, M.A., instructor in the department of History, studied at the College of Emporia and the University of Chicago.

JOSE GARCIA VILLA, a student at the University of New Mexico, has been a leader among young writers at the University of Manila, in the Philippines. He is negotiating with Alfred Knopf in regard to publication of a book of his short stories.

GEORGE SHELTON HUBBELL, PH.D., of the faculty of the University of California, Southern Branch, was formerly with the English department at the University of New Mexico. He plans publication soon of an Emerson Concordance.

CATHERINE MACLEOD is a resident of Albuquerque, who frequently contributes poems to the more progressive magazines.

MARGARET POND, of Otowi, is a former Santa Fe girl, who has gained prominence with her verse.

THOMAS RICHARD WARING, JR., is a young writer, of Los Alamos Ranch School, near Santa Fe.

DOROTHY ELLIS, of New York and Santa Fe, studied at the University of California.

All of the poems in this issue are written by students of the University, the best products of the class in Creative Writing, under direction of Dr. George St. Clair.

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The New Mexico Quarterly

MAY, 1931

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Sunrise in the Sandias

THE night dissolves in morning's heady wine,
Bathing dark summits in a primrose flush.
Peach-blow and apricot the mist-clouds blush
And glow as swarthy peaks incarnadine.
Rimming the jagged heights a lambent vine
Of coral brightens; in the morning-kush
Of brilliance, iridescent sun-beads brush
The dusky boughs of mountain-spruce and pine.

The shafts of mellow light flare zenith-tall,
Color is crystallized on indigo,
And deepens to an arc of living fire.
A gallant sun wheels up, imperial,
Casting its rays on valleys cupped below,
Tipping in gold a heaven-pointing spire.

CHRISTIE JEFFRIES.

"Star-Dust."

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

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Research (An Editorial)

By JOHN D. CLARK

RESEARCH is a word which is often heard. Too often it is interpreted as meaning something of academic interest to a professor, something which the millions of a General Electric Company can transform into dividends, or something a great philanthropic foundation can conduct, reporting on it in a bulletin, which will attain a ripe old age on the shelf of a library. When called by some other name, it frequently seems closer to the daily life of the average man.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is interested in finding more markets for the products of the five thousand odd factories in the neighborhood of that city. The nearer its possible customers are to Los Angeles, the better the chances of securing their trade as increasing distance from that Pacific Coast metropolis means closer approach to the factories of the east. A Western customer is *the* man the chamber seeks to serve.

To purchase, one must have some product with which to make payment, and it was with a view of finding how much produce Los Angeles consumes which is not made, mined or grown in the West, that the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce conducted some research under the name of a trade survey.

Mr. Albert V. Weigel reported the findings of the survey to the annual meeting of the Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce. In brief, they are in the following table, which gives what Los Angeles purchased last year in New Mexico, and what it purchased from points east of our state:

	From New Mexico	From East of New Mexico
Sweet Potatoes	59 car loads	149 car loads
Vegetables		214 car loads

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	From New Mexico	From East of New Mexico
Dressed poultry (mostly turkeys)	68,613 pounds	7,500,000 pounds
Butter	81,753 pounds	250,000 pounds
Cheese		1,000,000 pounds
Hogs		300,000 head

Interesting as are these facts themselves, and as significant as they are, it should be of far more interest to us to note that an outside agency, financed by far-seeing business men, has conducted the research which so clearly points out to us economic opportunities of which we ought to take advantage.

More than once men have asked "Of what real good will the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy Project be to us when agricultural depression is so general?" We have not given our own answer. An outsider has given it for us.

New Mexico has yet to appreciate how much more than the cost of research it may be worth to her to *get the facts*.

New Mexican Versions of the Tar-Baby Story

By AURELIO M. ESPINOSA

MOST Americans, both adults and young, are acquainted with some version of the tar-baby story. The best known version is the one first published by Joel Chandler Harris in 1880, in his popular book, *Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings*.¹ This version was collected by Harris among the negroes of Georgia and for that reason it was considered a distinctly negro tale, and most scholars believed that it was a tale of African source. Soon it was discovered in many parts of the world and versions similar to the Harris version began to appear from Africa, India, the American Indians, the Philippines, and all parts of America. Within the last few years many versions have been collected and published from North, Central, and South Spanish America.

In the year 1888, eight years after the publication of Harris' "wonderful tar-baby story" and when many similar versions had already appeared from Africa and America, the English folklorist, Joseph Jacobs, published an English translation of the fifteen hundred or more years old Jataka 55 version from India and showed that it was a tale that contained the fundamental motif of the tar-baby story.² He expressed the opinion that the tale was of oriental origin, specifically from India, and since then the theory of the African origin of the tale has gradually lost ground. Since 1912, when the first Spanish-American versions from New Mexico, Mexico, and other parts of Spanish America began to be collected and published, and especially when the dis-

1. New and revised edition, New York, 1924, pages 7-11, and 16-19.

2. *The Earliest English Version of the Fables of Bidpai*, London, 1888. Introduction pp. xliv-xlvi, and *Indian Fairy Tales*, London and New York, 1910, pp 194-198, and 251-253.

tinguished American folklorist, Elsie Clews Parsons, discovered and published the important Portuguese versions from the Cape Verde Islands, where the tar-baby story was attached to the story of the master-thief, a well-known oriental and European tale. Professor Boas, of Columbia University, Dr. Parsons and I have gradually abandoned the theory of the African origin of the tale in question.³

The last defender of the African origin of the tar-baby story was Dr. Norman Brown in an article published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1922. He made a study of some sixty versions from various parts of the world, not taking into account any of the then known Spanish-American versions and not knowing of the existence of any European versions, however, and after a series of ingenious affirmations and denials he comes to the conclusion that the tale is essentially African in character and definitely of African source. I shall not at present go into the weakness of his arguments, the chief of which is his failure to take into consideration the relations between the old and modern India versions and other modern versions.

In an extensive study recently published in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, *Notes on the Origin and History of the Tar-Baby Story*, I have made a careful analysis of the outstanding elements of some one hundred and fifty-six versions of the tar-baby story, classified the tales according to their geographical distribution, and have studied comparatively the outstanding elements in their relation to African, Indian, Oriental, and European tradition, and I have come to the following conclusions:

3. Professor Boas published two excellent Mexican versions with important comments in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXV, 204-214, 235-241, and 247-260. See also his opinions in *The Romantic Review* XVI, 199-207. Dr. Parsons published her Portuguese versions from the Cape Verde Islands in her publication, *Folk-Lore from the Cape Verde Islands* I, 90-94. See also her articles in *Folk-Lore* XXX, 227-234, and in *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXX, 330.

4. Volume XLIII, No. 168, January-March, 1930. A brief resume of this study together with the European versions of the tale, the Lithuanian version of Schleicher and my own version from Castile, both cited later in the present article, was published in the London review, *Folk-Lore*, XL, 1929, 217-227.

I. The original baustein or primitive form of the tar-baby story as established from the study of one hundred and fifty-six versions with all their constituent elements was probably of the following type:

1. A man has a garden or orchard. 2. A certain animal—a jackal, a monkey, a hare, or a rabbit—comes to the garden or orchard after night to steal garden produce or fruit. 3. The man wishes to catch the thief and sets up a tar-figure, usually a tar-monkey, a tar-man, a witch-baby, or fetish. 4. The animal thief approaches the garden or orchard to steal, and, when he sees the tar-figure, he tries to engage him in conversation or tells him to get out of the way. 5. Receiving no reply, the animal begins the attack, striking first with the right hand or paw. 6. This sticks or is held fast, and the animal begins the dramatic monologue—"If you don't let go of my right hand I'll hit you with my left hand," etc. 7. The dramatic monologue and the fight continue, and the animal is finally caught fast at four (two hands and two feet) or five (two hands and two feet, and head or stomach), or even six (two hands and two feet, and head and stomach) points. 8. The next day the man finds his thief caught fast. 9. The animal escapes alive.

II. Very early, however, there developed another type where all the dramatic characters are human. In general, this second type is exactly like the above, except that the animal-thief is substituted by a human destroyer, bully or mischief-maker. We know of at least two European versions of the tale, the Lithuanian version of August Schleicher and the versions from Castile, and both of them belong to this human dramatic-character type. The Jataka 55 version, the fifteen hundred or more years old Buddhistic version from India, is also of this type.⁵

5. Some folklorists believe that the *Uncle Remus* version published in 1880 was translated and transmitted to other countries as a popular, traditional tale. Nothing could be more absurd. The versions now found in various parts of the world are traditional and have nothing to do with the published versions. The Lithuanian

III. The tar-baby story originated in India. From India the original baustein, already differentiated to some extent into two or three types, passed into Europe, and later into Africa, perhaps by way of Egypt. The probability of the early transmission of the tale into Europe is based principally on the evidence of the two European versions, both so strikingly similar to the Jataka 55 version, which is the primitive tar-baby story par excellence, both in form and age. We are certainly justified in assuming that a tale that is at least fifteen hundred years old is a more primitive version than the modern versions. Furthermore, the India version from the *Samyutta Nikaya*, a tale at least two thousand years old, furnishes us with another India version older than any other form known to us, a tale where a monkey is caught in the usual manner with sticky plaster.⁶ The dramatic dialogues have a perfect and almost identical development in the Castilian version, in the Jataka 55 version, and in some of the best versions from Spanish-America.

IV. From Europe the tale was transmitted to Spanish-America, especially from Spain and Portugal, and also to Africa, in the XVIth century. The European versions of India origin and the African versions of the same origin meet in Africa, and from Africa both India-African and India-Europe-African versions are transmitted by African

6. *Samyutta Nikaya*, edited by Leon Feer, *Pali Text Society*, London, 1898, V. iii, 7.

version of August Schleicher was published in the year 1857, twenty-three years before Uncle Remus, in his *Litauische Marchen, Sprichworte, Ratsel und Lieder*, pp. 35-37. Why folklorists who have heretofore discussed the problem of the origin of the tale were ignorant of its existence I do not know. The tale is confused with and attached to the story of the child deceived by a witch, but the actual and fundamental tar-baby baustein is there in all its primitive form and splendor. My own Castilian version was collected in Spain in 1920 and published in my *Cuentos populares españoles* (three volumes, Stanford University, California, 1923-1926), I, no. 35. This version is attached to the tale of the precociously strong man, in the beginning something like the tale of John the Bear, *Cuentos populares españoles* II, nos. 123-125. The two versions from the Cape Verde Islands, published by Dr. Parsons, are attached to the tale of the master-thief, as already indicated.

slaves and by Europeans to all parts of America. From Spain the tale also goes to the Philippines. The American versions are of European and African origin, their primitive source being, of course, India. The India-European type prevails, but the Spanish-African types, African types that have come under the influence of the Spanish types or vice-versa, are not entirely negligible, and even the purely African types have in some special cases found their way to America, especially North America and the Antilles.

V. The modern versions show interesting developments in certain secondary details, but even these are often already suggested in the old India versions. The female tar-baby, a characteristic of the modern African versions, the marrying the king's daughter, a characteristic of the Spanish-American versions and definitely of European source, the objects that are thrown at the tar-man or tar-figure and that stick before the regular attack, are all definitely outlined or suggested in the old and modern India versions. These and other elements not found in the primitive baustein established above may often differ considerably in the modern versions, and may in some cases reveal the racial characteristics or spirit of a people, but they count for little as baustein determining factors.

VI. The African versions are originally from India, like all the others. The female tar-baby, which is, of course, already found in the India versions, found a special development in the African versions. Only the water-stealing incident and animal partnership, the live-tortoise trap, and the insignificant mock-plea ("Don't swing me by the tail") are characteristic of the African and not of the India versions.

VII. The Anglo-African versions are of the ordinary original baustein type, and have in common with the African versions a full development of the female tar-baby and courtship episode. The mock-plea is also common to both

groups, but the pleas are not of the same type. The animal or family group of characters is also characteristic of both groups. But the tortoise trap is found only in Africa. The Anglo-African versions, therefore, show a genetic relation in some cases with the versions from Africa. The conclusion is that the Anglo-African versions come from European sources, probably Spanish and Portuguese on the one hand, and from Hispanic-African and purely African sources on the other. The Uncle Remus type of version, curiously enough, shows none of the outstanding African or Anglo-African characteristics with the single exception of the mock-plea.

VIII. The Hispanic-American versions are of European origin. Of the entire number of Hispanic-American versions, thirty-eight (thirty-five from Spanish-America and three from Brazil), not a single one has the female tar-baby and courtship episode characteristic of the African and Anglo-African versions. Two more important African characteristics,—the water-stealing episode (also Anglo-African) and the live-tortoise trap,—are also totally absent. Only three have the mock-plea, which is also characteristic of the African and Anglo-African versions, although probably of European source, and only one has the special type of Anglo-African mock-plea,—“Don’t throw me into the briar-patch.” On the other hand, the outstanding features of the Hispanic-American versions,—substitution and the ruse involved, the punishment of the substitute animal, coyote or fox, by scalding with hot water or burning with a hot poker, the tar-baby that will not play cards, most of which are characteristically European,—are conspicuously absent from the African and Anglo-African versions.

The versions from the Greater Antilles, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Santo Domingo are characteristically of the Spanish-American or Hispanic-American type. Those from

the Lesser Antilles, on the other hand, belong to both groups.

IX. The American-Indian versions are characteristically Hispanic-American, and have none of the special features of the African or Anglo-African versions in any marked degree, except the water-stealing episode. The female tar-baby and courtship episode appears once, and the mock-plea four times. Substitution, the outstanding Spanish-American characteristic, is an important feature. On the other hand the Indians have received the Spanish-American form of the tar-baby story and contributed to it one of the most original episodes of any version from any country, the coming to life of the dead animal episode of the Taos versions.⁷

But in spite of the above conclusions, and in my opinion they are scientifically established, the problem of the origin and diffusion of the tar-baby story throughout the world is of such transcendental importance that additional evidence is always welcome. That the tale originated in India and that from India it traveled to Europe are facts that seem to me definitely established. The best and most original forms of the tale are from old India, and the two European versions are certainly related to them. On the other hand there seems to be no doubt about the relation between the Castilian version and many versions from Spanish-America. In view of the importance of the Castilian version and the popularity of the tale in Hispanic America, it is desirable to collect more versions from Spain and from Spanish-America. In my bibliography there are only two Spanish versions from New Mexico. Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons, on the other hand, has collected five versions from the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and four of these have some of the most original features of any tar-baby versions known to

7. I give one of these versions later.

me.⁸ It is with the hope that folklorists may collect other Spanish and Indian versions from New Mexico that may throw more light on our problems of origin and diffusion that I beg to call special attention to the New Mexican versions, both Spanish and Indian, as well as to the peninsular Spanish tale from Castile collected by me in 1920.

The first New Mexican Spanish version of the tar-baby story known to folklorists is the one collected by me in 1910, and published in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXIV, 419-422. It has the episode of the race attached to the tar-baby story as an introduction, and, as is the case with many of the Spanish-American and American-Indian versions, the tar-baby episode is only part of a series of incidents in which the rabbit plays several tricks on the dumb coyote. In other words it is only the principal episode of the numerous ones that constitute the tales of the coyote and rabbit cycle. The majority of these episodes are clearly of European source. The second New Mexican Spanish version I have in manuscript form. It is of the general Spanish-American type without the introductory race. The race occurs, however, in one of the Mexican versions published by Professor Boas, the Oaxaca version. I give the first New Mexican Spanish version below, first in the original New Mexican Spanish as published in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* and then in a free English translation.

EL CONEJO Y EL COYOTE

Este era un labrador que tenía una güerta y ya no si aviguaba con un conejo que li hacía mucho daño todo el tiempo. Y lo pior era que li hacía el dabo de nochi. Pa espantalo y pa juyentalo hizo el labrador tres espantajos tan grandes como un hombre y los puso en tres esquinas de la güerta.

8. One is published in her work *Tewa Tales*, New York, 1926, No. 69. The other four Dr. Parsons has kindly sent to me in manuscript versions.

Nomás escureció y se jué el conejito pa la güerta comu hacía toa las nochis, pero esta vez se vido de repente delante di unue los espantajos y mucho se espantó. Creyó el conejo que era por nada juir porque estaba muy cerca del que él creiba que era un hombre, y le dijo:—No me mates. Ya te vide. Vamos a correr di aquí a la otra esquina e la güerta y si me ganas me matas; pero si yo te gano me das libre. El espantajo no respondía, pero como no le hizo nada creyó el conejo qui había ceeutau el desafío.

—Pus vamos—dijo el conejo, y echó a correr sin voltiar la cara. Pero redepente, al al llegar a la otra esquina se topó con lotro espantajo y pensó que era el hombre qui había llegau antes dél.—¡Aque carajo, ya me ganates!—le dijo el conejo.—Pero dami otra chanza. Vamos a correr otra vez, y si esta vez me ganas haces lo que quieras conmigo. Así habló el conejo y echuá correr con toa sus juerzas y lo más recio que podía. Al llegar a lotra esquina sincontro con último espantajo y creyó que el hombre li había vueltua ganar.

El conejo, muy espantau, le dijo al espantajo:—Por vi e quien que ya me volvites a fregar. Tú sí eres el diablo. Onde le ganas a correr a un conejo, ¿quién serás? Pero, mira, vamos al moquete y veremos quien es más hombre. Diciendo esto levantó el conejo la mano y le pegún moqueti al espantajo. El espantaju era de cera y sé le pegó la mano al conejo.—Suelta, suelta,—le dijo el conejo.—Si no me sueltas te doy otro moquete. Y como la mano pegada no se soltaba le dió el conejo con lotra mano y éso también se pegó. Entonces el conejo, muy nojau, le dió con una pata, peru ésa se le pegó también. Más nojau que nunca le dijo el conejo:—Tuavía me qued' una pata, y pa que veas que soy hombre con ésta te voy arreglar. Y le dió una patada con última pata y se le prendió tamién. Tuavía no se dió el conejo por vencido y le diju al espantajo:—Piensas que porque me tienes agarrau e los pies y e las manos no me

queda con que defenderme, pero stas equivocau que tuavía me queda la cabeza. Y diciendo esto le dió conella un cabezazo, pero sólo sirvió de que se le prendiera también en la cera.

Otro día en la mañana cuando jué el labrador al campo pa ver su güerta hallual probé conejo bien pegau al espantajo y lu agarró pa lleváselo pa su casa. Lu amarró muy bien y se jué pa su casa. Cuando llego el hombre a su casa tenía la mujer lagua hirviendo, y el probe del conejo dijo:— Ora sí vor a morir. Seguro qui ai me van a sancochar.

Peru antes de matalo lo dejaron amarrau cerca e la estufa y entraron un rato pa dentro. En esto llegó el coyote buscandu al conejito pa comérselo. Pa engañar al conejo le dijo:—¿Qué stas haciendu aquí, amigo conejito? Ven conmigo para ir a pasiarnos.—No,—le dijo el conejo;—mira esos peroles hirviendo sobre l'estufa. Aquí van a tener orita la comida y mi han convidau. Si tú quieres tomar mi lugar ven y desátame y aquí mismo te quedas tú hasta que vengan por ti.—Sta güeno,—dijo el coyote, y lo soltó y se echó en el mismo lugar del conejo a esperar que vinieran envitalu a comer. El conejito muy contento se escapó.

Cuando el hombre y la mujer salieron a ver su conejo pa matalu y cocelo dijo el hombre:—Mir' hija, comu ha crecido este conejo. Éste sí que va hacer una güena fiesta. Vamos echalua l' olla pa que se cueza bien. El coyote pensó que lu iban a llevar a la fiesta. El hombre y la mujer lo levantaron y lu echaron en lague hirviendo. El coyote, cuando vido lo que le sucedía, pegún brincó, y aunque medio pelau se le scapó al labrador y se juá buscar al conejo muy nojau.

RABBIT AND COYOTE

Once there was a man who had a fine vegetable garden. A rabbit was doing great damage to the garden during night time and the farmer did not know what to do. After

thinking over the matter he set up three wax-figures as large as men at three different corners of the garden.

As soon as night came Rabbit went to the garden as was his custom and became frightened when he saw before him one of the wax-men. He was already too close to him, however, and decided there was no use in running away. For that reason he said to the wax-man, "Please don't kill me. Let us run a race from here to the other corner of the garden. If you win you can kill me; but if I win I am free." The wax-man did not say a word and Rabbit thought that it meant that he agreed to run the race.

"Here we go," said Rabbit; and started to run as fast as he could. When he arrived at the other corner of the garden he stopped before the second wax-man and thought the man had beaten him in the race. "By gum, you beat me!" cried out Rabbit, almost exhausted. "But, please give me one more chance. Let us run another race and if then you beat me I'll give up." Thus spoke Rabbit and he started to run again as fast as his legs could carry him. He arrived at the third corner of the garden and stopped immediately before the third wax-man. Again he thought the man had won the race.

Rabbit was greatly frightened and he said to the wax-man, "Again you beat me! Holy smokes, man! You must be the very devil when you can beat a rabbit running! But, look here; let us have a fist fight. That is the best way to find out who is the braver of the two." Saying this he raised his right hand and struck the wax-man a heavy blow. His hand stuck to the wax-man. "Let go, let go, for if you don't I'll strike you with my other hand," exclaimed Rabbit. The right hand did not come off, so Rabbit struck the wax-man with his left hand, and that stuck also. At this point Rabbit became very angry and he gave the wax-man a terrible kick. His leg stuck. Angrier than ever he said to the wax-man, "I still have one leg, and in order that you

may know that I am a real man I am going to fix you right now." He then gave the wax-man another terrible kick with the other leg, and that stuck also. Rabbit did not give up even then. Instead, he said to the wax-man, boiling with anger, "Do you think that just because you have me caught by the hands and feet I can't defend myself? If you do you are terribly mistaken because I still have my head left." He then gave the wax-man a terrific bump with his head, and that also stuck.

The next day when the farmer went out to the garden he found the poor rabbit caught fast to the wax-man. He pulled him off and took him home to make a meal of him.

When he arrived his wife began to prepare the hot water to boil him. The man then tied the rabbit and left him outside for a moment. In the meantime Coyote passed by and said to Rabbit, "What are you doing here? Let us go out for a walk." "I should say not," replied Rabbit; "they are going to have a big dinner here very soon and I have been invited. If you want to take my place untie me and then you can stay here until they come for you." "Sure I will," said Coyote. Immediately he untied Rabbit and put himself in the same place waiting for the dinner-hour. Rabbit was greatly pleased and ran away.

When the man went out to get Rabbit in order to boil him he said to his wife, "Gracious goodness, how this rabbit has grown! We are certainly going to have a fine meal! Let us put him into the boiler." Coyote believed all the time that they were going to take him to the feast. The man and his wife picked up Coyote and threw him into the boiling water. When Coyote realized what it was all about he certainly gave an awful howl, and he jumped out of the boiler as quickly as he could. He ran away to the forest in search of the rabbit, although nearly half of his skin had peeled off.

Our New Mexican Spanish version is, of course, of Spanish source as is the case with most of the Spanish-

American versions. In these as well as in most of the American-Negro versions we have coyote and rabbit instead of the all human characters or man and jackal (monkey, hare or some other animal) of the old and modern versions from India. Joseph Jacobs has perhaps explained correctly how it is that a rabbit has entered in the India and Africa versions (and perhaps also the early European versions) instead of the Buddha of the Jataka 55 version. Buddha is venerated as a hare in the latter Buddhistic traditions and in fact in one of the old Jatakas Buddha is transported to the moon as a hare on account of a great deed of sacrifice.⁹ But in any case the Spanish-American tales of the coyote and rabbit cycle are for the most part of European source. This opinion I have held since I first began to study these materials twenty years ago.¹⁰ Not only the tar-baby episode but all the other episodes of this cycle so extensively developed in American-Spanish and American-Indian tales are for the most part of European, specifically Spanish, source. Professor Boas seems to be of the same opinion, for he states: "Thus it does not seem to me improbable that those particular elements of the rabbit tales which are common to large parts of South America and Central America, reaching at least as far north as New Mexico and Arizona, and differing in their composition from the Central African tales, are essentially of European origin."¹¹

Surely there must exist among the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico more versions of the tales of the coyote and rabbit cycle with the tar-baby episode. A careful search may even result in finding a version similar to the peninsular Spanish tale collected by me in Castile and which I give below.

9. See *The Earliest English Version of the Fables of Bidpai*, cited at the beginning of this article, and also his edition of *Caxton's Aesop*, London, 1889, I, 113, and 136-137.

10. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXIV, 397-398, and XXVII, 211-212, 216-218.

11. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXV, 254.

The Pueblo Indian versions of the tar-baby story that we have from New Mexico are more numerous, thanks to the efforts of Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons. The four manuscript versions from Taos that she has sent me are of special interest on account of the extraordinary way the tale ends. In other respects the versions are of the ordinary primitive baustein type and I believe they are derived from Spanish versions brought to New Mexico in the XVIth century. I have myself collected XVIth century Spanish ballads among the Pueblo Indians of Isleta and undoubtedly they are found in Taos and the other Pueblos. The presence of tar-baby stories of Spanish source among the Pueblos is, therefore, to be expected. Indeed the studies of Professor Boas and Dr. Parsons show that there are many folk tales and traditions among the Pueblo Indians of Spanish provenience.¹² An extended investigation into the traditions and folk tales and ballads of Spanish source that may be still found among the Pueblo Indians, particularly those who are old and speak Spanish, is one of the desiderata of American folk-lore. Dr. Parsons has suggested that I undertake this task myself, and I hope that I will soon find the time to do so. I now give with Dr. Parsons' permission one of her manuscript versions from the Taos Pueblo. It is the same version published by me in my extensive study in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*.

THE RABBIT THAT WAS KILLED AND COOKED AND CAME TO 'LIFE AGAIN

Once there lived a husband and wife who had a very pretty daughter. They had a vegetable garden and Rabbit was doing a lot of damage in it. They did not know what to do. The man set up traps, but could not catch him.

12. See: Parsons, *Tewa Tales*, already cited, Introduction; Parsons in *Journal of American Folk-Lore* XXXI, 216-255; Parsons and Boas, *Ibid.*, XXXIII, 47-72; Boas, *Ibid.*, XXXV, 62-98.

One day he found the rabbit hole and said to his wife, "Wife, I don't know what to do. This rabbit is doing too much damage in our garden. But tomorrow I am going after wood and I am going to get some *piñon* gum."

The next morning he got up very early and went and got some gum, made a little figure out of it and placed it in the garden at night.

Rabbit came out as soon as the man left and saw the gum-figure. "Who are you? Who are you?" said Rabbit. The gum-figure did not reply so Rabbit continued, "Who are you? Who are you? If you don't reply I am going to hit you." He struck a blow with his right hand. It stuck. "What do you think? Do you think I have only this hand?" said Rabbit. He struck another blow with his left hand. It stuck also. "What do you think? Do you think I can't defend myself?" said Rabbit. And saying this he struck another blow with his right foot, then another one with his left, and both feet stuck. In order to free himself Rabbit then struck the gum-figure with his head, but his head stuck also. Rabbit was now stuck altogether.

The next morning the man got up early and found Rabbit stuck fast. He killed it and took it home and told his wife to prepare hot water, clean Rabbit well and cook it with *chile*. "I want it cooked tender, very well done," he said.

When Rabbit was well cooked the woman put the dish on the table. They began to eat. "Be careful not to drop any soup from your mouth," warned the husband. As they were eating the woman dropped some soup from her mouth, and Rabbit came to life again and ran away, upsetting all the dishes. "I told you not to drop any soup from your mouth," said the husband. And they quarreled and quarreled over the matter.

In another one of the Taos versions a drop of blood falls from the dead rabbit before being cooked, and then he comes

to life again and runs away.¹³ This coming back to life of the dead animal after being killed, and even cooked, is unknown to me outside of these four Taos versions. It is the outstanding feature of all the American-Indian tar-baby stories and the distinctly Indian contribution to the Spanish-American form of the tale. Apparently it is specifically a Pueblo Indian contribution. A search for more versions from the various Indian Pueblos of New Mexico, however, would show whether this contribution belongs to the Taos versions only or whether it is a general Pueblo Indian contribution, and it is indeed extraordinary and original, to the primitive form of the tale taken from Spanish-American tradition.¹³

The peninsular Spanish version of the tar-baby story collected by me in the province of Ávila, Ávila of Santa Teresa, in Old Castile in 1920, and published in my *Cuentos populares españoles* I, no. 35, is of special interest to folklorists, and in particular to those interested in Spanish-American folklore. It is not unlikely that a similar version may be found in New Mexico. In order to make it more widely known I reprint it below, first in the original Castilian dialect of San Esteban de Muñana, and then in English translation.

SANSON

Éstos eran unos señores que eran muy ricos y no tenían hijos. Y decía la mujer:—¡Ay, si Dios nos diera un hijo tan grande y tan fuerte como Sansón pa que nos comiera la hacienda! Y tanto estuvo diciendo eso que por fin Dios les dió un hijo tan grande y tan fuerte como Sansón. Y lo bautizaron y le puson el nombre de Sansón.

13. The incident of a person being killed or boiled in oil, or in human blood, and then coming to life again, rejuvenated, through magic and incantation, is, of course, well known in oriental and European folklore. See my *Cuentos populares españoles* II, No. 140, III, Nos. 169-170, Aarne-Thompson, *The Types of the Folk-Tale*, Helsinki, 1928, No. 531, *Folk-Lore* VII, 232-240, XIX, 61-62, Frazer, *Golden Bough* IV, 218.

Y fué creciendo el niño y cuando llegó a ser hombre se comía en un día tres cerdos, una fanega de garbanzos y una fanega de pan. Y ya en poco tiempo se comió toda la hacienda y los padres quedaron muy pobres. Y dijeron entonces los padres:—Ahora le vamos a hacer un azadón pa que vaya a trabajar y gane pa que coma. Y le hizón el azadón y fueron tres hombres por él, pero no pudon llevarlo. Y fué entonces Sansón y sigún llegó lo cogió con facilidad y dijo:—Esto se hace así. Ustedes no valen pa na. Y como lo cogió como coge una guinda todos se quedaron muy sorprendidos.

Y ya se echó el azadón al hombro y se fué camino adelante. Y llegaba a servir en las casas y trabajaba mucho, pero como se comía todo lo que había en la casa en un día todos le despedían al segundo día, y ya nadie le quería recibir. Y como todos le temblaban de miedo todos se quitaban el sombrero cuando le vían pasar.

Y ya viendo que nadie le quería recibir se fué al palacio del rey y anduvo cabando todos los jardines y todo con su azadón hasta que destrozó casi todo. Y nadie se atrevía a decirle na. Y ya llamó el rey a sus caballeros y les dijo:—¡Ay, señores, lo que nos pasa con este hombre! ¿Cómo vamos a librarnos de él?

Y ya acordaron enviar a muchos caballeros armaos y a caballo al campo a pelear todos juntos con él pa ver si le mataban. Y salieron los caballeros con sus mejores armas al campo a esperar a Sansón. Y Sansón llegó y cogió un caballo del rebo y empezó, ¡Pin, pin, plan, plan! y a todos los mató dándoles con el caballo.

Y volvió al palacio y le dijo al rey:—Güeno, pues ya los he matao a todos.

Y entonces acordaron hacer un hombre de pez pa cogerle. Y hizón el hombre de pez y lo pusón allí cerca del palacio. Y pasó por allí Sansón y como el hombre de pez no le hizo la venia al pasar volvió Sansón y le dijo:—¿Me haces la venia? Mira que te doy. ¿Me haces la venia? Mira que

te doy. Y como el hombre de pez no le hizo la venia le dió Sansón un puñetazo y se le quedó pegada la mano derecha. Y entonces le sigue diciendo:—¿Me haces la venia? Mira que te doy. ¿Me haces la venia? Mira que te doy. Y le dió con la mano izquierda y se le quedó pegada. Y entonces le dijo:—¿Me sueltas las manos? Mira que te doy con el pie. ¿Me sueltas las manos? Mira que te doy con el pie. Y le dió una patada y se le quedó pegao el pie. Y entonces ya muy enfadao le dice:—¿Me sueltas las dos manos y el pie? Mira que te doy con el otro pie. ¿Me sueltas las manos y el pie? Mira que te doy con el otro pie. Y le dió una patada con el otro pie y se le quedó pegao tambien. Y ya le dice:—¿Me sueltas las dos manos y los dos pies? Mira que te doy un tripazo. ¿Me sueltas las dos manos y los dos pies? Mira que te doy un tripazo. Y le dió un tripazo y se le pegó la tripa.

Y ya como estaba bien pegao allí cogieron y lo mataron.

SAMPSON THE GIANT

Once there were a husband and wife who were very rich and had no children. And the wife was wont to say, "If the Lord would only give us a son as big and strong as Sampson so that he could consume our wealth!" And she repeated this so often that finally the Lord heard her prayers and gave them a son as big and strong as Sampson. When they baptized him he was named Sampson.

The child grew up and when he reached manhood he ate three pigs, three bushels of chick-peas and a bushel of bread a day. In a short time he consumed all the wealth and the parents remained in poverty. Then the parents said, "Now we must get him a large hoe so that he can go away and make his living." The hoe was made and three men went to get it, but they could not carry it. Sampson then went after it, and as soon as he arrived he picked it up easily and said, "This is the way you do it. You are all worthless." He

picked it up just as if it were a mazard-berry, and all were greatly surprised.

He put the hoe on his shoulder and started on his way. He found work as a servant in many places and he worked very faithfully; but everywhere he would eat all the food in the house in one day so he was always asked to leave the second day. Finally no one wanted him. Everybody was afraid of him and all would take their hats off when he passed by.

When he saw that no one wanted to receive him he went to the king's palace and went about digging up everything in the gardens so that much damage was done. But no one dared to say a word to him. Finally the king called his knights and said to them, "What a time we are having with this man, gentlemen! How are we going to get rid of him?" They decided to send several knights well armed and on horseback to fight with him in the field and kill him.

The knights went out well armed and riding well-trained horses. Sampson met them and seizing one of the horses by the tail he began to deal blow after blow furiously until he killed all the knights with the horse. He then returned to the palace and said to the king, "Well, I have killed them all."

Thereupon they decided to make a tar-man to catch him. They prepared it and placed it near the palace.

Sampson soon passed by and, in view of the fact that the tar-man did not salute him he said, "Are you going to make a bow to me? If you don't I'll hit you. Are you going to make a bow to me? If you don't I'll hit you." The tar-man made no reply, so Sampson gave him a blow with his right hand, and it stuck fast. He then continued saying, "Are you going to make a bow to me? If you don't I'll hit you. Are you going to make a bow to me? If you don't I'll hit you." Again there was no reply, and Sampson struck the tar-man with his left hand. That stuck fast also. He then spoke thus, "Are you going to let go of my hands? If

you don't I'll hit you with my foot. Are you going to let go of my hands? If you don't I'll hit you with my foot." And he gave the tar-man a kick and his foot stuck fast. Sampson then became very angry and said, "Are you going to let go of my two hands and my foot? If you don't I'll hit you with the other foot. Are you going to let go of my two hands and my foot? If you don't I'll hit you with the other foot." And he gave him a kick with his left foot, and that stuck fast also. Angrier than ever, he shouted to the tar-man, "Are you going to let go of my hands and feet? If you don't I'll strike you with my belly. Are you going to let go of my hands and feet? If you don't I'll strike you with my belly." And he gave him a terrible blow with his belly, and his belly stuck fast.

He was so well stuck now that the king's knights came out and killed him.

SMOKING CUSTOMS AROUND THE WORLD

GEORGE ST. CLAIR

"And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

UNTIL I was twenty I had never smoked. I know that dates me beyond any shadow of a doubt. I must admit it, I belong to the older generation.

For nearly twenty years the Philippine Islands was my home. Now, this is peculiarly the land of the cigar and the cigarette. One sees them there of all shapes, sizes and colors. Besides, before we Americans, with our modern ideas of government and finance, introduced the hated, though undoubtedly efficient, internal revenue taxes, tobacco was unbelievably cheap. Cigars were almost given away. Indeed, so cheap were they that one really seemed to be losing money if he did not smoke.

It was this reflection which finally induced me to begin smoking, as it did my chum, who was also of a thrifty nature. Shortly after our arrival in Manila then, we decided to undertake the great experiment.

Both of us being Scotch, however, we did not wish to waste anything. At that time one could buy a very pleasant little cigar at the rate of four for five centavos, a little less than a half cent each. Most men would have been content to start in with a cigar apiece, but not such Scots as we. If this experiment was not to be a success, we did not wish to lose more than one of our *Petit Bouquets*.

As my friend was the elder, he had first puff. Anxiously I watched him sputter, choke, and cough, while the tears ran down his cheeks. Almost I was deterred. But No! The hand being to the plow—"Childe Roland—Dauntlessly the slughorn, etc." I was an initiate. I had made the acquaintance of my first and most faithful mistress. Incidentally, my chum and I were badly nauseated that first try.

Since that day I have been most assiduous in her service. In many lands and under many flags I have offered burnt sacrifices on her altars. Love? Friendship? Oh, yes! But fidelity! Lady Nicotine has had my heart for many years now. Does she share it with anyone, you ask me? See the line above from Kipling.

Tobacco and travel! It is a bit strange that nobody has ever noted the alliterative association between these two words. Almost inevitably a traveler becomes a devotee of tobacco. Sir Walter Raleigh is one case in point. I am another.

Now to travel costs money, and to enjoy travel fully one must smoke. That again burns up considerable money, especially in certain countries, where the sanifying and soothing influence of tobacco has not yet been realized, and where, consequently, heavy duties have been placed upon it. When I say that I have been a school teacher for nearly thirty years, my financial status will at once be apparent to everybody, and yet, I have loved both travel and tobacco, and have had a rather extensive acquaintance with both. Combined, the two have been the cause of many curious experiences.

Just after I started smoking, my brother in Georgia had a birthday. By this time I had begun rather to fancy myself as a smoker, but I had not yet learned one important truth, that one must look at a cigar before he purchases it, on the old principle of never buying a pig in the poke. I reversed the principle and looked at my cigars *after* buying them. They never went to my brother. Green is a beautiful color, but smokers have somehow always had a prejudice against green cigars. "Fifty dusky beauties" is what they want. These first cigars of mine were of a green—oh! a most poisonous green. For me they were absolutely unsmokable. Most men would have dumped them in the ash can right away. But I had a better plan. The Scotch in me was not so easily downed.

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Cigars make unusual room decorations. That is, as long as they last. Carefully, I strung these cigars in festoons around my one-room bamboo house, hoping that with time they would change from *verde* to *colorado*. Perhaps they would have done so had they been given a fair chance. But I had not reckoned on my landlord's courage and spirit of thrift. With a determination worthy of a better cause, he daily abstracted one of those paris green abominations. To smoke? Well, not even resolute Filipino landlords can work miracles. I used to think that he tried to smoke them, but it just occurred to me that he wanted the tobacco to mix with his betel nut. Another of my illusions shattered. For years I have admired his courage. Now I am afraid I must admit it was nothing but greed.

After one has grown fond of Manila cigars he finds it difficult to become accustomed to the flavored American weed. Therefore, upon my departure from the Islands, I brought with me a thousand *Londres*, ten boxes. I thought that a certain number of cigars would be admitted free of duty. I found that I was mistaken; at least, a customs inspector convinced me that I was wrong.

I left my ship at Victoria and came by steamer to Seattle. It was late at night when we started. Shortly after our departure, I was told to go down in the baggage hold to open my trunks for inspection. I was not worried, because I did not believe I had anything dutiable.

At the bottom of my large trunk lay the ten boxes of cigars.

"What are these?" asked the inspector.

"Cigars from Manila."

"Did you declare them?"

"No, I did not. I did not know they were dutiable," I answered.

"Well they are, and you are smuggling. I shall have to confiscate them."

In vain I argued with him. He was unshakeable in his determination. The cigars belonged to the government.

"Very well," I finally said. "Duty is duty. Confiscate them, if you must. But, before taking them for the government, keep one box for yourself."

He was properly shocked, hinted at bribery. It would be too dangerous, etc. I told him at last that I should lay one box on a trunk near me, and he could do what he liked with it. I did this.

"That's all right," he said. "Keep them there." So saying, he shoved the boxes back to the bottom of my trunk. I looked around discreetly for the other box. It had gone. I never saw it again.

Our incorruptible customs service! I still believe I had the right to bring those cigars in and that he was merely holding me up. Anyhow, my conscience has never troubled me about it.

After many years of vacationing in the States or in the islands up in the Baguio mountains, I decided to try Japan for a summer. Anyone who has smoked constantly will agree with me that there are times when a cigar does not seem to fill the bill. One needs the good old pipe. But, since it is too hot in the Philippines for pipe smoking, one must content himself with cigars. Now, however, I was going to a cool climate. At once I thought of my pipe.

Having been through Japan several times, I knew what brands of pipe tobacco could be bought there, how unsmokeable they were, and how expensive. I also knew that there was a heavy customs duty on tobacco. So I determined to take enough tobacco for the summer and resolved not to pay duty on it. This was the first time I had ever deliberately tried to smuggle.

One is permitted to take eight ounces of tobacco into Japan. But any smoker knows that eight ounces will not suffice for a whole summer's smoking. In addition to the

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eight ounces, then, I put into my suitcase a pound in a glass humidor. The permitted amount was carelessly exposed at the top of the suitcase. The pound? Well, that was, as I thought, artistically arranged.

The runner from the Hotel de Japon (this was at Nagasake, at which port I disembarked,) who was an old acquaintance of mine, agreed to see me through the customs. He did.

Fortunately for me the Japanese customs inspectors speak and understand very little English. "Yis," with a great indrawing of the breath, is their favorite expression. Therefore, when the inspector inquired if I had anything dutiable, I was able, by vacant looks and discreet noddings of the head, to give the impression that I had nothing. Not satisfied, however, with my artistic evasions, he began rummaging in my suitcase. Alas for my well-packed humidor! The girdle of my bathrobe had caught in the top. As the inspector gave this a jerk, the glass cover flew into the air, carrying with it at least an ounce of tobacco.

"Ah, yis." There was nothing to say. The evidence was too damning. The one concession he would make was to let my pay the duty and knock off one-third for the tobacco he had spilled. That tobacco had cost me one dollar in Manila. I paid three dollars customs on it. How that tobacco burned my tongue.

I have never smuggled intentionally since that time, but I have got into just as much trouble as if I had.

Once, when crossing the frontier from Egypt into the Holy Land, my traveling companion, then vice-governor of the Philippines, had an amusing experience with an English army officer. It was about midnight, and we had already turned in. We had to undress in the dark, by the way, the train lights not working.

Just as we were getting off to sleep, this officer awoke us to inquire if we had any dutiable articles. The governor had three boxes of Manila cigars. The Britisher told him

he could turn them over to be sent on to Jerusalem, where he could obtain them by paying the duty.

"Well," the governor said, "Take a handful for yourself."

"Righto, I'll do that."

As there was no light in the compartment, he took them to the window in the corridor, through which a faint light was coming. Almost immediately we heard a loud burst of laughter. Then the officer came back.

"Let me see the other boxes," he said.

He took each box in turn to the window, and each time we heard his raucous laughter. The last time he came in.

"What is so funny?" the governor asked him.

"Oh, it's priceless, you know. I was just laughing to think of your face when you got to Jerusalem and paid the duty on those cigars and found every one of them full of wormholes. Most amusin', what?"

For once, at least, a Britisher found humor where two Americans couldn't see the joke.

Later, in Spain, we had another adventure connected with cigars. We had decided to make a hurried round trip from Madrid through Andalucia, and so we each took only one small suitcase, which we could carry ourselves. A friend of the governor's in Barcelona had given him two boxes of cigars. Each of us carried one of these boxes on top of his suitcase.

Not many people know that Spain still preserves the medieval custom of the *octroi* or duties between towns. I had known it but had forgotten about it. We had had a very pleasant visit at Granada and were coming on to Sevilla. When we reached the station at Sevilla, we each took his suitcase and started out.

Two gendarmes, or *guardias civiles*, as they are called there, were stationed at the exit. One of them, a peculiarly villainous looking bandit with a patch over one eye, touched me on the shoulder.

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"Do you have anything to declare?" he asked me in Spanish.

"No," I assured him.

"Please go into that room with your companion," he said.

We went in. There was nothing else to do.

In a few minutes the two *guardias* came in. They had annexed a companion now.

"Open your suitcases!" said the one-eyed bandit.

We did so. There, on the top, lay our cigars.

He picked a box up, opened it, examined it inside and out, and then turned to me.

"Where did you get these?"

"In Barcelona, a gift from a friend."

"Aha! And they have no stamps on them. No duty has been paid on these cigars: therefore you are smuggling."

We looked at the boxes. It was true, they were entirely innocent of stamps. We had not noticed this before.

"We must confiscate these cigars," he continued, "and take you before the magistrate."

"Very well," I replied, "take us at once. We don't want to spend all night here."

"Ah, but, *señor*, that is just what we cannot do now. It is already beyond the closing hour. We must detain you until tomorrow."

"Detain us! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, *senores*. Detain you. Arrest you."

"Arrest us?"

"Yes, for smuggling. You will have to come to the *juzgado* now."

The hoosgow! I had visions of the governor spending a night in a Spanish jail, of the discomfort, of the scandal. I decided something desperate must be done. But what? I thought furiously for a moment. Ah! I had it. I must throw a big bluff.

"Do you know," I demanded hotly, and in my most impressive Spanish, "do you know who this gentleman is? You are to understand he is a very exalted diplomatic officer of the government of the United States of America, and that the action you contemplate taking would be an insult not alone to his Excellency but also to the whole American nation. I beg you to consider this seriously. You do not know into what international complications you may be dragging your unhappy country."

During this speech I had observed on their faces an increasing evidence of indecision. Now, at a signal from bandit Number One, they retired to a corner of the room, where they put their heads together and began to whisper animatedly.

In a moment they returned to us.

"It is all right, *señores*. Put the cigars back."

I picked up a box. "Will you, not each have one?" I asked them.

"No, *señor, gracias*," he replied. "Not CIGARS!"

It is not possible to indicate in writing the emphasis he put upon the word "cigars." A flood of light poured in on me.

"Oh, not cigars," I repeated. "But you will have no objection, I hope, to drinking the health of his Excellency?"

"Oh, no, *muchas gracias*."

They watched us as we closed and strapped our suitcases. Then they lined up at the door. The governor went out first. Many bows on their part. Then I came. Each man's hand was suggestively outstretched. As I passed them, I dropped a silver dollar into each hand. The one-eyed bandit embraced me. The others shook hands with me. All of them wished us bon voyage and God-speed. It was not until we reached our hotel that it occurred to me that we had been the only ones stopped. It was a putup game, and my eloquent speech had merely afforded them a pretext

for letting us go. We had been neatly trimmed by the one-eyed bandit.

My last smoking adventure was on the French frontier.

On our way from San Sebastian to Paris we were detained by the French customs officer. The Paris train was impatiently waiting.

"Have you any liquor, cigars or cigarettes, or smoking tobacco?"

"Yes, I have some smoking tobacco," I told him.

"Let me see it."

I had one can of Prince Albert. It was at the very bottom of my suitcase. Carefully and slowly I took out each article until I reached my one can of tobacco. I held it up. "Voilà!" I said.

He looked expectantly at me. "And the rest?"

"I have no more. That is all."

"All! Mon Dieu! That is all you have?"

"Why, yes."

"But it is not possible. You have but the one can of the tobacco and you take all this time and hold the waiting Paris train. Par l'amour —"

"But you did not ask me how much I had—"

"Oh, Mon Dieu. *Les Sacreès Américains!* Vite."

I leisurely put my things back while he fumed. I was satisfied. I felt that I had secured my revenge on the whole tribe of customs officers.

Sustention

Winds from the mesa
Beat against my small house;
The night has no stars
And the moon lies lost
In an inkblack sky.
And I
Am alone
Realizing solitude. . . .

Somewhere in the Southland
Where an autumn moon
Floods silver over cane and cotton land
You exist: And this
Is all I need to know.

CATHERINE MACLEOD.

Dr. Tight—The President and Man

By C. E. HODGIN*

IN 1901, Dr. William G. Tight was called by the regents of the University of New Mexico to become president of the institution. The preceding president, Dr. C. L. Herrick, upon his resignation, recommended as his successor, Dr. Tight, with whom he had been associated at Denison University, Granville, Ohio. At that institution, Dr. Tight had received his early college education. He did later work at Harvard, and earned the Ph.D. degree at Chicago University.

He specialized in biology and geology, with greater interest in geology. In fact, it was the rich field of geology which particularly attracted him to New Mexico. But when he arrived, took charge of the University, and became acquainted with its immediate, pressing needs, he slackened his geological activity, and intensified his interest in the University, throwing his supreme effort into its development.

One of the first things that gripped his attention, was the improvement of the environment. He knew that a barren campus on the desert would never attract young people.

With little or no appropriation for campus work, and his own salary but \$2,000.00 a year, he, nevertheless, started action. Water from the city reservoir was very expensive, and in the effort for cheaper irrigation service, a deep well was dug and a high wind mill put up for motive power.

Trees and vines and flowers were to be planted. Only a few scattering ones then existed on the campus. A plan for setting trees was made, practically as we see it today, and Arbor Days were most effectively utilized. The day before this holiday, boys with wagons and horses were sent

* An address delivered by Dr. Hodgins at Memorial Day exercises, February 28, 1931.

out to the mountains or in the valley for trees. Other boys dug holes, and prepared for the trees, under direction and help of the president. On Arbor Day morning the trees were carefully set. At noon, although we had no Home Economics department then, the University girls had ready a most inviting dinner, and a joyous occasion it was.

In the afternoon the annual baseball game between the regular team and a faculty team was played in the presence of the students and townspeople. President Tight himself was a splendid athlete and a star baseball player, so with a few good players from the faculty, and perhaps a lawyer or two added from the town, this event was usually exciting and well attended.

A beginning was made to place on the campus all kinds of vegetation found in New Mexico, as an instructive feature and for practical use of Botany classes. As an illustration there still stands the tall group of yuccas brought from the extreme southwest of the then territory, and brought at considerable trouble. They still give us, in season, their beautiful white blossoms.

The magnificent evergreen grove on the west, which we enjoy today, was set under most discouraging circumstances—stone covered hillsides, apparently poor soil, expensive irrigation, and the expression by most people that those pine trees would never grow. Dr. Tight's plan called for a beautiful fountain, a little later, in this pine grove.

Clinging woodbines were brought from Lincoln Park, Chicago.

The swimming pool, which still brings considerable pleasure to students, was built as a combination with an irrigation reservoir.

An arbotheater was made between the power house and the estufa, in a natural depression which lent itself to an outdoor meeting place. Many assemblies were held there. Several trees are left, but the bowl between the stage on the west and the terraced seating on the east has been filled up.

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An outdoor gymnasium was erected northward from the swimming pool and was much used until taken down.

Each year the graduating class was invited by the President to leave a class memorial which would enhance the attractiveness of the campus, so we have the little fountain and fish pond, the vertical sundial in the rockery, the concrete seats, etc. But the old rustic pump with the water trough, gave way to progress.

Wherever President Tight went he seemed to be thinking of things that would add to the interest of the University. One summer while visiting a park in Ohio, he secured a number of tame squirrels, brought them to the campus here, made boxes for them in the trees, and hoped they would become a permanent feature of life and beauty on the campus; but the squirrels were not kindly treated by all, and in time ran away, much to the President's disappointment.

An experiment in irrigation was made. It was realized that there was much waste by evaporation from surface irrigation, and that in jointed pipe lines under ground the fine roots of trees worked in and clogged the full flow of water. Inverted wooden troughs were found to be unobstructive to the water flow, and then concrete troughs for longer wear were made and placed open side down, with success.

Quite a pretentious museum had been started with well planned cases, drawers, shelves, etc., but everything was lost in the fire of Hadley Hall in 1910. At that time there was also a deeply regrettable loss in the destruction of Dr. Tight's New Mexico field papers, sketches, and writings.

Another phase of development to which President Tight's attention was early turned was the strengthening of the curriculum. Being a scientist, it was not surprising that his immediate interest should turn toward science courses, though he was not narrow, and tried to bring all courses up, as well as appropriations made possible.

He established quite a complete music school for the University in the city. The third story of the old Academy building, later the public library, on the present city library corner, was rented. There was a large assembly hall in addition to several rooms, and some work was done in roughly finished rooms in the basement. A faculty was placed in charge for vocal training, piano, violin, public reading and musical kindergarten. Dr. Tight's plan was to place music *free* in the University, the same as English, mathematics, and science. His large interest in music was rather surprising to some of us who were familiar with his own lack of ability in the art, which he freely admitted, saying that he could not carry a tune, nor tell one tune from another. Yet he enjoyed music, and thoroughly believed in its elevating power and refining influence in the development of character. He compiled and had published the "U. N. M. Song Book," which was used on college occasions. The music school was a success, and many Albuquerque citizens can recall the splendid recitals and entertainments frequently given in the Music Hall. But it seemed impossible, financially, to bridge it over until adequate appropriations could be secured.

President Tight was much interested in adding astronomy to the curriculum, and sought money for an observatory. In fact, he had chosen a site on the highest point of the mountains to the east, and roughly surveyed a road to the place. John D. Rockefeller had made a small loan to Mr. Tight in his early educational career, so Mr. Rockefeller was appealed to again, this time for a gift of sufficient proportion to construct an adequate observatory with proper equipment; but he failed to respond.

One more special line of endeavor aroused Dr. Tight's interest. He had not been here long until he began to give thought to future building plans, in an effort to establish some kind of unity in construction, as only a "hit and miss" style was being followed. It soon dawned upon him that

there was a possibility of using an Indian type of architecture which might be unique, attractive and distinctly appropriate to the environment. His thought was absorbed with the prospect of breaking away from the common, and striking the unusual, a new-old style which would make the University of New Mexico absolutely distinctive in college architecture, the world over. With much enthusiasm, at least as shown to intimate friends, he began to study Indian construction as he had occasion to go from place to place over the territory. Many were the photographs he took of Indian buildings until his room looked like a sort of picture gallery as he began to make a careful study of lines and walls and windows and roofs. At last, in connection with Architect Cristy, of Albuquerque, after deciding on the Pueblo type of architecture, he sought to combine the important features of the Pueblo expression and to record the same in blue print.

With the consent of the regents he began by building the power house in the chosen construction, and then the estufa of the fraternity—Pi Kappa Alpha.

The next step was to build the boys' dormitory, which was named "Quataka," or "Man-Eagle," and the girls' dormitory, called "Hokona," or the "Virgin Butterfly," which names still appear over the entrance doors. The symbols in circular form, which are seen on each building, Dr. Tight himself painted, assisted by Miss Ethel Hickey, a member of the faculty and a sister of Judge Hickey. These conventional figures show the Indian eagle on "Quataka," and the butterfly forms on "Hokona." It is interesting to note how the different colors of paint have been preserved.

The next Pueblo building and the last of Dr. Tight's work, was the remodeling of the administration building, in 1908. It was a large, three story, plain, red brick structure, with basement, and top-heavy roof. With this change there was added Rodey Hall, in which we are now assembled. It is a replica of an Indian church, and you will notice the room

is built in the form of a cross. It was named Rodey Hall in honor of the late Judge B. S. Rodey, the founder of the University.

The next building to have been constructed was a library. Plans were drawn according to the latest ideas of library service at that time, money was secured, and the site selected. It was to have been ellipsoid in form and placed across the north end of the avenue just above the present dining hall. But a new president came in, changed the plans and used the money in the construction of the science hall, with the elevated roof. This was intended as an entering wedge to break away from the Pueblo architecture.

Most people approved Indian architecture, especially tourists and those from the outside. A few Albuquerque citizens were strongly opposed to this type of construction. One man said to me one day: "How foolish to go back 300 years for a type of building—not much evidence of progress in that." I said: "What about going back two or three thousand years to copy Greek architecture?" "Well," he said, "if you are going to be consistent, the president and faculty should wear Indian blankets around their shoulders, and feathered coverings on their heads!" But in spite of opposition the idea went forward, and seems today to be established.

When the great change in the large administration building was affected, the group of buildings began to make a very striking appearance. At this time an exceedingly attractive illustrated article appeared in the *World's Work*, which gave wide publicity and called attention to the University of New Mexico. This article was written by E. Dana Johnson, of the *Santa Fe New Mexican*.

I was, one evening, in the office after class hours, when a gentleman and lady drove up, came to the office, asked the privilege of looking through the buildings, announcing that they had seen an article in the *World's Work* while in New York, that they were on the way to California and stopped

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over in Albuquerque for no other reason than to see the University buildings. After I had shown them around, they expressed themselves as delighted with the uniqueness and beauty of the buildings, and their appropriateness to the environment.

Dr. Tight was deeply interested in the building program, and watched very closely every detail of the construction, as the following incident will show.

While the dormitories were being built, it was necessary for him to be away for some time. Upon his return, his first thought was to see the new buildings, so I took him on a personally conducted tour. As we approached Hokona, the girls' dormitory, his eye promptly caught sight of an arch over the front entrance. Immediately he said, "How does that come? There are no curved lines in this architecture. That must come out at once"; and it did come out.

Dr. Tight had a rich experience in the summer of 1903 when he was chosen as general scientist, for observations from geology to astronomy in the expedition, headed by Miss Annie Peck, the famous mountain climber, to South America. She was out this time to climb Mount Sarata. When the party was ready to return home, they were caught by a quarantine which lasted almost two months. Those were anxious weeks for us at the University, as they ran far beyond vacation. At last I received a cablegram from Arica, Chile, saying "Homeward." That one word cost the scientist \$8.40. The expense encouraged brevity. A cordial reception was given the president when he got back to the University.

Dr. Tight's keen interest in the building program and other matters kept up, so that only a comparatively small time was given to geology, although he tramped over the mountains, mesas, and hills a great deal. Having to curtail his geological activity in New Mexico was a real sacrifice to him but he expected to make up for the loss in a sabbatical year's leave of absence promised him, when he

was to study the entire scope of New Mexico geology. For this work he was planning a special wagon which would afford him a home, a desk, and conveniences for his geological records, as he devoted himself to this extensive and intensive work. But the year did not come to him.

In conclusion, let me say a few words about Dr. Tight, the man. He and I were not only bound closely together in the work of this University, but we were very close personal friends. In giving my estimate of him, however, I would not have you think that I looked upon him as one without faults. He certainly had his human frailties as all of us have, but it is my purpose at this time to point out some of those qualities of character which served him so well in his effort to advance this institution.

Physically, nature had well endowed him. He was tall, broad shouldered, robust and wholesome looking. For many years he wore a full beard, well trimmed, which gave him rather a distinctive appearance. He was genial, approachable, and enthusiastic. He was accommodating and loyal to friends and held as little lasting resentment to enemies as is usually found in a well-balanced man. He was brimful of the spirit and joy of youth, tending generally to inspire confidence and action from faculty and students, such as is characteristic of a *leader*. He was a genius to do things—was a practical plumber, a carpenter, a painter, and he did not hesitate to don his overalls and use his mechanical ingenuity to help in any emergency that might arise.

This recalls an amusing little incident one day at my home, where he did considerable experimenting in underground irrigation, raising vegetation. On this occasion he had his rough clothes on and was spading the soil, when a nicely dressed lady drove up and asked if Dr. Tight lived there. He answered that he did and that he would go and call him. So he went in the house, hastily changed his apparel and returned to receive the waiting lady, introducing himself to her.

The president was broad and liberal in his ideas, which both made and lost him friends. He was a member of the Baptist Church, but was often misunderstood in his religious conception.

Dr. Tight was active and aggressive in the work of education. He was a live member of the New Mexico Educational Association, and was prominent in local and national educational councils.

He was a man of strong personality, and consistent persistency. Let me give an illustration or two. In 1906, when he was attending the New York meeting of the Geological Society of America, he had a plan to invite and secure that national organization to hold its next meeting in the small town of Albuquerque, New Mexico. On account of the remoteness of the place from the East very few of the members at first seemed to prefer it. But Dr. Tight presented his claims with so much interest and enthusiasm that his invitation was finally accepted, and the organization had a great meeting here the next year. The secretary of the society, in commenting on the meeting, wrote as follows:

"Dr. Tight worked hard for the success of the Albuquerque meeting, interesting everybody in town, and even securing concessions from the Santa Fe railroad that were far greater than the size of the gathering in itself would have warranted. He was everywhere at all times and did everything that anybody could for our comfort and profit. If direction was needed he was the director, and if a camp rustler was called for he cheerfully volunteered his services. His preparations in every respect were so complete that the society expressed itself in a formal vote of thanks at the concluding session. In connection with this meeting he organized a very instructive and enjoyable excursion to the Sandia Mountains, and another to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado." The secretary further adds, "Probably this meeting was one of the brightest occasions of his life."

When Dr. Tight first came to Albuquerque, at request of the former president, Dr. C. L. Herrick, he was to see me on arrival. His calls upon us were quite frequent, and he let it be known to us that he was concerned about getting a good place to live, and finally said he wanted to live with us. We told him more than once we were not taking anybody. But one day an expressman drove up to the house and delivered a trunk which he said Dr. Tight had sent, and a little later the owner of the trunk *himself* appeared on the scene, and again announced his desire to live with us. He stayed until he had permission to put his trunk in a room where he followed and then remained with us, in our home, for seven years.

He never ceased to show appreciation of this home, as he came and went, and his varied activities which were generally woven in some way about University interests. When he entered the house he would fill it like a breeze, always happiest when he had something favorable to report regarding the University.

Thus, throughout the years, his life went on, but one day there came a sudden change. In the morning mail, a letter was received from the regents of the University asking for his resignation. No opportunity was to be allowed him for answering any charges, or making any explanations. I shall never forget the expression that clouded his face as he read to me that fatal letter. To thus be torn away so suddenly, just in his prime, from his deepest life interest, with no chance for defense, quite broke his heart and his spirit, and doubtless a little later on, his health.

Dr. Tight was subject to occasional attacks of sick headache. These now grew more frequent and more severe until in a few months he was taken to the Glendale Sanitarium, California, where in a short time, due to an acute condition which terminated in blood poisoning, he passed away. At his own request his body was cremated, and the little urn of ashes sent back, through Albuquerque, to his Ohio home.

The Art of Living in Los Angeles

By GEORGE SHELTON HUBBELL

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The author insists that this essay is optimistic. It was written in a blithe mood and in good faith. One can live in Los Angeles!*

SIX years ago I was living in Albuquerque; now I live in Los Angeles. Many people now of New Mexico would like to live in Los Angeles. I have heard some of them say as much; and I have seen the endless procession of dusty motor cars that bring into this state migratory families from Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, and points east. (Once here, they look back upon all that hinterland as simply East—synonym to them for by-gones, limbo of lost years.) I, then, one of those who came, write these words as a message to those who have not come—at any rate, not yet.

It is foolish to be "choosy" about the place where one will live. At all events, it is generally vain. We must live where we can, and make the best of it. But I used to think otherwise. I once fancied that a certain environment—in my case, an environment of libraries and seminars—must be indispensable. Among my associates I did not wish to apologize for a footnote, to take up time explaining the elementary facts about Ammonius Saccas. In short, I fear I was too particular. My feeling, however, was not snobbish, but defensive. The fact is, I had been acutely unhappy in other environments, whereas among books and bookish people I had found peace. It did not occur to me then that I might discover an art of living peacefully even in unfavorable conditions and along with people whose interests were not mine. Yet one chooses, when the time comes, among possibilities, not among ideals. I came to Los Angeles. Not as the migratory families come from Iowa, full of hope and

confidence, but with grim resignation, I turned my face to this western coast. I anticipated no congenial, fostering surroundings. I found none. But I knew that here henceforth was home.

I set myself then, of necessity, to learn the art of living in Los Angeles. And I have come to believe that the general principles of that art apply to living anywhere. Those principles, though very difficult to practice, are simple and obvious.

1. *First, one learns not to be a drag, ultimately at least, on anybody.* This principle, implied by Emerson in his doctrine of self-reliance, has both material and spiritual consequences. For our total human condition is fundamentally economic. We have not enough of anything to justify careless expenditure; time, energy, sensitiveness, intelligence are all limited. Henry Adams wrote of his father: "Charles Francis Adams' memory was hardly above the average; his mind was not bold like his grandfather's (John Adams) or restless like his father's (John Quincy Adams), or imaginative or oratorical—still less mathematical; but it worked with singular perfection, admirable self-restraint, and instinctive mastery of form. Within its range it was a model." Charles Francis Adams had, I take it, an important qualification for living well. Happy are those who operate efficiently within their own range. We manage our powers, as a country safeguards its resources, by watching the trade balance. When our proper resources fail and we start using those of our neighbors, trouble has begun. Dependence brings compromise, sense of inferiority, the poignant hades of envy and discontent.

From Demosthenes to Patrick Henry to Everett Dean Martin endless have been the panegyrics of liberty. Yet few will resist the temptation to enslave themselves by dependence. In debt to begin with for our early nurture and education, we always find it distressingly easy to take more

than we can pay for. But the secret of living well in any environment lies first in discharging there, as nearly as possible, every obligation. Helpless youth and helpless age must be paid for in working years. All coöperation, all gifts and favors must be acknowledged and duly recompensed. Only so is one free to live one's own life on even a narrow margin of liberty. And this means practically that obligations must be cut down, in order to increase the margin. He who borrows little has little to repay. By operating on little, obscurely in some corner, one conserves time and energy for the main enterprise, the making of one's own life.

This vital economy today is easy in material things. One's neighbors strain and impoverish themselves to buy motor cars, radios, expensive clothes, and other luxuries. Then, throwing good pennies after bad, they squander still more of life and energy in the use of these knickknacks. But the relative enrichment from doing without unnecessary impedimenta is quite easily achieved. One has, of course, to forego the reading of the more popular magazines and the newspapers, both of which aim principally to promote sales. But the loss from such abstinence, compensated by better reading or more advantageous use of the time, turns out really to be a gain. One has also to live in a cheap rented house in an inferior neighborhood, but this too has delightful compensations, beyond the economy. Resulting freedom from responsibility and from disturbance of entangling social activities is almost the essence of liberty.

But vital economy must extend to mental and emotional life. One must swallow one's own smoke. One must learn to shun confession, consolations, advice, perhaps even religious dependence. Debts in these realms are still debts, entailing obligations, limiting the margin of liberty. Whenever they have to be incurred, they must be promptly and fully discharged. And here again there is rich compensa-

tion, in self-confidence and self-respect. There is happiness in being a drag on no one.

2. *But a life well led in any environment must contribute, must construct.* To break even, simply owing no man, is, of course, creditable. Most of us will be lucky if we can do as well as that. We cannot, however, feel quite satisfied with a performance which, after hard work, leaves everything just as it was. Even to fall behind might seem more interesting. Yet real contributions are difficult to make. One may fail to achieve the harmonious operation of mind necessary for significant creative thought; it is an all-but-universal failure. One may lack the enormous energy necessary for abundant work of very fine quality. And there arises, in either case, the temptation to *borrow* what is needed, with future accomplishments as security. But that is a poor arrangement, involving obligation, and mortgaging achievement. No, it cannot be learned too early that a constructive life is almost impossibly difficult. And such a lesson implies that life itself is difficult, for our best incentive to living is the desire to make some peculiar contribution. Without extraordinary gifts, then, and without borrowing too heavily from the gifts of others, how can we preserve a reasonable hope of living well—even any zest for living at all?

The requisite technique is old, simple to present, difficult to master and apply. It has four steps: Learn, practice, plan, build. One must be working at any or all of these steps throughout life. New projects must be continually taken up, whether old ones succeed or fail. Efficiency must be developed by continued learning and practice; wisdom should rise and accumulate as the process goes on. Faithfulness and quiet zeal in the work are fostering conditions, but the *sine qua non* is intelligence.

3. *One realizes that all living is relative to some environmental conditions.* The important thing is not that

one should accomplish this or that piece of work, but that one should strike a balance between obstacles and achievement. God does not exact day-labor, light denied. Our tasks, however they obsess ourselves, are petty and inconclusive at best. And their results constitute only very subtly the index of our living. Only the finer qualities of our work evidence the deprivations and struggles through which it was completed. Is there nothing of the Civil War in *Paradise Lost*, nothing of blindness, nothing of domestic turmoil? Work unmarred by any hostile environment yet is the worse for the doer's inexperience. Prosperity is an obstacle. One's spiritual stature will be the same, North, South, East, or West; fostered or obstructed; magnified in success or cut off in failure. Great living is *always* difficult, failure fatally easy.

For any life of mind and character, Los Angeles furnishes an environment of great hostility. There is not much narrow persecution or concentrated disparagement. The opposition is oblique, but not the less powerful on that account. For here smart houses exhibiting every characteristic of finished workmanship and modish line sell at breath-taking prices; but they are made of paper, chicken-wire, and fancy mud; they begin to warp and leak as soon as the workmen leave; after a few years they totter to hopeless decay. They do! Here men at fabulous expense concoct entertainment with much glitter; but it insults the intelligence of the world. Here schools, imposingly housed and bewilderingly administered, seek to indoctrinate millions of children and young people with a standardized intellectual pap calculated chiefly to make them victims of any advertiser's page. Here people cultivate luxuries under the guise of civilization, chicaneries dressed up as service. They ride out of town in their cars, and then at evening ride back again. They turn the knobs of their radios for hours to hear scrappy nonsense and blatant insincerity.

It is like a fair or a circus—tolerable for a holiday, perhaps, but maddening for a permanent environment. It is the froth of America. It is mad. And finally there is no health in it. Only the real shall endure, only the truth. All else is a heady illusion. Los Angeles is nine-tenths illusion. In this place one, to keep sane, must hear nothing but the wind overhead, and the ocean waves. One must see only the sky and sea and mountains. Here one's ideas must come from books, one's aims strictly from within. Through the wild babel no intelligent voice is heard. Beauty or honest strength is lost in the confusion of shams. Yet one can have no grudge against a city; living in Los Angeles is like swimming in the sea, like working with fire. It is not necessary to drown or burn.

The art of living in Los Angeles, though based on the same principles which underlie all good living, has, of course, its special conditions, including some advantages. The chief advantage is solitude. Among millions, one will almost never find a companion for other than material concerns. And the library stacks offer real solitude. One's time can well go to books and typewriter; there is no human converse by which to be detained.

But with all the wealth about, one might almost as well go to Isleta for a scholar's equipment of books. Most of the funds available to the libraries for purchase of books have apparently gone to furnish innumerable duplicate copies of textbooks, reference books, and popular novels, so that the money gave out long before the supply of necessary works could be completed. And, of course, a new library never can have many old or rare books; it is necessary to wait till they come on the market.*

*The city holds some very excellent special collections, notably the Huntington and Clark libraries and the private collection of the late Dr. Lummis. The university collections and the Los Angeles Public Library are growing rapidly. Perhaps by 1950 or 1960 they will be large enough to serve the principal needs of graduate students.

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At all events, in this city there need be no apology for footnotes; they are ignored, apology and all. One may read about Ammonius Saccas in peace; nobody cares. One may think anything, say anything, quite without effect. The advertisements are so loud on every hand that no private voice is heard. One might as well be alone in the midst of a desert. Indeed, living here is like living as a hermit in some desert cave, around which incessant mirages rise and fade. Only ignore those illusive appearances, only hold fast to the vision within, only use the utter loneliness for the strength and leisure which it affords—do these things without tiring, always, and you have mastered the art of living in Los Angeles.

For an Autumn Moment

Pause, like the earth, and shoulder the light of evening;
The light, and the light reflected in yellow water
Where the river turns and flows south against the mesa,
Thrusting the black rocks asunder with its singing
That never is hushed an instant, even at sundown
When the world pauses, and you and I, and the leaves that hang
windless
In the moment of changing to gold from the green of summer.

MARGARET POND,

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Love Song

Across the distance

I call to you

Having no message to say

Begging no wish

Neither sending any manifestation.

I only ask

That your lips be parted

As this same west wind

Presses against your brow.

CATHERINE MACLEOD.

Los Comanches

Translated by GILBERTO ESPINOSA

OF ALL THE savage Indian tribes with whom the early Spanish settlers of New Mexico contended, by far the most warlike and formidable were the Comanches. These dread warriors of the plains were the scourge of all the other tribes and they repeatedly raided the Spanish settlements, leaving destruction in their wake. In 1777, they made a most merciless attack on Tome, a small village which still exists, some twenty miles south of Albuquerque, in which attack they massacred the entire population. They did not spare a single soul, man, woman, or child.

Repeated expeditions were sent against them and they were severely chastised on numerous occasions. In 1747, Governor Coadallos with five hundred soldiers surprised them near Abiquiu, New Mexico, and killed one hundred and seven, captured two hundred and six of their warriors and one thousand horses. In 1751, Governor Capuchin marched against them and severely defeated them near Galisteo, New Mexico. Governor Urrisola met them in a terrible battle near Taos in December, 1760, and inflicted a terrible defeat upon them, the Comanches leaving four hundred warriors on the field. But their power was unbroken.

In 1777, Juan Bautista de Anza, governor, ordered an expedition against the Comanches, determined to end their power. This expedition was sent under the command of Don Carlos Fernandez. It is the details of this battle, which occurred on the Staked Plains, in New Mexico, that the theme of this poem is found. According to the historian Alvarez, the Spaniards surprised the Comanches in the early morning, the battle lasting all day. The Indians suffered a terrible defeat. Hundreds of them were slain and hundreds taken captives to Santa Fe.

The poem, which is the basis for the play, "Los Comanches," still played in many villages and hamlets, is the work of an unknown author, who is supposed to have been a soldier in this expedition. Almost every one of the older generation of New Mexicans can repeat this poem by memory so generally is the play enacted. Don Amado Chavez, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, has a very old manuscript, which is evidently a copy of the original. In 1907, Aurelio M. Espinosa, of the Romanic Language Department of Leland Stanford University, California, published a "Critical Edition of Los Comanches," Vide Bulletin of the University of New Mexico, No. 45. Language Series Vol. 1, No. 1, December, 1907.

From the above, this translation of this true New Mexican epic poem is made.

LOS COMANCHES

List of Characters

CUERNO VERDE (Green Horn) -----	Chief of Comanches
DON CARLOS FERNANDEZ -----	Spanish General-in-Chief
DON JOSE DE LA PENA -----	A Spanish Captain
EL TENIENTE (The Lieutenant) ----	A Spanish officer, name not given
DON SALVADOR RIVERA -----	A Spanish Captain
OSO PARDO (Grey Bear) -----	A Comanche chieftain
CABEZA NEGRA (Black Head) -----	A Comanche chieftain
LOBO BLANCO (White Wolf) -----	A Comanche chieftain
ZAPATO CUENTA (Beaded Moccasin) -----	A Comanche chieftain
DON TORIBIO ORTIZ -----	A Spanish General
BARRIGA DUCE -----	A Spanish camp follower

SCENE—On the Staked Plains of New Mexico

TIME—In the year 1777.

Cuerno Verde, Chief of all the Comanches, speaks:

From the sunrise to the sunset,
From the South to frigid North
Is seen the glitter of my arms

And my trumpet blares go forth,
And alike among all nations
Boldly I make my camp and rest.
Such is the valor, such the bravery
That reigns within my breast.
And my banners are unfurled
To the breeze where none else do
For the most enraged I humble
And the haughtiest I subdue.
Unrestrained and without fetter,
Knowing none who master me,
Like the savage bear and tiger
Wandering unopposed and free,
For there's not a hill or mountain,
Not a stone and not a tree,
But that will not be a witness,
Of the praise they tell of me.
Those who have opposed my progress
Have had reason to regret,
And this proud and haughty Castle
Will also feel my vengeance yet.
Today's sun will see its downfall,
See in ruin its haughty walls,
Though its strength be great and mighty
I'll assault it till it falls.
Well I know they are preparing
To receive my warriors bold:
I have watched their preparations,
And much more I have been told.
Let them ask the many nations
Who have felt my conquering heel,
Let them ask my might and prestige,
Learn the misery they now feel.
Today they find themselves abandoned,
And their homes in ruin see
Let them ask the Caslana nation,
What it is to war with me.
Today their star is dimmed forever,
For from such prestige they fell,
That . . but why should I repeat,
Facts which everyone knows well.
Everyone except these Christians
And without number though they be,

Today for certain blood will flow—
 Blood that means revenge for me.
 This recalls to my memory
 One of these, though brave and bold,
 He left his blood to stain the flowers
 On a battle field of old.
 Those I've slain are without number
 They have slipped my memory now
 Without counting all the captives,
 Men and women and children. Now
 My brave men, valiant redmen,
 Let this order go with care,
 I, your general, give this edict,
 Let everyone his arms prepare.
 Prepare we must, and meet them ready,
 What general would seek to rest,
 With the enemy before him.
 Prepare to do your best.
 I will never be contented
 With a victory half complete.
 Don your war paint, sound the war drums,
 We must bring them to our feet.
 I shall go and seek this general,
 This foolhardy, impious man.
 Let him meet me in this battle
 And survive me if he can.
 Who is he, what do they call him,
 Whomsoever he may be.
 I, Cuerno Verde, challenge him
 To come and combat me.

Don Carlos Fernandez, the Spanish general, answers the Comanche:

Bide your time, Oh bloody heathen,
 I will come without your call.
 Your challenge is not needed
 I will meet you one and all.
 But first, tell me, who are you,
 And whence those idle boasts.
 Harken to these words I utter,
 You and your savage host.

Cuerno Verde, the Comanche, speaks:

I am that mighty captain
 At whose name men shake with fear.
 I am the brave, the bold, the terrible,

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This horn which you can see
Green and golden, see it glisten,
All its fame it takes from me.
Today I claim the homage of
Not alone these warriors at my side
But all men proclaim me master,
Through this nation far and wide.
From the sunrise to the sunset
From the South to frigid North,
Caiguas, Quituchis, Indios, Caumpes,
All follow me when I go forth.
Many others without number
There's no need to name them all.
Yield to me their blind allegiance,
And are ready at my call.

Don Carlos Fernandez, the Spanish general, answers Cuerno Verde:

Bide your time, oh bloody heathen,
I will be your master yet.
You will find your spirit broken,
When the Spaniard you have met.
In the land across the waters,
There reigns a prince of right
Who rules the world from pole to pole
Through his power and his might.
Throughout this entire world you see
His power reigns supreme
Germans, Englishmen, and Turks,
All peoples whomsoever they be
When they hear the name of Spaniard,
Bend and tremble at the knee.
You have never met a worthy foe,
Nor do you know the might
Of Catholic arms in battle.
You will learn this in this fight.
This is why your idle vauntings,
This is why your spirit bold.
I shall meet you in this battle,
I shall leave you dead and cold.
And if you wish to know who I am,
I shall state that you may know.
This is not my first encounter,
This battle you offer, and so,
Here you find me in your own land

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And though I am advanced in years,
 Know and note, oh impious stranger,
 Carlos Fernandez has no fears.
 Your lands I've always invaded,
 When it suited me that way.
 And now, oh boastful captain,
 Go prepare you for the fray.

Cuerno Verde, the Comanche chieftain, replies:

You have said it, without fail,
 We shall see who shall prevail.

Don Carlos Fernandez, the Spanish general, addresses his men.

This war again presents to us
 An opportunity to show
 The valor of your Catholic arms
 That all the world may know,
 That Spanish arms in battle,
 Never yet have left the field
 Without honor to their country.
 A Spaniard will never yield.
 You have heard how this Comanche,
 This untutored savage beast
 Comes before us with such boasting,
 'Tis high time that this should cease.
 He addressed me with such vauntings,
 Applauded by his savage bands,
 Asking who could be this general
 Who had dared invade his lands.
 Told us of the hosts he'd murdered.
 Of the lands he'd filled with fear
 And I answered with equal frankness
 That his equal he'd find here.
 Told him that the Spanish soldier
 Knows no rival, knows no peer.
 Told him of that mighty nation
 At whose name men shake with fear.
 But 'tis time to cease this vaunting,
 We must hasten to the fray,
 You, my captains, speak your counsel,
 How we best can win the day.
 Let Tomas Madril come forward,
 José de la Peña, too,
 And Don Salvador Rivera.
 Bring your sergeants all with you.

We must all consult together
And decide what we must do.

Don José de la Peña, a Spanish captain, speaks:

Oh, my brave and worthy general
Of whose valor we well know,
Plan your battle, give your orders,
We shall follow where you go.
A more worthy, a more just
War than this was never seen.
Let us haste and give them battle,
And exterminate this spleen.
For my heart cries loud for action,
And the issue holds no fear.
With the aid of Virgin Mother,
I see victory is near.
Through her Immaculate Conception,
Born of woman, without sin,
Full of grace and full of mercy,
She will surely help us win.
And besides to help us conquer,
Is that celestial martial band,
With the blessed angel Michael
Who will surely be on hand.
He, the patron of my brave men,
Who are ready for the fray.
Give your orders, we are ready,
This is all I have to say.

The Lieutenant speaks:

The worthy José de la Peña
Has spoken what I would say.
Only one word I have to offer,
Then I am ready for the fray.
Listen, Oh worthy Don Carlos,
My obedience to you I yield.
'Tis a special honor to serve you,
Proof I'll give you on this field.
My will is made, I am ready,
To go forth to battle this day,
To fight for your honor and glory,
Or to perish in the affray.
Well I know I am not worthy,
To serve in such an honored task.
In truth the honored post I have,

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Is more than I would ask.
Don Carlos I shall not fail you.
This is all I have to say.
I am ready for the battle.
I shall follow Don José.

Don Salvador Rivera, a Spanish captain, speaks:

Señor Don Carlos Fernandez
I have hearkened to what you say.
I am ready with the lieutenant,
With the lieutenant and Don José.
With powder and ball we'll assail them.
We shall make them repent their sins,
And forget their idle boastings.
Faith and valor is what wins.

Cuerno Verde, the Comanche chieftain, addresses his war captains:

Hear, ye lions, all my captains
You, the bravest in the fray.
All prepare your arms of battle
We are out to win the day.
Up and at them with a fury
Let them know whom they assail,
And remember that united
You can never, never fail.
Bear in mind what you have pledged me.
Fight with valor, fight with might.
With the valor of your forebears,
You are battling for the right.
I shall be there with a vengeance.
This is not an idle boast.
You well know me and my mettle.
We shall crush this savage host.

Oso Pardo (Grey Bear), a Comanche chieftain, speaks:

I also rise to speak a word.
It is both meet and right,
That the promises given Cuerno Verde,
We should ever keep in sight.
Remember, you are the chosen ones,
Whom your captains called to war.
Yon Spaniards, answer me today
Or be silent forevermore.
What captain from amongst you
Will match this savage bear?

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This bear who tames the savage beasts
Who will assault him in his lair?
The fiercest lion of the wilds
Flees to the forest deep,
When this Grey Bear presents himself,
Now who will dare to leap
And with this Grey Bear match his arms
This day in single battle?
Whence is your courage, whence your might
Come forth and prove your mettle.

Don José de la Peña, the Spanish captain, speaks:

This Grey Bear shall be my quarry
This rock shall prove his end.
Rock of valor, rock of prowess,
Tame this savage that he may send
No more idle threats and boastings.
Idle glutton, boastful one,
I shall prove your false feigned courage
On this field e'er we are done.
And the high sun of your glory
Soon will set, your day is o'er
When we meet in mortal combat
That sun for you will rise no more.
Not long ago I met your warriors,
In numbers great they came to fight.
With but a handful of my brave men
I met and put them all to flight.
Valor such will merit boasting
Deeds like these, in days gone by,
Rolando and his twelve immortals
Performed beneath the Spanish sky.
But, you know not whence I speak of,
Of whom I speak or what I say.
Did you know, and having met us,
You would think them here today.

Cabeza Negra (Black Head), another Comanche chieftain, speaks:

Why this chatter, why this waiting?
Worthier tasks we have to do.
See this sharp and glistening lance point?
It shall pierce their general through.
Pierce that proud and haughty Christian,
Leader of these hosts they say.
Cease this talk and reminiscing,

I have come to kill and slay.
 Be there brave men from amongst you,
 In your haughty warrior band,
 Who would meet Cabeza Negra,
 In single combat, hand to hand?

Lobo Blanco (White Wolf), another Comanche chieftain, speaks.
 First he addresses Cabeza Negra.

Worthy sir, hold back a while yet,
 Soon we'll have them in our foils.
 I must be the first to meet them,
 For my blood within me boils.
 Let me first show them my prowess.
 Their fury is not new to me.
 We have met before in battle,
 And I've nothing new to see.
 And because we've met in battle,
 And I thirst for vengeance too,
 Let me be the first to smite them,
 With a vengeance they shall rue.
 It is time this battle started,
 Time we struck them with our might.
 We are fighting for our hearthfires,
 For our honor and our rights.

Zapata Cuenta (Beaded Moccasin), another Comanche chieftain, addresses Cuerno Verde and his warriors:

Valiant Redmen, bend your war bows,
 With a true unerring eye, that
 With each arrow from your bowstrings,
 We may see a Spaniard die.
 Don your paint and gaudy feathers,
 Sound the war drums, take your stand.
 Sing of joy and sing of battle,
 For the hour is at hand.
 I, your captain, will support you,
 You will find me at your side.
 Zapata Cuenta is your chieftain
 And in him you can confide.

Tabaco, a Comanche chieftain and an ambassador seeking peace, speaks:

Noble Redmen, you have ordered,
 That your men be ready all.
 And these Christians who seek battle,
 Soon will hear your martial call.

Tobaço is also a mighty captain,
With many warriors at his command,
And we recognize no master,
In this broad and mighty land.
Alone, unarmed, and fearing no one,
To Taos I went, among these men,
On a peaceful mission went I,
And we signed a treaty then.
I can say this of the Spaniard,
He respects a worthy foe.
Without fear I went amongst them,
Mingled freely, and you may know,
This is why I cannot join you.
I cannot join this strife today.
I cannot prove a traitor
To the peace I've made to stay.
I go forth to seek the Spaniard,
Urge him to leave and save his life,
For if he persist most surely,
He will perish in this strife.
I shall tell him Cuerno Verde,
With his numerous warrior band,
Have come to meet the Spaniard,
And drive him from this land.
That I come from the Napeiste,
Bringing him these tidings true,
That Oso Pardo and Cabeza Negra,
Are here to give him battle too.
If you choose, go forth to battle,
This is what I have to say.
I will keep the pledge I've made.
I and mine will leave today.

Don Toribio Ortiz, a Spanish general, speaks:

I am Don Toribio Ortiz,
And a general's rank I hold.
In the service of my king,
I have grown gray and old.
But my right arm still is potent,
And my step is firm and steady.
Come, a champion from your ranks,
Don Toribio Ortiz is ready.
Cuerno Verde I have heard it,
That you are a valiant foe.

Come you hither, give me battle,
I would let your warriors know,
That to me your strength and valor,
Means but little, when we meet,
I shall smite you with this sharp sword,
And will lay you at my feet.
All my troops, stand at attention,
Let no one seek the fray,
Till I give the word to battle,
We must conquer these today.
Let each lance thrust claim a victim,
Every one of them must yield.
Either crown yourself with glory,
Or leave your bodies on the field.
Our Immaculate Mother Mary,
She shall be our strength and guide,
Send a message of your prowess,
Through this nation far and wide.

Don Carlos, the Spanish general, again speaks.

Your assurances make me happy,
For I know you all are true
And on many fields of battle,
You've been tested through and through.
Since we all are of one spirit,
And all are eager for the fray,
Form your men in line of battle,
Unleash your war dogs and away,
Sound the trumpets, Santiago!
Holy Virgin! Lend your aid!
Cross through yonder willow thicket,
That is where their camp is made.

Cuerno Verde, the Comanche chieftain, speaks to his warriors.

They advance! They seek the issue,
Meet them with your battle cry.
In their midst I see their general,
Either he or I must die.
Hear their shouts, oh valiant Redmen,
Of the brave Comanche race,
You who've never met your equal,
Here or any other place.
You alone of all the Redmen,
Still defy the Spanish might.
We have clashed with them in battle

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And we've put them to the flight.
Wave aloft my lofty banners,
Which have never known defeat.
Up and at them with a fury,
That will sweep them off their feet.

Barriga Duce (A Spanish camp follower), speaks as he views the battle from afar:

Let them die, the more the better,
There will be more spoils for me.
Soft tanned skins of elk and beaver,
What a comfort they will be.
Meat of buffalo in abundance,
Everything that one might need,
I will fill my larder plenty,
I have many mouths to feed.
My good wife shall want for nothing,
She shall cook a gorgeous meal.
Oh my comrades, give them plenty,
What a happiness I feel.

The Comanches abandon their camp and Barriga Duce enters.

Ah, at last I've reached their treasure,
There is plenty here indeed.
Sugars, fruits, and meats, and jellies,
What a life these heathens lead.
Everything to tempt the palate,
What a feast, fit for a king.
I shall eat and then I'll gather,
I'll not leave a single thing.
Let them fill themselves with glory,
While I eat with joy and mirth.
With their arms they prove their valor,
My glory is measured by my girth.
And if anyone should doubt this,
Let him measure side by me.
Not with words and idle boasting,
But with proof that all may see.
Give no quarter comrades, smite them,
Do your duty, have no fear,
Strike them, smite them, without mercy,
I'll attend to what is here.
Santiago! You are with us.
How the battle rages fierce!

See our brave and valiant comrades,
How they cut and thrust and pierce.
Like the autumn leaves they scatter,
It is o'er. They all have fled.
While upon the field of battle
Lies Cuerno Verde, with his dead.

The End.

The Story of the Dial, 1840-44

By HELEN E. MARSHALL

IN THE spring of 1872, a ragman called at the old home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in Concord, and carted away a heavy load of dusty magazines. For over thirty years this huge stack of unsold copies of *The Dial* had been stored in the Emerson attic, and no one had ever had quite the courage to dispose of the lot. Culling out magazines and papers was a common occurrence during the house-cleaning season, and the ragman regarded his burden with no unusual reverence. To him it meant nothing that this was the last of the little quarterly which the Transcendentalist Club had sponsored, and which Emerson was editing at the time of its suspension in 1844. He dumped the modest volumes into his cart without knowing that between the uncut pages of *The Dial* were to be found priceless echoes and reflections of the most cultured and spiritual minds in New England during the forties.

From 1815 to 1850, New England was in a state of transition. Commerce was giving way to manufacturing, and the small villages to the great mill towns and cities. With changes in industry, came changes in thought. Calvinism gave way to Unitarianism, and as New England became more tolerant and practical, there was danger that she was becoming less spiritual. There were persons who sensed a feeling of unrest, and wondered if the pendulum had not swung too far. Among them were the Transcendentalists, a little group of staunch souls who were beginning to thaw out, cast off the narrow confines of their New England environment and partake of a world culture. They longed to proclaim their findings. One of the staunchest was Emerson, who wrote in his diary in 1840:

The world is my history. I can as readily
find myself in the tragedy of Atrides, in the Saxon

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Chronicle, in the Vedas as in the Old Testament, in Aesop as in the Cambridge platform or the Declaration of Independence.¹

Of the intellectual forces at work in New England, Emerson early discerned the trend. In the first issue of *The Dial* he wrote:

No one can converse much with different classes of society in New England without remarking the progress of a revolution. Those who share in it have no external organization, no badge, no creed, no name. They do not vote, or print, or even meet together. They do not know each other's names or faces. They are united only by a common love of truth and its work. . . .

The spirit of the time is felt by every individual with some difference. . . to each one casting its light upon the objects nearest to his temper and habits of thought: to one, coming in the shape of special reforms in the state; in modification of the various callings of men and the customs of business; to a third, opening a new scope for literature and art; to a fourth, in philosophical insight; to a fifth, in the vast solitudes of prayer. *It is in every form a protest against usage, and a search for principles.*²

About 1835, a group of these like-minded persons, "seekers after truth" began to meet together occasionally in various Boston homes and discuss the things that lay nearest their hearts. An interesting little club was the "Symposium," as Bronson Alcott loved to call it. About fifteen or twenty, never more than thirty of these congenial souls met, and in reading and conversation revealed the strides that each was making toward a fuller and more perfect understanding of the world in which they lived and the relationships to which all men are subject. There were no officers, only those leaders that were created by nature to be out-

1. Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Journal*, July 31, 1840. Boston, 1910, p. 448.

2. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "From the Editors to the Readers," *The Dial*, Vol. I, No. 1, Boston, July, 1840.

standing, Emerson, Channing, Ripley, Theodore Parker, and Margaret Fuller: The arrival of Henry Hedge from Bangor was usually a signal for a meeting. Looking back through the journals of Emerson, Alcott, and Margaret Fuller, one finds a galaxy of brilliant minds and interesting personalities among those who congregated at the Alcotts, the Emersons, the Ripleys, or the Channings. At these Transcendentalist gatherings might be found Theodore Parker, the great Unitarian preacher; George Ripley and his wife Sophia, who were soon to found the Brook Farm experiment in communistic life; Henry Thoreau, the nature lover; Elizabeth Peabody, who kept a book stall and later opened the first kindergarten in Boston. There was quaint, lovable Bronson Alcott, a great philosopher but a poor provider, and for whose eccentricities Emerson was constantly apologizing and warning people lest they fail to appreciate the true Bronson; and there was Emerson himself, one of the most earnest and gifted of the Transcendentalists, and Margaret Fuller, student, teacher, and brilliant conversationalist. At that time, with the exception of Theodore Parker, Emerson was the most widely known and popular of the New England writers. Later Margaret Fuller was to be a great exponent of woman's rights and in her effort to free herself from bondage of tradition and custom was to shock New England.

About 1839, the club became interested in editing a magazine. As early as 1835, Emerson had written to Carlyle inviting him to come to America and edit such a journal.³ About this time John Heraud began to publish a monthly magazine very much like the one that the Transcendentalists had in mind. It gave the Boston coterie more of an incentive for publishing a magazine of their own. Bronson Alcott wrote in his journal, September 28, 1839:

3. George Willis Cooke, *Introduction to the Rowfant Edition of The Dial*, Vol. I, Cleveland, 1902.

I had an agreeable talk with G. Ripley on the times and particularly on my transatlantic friends. He is much taken with *Heraud's Journal*, which he has read from January last. He wishes to establish an organ of like character among ourselves. We need such a journal but lack the ability to make it worthy of our position. There are but a few contributors and those are not at all free from the influence of the past. Yet such a journal we must have in due time. Doubtless it would succeed even now. Brownson's *Boston Quarterly* is pledged to a party in politics (Democrat) and takes a narrow ground in philosophy and literature. We must have a free journal for the soul which awaits its scribes.

Other contemporary magazines were *The North American Review*, founded in 1815; *The Western Messenger*, a Unitarian magazine devoted to religion and literature, and edited by Channing, Cranch, and Freeman Clarke; *The Harbinger*, published at Brook Farm, and *The Present*, published by W. C. Channing.

By 1840, the scheme had sufficient promise of support to warrant publication. The club wanted Henry Hedge to become the editor but he feared it would take too much time from his Bangor pastorate. George Ripley finally consented to become the assistant editor and Margaret Fuller was made the editor. At a meeting of the Symposium at the house of Cyrus Bristol, on September 18, 1839, Bronson Alcott suggested as a name for the magazine, *The Dial*; he called his dairy by this name and thought it particularly appropriate for the type of magazine which the club was contemplating.

The purpose of the club in editing the magazine is best given in the editorial announcement which appeared on the outside of the rear cover of *The Dial* during Margaret Fuller's editorship.

4. Quoted from Cooke's *Introduction to The Dial*, Vol. I, p. 59.

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Preface to *The Dial*, a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion.

The purpose of this work is to furnish a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions which interest earnest minds in every community.

It aims at the discussion of principles, rather than the promotion of measures, and while it will not fail to examine the ideas which impel the leading movements of the present day, it will maintain an independent position in regard to them.

The pages of this Journal will be filled by contributors who possess little in common but the love of intellectual freedom, and the hope of social progress; who are united by sympathy of spirit, not by agreement in speculation; whose faith is in *Divine Providence*, rather than in human prescription; whose hearts are more in the future than in the past; and who trust the living soul more than the dead letter. It will endeavor to promote the constant evolution of truth, not the petrification of opinion.

Its contents will embrace a wide and varied range of subjects and combining the characteristics of a magazine and a review, it may present something both for those who read for instruction and those who search for amusement.

The general design and character of the work may be understood from the above brief statements. It may be proper to add that in literature, it will strive to exercise a just and catholic criticism, and to recognize every sincere production of genius; in philosophy it will attempt the reconciliation of the universal instincts of humanity with the largest conclusions of reason; and in religion, it will reverently seek to discover the presence of God in nature, in history, and in the soul of man.

The Dial, as its title indicates, will endeavor to occupy a station on which the light may fall; which is open to the rising sun; and from which it

may correctly report the progress of the hour and the day.⁵

The Dial was a quarterly magazine and scheduled to appear on the first day of January, April, July, and October. Each number contained 136 octavo pages, which made for the year a volume of 544 pages. The first two numbers were bound in pale green paper, and the subsequent issues were bound in dark brown. The cover carried the modest legend of "*The Dial*, a Magazine of Literature, Philosophy, and Religion," together with the date and number of the issue, and the name of the publisher and the printer. The inside of the front cover carried the table of contents for the issue, while on the inside of the back cover there were listed from time to time the offerings of the publishers, the only advertising matter that the magazine ever carried. It contained papers on art, music, and literature, especially German literature, translations from the ancient oriental scriptures and original modern scriptures in the form of Bronson's Orphic Sayings, and a great deal of verse on nature and other themes attractive to the transcendental mind.⁶ After Emerson became the editor he added to the magazine a section styled, "Intelligence" which was devoted to current events such as the reports of conventions which were just becoming popular in America, and lectures of interest to students of philosophy and religion.

In January, 1840, Margaret Fuller wrote to all the possible contributors with whom she was acquainted and asked that they lend a hand in making the magazine worthy of its existence. In a letter from Jamaica Plains, May, 1840, she wrote:

Whether all that has been said is the mere restlessness of discontent, or these are thoughts really struggling for utterance will be tested now. A perfectly free organ is to be offered for the ex-

5. *The Dial*, Vol. I, No. 1, Boston, July, 1840. Probably written by Margaret Fuller.

6. *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*, Boston, 1852, V. 2, p. 25.

pression of individual thought and character. There are no hearty measures to be carried, no particular standard to be set up. A fair, calm tone, a recognition of universal principles will, I hope pervade the essays in every form. I trust there will be a spirit neither of dogmatism nor compromise and that this journal will aim not at leading opinion but at stimulating each man to think for himself and to think more deeply and more nobly by telling him how some minds are kept alive by a wise distrust. We must not be sanguine as to the amount of talent which will be brought to bear on this publication. All concerned are rather indifferent and there is no great promise for the present. We can not show high culture and I doubt about vigorous thought. But we shall manifest free action as far as it goes, and a high aim.⁷

There were high aspirations back of *The Dial* and so far as her own writings were concerned Margaret Fuller measured up to the high aim, calm tone, and a recognition of universal principles. She was also successful in getting a large number of the best minds in the Transcendental group interested in writing, most of whom were yet unknown to fame but have since been ranked as the leading writers and thinkers of the nineteenth century. When one considers that none of the contributors was paid, it seems quite remarkable that so many writers were attracted to it, and at the same time that fact explains why some of the writers sent not their best but their second best writings to *The Dial*. The Transcendental magazine served well as an outlet for thought but the demands of the butcher and the baker were more urgent than the desire to build up a quarterly based on ethical considerations, and the more prominent authors looked elsewhere to dispose of their wares.

Among the contributors to *The Dial* were Henry D. Thoreau, W. E. Channing, Frederick Henry Hedge, Charles

7. *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*, Boston, 1852, V. 2, p. 53.

A. Dana, Ellen Hooper, Theodore Parker, Samuel G. Ward, C. P. Cranch, Charles Lane, George W. Curtis, Charles S. Wheeler, J. S. Dwight, A. Bronson Alcott, James Freeman Clarke, George Ripley and his wife, Sophia Dana, Caroline Tappan, James Russell Lowell, Elizabeth Peabody, J. F. Tuckerman, W. D. Wilson, Jones Very, and Elizabeth Hoar. Many of these contributors gave several articles or poems to a single issue. Margaret Fuller and Emerson, by virtue of their editorial obligation of 136 octavo pages were compelled to be the heaviest contributors.

Theodore Parker, with his sermons and religious studies was a frequent and voluminous contributor. His writings were the only inducements to the sale of several numbers. Parker was popular with the readers not because he was such a great theologian but because he was strongly anti-slavery. He had articles in all four numbers of the first volume and in all but one of the second volume. Among his contributions to *The Dial* were "Divine Presence in Nature and the Soul," "Truth Against the World," "Parable of Paul," "Thoughts on Labor," "German Literature," "Primitive Christianity," "Thoughts on Theology," and two poems called "Protean Wishes."

George Ripley wrote many of the book reviews for *The Dial*. He showed a particular aptitude for reviewing. He followed Margaret Fuller's injunction that the business of criticism in periodical writing was to sift and not to stamp a work; even today his reviews have the effect of stimulating the reader to investigate the work for himself.

William Ellery Channing, who married Margaret Fuller's sister Ellen, contributed more separate works to *The Dial* than any other person. Most of his writings came at the solicitation of Emerson. Among his poems were "Dirge," "Poet," "William Tell's Song," and "Autumn Woods."⁸

8. Cooke, *Introduction to the Dial*, V. I, p. 22.

The writings of Henry Hedge were deeply influenced by European study, while the writings of James Freeman Clarke and Thomas Treadwell Stone reflected the sentiments of the reformers of the age, the woman's rights party, peace movement, and the anti-slavery agitation. Clarke always approached his themes through poetry. William Dexter was a New England contributor who had developed his own system of metaphysics. William Ellery Channing favored Ripley's doctrine of associationism and rejected the individualism of Emerson and Alcott. His best contribution to *The Dial* was "The Story of Ernest the Seeker," the experiences of a young man who, seeking the truth of religion in the various churches was led through the Catholic, Methodist, Quaker, and Unitarian principles, scripture, soul, and society, and finally to a love of Christ himself.

Few contributions attracted so many widely different kinds of criticism as Bronson Alcott's Orphic Sayings. Some readers hailed the new scriptures with delight, others were extremely critical, and even Christopher Cranch was tempted to cartoon and caricature the wisdom of the Cheshire sage, while Emerson himself confessed that Alcott had vision without talent, and compared him to a mighty Torso, a colossal head and trunk with hands and feet. Sophia Ripley, the drudge of Brook Farm, contributed a significant article on "Woman." Henry Thoreau contributed articles on nature and selected the Ethnical Scriptures. The most consistent contributors of poetry were Christopher Cranch, and the Sturgis sisters, Caroline Tappan and Ellen Hooper. Of the two, Mrs. Tappan's poems were probably the better.

A comparison of the list of contributors to *The Dial* with the names of those who met in the Symposium reveals the one almost identical with the other, and a study of comparative biography would show other interesting similarities. Most of the men were graduates of Harvard Univer-

sity and over two-thirds were either graduates of the Harvard School of Divinity or had studied there. The women were chiefly teachers whose education in the deeper studies of philosophy and religion was self-imposed and self-taught, there being no institutions of higher learning for women in that period. On the whole the Transcendentalists were young. In 1840, Ripley was only 38, Emerson 37, Hedge 35, Margaret Fuller, Parker, and W. H. Channing 30, Barton, Cranch, and Dwight 27, Thoreau 33, and W. E. Channing 22.⁹ The youth and idealism of the contributors gave to the quarterly a quality of vigor and determination, and hope that made it different from other magazines of the day.

Editorially, the history of *The Dial* falls into two periods. From 1840 to 1842, Margaret Fuller was the editor, and from April, 1842, until the magazine was suspended after the sixteenth number, Ralph Waldo Emerson was the editor. He was assisted by Henry Thoreau.

Since the story of *The Dial* is largely a story of aspirations, and the reflection of certain modes of current thought, it can not be properly told without noting the objectives and the methods of the two editors. Their editorial policies differed as may be observed from the types of articles each accepted, and in the records they have left in their diaries and letters. Margaret desired a free open magazine with no definite plan, merely a reflection of people's thoughts and reactions as they made their search for truth. She believed the experiment worth trying. "Hearts beat so high," she wrote, "they must be full of something, and here is a way to breathe out quite freely. It is for dear New England that I want this review."¹⁰ However, dear New England did not take so heartily to it. The subscriptions came in slowly and some of the Transcendentalists who had been so enthusiastic over the project of the quarterly were quite indifferent on the matter of sending in literary offerings.

9. Cooke, *Introduction to the Dial*, V. I, p. 27.

10. *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, Boston, 1852, V. 2, p. 27.

Many times the editor was compelled to rely upon her own resources for filler for the 136 pages which had been promised the subscribers. Days filled with teaching and evenings devoted to public lectures were often followed by nights occupied with writing filler for the impatient printer. Although much of Margaret Fuller's writing was done under pressure and in haste, she produced her very best work in *The Dial*. Several of her studies which were published in it for the first time, were later expanded and incorporated into larger and more comprehensive works. "The Great Lawsuit," in number one of volume four was later published under the title of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." This was her largest and best work. In its originality and freshness of treatment, her genius is best revealed. Her interpretation of the nature of woman is clear, unbiased, and compelling. She made a strong appeal for the emancipation of her sex, and a broader outlook and opportunity for women. Bronson Alcott declared the sex had no abler advocate.¹¹

For two years she edited *The Dial* under the most adverse of circumstances. The Symposium had not been as practical as it had been ambitious in establishing a magazine, and all too often the two hundred dollars that were allowed for the editor, went to pay the printer. In 1841 after the failure of Munroe, Weeks and Jordon, Elizabeth Peabody volunteered to take over the publication. Soon she complained that there was not enough money to pay even the printer.

When the strain of teaching and the labor of editing the quarterly became too much for Margaret, she resigned, and Emerson, somewhat reluctantly, became the editor. On March 20, 1842, he replied to her appeals that he take over the editorship:

After thinking a little concerning this matter of *The Dial* I incline to undertake it for a time

11. A. Bronson Alcott, *Concord Days*, Boston, 1888, p. 78.

rather than to have it stop and go into hands that know not Joseph. I had rather have it not be suspended. Your friends are my friends and will give me such aid as they have given you, and my main resource is to adopt the expedient of selection from old or foreign books almost with the liberality to which Alcott would carry it, certainly to make Signesius or Lucian or Chaucer speak themselves when a dull article is offered or rejected. Perhaps I shall rue this day of accepting such an intruder on my peace, such a consumer of my time as a *Dial*.¹²

His principal motive in taking over *The Dial* was to see it continue, and he did not want Theodore Parker to edit it lest it become the organ of reformers in theology. In his diary we find:

The Dial has to be sustained or ended, and I must settle the question, it seems, of its life or death. I wish it to live but I do not wish to be its life. Neither do I like to put it in the hands of the Humanity and Reform men because they trample on letters and poetry, nor in the hands of scholars for they are dead and dry.¹³

In writing to Carlyle of the new venture Emerson spoke of having committed himself to a "necessary literary patriotism."¹⁴ *The Dial* was frequently mentioned in the exchange of letters between Emerson and Carlyle, and the American Scholar was plainly anxious that the little journal be well received on the other side of the water. After receiving the first number of *The Dial*, Carlyle wrote from Chelsea, September 26, 1840:

The Dial No. 1 came duly. Of course, I read it with interest; it is an utterance of what is purest, youngest in your land; pure ethereal, as the voices

12. Emerson's letter to Margaret Fuller. Quoted from Cooke's *Introduction to The Dial*, V. 1, p. 92.

13. Ibid.

14. Letter from Emerson to Carlyle, July 1, 1842. *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson*, Boston, 1892, V. 2, p. 329.

of the Morning. And yet, you know me, for me it is too ethereal, and more confessedly inadequate, untrue, unsatisfactory, almost a kind of mockery to me.¹⁵

Emerson appreciated Margaret Fuller's efforts but he had not always agreed with her editorial policy. After the first number of *The Dial* appeared he wrote in his journal that he thought it ought not to be a mere literary journal but that it should contain the best advice on the topics of government, abolition, trade and domestic life.¹⁶

New hopes came with the new editor. Aspiring writers were anxious to attract the attention of the widely known and influential Mr. Emerson, and, for a few months the editor's desk was deluged with copy which he could not print either from lack of space or because it lacked the transcendental temper. Emerson had always favored stressing the poetical contributions in *The Dial* but a close comparison of the first issues which Miss Fuller edited and the first issues brought out by Emerson shows scarcely any better poetry or any more poems in the last than in the first years of *The Dial*.

The financial status of the journal was always bad, but Emerson, with the help of Thoreau, who made a house to house canvass for subscriptions, was able to tide the magazine over for a time.

People saw in *The Dial* various things. Admirers were especially enthusiastic, critics were harsh and abusive. The Philadelphia Gazette called the editors, "Zanies," "Bedlamites," and spoke of them as being considerably madder than the Mormons.¹⁷ Horace Greeley, who was just beginning to dabble in spiritualism, saw in *The Dial* a profound spiritual force which might be developed to an advantage. In New York, Thomas Delf approached Emerson and inquired if it

15. Letter from Carlyle to Emerson. *Correspondence*, V. 2, p. 330.

16. Emerson, *Journal*, July 31, 1841.

17. Henry Goddard, *Transcendentalism*, New York, 1908.

would not be possible for every number of *The Dial* to contain at least one article which would be a statement of principle, good for doctrine so that there would be something solid and distinct for the eye of the reader to rest upon, and an advancing evolution of thought. Emerson did not think this unreasonable.¹⁸

None of the Transcendentalists was really happy over *The Dial*. Alcott wrote an English friend that it partook of their vices, it consulted their moods, and was awed somewhat by the bearing of the existing orders, but it was superior to other literary organs for it satisfied in part the hunger of youth. To him it measured not the meridian but the morning ray.¹⁹ On the other hand the insurgent wing of the Transcendentalists, the Reformers, desired action, and were not content that *The Dial* should report the progress of the hour and the day alone but hoped to make it push the day ahead. *The Dial* was addressed to a rather sophisticated audience which existed only in the minds of the Symposium. It revealed a love for truth and beauty but it did not make the great contribution to human happiness and understanding which the club had coveted for it.

The first issue was largely a Boston book. The signature of the author was given only in rare instances. Theodore Parker's articles on religion were usually accredited for very politic reasons. The popular demand for *The Dial* was always somewhat augmented when it contained contributions from the great preacher. Now and then articles were initialed but more were left unsigned. Perhaps this was due to the unhappy state of affairs that compelled the editors to fill so many of the pages with work from their own pens.

The Dial in its broadest sense was a magazine of culture and it aimed to stress and stimulate an interest in all things which made for a wider expression and appreciation

18. Emerson, *Journal*, V. 6, p. 164.

19. Van Wyck Brooks, *Emerson and Others*, Boston, 1927.

of the true and beautiful in life. As Boston turned to music she gave only another evidence of New England in transition. Margaret Fuller wrote of the concerts of the winter of 1839-40:

We can not flatter ourselves for a moment that we of Boston are, or shall be for years to come, a musical people. The devoted lover of art is only beginning to be countenanced and recognized as one better than an idler. He must still keep apologizing to his incredulous neighbors for the heavenly influence that haunts him. He does not live in a genial atmosphere of music but in the cold east wind of utility, and meets few who will acknowledge that what he loves has anything to do with life.²⁰

She commended the oratorios, "The Messiah" and "The Creation," which were given the previous winter by the Handel and Hadyn society.

Handel should be heard more, and Hadyn and Mozart and Beethoven. . The work of true genius which can not be too familiar since they are always new like nature, should salute our ears until the noble cords within our souls respond. We should be taught the same reverence for Bach and Handel as for Homer; and having felt the spell of their harmonies upon us, should glow at the mention of their names.²¹

Throughout *The Dial* the criticisms in art and music were based not upon a technical knowledge but upon the effect which they produced upon the emotions of the reviewer.

Emerson sensed a lack of inspiration in the literature of the period. "Death and sin have whispered into the ear of the wild horse of Heaven, and step by step with the entrance of this era of ease and convenience, the belief in the proper Inspiration of man has departed."²² Emerson

20. Margaret Fuller, "Concerts of the Past Winter," *The Dial*, Vol. 1, No. 2.

21. *Ibid.*

22. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Thoughts on Modern Literature," *The Dial*, V. 1, No. 2, Boston, October, 1840.

was hopeful of poetry for here he said was a feeling of the One Mind. It is significant to note that many of the poems first published in *The Dial* were later reprinted in books and are today widely known. An example is the short poem by Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

Beauty and Duty

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty
I woke and found that life was duty
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday of light and truth to thee.

If *The Dial* may be said to have contributed anything to the thought of the nineteenth century, it was most apparent in the field of religion and religious philosophy. Through the Ethnical Scriptures selected by Thoreau, the readers were given a knowledge and approach to the religion and the philosophy of other nations and peoples. The Orphic sayings of Bronson Alcott were a truly American contribution to philosophy. No story of *The Dial* would be complete without a few quotations from the Cheshire teacher and philosopher.

III Hope

Hope deifies man; it is the apotheosis of the soul; the prophecy and the fulfillment of her destinies. The nobler her aspirations, the sublimer her conceptions of the Godhead. God is his idea of excellence; the complement of his own being.

XXVII Sepulture and Resurrection

That which is visible is dead; the apparent is the corpse of the real; it undergoes successive sepultures and resurrections. The soul dies out of the organs, the tombs can not confine her; she eludes the grasp of decay. She builds and unseals the sepulchres. Her bodies are fleeting, ethereal. Whatsoever she sees when awake is death; when asleep, dream.

XXXIX Embryon

Man is a rudiment and embryo of God; eternity shall develop in him the divine image.

XXXVI Solidity

Solidity is an illusion of the senses. To faith nothing is solid, the nature of the soul renders such fact impossible. . . Matter is ever pervaded and agitated by the omnipresent soul. All things are instinct with spirit.²³

George Ripley, in a review of "*Charles Elwood or the Infidel Converted*, by A. O. Brownson" advanced the idea that "Humanity does not traverse in an eternal circle. It advances in one career of progress toward the Infinite, the Perfect." Through the doctrine of atonement, Ripley saw the coming of a new civilization "when man would no longer be regarded as the antithesis of good" and when man would reverence man and slavery would cease.²⁴

In the first volume Theodore Parker wrote:

God is present in man as well as in matter, and not idly present in him. The presence of God in the soul is what we call Inspiration; it is a breathing in of God. His action on the outer world is an influence; on self-conscious souls it is an inspiration. By this he imparts Truth directly and immediately without the intervention of second causes. . . . Since every atom is penetrated and saturated with God, it can not be that a few Hebrew sages, prophets or apostles though ever so noble, have alone received visitations from the Soul of all souls, and wholly absorbed the energy and substance of God so that all others must wander forlorn or catch some faint echo of Inspiration reflected in a Hebrew word.²⁵

Thus *The Dial* shows the changes that were taking place in New England theology, and the work of Alcott,

23. A. Bronson Alcott, "*Orphic Sayings*," *The Dial*, V. I, Boston, 1840.

24. George Ripley, "Review of Charles Elwood," *The Dial*, V. I, No. 1.

25. Theodore Parker, "Divine Presence in Nature," *The Dial*, Boston, 1840, Vol. I, No. 1.

Ripley, Parker and others was making smoother the pathway and even indicating the direction that Mary Baker Eddy was to take in a more completely industrialized New England thirty years later.

For four years *The Dial* struggled to "occupy a high place and correctly record the progress of the hour and the day" but with the publication of the sixteenth issue in July, 1844, Emerson declared the journal suspended. If it did not occupy a high place, it certainly occupied an unique place, and if it could no longer record the progress of the day and hour, it was not because there was no progress to record but because *The Dial* was not constructed on a very permanent basis.

Had the financial backing of *The Dial* been a sound one, it is doubtful if it could have long continued. Never more than three hundred copies were sold. After Thoreau's rather strenuous canvass in 1844, there were only 220 persons listed as subscribers. The magazine was addressed to an intellectual minority, not the popular mind; and it made its greatest appeal in literary and philosophical fields that were beyond the comprehension of the average New England reader. The noncommittal policy of the editors on subjects of controversy made *The Dial* appear weak in an age that demanded an identification of all periodicals on the issues of the day, and when cleavage was the rule rather than the exception. It had no creed in an era when men were searching after creeds to support. There were too many radicals, "come-outers," iconoclasts, and individualists among the Transcendentalists for them to develop a progressive, harmonious program; and presently all the contributors were scurrying off in a dozen different directions to engage in more exciting if not more compensating fields of labor. Stone was writing peace sermons for William Ladd, George Ripley was absorbed in editing *The Harbinger* as the exponent of associationism at Brook

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Farm; Margaret Fuller was in New York writing for Greeley's *Tribune*; Elizabeth Peabody was devoting her time to the kindergarten experiment; James Freeman Clarke was giving lectures on temperance and abolition; and Orestes Augustus Brownson was championing the cause of labor, and along with Sophia Ripley was soon to find solace in the Catholic Church.

The Dial in its short life enabled the Transcendentalists to commune with each other if not the world. It afforded them an opportunity to crystalize their ideas and give a clearer expression of what they regarded as a larger and nobler motive in life. Emerson, in compiling Margaret Fuller's *Memoirs* in 1852, neatly summed up the story of *The Dial*:²⁶

... *The Dial* betrayed through all its juvenility, timidity, and convention rubbish some sparks of the true love and hope, and of the piety to spiritual law, which had moved its friends and founders, and it was received by its earlier subscribers with almost a religious welcome.

The suspension of *The Dial* and the disbanding of the Symposium mark the close of an epoch in the history of transcendental thought, but the files of the little quarterly published in 1840-44 must ever remain a treasure-trove, or to use Emerson's own phrase, a "valuable herbarium" where one may find rich mementoes of Transcendentalism in its glorious hey-day of the forties.

26. Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller*, Boston, 1852, p. 323.

Indian Thoughts

Male rain in heavy raindrops falling
Against defenseless heads of flowers.
Daffodils drooping in silent sadness,
Strong Male rain caressing.

In laughing lakes strong Male rain falling,
To mingle there with Female rain already poured,
And mingling in the sweetest passion,
Gives birth to child rain,
Ascending on sunbeams to unknown clouds.

THOMAS RICHARD WARING, JR.

Malakas *A Story of Old-time Philippines*

By JOSE GARCIA VILLA

HAI! I have heard the songs of the wind, the songs of the young lush moon, the songs of tall, strong trees. And I have heard, too, the wisdom in all these songs—but the greatest of all wisdom is in the song of love, when man and woman love. For this I tell you: There is wisdom in love, for love is wisdom. *Hai!*

And this more I tell you: The love of man is stronger than the love of woman. The love of man is a great red flower with a blue-white heart, and it is a heart that is hard yet big. And so, when man loves, he is cruel—even to himself.

And this yet have I to say: A love that is not cruel is dead. *What is alive, hurts.* A mother that loves her child punishes it when it has done mischief. A snake that is alive stings. A rose on the plant tears with its thorns. I say, *a love that is not cruel is dead.* It is not love. *What is alive, hurts.*

And so love stings. And in its sting there is wisdom. For all love is wisdom. *Hai.*

* * *

And now let me tell you the story of Malakas.

Full twenty handsome years was he when the river Pasig yet was young, when cool, green clumps of bamboos arboresced its soft, sandy banks. Tall and big and wide of breast was he like a young gorgeous god; brown his skin, hard his muscles, fleet his feet. Thick were his wrists as the wild free bamboo, and his hands not soft nor hard, but the hands a woman would like to have twist her wrists when a man is jealous of her. And when he walked, young dreamful eyes of women followed him—yearned for him, for the warmth that lay in the enclosure of his brawny

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arms, for the male firmness of his young full lips. Ah, the women that looked after him, how fast beat their hearts, how wild became their blood with song, with cruel silent desire.

They said of him that he was bewitched—for love had not yet found his heart, for Mabi, who was but fifteen, had already loved and wedded, for something in Malakas' eyes was deep and faraway and hungry of dreams, and he would not marry yet.

His father had told him: "Hath thou no desire to see the son of thy son, or even yet thy son's son's son? Then why doth thou not marry yet? Many are the young women gladly would have thee for a mate."

And he had replied: "Father, I do not mate—I *love*. I shall love."

"Marry then the woman you love."

"I dream of her yet."

At night, when the moon was a thin silver smile on the face of the night, the young women, unable to sleep, said aloud to themselves: "Why can he not love me? Are my eyes not dark enough for him? Art my lips so pale they cannot awaken his? Are my arms so short they cannot curve round his neck?" And they were not ashamed to say these, for they were not afraid to love.

And those with whom Malakas had played when he was a child, when his arms had not yet become long and strong and his hair not so dark,—these girls now grown into women, when they thought of him, wept. For he was so handsome and his lips were bare of sweet words. He sang to them no songs nor even touched their hands. He looked at them but the look in his eyes was not the look they wanted. The look he gave them was blank, meaningless—passive, tame. What a woman desires in a man's eyes is the look of possession, the look of the master, the look of defiance, the look that exclaims to her, "You belong to me, only to me. See if that is not true!" Malakas could not

understand, did not heed, the call in their eyes. And when other young men came to them and told them honeyed words and sang to them of their love, they sat silent and looked abstractedly at the night. Yet they married these young men whose tongues were glib and soft, whose arms were not shy to hold a woman.

And the years glided past until Malakas was twenty-two. Handsomer he had become, wider his breast, thicker his arms, and his eyes both dreamful and happy.

For of the children of a few years ago, a new crop of women had emerged. One of them was named Maganda. A gentle brown was her face, ruddy were her cheeks, her lips a soft red bloom. Her eyes were not black but the color of wild red roses scorched to death. Full was her bosom and slender her waist, and her voice the voice of women in dreams.

And with Maganda, Malakas fell in love. There blazed in his eyes the first fires of love—long, tender flames that sent their golden glow as streams of languid music, caressing, holy, to every fiber of him, adding more dreams to his dreams, more hunger to his soul. And his lips became warm and full of poems; he told her words so sweet the bees, too, could understand them:

"And my heart is a little blue boat on the breast of a blue, blue river. Come, O my beloved, I am waiting for you."

Sweet were his phrases as the first taste of nectar to the young, young bee, as the morning dew is sweet and cool to the eyes.

"Of many silver dances were you born, of many soft winds, of the attar of many lovekist hearts of flowers."

And she did not understand him, she was yet so young. She let him go on talking, cooing his love to her, while her thoughts were of Bayani, the youth who had grown up with her, played with her, who had one day, on the banks of the Pasig, prisoned her in his young lusty arms. She had

felt nothing for Bayani *until* this Malakas talked, Malakas, whose lips said words sweet and tender, beautiful words that Bayani's lips did not know—words that revealed to her she was *not* so young, that she *did* understand—Bayani—loved him, not Malakas.

She told him: "Close thy lips, Malakas. I love another. I love Bayani."

He protested. "He is only a boy—he is only sixteen."

"Never mind. I love him."

"Do you not care for me?" he pleaded.

"No. I love Bayani." But there were tears in her eyes, and she took his big wide hands in hers and patted them. "Do you care so much, Malakas?"

Malakas sobbed, so great was his love for her.

"Forget me, Malakas," she said. "I will give thee my firstborn, if she be a daughter, for thee to love," she promised, and ran away.

And Maganda and Bayani were married, Malakas lived alone. His eyes that had brightened once with love now lost their shine and grew dull. And though his lips had learned to be sweet, now they were silent again. In his heart lingered the face of Maganda, lingered it painfully there.

To Maganda there was born a daughter. Fair was she, this daughter of Bayani, and he called her Maganda after her beauteous mother.

Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, grew more beautiful each day. Each morn that passed softened the curves of her body and strengthened the rich fullness of her limbs. The sunshine, when it fell on her hair, goldened it with the gold of champaka flowers, and when the moonlight fell on it blued it with the blue of a sky after seven rains. Ah, fair was she, so fair Malakas gradually lost his sorrow and gladdened each time he saw her. Once again his eyes did brighten, his lips become full of poems, his soul ached with love.

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"Rejoice, Malakas," said Maganda to him. "For the daughter I promised thee soon will be a woman. Then you can marry her if you love her."

"I love her, Maganda," he told her. "I love her, thy daughter, fair as thyself and yet more fair. I love her truly, Maganda, even as once I loved thee."

And in his eyes, in the tender passion of his lips, Maganda saw that beautiful was Malakas' love for her daughter. Great was her happiness that she should be able to offer her daughter's love to the man who had loved her so well. To Maganda, her daughter, spoke she about Malakas, words to plant love in the young heart, words fraught with the melody of many bygone years, of many lost songs found again.

"Love him," said she to her daughter, "for he knows how to love."

And Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, looked at her mother and asked:

"What is love?"

And by that Maganda knew that her daughter was not a woman yet.

More years passed. Malakas' father died, and the children with whom Malakas had grown up now had grandchildren and some already had grey hair. Maganda, Bayani's wife, was older now and no longer looked young; thin had grown her arms, her mouth drooped, her hips were wide. And the river Pasig was broader now, deeper, and the little bamboos of long ago now had grown so tall they stooped with their own weight. Yet to Malakas the years were not so cruel, for the love in his heart kept him young in spite of his seven-and-thirty years.

Then one day Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, reached her fifteenth year. She was so beautiful, so fair, she dazzled everyone's eyes. Everybody was proud of her, but proudest of all was Malakas, who loved her, who had waited for her these many years to grow up.

On this day, Malakas went to her and thrust his spear into her staircase. So strong was he the spear split the cane step and stuck deep in the ground. Many were the youths who tried to pull it out, but it resisted bravely until at last they retired ashamed. And Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, felt proud of Malakas.

Maganda's mother said: "If thou lovest my daughter, take her."

"I love her," replied Malakas.

To Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, he said:

"I love thee—have waited for thee these many years. Wilt thou have me for thy husband?" In his voice was a beautiful tremor that she caught and understood.

"Prove to me thy love," she said.

He held her in his powerful tawny arms, and she seemed so soft, so small, against his breast he was afraid to embrace her tighter lest he crush her.

"Is that the way of thy love?" she asked.

"That is the way of my love," Malakas answered.

And she understood: The strong man does not brag of his strength, he does not hurt every weak thing that is placed in his hand, for he knows he is strong—only the weak man is cruel to a woman.

"I will marry thee," said Maganda, the daughter of Maganda.

There was great rejoicing among the people of the village. There was much fishing, much hunting, and much singing. The young men began preparing beautiful gifts for the bride, and the young men dove deep into the bay for the bluest and whitest of seashells. And these gifts they kept hidden, a secret, until the day of the marriage. They were to be laid at the feet of the bride and the bridegroom amidst rice-throwing and well-wishing. And the music was the music of the young, for young would be the bride, young and beauteous and fair.

And the day for the wedding came. Oh, the joy and merriment of the day, the songs on the lips of old and young, the meaningful twinkles of gay young eyes, the claspings of old wrinkled hands. And in their midst stood Malakas, tall and big and wide of breast, his eyes aglow with love and hope, his heart wild with suspense.

The old, white-haired, bent woman who would marry them ran thin passionate fingers through the dish of white, uncooked rice, a long canny grin on her dried-up face. She called for the bride.

But Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, appeared not. Maganda and Bayani called for their daughter—but there was no answer.

Then Malakas called—and still she appeared not.

The guests called: "Maganda, O daughter of Maganda."

Yet she appeared not.

Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, had eloped with a youth on the day of her wedding.

Out of Malakas' eyes went the brief happiness he had known. He stood rooted to his place till all the guests had dispersed. Then huge sobs racked his big, sturdy body and he shook like one in mortal spasms, his hands hard on his face. And the great hurt, the great choking emptiness in his soul, made him thereafter like unto a man of stone.

One day, weeks after, Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, who had fled to the nearby woods with her young lover, returned to her people with her mate. He was so young, this boy whom she had mated, that the light of boyhood was not yet out of his eyes, the voice of boyhood not yet out of his throat, and the fullness of muscles not yet come. His step was that of a young wild deer, brisk and quick and light; his eyes dark and piercing, his lips bold and free,—he was all youth. Around Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, he had his long

tensile arm, and they wedged their way through the crowd that had gathered to see them, like a pair of idyllic lovers.

And of those who saw them come back was Malakas. And as he stood gazing at them he knew that Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, had done *right* when she ran away on her wedding day. He realized that for him there was no love in Maganda's heart—there had not been love—that love always had been for this boy who now walked beside her.

He kept on gazing at the beauty of the young pair till they were out of sight. And when he returned home he blessed them in his heart, wished them great happiness—while his own lips quivered.

When Malakas and Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, met again, she took him aside by a clump of dense bamboos, and said:

"Forgive me, Malakas. I have not done thee right."

"I understand," he replied.

"I will give thee my firstborn, if she be a daughter, for thee to love." Then she went away.

To Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, a daughter was born. And Maganda, the young parents named her.

The years that passed put grey on Malakas' temples. A little stoop descended on his wide, thick shoulders, wrinkles lined his brow, deep sunk his eyes. Twenty-and-thirty years had Malakas now, waiting for Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda.

And Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, grew into a woman. Fair was she, fairer than Maganda, fairer even than Maganda, the daughter of Maganda,—so fair she was like a dream. Black was her hair as the long voluptuous night, with the shadows of flowers mingled therein. Pink mellowed with brown were her cheeks, and in her eyes the light of hungry stars. A sea of sweetness were her lips, pink as the pink of guava seeds. As two lilies were her hands, and her feet as twin doves. Lithe and slender and small was she, a little golden princess,

a little dawn of roses, a flower of seven delicate fragrances.

Many were those that loved her, many the bold hearts that beat only for her, many those that desired her to be the mother of their children, but none loved her so well as Malakas—and Isagani. Isagani, the youth born under her same moon, the youth who had played with her, who dreamed of a nest with her, whose arms were measured for her breasts.

And when Isagani spoke to her of love, she listened—but her heart heard not. For in her heart she cherished the picture of one who was tall and big and wide of breast, whose lips moved seldom, whose eyes were wistful.

And when one day he came to her and told her, "I love thee," she did not say, "Prove to me thy love,"—but "I, too, love thee, Malakas."

They spoke no further words, they just looked into each other's eyes till they were magnificent with tears—and knew they loved each other, had always loved each other.

In her eyes he read: "Why did you not come to me sooner, my love? Why have you been so long in coming? *I have been yours always.*"

And in his she read: "Love has not been long in coming, beloved—it has always been in my heart. *I love thee so much.*"

The day of their wedding came. The house of palm-leaves and bamboos was filled with people. Songs were within and without.

"Why has he not come yet?" asked Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda.

"He is preparing his best, maybe," comforted Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, her mother.

And they waited for him.

* * *

He might have been a stone god, Malakas, standing tall and big and wide of breast, brown, immobile, a little grey on

the temples, looking lingeringly at the hut he was leaving. He might have been no man at all, but one celestial, hallowed, as he stood in the soft afternoon sunlight, impressing into his soul the loved details of the home he was leaving, a divine transcendent curve to his lips. And the small brown boy with the up-lifted face, the rapt, innocent face, standing before him, might have been no boy at all but his little loving worshipper, his young beautiful archangel.

Malakas' lips moved softly, slowly—pierced the wistful silence around with infinite tenderness.

"Go thou to Maganda, the daughter of Maganda, the daughter of Maganda. Tell her Malakas will not come—will *never* come. Malakas is not for her. She is a wisp, a fragrance, a delicate little flower—Malakas is a rock, heavy and old—his hands are clumsy. Malakas will not blight her—will not destroy her—he cannot do it—he loves her so. Tell her a youth awaits her—a youth that loves her—Isagani. Tell her to go to him. Malakas will not come—will never come."

He might have been a stone god—he did not move—only his eyes were bright and dreamful and faraway.

* * *

Hai! I have heard the songs of the wind, the songs of the young lush moon, the songs of tall, strong trees. And I have heard, too, the wisdom in all these songs—but the greatest of all wisdom is in the song of love, when man and woman love. For this I tell you: There is wisdom in love, for love is wisdom. *Hai!*

And this yet have I to say: A love that is not cruel is dead. *What is alive, hurts.* A mother that loves her child punishes it when it has done mischief. A snake that is alive, stings. A rose on the plant tears with its thorns. I say, *a love that is not cruel is dead.* It is not love. *What is alive, hurts.*

And so love stings. And in its sting there is wisdom. For all love is wisdom. *Hai!*

Letters from Quarterly Readers

THE most disastrous reception that a new magazine can meet, is that of dead silence. To editors, nothing is so terrifying as silence. They must have their praise or their condemnation; else the spur to effort is gone.

Next to dead silence, as an evil omen, ranks the faint praise that damns. It is the least satisfactory of all rewards for the effort that it takes to bring together material and dish it up in organized printed form. Strange as it may seem, criticism that has the ring of sincerity behind it, is most satisfying when a publication is young and striving to find its place in the world. It denotes *interest*, and given interest of readers, half the battle is won.

The first issue of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY drew many comments, spoken and written. Some were very helpful. Very few, may it be said, were of the *faint praise* class. Most of them gave vigorous encouragement; several were emphatic in their criticism.

It is interesting to look over the letters which have been received, and it may interest readers to have excerpts from a few of them.

E. H. Shaffer, one of the advisory editors of the magazine, had this to say:

I have not been able to read thoroughly the first issue of the QUARTERLY but I have seen enough of it to know that I think it is a very creditable piece of work.

For general appearance and make-up I consider it fine. It's a good job.

My suggestion as to future contents would be that an effort be made to get at least one good controversial article per issue. It might be controversial about the weather or the condition of the moon or what-not, but controversial.

I should say off-hand that the great danger of the QUARTERLY will be that it becomes pedantic,

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dull and stodgy. One big problem will be to keep it from becoming a text book. Don't let it get stuffy and ponderous. I am not suggesting that the QUARTERLY run comics or become undignified. But I think the editors should insist on life and color and an air of sprightliness.

More careful proof reading (someone would bring that up), and elimination of the line "Published by the Faculty, etc." from the front cover, are suggested by Dr. T. M. Pearce, who concludes:

The dearth of real criticism in this communication is the best tribute I can pay to the first issue of the magazine. I am confident of its success. . . .

From Elizabeth Cooley, librarian of the Carnegie Public Library at Las Vegas, came this brief observation:

I want to thank you for the very interesting number of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY. It is a very much worth while magazine and I hope it will have a long life. Please enroll the library as as subscriber and send bill.

President J. F. Zimmerman, also a member of the Editorial Board, paused long enough in the midst of worries and activities incident to the legislative session, to comment:

I do wish to say, however, that I am very much pleased with the first issue, and congratulate you on its form and general appearance. I feel that we are launched on a program that will bring great credit to the University. . . .

Witter Bynner, poet of Santa Fe, who was, perhaps, most noted of the contributors to the first issue, prefers a plainer cover. He wrote:

My only suggestion after reading your excellent first number is that at the top of the right hand page throughout the magazine, you print the name of the contribution. I venture, however, to add my preference for a plainer cover: a well

balanced piece of type setting like the *Yale Review*, for instance, eliminating the cut. I particularly liked your leading article; and I thank you for the pleasant position you gave my poem.

"It feels its oats, I can see," is the reaction which comes from Dr. G. S. Hubbell, formerly of the English Department of the University of New Mexico. He believes the QUARTERLY one of the best ideas which has come from the University. Other comments were:

There is symmetry among the contributions in this first number. It will help if you add more discussions of *current* questions which are not purely local such topics have a living interest and significance as news, and each one has a local aspect, too. . . . If you could work for some sort of symmetry in each issue, embracing a definite portion of the best thought available at the time, I think a short editorial might greatly help to point the focus. It would prevent an appearance of scrappiness. . . . Your request for a contribution is flattering.

Speaking from experience in a similar field, Henry Smith, editor of the *Southwest Review*, published at Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, says:

The magazine as a whole strikes me as very promising. I believe, however, that you will have the experience which we have had with the *Southwest Review*: namely, that a journal published in the Southwest ought to restrict itself to the Southwest. But then I may not fully understand the purpose of your journal. . . .

Nostalgia

There in the willow shadow
I could rest,
Leaning against the stone which made a bench.

There where the tall tree whispered,
And the slow, unhurried stream
Carried the echo of a song once sung,
Now gone forever with a flying wind,
I would make up my mind's untumbled bed.

Oh, lost and unforgotten!
When the moon snatches itself
Above the mountain's rim,
Recall how silver quieted the sand
And how the lamplight on the round blue stones
Wakened a sky which night had put to sleep.

Oh, desert silence, break for me again
With singing heard—
With singing still as death!

DOROTHY ELLIS.

Book Reviews

THE MIDDLE ANT HEAP

Zuñi Folk Tales—Frank Hamilton Cushing—Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

This is not a new book. Thirty years ago it was first printed. Now it comes from the press of Alfred A. Knopf, the same book in new and very attractive dress and carrying, in addition to the introduction by Major J. W. Powell, a second introduction by Mary Austin.

There are reasons for this second printing. From a very practical standpoint, the book was ahead of its time in 1901. Now the focus of attention has, to a large extent, turned to the field of folklore as found among our Southwestern Indians.

The thirty years, during which much has accumulated in the same field, has not detracted from its value, but has made it more apparent. It has been made more important to the ethnologist, the archaeologist, the writer, and he who reads for pleasure and instruction.

Since the book first appeared as a pioneer, there has been none to take its place or to equal it. Mary Austin says:

"There are still in our institutions of learning men to whom it will come as a surprise that the sole reason for re-printing now, after a complete lapse from public attention, Cushing's *Zuñi* myths and tales, is that he is the only American who notably brought to bear on that field adequate literary understanding."

With the accuracy of the scientist, for such he was, and the license of an author, Cushing has been able to produce a volume that is thoroughly readable and enjoyable, entirely aside from its value as a source of rich information and a door to understanding of our Southwestern Indians.

The volume contains thirty-three folk tales. They are the group which center about the one central religious epic

of the village, last of the Seven Cities of Cibola. In them is religious significance, the rich tradition of the tribe and the artistry of generations of Pueblos who created stories for the enjoyment of their people. The longest tale in the book can be read in half an hour.

In the Indian imagination, all natural things are personified. The birds are enchanted people, the prairie dogs at unexpected moments break into rational human conversation, mountains themselves are but chained-up personalities which have played a part in the great drama of the universe. This world is surrounded in every direction, above and below by other worlds, the spirit worlds where these enchanted beings have their permanent abodes.

There is poetry in the whole conception. Old Zuñi is the Middle Ant Heap of the World. Thunder Mountain is the Olympus, where dwell the Twin Gods of War. In fact, the book, though prose, is characterized by the poetry of its subject matter.

Cushing died in 1900. He had been a frail youth and through that handicap had led a life in the woods. In spirit, he had become an Indian before he began his serious life work. When he came to New Mexico in 1879 with Major J. W. Powell on a scientific expedition, he asked and was granted leave to stay at Zuñi. There he spent five years living as one of the Indians. He won their confidence and their respect. They initiated him into their secrets and honored him with religious office. As has been true of so many of those who have contributed worthwhile information about our Indians, he studied them after he had learned to be one of them. That understanding is essential, and it cannot be gained quickly.

There is no doubt but that Cushing is authoritative. He has also the literary ability to interpret and tell what he has learned.

BURIED TREASURE

Coronado's Children—J. Frank Dobie—Southwest Press. 1930. \$3.00.

An important and delightful contribution to the literature of the Southwest, and for that matter to New Mexicana, *Coronado's Children* is a collection from among the thousands of stories of buried treasures of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona.

The book is from the pen of a man well qualified to write it. Versed in the traditions of his own state, Texas, and a student of those of New Mexico and Arizona, Dobie also has the ability to see through the tales to the essentially human urge from which they spring.

Dobie is a member of the faculty of the University of Texas. He is a student of Spanish and Mexican archives, as well as of the American history of the Southwest. In this book he makes no pretense to historical accuracy beyond quoting in his notes the archives and sources from which the tales he writes had their starting point. For the most part, what he writes has been told him as it was told his teller—stories handed down from generation to generation in many cases.

Coronado's Children, for whom the book is named, is that host of men who, like Coronado, believed the stories they heard of buried gold and lost mines and succumbed to the lure of treasure seeking. That they exist even today in great numbers, those of us who live in New Mexico may well know. Such places as the Gran Quivira ruin, not far from Albuquerque, are pock-marked by the holes of those who have dug with the hope of unearthing chests filled with precious things. It will be recalled that at the last session of congress one man who claimed to have learned the secret of the fabled treasures of Gran Quivira applied to congress for permission to conduct a large expedition to the place. Hardly a session of congress passes without some such request being urged.

Dobie's book comprises 367 very readable pages. In fact, so enthralling is the romance which runs through them that few readers can put the book down once they have started it. In the book are nineteen chapters. Each of the first eighteen deals with a particular cluster of treasure stories coming from a single source, such as Jose Vaca, of Pecos, N. M.; or a group of tales and experiences clustering about a single original legend.

The last chapter is devoted to a discussion of the lore of treasure hunters, the signs and symbols used by those mythical early characters who planted the treasures. The introductory chapter, *In the Beginning*, is a philosophical discussion of the whole body of treasure myths, furnishing the only unity to the volume. A glossary of colloquialisms, mainly Mexican words and phrases, adds much to the book for those who have not acquainted themselves with the *nativos*, and excellent notes give sources of information where such sources are documentary.

Two of the chapters are primarily of interest in this state. One deals with the stories of Jose Vaca, of Pecos, who seemingly has spent a large part of his life in seeking the various mythical treasures in the neighborhood of that village. The other tells of the "lost mine" of the Guadalupe. There is also, in the introduction, the story of the search for the Seven Cities of Cibola, which ended in disillusionment at Zuñi.

The volume is illustrated with drawings by Ben Carlton Mead, of San Antonio, and with maps and charts from various sources. It is well printed and handsomely bound.

The book is not to be taken too seriously. It is very good entertainment and a valuable addition to the folklore of which the Southwest is beginning to become so conscious. The literary quality could be improved, and what passes for the manner of speech of the New Mexico natives is inaccurate and strained.

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Commercial Survey of the Pacific Southwest—Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. 1930. U. S. Superintendent of Documents. \$1.85.

The importance for American business of the fact-finding activities of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce is unrealized, perhaps, by the average citizen or even by the business man himself. This bureau is perhaps better able to carry on such work than any other body in the country because of its expert personnel and its financial backing. Certainly it is able to carry on the work of business and economic research in a more adequate manner than can be done by most colleges and universities.

The present volume is one of the best of the bureau's publications. It embodies the results of one of a series of regional surveys conducted by the bureau and is intended to facilitate the distribution and marketing of commodities of the Pacific Southwest. The survey covers the states of Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, almost all of New Mexico, and portions of Idaho and Texas. The publication contains 650 pages of valuable information concerning the economic resources of this territory. After an introduction treating of the historical background, the work is divided into eleven chapters with the following titles: Physical Factors, Agriculture and Related Industries, Forest Resources, The Mineral Industries, Fisheries, Manufacturing, Recreational Resources, Population, Transportation, Primary Trade Areas, and Market Data.

There is much in the volume of special interest to the people of New Mexico. The value of agricultural products of New Mexico ranks fourth among the six states surveyed, with a value for the 1923-27 average of \$51,653,000, surpassing Nevada and Arizona. Sheep and wool ranked first in value in the state; cattle, second; cotton, third; tame hay, fourth; corn, fifth; and the sorghums, sixth (pp. 85-86). There was in 1919, one-half million acres of land under ir-

rigation, with a potential area available for irrigation of over a million more. (p. 99) California alone surpasses New Mexico in lumber cut, New Mexico having 140 million board feet annually. (p. 308) The value of the principal mineral resources of the state in 1927 was over \$28,000,000, giving a ranking of fourth place. (p. 324) The value of manufactured products is very small in comparison with the other states, being somewhat under \$14,000,000 in 1927. (p. 432).

Of special interest is the chapter on recreational resources. While, it is pointed out, tourist trade has its economic advantages to the Pacific Southwest, nevertheless, in many cases the individual tourist is an economic liability. Many families starting out from the East or Middle West to cast their fortunes in the "golden West" in a decrepit car and possessing little available cash often become stranded along the way and become burdens on local communities. "Caring for these stranded, destitute families is really a serious problem in many sections of the Pacific Southwest, and although much has been done to discourage those without surplus funds and no definite prospect of a job from coming west, the never-ending caravan continues." (p. 445) Interesting figures gathered from various traffic surveys show the magnitude of the tourist traffic.

Covering, as it does, a territory of great distances, many will find special interest in the chapter on transportation. In another chapter an attempt is made to distinguish primary trade areas within the region, an attempt in line with certain trends in modern business research.

Business men, bankers, teachers, and others will find this volume a valuable addition to their private libraries. It has a full table of contents, but, unfortunately, it lacks an index.

VERNON G. SORRELL.

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SCIENCE AND REALITY

Science and the Unseen World, by Sir A. S. Eddington, F.R.S. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 2 shillings, 6 pence.

Sir Arthur Eddington is Plumian professor of Astronomy in the University of Cambridge. His little book, *Science and the Unseen World*, is the Swarthmore lecture, 1929. The preface says that the Swarthmore lectureship has a two-fold purpose: "First, to interpret further to the members of the Society of Friends their message and mission; and secondly, to bring before the public the spirit, the aims and the fundamental principles of the Friends."

Everything from the pen of Eddington is lucid, illuminating, and original. The style is pleasant, racy, and humorous. As an exponent of Relativity Eddington has no equal; as a mathematical physicist, he is in the highest rank. In *Science and the Unseen World*, he speaks as a religious philosopher. Having outlined in a few pages the "scientific epic of the Creation," he shows how the recent progress of science has killed the mechanistic theory. "We have traveled far from the standpoint which identifies the real with the concrete." Not only time, but equally matter and all else that is in the physical world have been reduced to a shadowy symbolism." The spiritual is more real than the physical and concrete. Physical science seeks to find reality but finds itself unable to reach beyond "symbolic description." Its methods fail to "penetrate behind the symbolism." On the other hand, "that mental and spiritual nature of ourselves, known in our minds by an intimate contact transcending the methods of physics, supplies just that interpretation of the symbols, which science is admittedly unable to give. It is just because we have a real and not merely a symbolic knowledge of our own nature that our nature seems so mysterious; we reject as inadequate that merely symbolic description which is good enough for dealing with chairs and

tables and physical agencies that affect us only by remote communication."

This little book of 55 small pages should be read three times. It should be read on the open mesa, where there is peace. "There is an hour of the Indian night, a little before the first glimmer of dawn, when the stars are unbelievably clear and close above, shining with radiance beyond our belief in this foggy land. The trees stand silent about one with a friendly presence. As yet there is no sound from awakening birds; but the whole world seems to be intent, alive, listening, eager. At such a moment the veil between the things that are seen and the things that are unseen becomes so thin as to interpose scarcely any barrier at all between the eternal beauty and truth and the soul which should comprehend them."

This lecture to Quakers is written by one of the most learned of scientists. The world has no thinker more "free" or more "modern." Is he a Quaker? The reader can hardly feel in doubt when Eddington says, "In its early days our Society owed much to a people who called themselves Seekers; they joined us in great numbers and were prominent in the spread of Quakerism. It is a name which must appeal strongly to the scientific temperament."

Another name for the spirit of seeking is "agnosticism." It was applied first to J. H. Huxley, who, like Eddington, was a great Christian and a great scientific seeker. Christ blessed the spirit of the agnostic seeker in the words: "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you"; and for encouragement, when the seeking became too hard, Christ said that the Holy Spirit should "lead you unto all Truth."

But the word "agnostic" is in bad repute. One would rather be called "silly" than "agnostic." By the early Fathers, Christ was called "silly." To be "silly" is to be "selig" or "blessed."

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In using words, one has to think of their association as well as their meaning. Incantations are dead but the fear of words remains. Words are clothed in incantations. To unfrock them would bring the "two-and-twenty jarring sects" to harmony.

At best, language is but a poor tool. Why do we handicap it with the useless frock of incantation? Fashion in the frocks of men is amusing; fashion in the frocks of words is tragic. Now and then—but it is very seldom—a word is pronounced differently according to its frock. In the East Riding of Yorkshire there are two ways of saying "God." The gods of the heathens are simply gods, but Jehovah and the God of the Christian world is "Gawd."

Often the language of the young man to his father, whom he respects and admires, has to be restricted and stilted for fear of using words whose frocks are ambiguous.

Just a little of this handicap is detected in *Science and the Unseen World*.

F. M. DENTON.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD SPAIN

The Star of Madrid, by George St. Clair. University of New Mexico Press. \$1.00.

Recently it was my pleasure to read Dr. St. Clair's romantic drama, *The Star of Madrid*, and I think it is fortunate in theme and in setting for a college cast here in this historic Southwest. Someone has said, and I think not inappropriately, that New Mexico is a land of high places and high colors. In this drama the author has caught the color, romance, and poetry of the life in Spain during the time that the alluring Lope de Vega was living, loving, and writing his plays.

It is difficult to criticise or appraise a drama with any degree of fairness unless one has seen the production actu-

ally staged; difficult to visualize the costume designs as to line and color; difficult to speak intelligently of the settings without having actually seen them to determine whether they properly interpret the atmosphere of the play. However, even from the mere reading of Dr. St. Clair's play, *The Star of Madrid*, I can picture the opening scene very vividly and can capture the flavor of old Spain. 'Tis autumn, 'tis dusk, there's a hush when the blythe, romantic young Spanish cavalier, with sword and dagger, fervently greets a beautiful young woman, whose head and face are covered by a lace mantilla.

To his plays, Lope de Vega gave the general name of *comedias*, which should not be confused with our word *comedies*, for the two are not synonymous. His comedias were of several types; and his *Star of Madrid* is of the group called *comedias de capa y espada*, which he created. In these plays, the principal personages are nobles and the theme is usually a question of love and honor. In Dr. St. Clair's play, the author has caught the gravity, valor and courtesy of the true Castilian and in this new cape and sword play, love and honor are the chief dramatic motives.

The dialogue is for the most part, good, and in places it supplies a powerful emotional appeal. Lope de Vega, the old master, insisted upon appropriate diction, and Dr. St. Clair has rather faithfully carried out this virtue. His clown consistently talks like a clown, and his hero like a poet and a man of distinction. The dialogue in some few speeches of the hero is vivid, interesting, and colored with real emotion. There is too little humor in the lines, and had there been more, the dialogue generally would have had more charm and life. Yet, there is versimilitude and the choice rhetoric is not wasted upon simple, negligible scenes.

The minor characters are the average stock characters. The poorest of all, in my opinion, is Father Damiano, who seems to be devoid of life or dramatic appeal. Yet, moving and having life and being, among his sweethearts, rivals,

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friends, admirers, and foes, is the talented and dashing hero, Lope de Vega, to whom Dr. St. Clair gives a keen sense of reality. Here we have emotion in action. We see in him a complex character—one in which are blended many rather conflicting emotions. He has rare intellectual gifts, a passionate temperament—which is typical of his country and clime—and he has an imperial presence and seductive address. He is a rare person, who seems to be an incarnation of the national spirit which throbs with life, movement, and emotion. It seems a trifle inconsistent that while a man is under the spell of a true and exalted love for a young, beautiful, and innocent girl, that he could so easily be intoxicated by the wiles of a common adventuress, that he could become so easily a relapsing, carnal sinner. Yet, Dr. St. Clair suggests in his interpretation that Lope was more weak than bad.

The plot is interesting in that it so truthfully follows the life of the hero, Lope de Vega, and at the same time develops the theme in a wholly original way. 'Tis the story of a thwarted lover, who having obtained fame, finds that life is empty without the love and companionship of some virtuous, true, and sympathetic woman. True, he has had many infatuations with sensual women, but he is not content with life and himself until, in the very zenith of his popularity, he meets Diana, whom he learns to idolize though he unfortunately is old enough to be her father. Eventually he learns that she loved his young secretary, and he happily discovers that his love for her is more parental than passionate. In consequence, he is fully reconciled when he finds that Diana is his own child.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the play, and I should like to have been in Albuquerque on the evening of its initial presentation. It is to be hoped that the author will soon give us another romantic drama equally pertinent to the Southwest; for *The Star of Madrid* has a particular appeal to those of us who live out here among the Spanish-

Americans, who still have lingering about them and around them, much of the romance, courtesy, chivalry and dignity of old Spain.

MARGARET J. KENNEDY.

SECOND BASE

Lincoln the Man. Edgar Lee Masters. Dodd, Mead and Company. 1931. \$5.

Perhaps in the long run, Edgar Lee Masters, in his bitter attack upon Lincoln, will render a service to the cause of truth. One wonders! Legend has made our great Civil War president a hero who could do no wrong.

Now Masters declares that this so-called statesman was a lazy fellow who disliked labor, who wasted his time, reading neither his law books nor the literary masterpieces of the day. A desultory reader whose acquaintance with Shakespeare was quite limited. A cold man who never honestly loved any woman, and who showed an unforgiving spirit toward his dying father. A third-rate lawyer who was none too scrupulous as to the kind of cases he accepted. A crafty politician who once crawled out of a window of the legislative chamber in order to defeat a bill by lack of a quorum. A log-rolling legislator who became the spoiled darling of a frontier town which he had made the state capital. A trimmer who sidestepped real issues.

A man who was ashamed of the poverty and sordid surroundings of his youth. Whose melancholy was due to the fact that he could not endure defeat and obscurity, and who was always envious of the abler Stephen A. Douglas. Everything that Lincoln did was wrong, and everything connected with him. His mother's illegitimate birth, his following "the shifty Henry Clay," his contradictory votes in the Illinois legislature and in Congress, his failure to appreciate the beauty of Niagara Falls, his introduction of the

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"cant and hypocrisy of Christianity into American politics"—all these are hurled against the popular idol. Since Lincoln served in the Black Hawk War, one is surprised to find that Masters fails to blame the Illinois leader for that disgraceful affair. He is blamed, however, for the "disastrous wickedness" of conquering the Southern states, for his indecision and weakness during the war, for the horrors of Andersonville—caused by Lincoln's refusal to exchange prisoners, for his disregard of the Constitution, for the burning of Columbia, South Carolina, by Sherman, for stifling liberty and working for monopoly and privilege.

Possibly, there is room for a reinterpretation of Lincoln. Masters' book, however, is too full of facts, fancied facts, and hatred of Lincoln and the Republican Party. The historical point of view is lacking. We are told that "as a war president Lincoln was negligible enough." Both Jackson and Cleveland would have surpassed him—Jackson "at every point." A statement incapable of proof, but quite characteristic of the work, which is not a product of research, or even a fair interpretation based on the research of others. Its involved sentences and reiterated partisanship make it a tiresome book to read through.

There is no doubt, however, that Masters is being widely read. One can only hope that readers will be led to question the Lincoln tradition, and that thus this challenging book may cause many to pull away from tradition and advance beyond the sensationalism of the muckraker, toward a truer conception of the real Lincoln.

MARION DARGAN.

Contributors to This Issue

AURELIO M. ESPINOSA, PH.D., is professor of Romanic languages at Stanford University. A native of New Mexico, he is this state's leading student of Spanish folklore.

GEORGE ST. CLAIRE, PH.D., professor of English at the University of New Mexico, has gained note in the fields of drama and the short story, as well as with his essays.

JOHN D. CLARK, PH.D., professor of chemistry at the University of New Mexico, is active in many fields. His principal interest lies in the study of New Mexico's great latent resources.

GILBERTO ESPINOSA, brother of Professor Espinosa, of Stanford, is an attorney by vocation, and a scholar for the sheer love of scholarship. He is publishing his translation of the historical poem of Villagra, warrior and bard of early Spanish New Mexico.

C. E. HODGIN, LL.D., emeritus professor of education and vice-president of the University of New Mexico, is a pioneer in higher education in the state and at present edits the New Mexico School Review.

HELEN E. MARSHALL, M.A., instructor in the department of History, studied at the College of Emporia and the University of Chicago.

JOSE GARCIA VILLA, a student at the University of New Mexico, has been a leader among young writers at the University of Manila, in the Philippines. He is negotiating with Alfred Knopf in regard to publication of a book of his short stories.

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All of the poems in this issue are written by students of the University, the best products of the class in Creative Writing, under direction of Dr. George St. Clair.