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THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

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Table of Contents

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY Authors	2
La Politica. S. Omar Barker	3
January Afternoon. <i>Poem.</i> Haniel Long	13
The College Professor and Leadership. Jay C. Knode	14
Songs of Rio Grande. <i>Poem.</i> John Gould Fletcher	19
The Southwestern Conservation League. C. M. Botts	23
Southwest. <i>Poem.</i> Alice Corbin	28
The Cruet Stand. Grace Taylor Mitchell	29
Socorro South. <i>Poem.</i> Irene Fisher	31
Song. <i>Poem.</i> Irene Fisher	32
The Blossoming Tree. <i>A Story.</i> Amy Hurt	33
Enigma. <i>Poem.</i> Jack Williamson	44
What Some Men Worshipped. <i>A Folk Tale.</i> Maude M. Bloom	46
Smoke Talk	54
From Sanctuary. <i>Poem.</i> Carol Egland	56
Book Reviews	57

Agarita Berry. Mesa Land. Navajo Weaving. The Sun Turns West. Foretaste. Atlantides. Rhymes of New Mexico Cato the Censor on Farming.

Reviewed by Mabel Major, Clyde Kluckhohn, Elizabeth De Huff, George St. Clair, Harvena Richter, T. M. Pearce, Anna Wilds Strumquist, Lynn B. Mitchell.

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HANIEL LONG of Santa Fe, author of *Notes for a New Mythology*, has just published a book of verse, *Atlantides*, which is reviewed in this QUARTERLY. Poems by Long have appeared recently in *Scribner's* and the *Forum Century*.

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GRACE TAYLOR MITCHELL has appeared as a poet in the QUARTERLY. We referred then to her notebook. This time we draw from it something in prose.

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La Política

By S. OMAR BARKER

IF all the natural born orators of the native New Mexican villages were laid end to end, they would still rise to rousing climaxes as soon as the next *campana política* begins to infiltrate the brisk October air. For politics and political speech-making come as natural to these American descendants of the *conquistadores* and their colonists as does their taste for *chili*. And they like both hot. Juan, Pedro, Jesús María, Toribio, Melaquías, Fulano y Tal—every *ciudadano*, every *paisano*, be he tie chopper, farmer, *peón*, *vaquero*, *borreguero*, teacher, merchant, can and does upon occasion rise in his place at the *junta* and make a speech. Extempore, of course; modestly apologetic at first but blossoming surely into the full flower of ornate and vigorous oratory as he proceeds.

Or, even should he sign his name with a mark, he can preside with perfect ease and some considerable knowledge of parliamentary practice over a precinct committee or even over that larger, more formal and more gala *junta* gathered together to listen to the message of the *comitiva de candidatos* and *oradores* sent out from country or state headquarters to spread the party gospel.

Come with me, then; and meet this gentle, friendly—but fiery—*gente* in the emotional throes of a hard fought campaign. I am running for *representante* in a county where the majority of voters, largely rural, is native, and while I shall not be obliged to kiss any babies, it behooves me to observe many other amenities quaint and folkish. But it is no burden. It is a pleasure, as you shall see.

It is about 7:30 when our *comitiva* rolls into the little mountain village of Rociada. Most of the mud houses are dark, but there is a yellow glow of lamplight from all three of the windows and the door of the inevitable village dance hall where the gathered *gente* have patiently awaited our

4] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

coming for the past half hour—the meeting having been announced for 8 o'clock! Strains of plaintive music drift out to us through the sharp night air. Obviously the stage is all set, lacking only the visiting actors.

But late (?) though we are, we do not drive directly to the lighted *sala*. There is an etiquette to be observed. Our driver, himself one of the visiting *oradores* and a Spanish-American, slows the car down to a walking speed. In this instance there has been no rendezvous agreed upon. We must loiter along until we are hailed. The delay is slight. Our headlights have been observed coming up the valley. The welcoming committee is ready. A tall, leathery faced, lean shanked young man in cowboy boots, new overalls, a pink shirt, a blue coat three shades too bright for Navy, and a weathered cowboy hat, steps into the glare of our lights. We stop. He steps to the side of the car.

"*La comitiva?*" he asks.

We signify that we are. He unbends and greets us cordially. Several of us he knows—he has been a delegate to the county conventions of our party. The rest are introduced. Handshaking all around. Handshaking? Hand-touching, rather, for unless he has caught the habit from *Los Americanos*, the rural Spanish-American does not shake hands. A gentle clasp, no more; yet none the less cordial for its lack of Nordic vigor.

"Come," he says, "our committee awaits you at the house of Don Juan Clemaco."

Presently we are escorted into a neat little parlor-bedroom with a *viga* ceiling. The room is empty of people. The whitewashed walls are plentifully adorned with lithographed Saints, sacred scenes and several tinted enlargements of members of the family, in many-curlicued gilt frames. Over the corners of these, and over the head of the bed hang drapes of heavy, hand-crocheted lace. All a little garish, perhaps, by daylight, but now the yellowness of kerosene lamplight mellows it all quaintly.

For a moment we of the *comitiva* are left alone. Then through a low door from the next room, whence comes the chicory-ish odor of coffee, there appear five men. They line up as if for a spelling match. Then one of them steps a little forward.

"Gentlemen," he pronounces, in Spanish, "as chairman of the committee of the *junta* appointed to extend our welcome to you, the honorable *comitiva*, who honor us tonight with your presence, I greet you. We have done the best that lies within our humble capabilities, and a goodly number of the people are assembled, ready to hear enlightenment upon the issues of the day from you, gentlemen, orators of the evening; but though the *junta* waits, this committee realizes that the labors of the campaign are arduous and tiring, and it is therefore fitting and proper that first you refresh yourselves, if by any chance the plain and simple offering of the good woman of this house may be found acceptable to your appetites. Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?"

Though there are but five of us, we also have, of course, a chairman. He rises. We have eaten supper before leaving town. It is early in the campaign and we are neither tired nor hungry. But does our chairman simply say: "No, thanks, we've eaten. Let's get on over to the meeting"?

No! He does not! He matches the local chairman in formal eloquence, a little more briefly perhaps, because he gets to do it oftener. He devotes his final burst to acceptance of the supper, of which we presently partake, after another round of introductions. The supper—but no, the subject of campaign eating deserves its hearing later when the evidence is all in.

Fortunately a committee of three arrives from the *sala* before the second round of *chili con frijoles* and sun-dried beef, to announce that the *junta* is ready to receive us. As we send them back to report that we, also, are ready, the five members of the welcoming committee distribute themselves among us, one to one, obviously a little embarrassed,

6] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

but determined. They stand at our elbows. In a few minutes the message committee returns, bringing along the band, consisting of two fiddles and a thumb-whanked guitar. Then, with the *música* in the lead, the procession sets out for the *sala*, some two hundred feet away. The message committee carries lanterns. The five members of the welcoming committee grasp the five left elbows of our five "orators," and thus, two by two, firmly if a little awkwardly escorted by our individual guards of honor, enthusiastically accompanied by the lively strains of "Casey Jones" (adapted), we march up the road and enter the *sala*.

Applause. From outside a few half-hearted cat-calls from young *bravos* of the opposing party, too loyal to their own to come in, but also too curious not to hang around.

The *sala* is a rough floored, oblong room, its walls lined all around with plank benches, invisible now under the packed-in bodies of the crowd. At one end is a rough table and a few chairs occupied by *la mesa*—those chosen before our arrival to preside over the meeting. The membership of *la mesa* is quite numerous for a gathering of a mere hundred or so people. At other *juntas* we shall arrive in time to observe their selection, a most ceremonious procedure requiring the choice of a *presidente*, *secretario* and from two to six *vice-presidentes*.

The crowd, for the most part, is distributed like a Quaker meeting, the men on one side and the women on the other; though apparently for better strategic control of their offspring, there are some groups where the *hombre* is seated beside his blackshawled *mujer*. There is also a sprinkling of "modernized" young folks who have preferred violation of old custom to separation from their "dates" during the speechmaking.

There are almost as many women present as men, almost as many young folks as adults, and almost as many babies and big-eyed *chiquitos* as there are laps for them to be bounced upon or knees for them to lean against.

The turn-out is gratifying. The giggling and whispered comments as we enter are not. Yet I know they do not arise from any desire to ridicule what, to a matter of fact Anglo, must seem a quite pompous entrance. One who does not know this native *gente* usually imagines, upon appearing before a crowd of them, that he is being laughed at. This is not the case at all. Native New Mexican crowds quite naturally giggle (the young ones) and whisper at such a time, whether from a half-suppressed sense of excitement or from embarrassment I do not know. Presently they will quiet down to a most respectful and silent attention, whether interested or not.

I shall not attempt to describe the garb of this Rociada gathering. Enough to say that there are among the women many fringed black shawls hooded over the head, and among the men enough toil-worn overalls and battered shoes to indicate clearly that here are sons and daughters of toil—and of the soil; poor folks, yet never too oppressed by their burdens to turn out for a *fiesta*, a *baile*, a *casorio*, a *junta política*. They are here tonight not so much from a solemn concern for the future of governmental affairs as from a perennial taste for *la política*, for political oratory, both as listeners and as perpetrators—if the opportunity offers.

Once inside the door I accept as nonchalantly as possible the increased guidance of the determined escort clutching my arm. There is a slight pause until we are all inside. Then all at once the fiddlers swing, about two chords ahead of the guitar, from "Casey Jones" into a most remarkable ear-version of "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose," leading us the while on a circling promenade of the *sala*.

Cheers from the *bancos*. From our side, bows, nods, greeting to those we happen to know as we pass them. A few assorted grins from several of my nearer ranch neighbors who have come from across the mountain. Once

8] *The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY*

around. Twice around as the volume and vigor of the *música* increase. Three times around goes our gallant *comitiva*, and then:

"*Señor Presidente, honorables vice-presidentes, secretario de la mesa.*" proclaims the chairman of the local welcoming committee, mopping a red bandana across his perspiring brow with one hand and flourishing grandly with the other. "*Tengo el honor de presentar á esta honorable mesa y á esta honorable junta, los honorables caballeros de la comitiva que nos harán el honor de usar la palabra delante esta honorable junta esta noche sobre las cuestiones del día!*"

Thus, with a most pleasant and propitious, if somewhat lengthy, flourish, our meeting opens.

Thus far everything has been in Spanish, but now the chairman calls for an interpreter to say that "for the benefit of our Anglo-American fellow citizens who have honored us with their presence tonight, all the *discursos* will be interpreted into English; and the same interpreter will assist el Honorable Señor Bark', by translating his remarks into *Castellano*."

"*El Honorable Señor Bark'*," makes me smile! Most of these people and I have known each other by our first names ever since my childhood. Many a day have I picked up potatoes behind our Chairman as he forked them out for my father on our little mountain ranch just across the mountain; and for years it never even occurred to me that he had a last name; nor had he ever used mine. But tonight mutual "*honorables*" pass between us most differentially, for this is *la política*.

The prospective interpreter, however, is disappointed. All present *intienden español*, and I for my part, prefer to speak to my old friends and neighbors in their own native language.

National issues are passed over lightly. State issues are presented briefly. But upon county issues, the full flood of the *comitiva's* oratory is loosed in high flown phrases

and words a yard long, yet perfectly understood by every unlettered *paisano* in the crowd.

Presently, following another burst of fine Castillian adjectives from the chairman, I rise to do my stuff. It is my first political speech in Spanish and I am nervous. I need not be, for while I falter and stammer somewhat and make some quite ridiculous mistakes, nobody even so much as snickers at them. It is a typical Spanish-American courtesy, and my heart warms to them for it.

For hours the various *oradores* of our *comitiva* rise to their many-gestured climaxes. Promptly at the last word of each speech *los músicos* break gaily forth, often with some jingly ear-version of a once popular American tune, but sometimes with the sweeter, plaintive strains of one of their own native songs.

Finally the last *comitiva* orator has finished. One hears the soft, windy sound of snoring babies. A lamp begins to burn low, its kerosene all but exhausted. Another smokes. It is getting late. Pink dressed, dark eyed *señoritas* begin to stir expectantly on the hard *bancos*. Young *bravos*, who have been loitering outside, edge in at the open door. The aged chairman rises. Apparently the *junta* is about over. Time now for the dance!

But hold! Back in a shadowy corner a stooped, spindle-shanked old man rises from his seat. He clears his throat—rather unsuccessfully, for when he speaks his voice is a little cracked and wheezy.

"*Señor Presidente!*" he addresses the chair, tottering forward with his cane as he speaks. The young bucks scowl a little. They want to get to danging. But the old *paisano* does not notice them. Neither does the chairman.

"*Señor Chavez!*" He promptly grants the floor.

Señor Chavez takes his time about getting to the front. His old legs are wobbly. His hair curls up in an uncombed fringe above the rusty brown collar of his antique coat. He

10] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

leans a little against the table as he turns watery eyes upon the crowd. Hoarsely, haltingly the words begin:

"*Señor Presidente*, (in Spanish) *aunque no soy orador* (although I am not an orator) compared to the distinguished and honorable gentlemen who have made use of the word here tonight, nevertheless (almost imperceptibly his voice is gaining clearness and vigor) it may be that there are a few things which an old man like myself may say upon the questions of the day. My friends and fellow citizens, for many years I have been a member of—(here he names the opposition party, and there is no doubt now about his voice clearing up!).. But I stand here tonight to tell you that the horse which will not jump the fence into another pasture when his masters have trampled down or stolen every blade from his own, is not worthy the name of a horse! He is a burro!"

Applause! More applause!

Following which Señor Chavez, in justification of his recent conversion, rises to heights of vigorous oratory that cause the best efforts of our *comitiva* to pale into mere amateur declamations. His voice has ceased to crack and quaver. It has become resonant, clear—and loud!

"*Aunque no soy orador!*" That inevitable apologetic opening! But don't you believe it! Oratory is one Spanish-American gift that age cannot wither.

The winning of Señor Chavez, be it understood, is a more considerable item of victory than you might think. It will mean at least eighteen more votes for our ticket in this precinct; for his *parientes*, his *gente*, over whom he wields a strong patriarchal political influence, number around twenty, and his delivery of their votes will hover close to 90%. It is this family bloc that must be the unit of calculation in rural New Mexico politics.

The real function of the *junta* is not so much to win votes out of hand by convincing arguments as to supply our partisans with ammunition.

"You ain't goin' to convince many in these meetin's,"

our astute Spanish-American county chairman has warned us. "What you got to do is furnish 'em with arguments they can use on their neighbors their ownelves between now and election. And *por vida de sus esposas*, if they want to make speeches, let 'em, if it takes all night!"

Strangely enough mere exposure of some neat little graft in county office, by the office holders of the opposition party, made no tremendous impression. But when we were able to show that names of various local citizens had been misused, even forged, to aid this graft, we began to get action. Even staunch partisans of the opposition who had been so used, reared their bristles. Graft was not so bad, but to be made unknowing partisans to such dishonesty would not be countenanced. A man's name was his own, its honor to be most jealously guarded.

By eleven thirty the last *orador* has had his *chanza*. It has been a good meeting, peaceable beyond our expectations. True, twice the young *bravos* outside have tossed small boulders in through an open window or contributed derisive comments or enthusiastic *vivas* at most inopportune moments. But this is nothing. Later in the campaign, at another village, we are to see some of our lights shattered by bullets and marvel at the sight of a middle-aged Anglo-American lady campaigner leaping like a startled roebuck from the middle of her address through a shattered window into the middle of the night.

But tonight the chairman pronounces adjournment upon an enthusiastic but peaceable meeting. Quite suddenly he drops his dignity. He waves a gay signal to the *músicos*.

"*Al baile!*" he cries, rushing to seize a partner. The dance is on.

If there is a Spanish-American in New Mexico between the ages of eight and eighty who does not dance, it is because he or she is suffering at the moment from a broken leg. What if the cupboard at home be bare, the flour bin empty? What if the ponies be too poor for the spring plow-

12] *The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY*

ing, half the lambs dead in a late snowstorm, or the autumn crop caught by an early one? Tonight we will be gay! *Al baile!*

Nor does our *comitiva* plead fatigue and depart. To dance with the *gente* is part of the established etiquette of politics.

First a fast two step (probably "Casey Jones" again) to warm us up; then a waltz—"Cielito Lindo" if we are lucky; and then "*El cotilio! El cotilio!*" cries some spry oldster; and I, who am not of the cotillion generation and have never danced one, step bravely forth with my shy black shawled partner and whirl and whirl and turn and turn until my dizzy stomach cries out against all politics.

And well it might. For presently we are tendered refreshments. *Chicos! Chicos* are delicious—when you are hungry. Native field corn is plucked late in the milk, boiled or steamed, hung out to dry, and when cured to the toughness of young rubber, toasted to a gentle brown, preferably in an outdoor *orno*, and served on the cob. For a man with ten hours of hard labor directly ahead of him *chicos* are quite digestible.

Somebody once asked a most successful San Miguel County politician, astute, suave, debonair, what he considered the most severe hardship of the *campana política* in New Mexico. It was early in the morning after a night of *junta*, *baile* and *chicos*. Like a flash he answered:

"*Comer chicos de noche!* (Eating *chicos* at night!)"

So we dance and eat *chicos*, lingering yet awhile afterward for "conferences"—mostly homely, neighborly talk.

It is 3 A. M. or later when we finally start home. However the votes may go, our *junta* has been a quaint, friendly, stirring experience.

La junta . . . aunque no soy orador . . . Honorable Presidente de la comitiva . . . amigos y conciudadanos míos . . . las cuestiones del día . . . música . . . los derechos de la gente

. . . *el baile . . . el cotilio . . .* nor dare we omit *chili* and
chicos!

La politica!

January Afternoon

By HANIEL LONG

The snow has the ripples wind and water leave
on fine white sand,
the worn rubbing of wood
which has known the elements a long time.
And on the graining of the snow
are bird tracks, rabbit tracks,
my own tracks—
momentary prints of the earth's creatures.
Round the dwarf trees are circles of bare ground.
I sit there in the sun
thinking of how summer and winter, love and death
are moods crossing the same face,
thinking of persons and places I have known
and their far away momentary life.

The College Professor and Leadership

By JAY C. KNODE

AMERICAN college professors, on the whole, are an interesting lot. As among individuals of any classification, there is, of course, a high degree of variation. Yet, after twenty-five years of different sorts of contacts with those occupying all manner of positions and grades within the profession and scattered from New York to California, I am persuaded that certain generalizations may be made safely.

First off, our American college professor is academically-minded. Plenty of worthy citizens will concur promptly and heartily in such a statement, with the understanding that this is a polite way of calling him a freak, but that is not the meaning here. One would prefer to use the word "intellectual," but the risk is too great. The academically-minded person prizes knowledge; he gives more weight to ideas than to things; he is impatient with slouchy mental habits, with dullness, and with indifference to knowledge; he is proud of his mastery of techniques within his own field, and severe with those who, coming to grips with them, fumble about; he is proud to be known as at least the local authority within his own branch of learning, and is greatly concerned about any of its recent developments. Every college professor is interested in a division of knowledge, and has attained a proficiency in it above that of the average student; otherwise, he would not be pursuing it. (Acts of excelling and preferring go together, and one wonders sometimes how many misfits in the educational world arrived there by way of a glow of satisfaction derived from certain examination marks.)

But an intellectual is one whose interests cannot be confined within the limits of a department; he has that kind of curiosity to which directions and bounds are anathema. His mind roves on to the limits of the universe,

if such he can find, and, knowing the greatness of the world of ideas, he learns tolerance and charity. The result is a shrinking of the importance of any one division of knowledge, and while, if a teacher, he will develop a new fondness for his first love, he will seek continuously the kinds of intercourse that extend his understanding beyond it. How many thorough-going intellectuals in this sense there are among educational people, one cannot presume to say. There are many, though probably a minority, in each college faculty, and these groups multiplied by hundreds over the country make an imposing total. And although the term "academician" carries with it in these days more opprobrium than approval, it should also be conscientiously observed that the academician in the functioning of society as a whole possesses some highly important qualities.

Again, the average college professor is ready to give of himself freely within his own sphere. He is an introspective mortal, more concerned about his inner life than about making new acquaintances of the accomplishment of objective ends in an objective world; but he has a rather keen sense of social obligation, and stands ready to bestow the fruits of his knowledge upon all those who come seriously searching for them. Of course, there are exceptions—men who live chiefly for the adulation of certain types of students, particularly of women, and others who teach because it is the only avenue they have been able to discover by which they can browbeat and intimidate people. I was delighted to hear the other day the story of a girl from Texas, who was taking work in an institution outside her state. A professor in conference one day asked her a question to which she apparently gave—to him—an irritating answer. He told her she was lying. Whereupon she slapped him smartly in the face, and proceeding to the president's office, told that harrassed dignitary of the incident and also her opinion of a part of his teaching staff. But such cases are lost among thousands of examples of

patient and unstinted devotion to the work of an institution, with demands of students and parents of students upon time that would be prized for truly scholarly activities. The average teacher is a hard worker. If his lot carries him to a small college, the demands upon him are unlimited, and if he has attained sufficient prominence to be assigned a light teaching load in a large institution, one may be sure he has done so by following Jefferson's behest that the scholar's day must be fifteen hours long. But into whatever form his activity casts itself, it will be thought of by him in terms of its broad human bearings.

This means that he is a person of integrity; he is not subject to venality. Perhaps there would be more general agreement upon this point than upon any other. Were he interested in self-aggrandizement in the ordinary sense, at least, he would not enter academic halls; the opportunities are too few. And while some of these men are capable of holding high-ranking positions in the business world, nevertheless the emoluments attached are not sufficient to overcome the lures of Athena, or of the opportunities for social constructiveness. Still, while it must be admitted that the majority of them are unfitted for the ruggedness of commerce, it must also be pointed out that they would find commerce too—materialistic!

Out of this preponderating interest in other than monetary values there develops a type of liberality with respect to partisan issues. Living outside the stress of many everyday conflicts, the college teacher can foster abstract principles of truth and justice more easily. While in the field of intellect he is apt to be a thorough aristocrat, as a man of moderate means himself, he does not ordinarily draw social distinctions by artificial rules. However, it is sometimes objected, this very tendency to abstraction, to see all sides of the question makes for his espousing no particular cause. Thomas Huxley used to insist that in order to make progress with a social problem one must seize one

horn of the dilemma in a vigorous manner; then one will come out somewhere, either on the right or the wrong side. But the true modern academician, lacking the crusading courage and the driving power of a Huxley, usually finds it more congenial to his scientific temper to ascertain his facts by slower methods. ' This scientific attitude pervades every corner of the field of scholarship, just as its application has influenced the life of the man in the street, and its effects upon the academician are important. ' His training through numbers of years and his research work following have borne down upon him the necessity for close observation, for constant rigid scrutiny of his data, the exclusion of personal prejudice in the face of these data, and the acceptance of conclusions toward which they point, until new and incontrovertible factual evidence is introduced. This general point of view leads not to aggressive assault, but to deliberation; reliable results are not obtained by mass action, but by individual or small-group concentration; the quiet unhurried atmosphere of the study or the laboratory is not only congenial—it is essential.

Talents of these sorts are of more general value for public use than is commonly assumed, and it goes without saying that in our average American communities they are not sought. ' In the "Middletown" survey it was found that public school teachers felt deeply the general community subordination which they suffered. Probably the college teacher is not so sensitive about his neglect; he is more completely immersed in his work; though he observes that his wares attract slight demand. The fact is, however, that the professions in general do not bear the same relationship to our American society which they did in earlier times. To realize the eclipse of clerical prestige it is only necessary to recall the names of John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, Roger Williams, and the Mathers. ' Law is, on the whole, in the employ of business, not directing business toward general social welfare either immediately or through

18] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

government. The same can even more truly be said of engineering. And we see business itself aspiring to the professional class.

The adequacy of business leadership, which prevailed in the United States almost unchallenged up to 1929, is not to be argued here. But one fatal defect must always inhere in it—business by its very nature is concerned with immediacies. Ultimate social objectives simply do not play a part in business life. Among the professions mentioned these objectives cannot well escape consideration. Any leadership worthy the name is that which thinks in terms of ultimates. But for accomplishment more than one kind of talent must contribute. Research for facts, the deduction of laws, creative planning, and execution require different abilities and temperaments. Perhaps the professional people of America will bethink themselves of their lost leadership. There are signs of stirring in law. The teaching group is not the one to make the final synthesis between theory and practice, to carry ideas into action. But its talents are peculiarly adapted to the first two orders of work mentioned above, perhaps the first three. Knowledge, scientific training, personal integrity, detachment, and zeal for social advance lie within its immediate reach. These people are equipped as no other group to undertake certain constructive labors in Western civilization today that could conceivably become an outstanding achievement. . . . One of the significant conclusions of Morris Markey in his recent stock-taking summary was: "I give you my country: America—a wilderness crying for a voice."

Songs of Rio Grande

"TO THE MEMORY OF GERALD CASSIDY, ARTIST"

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

I

PUEBLO SONG

Wind-chased,
Wind-harried,
With the wind the world begins—
Wind whirling the white dust
Over the desert sands:
Wind-consumed,
Wind-eaten,
Wind has brought us foolish talk;
Wind has taken away the title of our lands.

Out of the south
Came buffalo going;
Winter has lost,
The snowdrift quits the plain;
Beast breath heats up
The slopes, long frozen;
Thunder is pushing against the wall of mountain,
Spring has come again.

Wind whirling,
Wind whining,
Wind spinning up a cone of yellow dust
Beside the road.
Wind moving eastward;
The wild plum in blossom,
And the backs now more ready
To shoulder their load.

Out of the east
Rode the hard-bitten horsemen;

20] *T h e* N E W M E X I C O Q U A R T E R L Y

Rifles held ready,
Wagons creaking by.
The sage brush is trampled,
The antelope startled,
And the war-eagle
Forgets to watch his sky.

Wind quiet,
Wind lapsing,
Wind lifting no more the flap in the doorway,
Wind speaking to man no more.
Heat broods above the rooftops;
The blue-brown desert smoulders,
And the child that laughed here
Stands no longer at our door.

Out of the North
Ran howling the blizzard,
And over its fury
Came the roar of iron wheels;
And the hoot of long whistles
Through the barren hill-country:
Man's heart must be broken—
Yet the broken heart yields.

Wind howling,
Wind whooping,
Wind roaring,
Laughter without an end;
Down, down into darkness—
Like the pine cut and staggering,
Death, the sole answer,
Death, man's only friend.

Out of the west, now
Night on night the sunset;

SONGS OF RIO GRANDE

[21

Fingers of God moving
 Up through the peaks afar.
 Past without future,
 Word without an answer,
 Wind without meaning,
 Man without a star:

Wind working,
 Wind creeping,
 Wind changing
 Wind cutting the flesh to bone.
 God's breath against man's breath:
 Souls adrift on the whirlwind,
 Earth turned to desert—
 Dust and the stars, alone.

II

RIO GRANDE

Where the hummingbird hangs in the heat,
 Where the blue thundercloud settles,
 From the lips of the mountains blown forward,
 Dark fringes of rain;
 Where the dry canyon bed opens wide,
 With its dark-green stunted cedars,
 Shallow and turbid, seething and swift,
 After the rapid rains;—
 There will we wander,
 Watching the shadows drift across the peaks,
 By the Rio Grande,
 That wild west river.

Where the pale brown adobe walls
 Ranked into terraces, keep still their secret dreams;
 Where the dark people peer shyly
 Under their glossy black hair;
 Where beneath from the depths of the kiva,

22] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Comes the low chant and the loud drone of the drums,
Where through the sleepy plaza
Spin dust-whirls summoning the distant rains,
There will we dance,
As Gods holding high the world in our hearts,
By the Rio Grande,
That mad, swift river.

Where the *acequia* goes bank-full,
By the slopes of the burning grey desert,
Bearing to fields of green corn,
Tasseled and waving,
Its precious freight;
Where hollyhocks stand ranked high
Amid golden mullen, blue larkspur,
Where blue alfalfa burns deep,
Tempting bees to their honeyed fate,
There we will dream
Of a laugh, of a kiss, of a silence,
By the Rio Grande,
That dark and turbulent river.

Where the night with its wild blaze of stars
Stands still over lonely *mesas*,
And the earth is pressed close to the breast
Of the dark that abides beyond years;
Where all things are crumbling slowly,
The stone, the dream and the effort;
Where dogs from some unseen village
Bay loudly to the white moon;
There will we die,
Ebbing like flame from the Milky Way,
Blown smoke of the stars
From the breast wracked with pain,
By the Rio Grande,
The vast, immutable River.

The Southwestern Conservation League

By C. M. BORTS

THE purpose of this article will be to deal with the actual operation of the Southwestern Conservation League. Recently, Dr. J. D. Clark, secretary-treasurer of the League and one of its charter members, published a bulletin* dealing with the history, structure and essential objects of the organization. I do not wish to repeat information so adequately given by Dr. Clark. I shall assume, then, that the reader is either familiar with such facts about the League, or, if interested, can easily become so.

It is well to keep in mind that the objective of the organization, as stated in its constitution, "is to protect, preserve, restore and wisely utilize all those natural resources of the arid Southwest (particularly western Texas, New Mexico and Arizona), which do now and, if properly conserved, will in the future, make the Southwest a more desirable place in which to live, enjoy life and gain a livelihood." It is not expected that this end can be "gained at a single bound," nor do the members or officers of the League claim to have a panacea to cure the wounds, sores and diseases which Southwestern mankind has inflicted upon a long-suffering, patient Nature. We realize that we know very little, and that, to accomplish anything worth while, we must first understand our problem. We must get facts and more facts, and yet more facts.

From the data already available, it seems reasonable to conclude that the subject of conservation must be dealt with as a whole, rather than as a number of unrelated problems as has been largely the practice in the past. In fact this conclusion seems so elementary and inevitable that we wonder why we did not appreciate its soundness at the very beginning.

* University of New Mexico Bulletin, Conservation Series, vol. 1, no. 1, December 1, 1933.

To illustrate: Sportsmen have long been interested in the conservation of game. They have dealt with the problem largely as one wholly separate and apart from that of conserving other natural resources. The methods employed were at first chiefly of a prohibitory nature. Thus they advocated prohibiting hunting except in certain short, and then shorter, seasons. Later bag limits were imposed. The "prohibition" of predators was attempted. That not sufficing, affirmative measures were undertaken, such as artificial propagation for later release. These were all very well in their way, but however much shooting was prohibited, however meager the bag limit, however many predatory animals and birds were destroyed, and however much game was released, neither it nor the game normally present could survive unless there was food and cover. So sportsmen are coming to realize that, in order to conserve game, the habitat of the game must be conserved. But, while the necessary food and cover in most cases is vegetation in one form or another, that vegetation is dependent on the soil. So, in order to conserve this essential food and cover, conservation of the soil must be undertaken. Thus any program for the conservation of game must embrace conservation of soil and of plants. In short, any animal life conservation is dependent on vegetable and mineral conservation. The interrelationship of all things natural is so great that probably no one yet appreciates its full importance.

With this in mind, and having in mind also that groups and individuals directly affected must have valuable data and opinions, the League called a conference of representatives of various groups to consider its first major program—to devise and recommend such a plan of administering the public lands in the Southwest as will encourage their conservative and normal use.

To one who has given no consideration to the subject it may appear that the program selected could be of no

general interest; but a little thought makes it almost impossible to think of an individual in the Southwest who is not vitally interested, unconscious of his interest though he may be. Conservation of the public lands is a long step toward watershed conservation. The interest of the stockman is, of course, apparent. The hunter's interest is no less immediate, since the program necessarily must produce game food and cover. The fisherman has as great an interest, though he may not realize it until he finds his favorite stream ruined by silt washed down from denuded slopes. The farmer's irrigation reservoirs and ditches suffer in the same way, and will be benefitted by any program which will hold the soil where it belongs. The general public, though it may have none of these special interests, is in constant danger from floods unless the hillsides bear sufficient vegetation to hold back the rainfall until it can be absorbed by the soil. And so we might continue at length.

But to get back to our conference: It was attended by representative stockmen, sportsmen, and educators, appointed by their respective organizations. The only organization invited to participate in the conference that failed to send representatives was the Federation of Women's Clubs. In addition to the representatives of voluntary organizations, the conference was participated in by the New Mexico Commissioner of Public Lands, members of the faculty of the University of New Mexico, the President of the New Mexico Agricultural College, representatives from the United States Forest Service, the United States Biological Survey and by a special representative of the Secretary of the Interior.

This gave us a conference of various interests, viewpoints and opinions. The committee of the League undertook to act as a sort of co-ordinator of these divergent ideas, and the experience was most satisfactory, encouraging, and, I hope, indicative of results which we may expect to accomplish in the future. The group was sufficiently small

26] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

to enable us to get round the table, discuss our problems informally and speak our minds freely. It was apparent immediately that everyone there was in dead earnest. The spirit of co-operation was all that could be desired. The participants were well informed, and each was willing to look at the subject from the viewpoint of another. Though the interests were different, it was usually found that the end sought was the same. In my opinion, based very largely on the experience of this conference, more can be accomplished in this way and by one such meeting, than by most any large number of mass meetings of more or less uninformed people, listening to learned papers and less learned discussion. What the cause of conservation now most needs, after the accumulation of reliable data, is a co-ordination of the efforts of the various interests, and this the League appears to be in a position to provide.

The conference had no difficulty in reaching an agreement on the first essential step to be taken in working out the League's program. The conference dissolved with the best of feeling on the part of all participants, and with their assertion and assurance that the League has before it a wonderful opportunity for accomplishment. Great encouragement has come from the Secretary of the Interior and from his special representative at the conference.

This brings the high points in the operation of the League down to date. Interest is growing and new members are being added, though no membership drive has yet been put on. This, however, should not be taken as an indication that our organization will not welcome, as members, all who are interested in the great cause of conservation.

Let me conclude by quoting a paragraph from the Conservation Bulletin referred to earlier. The author of these remarks is Dean B. P. Fleming of the Engineering College, New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

"Along the Rio Grande are native settlements, back of which on the neighboring mesa, old timers tell us they used to cut hay. These areas now afford only the meagre pasturage for the goats of these native settlements; and, some of these settlements themselves have been partially overwhelmed by arroyos, which it stands to reason were not active when the settlement was founded. No native New Mexican ever builds a house in the path of an arroyo . . . Until . . . the public generally comes to a full realization of the menace which erosion holds for the future of the Southwest it is not likely that much may be done. It is becoming more and more evident . . . that a permanent civilization in the river valleys of the Southwest must be founded upon control of the desert, just as methodically as we have attempted to control the torrential rivers. The sooner this is realized, the sooner will the Southwest have achieved a successful reclamation policy."

28] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Southwest

By ALICE CORBIN

Here many races make a varied sum,
A richer texture, closer to the soil;
Dances and feast-days, immemorial, come
From time to time, not separate from toil—
No rationed work-hours, and no rationed play,
But seasonal changes such as move the earth;
Each man a master of his will, to say
What corn shall spring, what moments come to birth!

What will be gained against the loss of this,
By a hard yard-stick in a rigid hand,
Parcelling play or pleasure, by applied
Unreal abstractions?—in this intimate land
Where need and nature meet, and never miss
The slow earth's turning, and the season's tide!

The Cruet Stand

By GRACE TAYLOR MITCHELL

SOME forty years ago, every well regulated family had upon the center of its dining table, a cruet stand. This (for the benefit of the newer generation) was a silver plated rack, for holding pepper, salt, and other condiments. It consisted of a revolving flat disc, perforated with about five holes, two or three inches in diameter. Into these holes were fitted glass bottles, appropriately cut, or frosted, in some chaste design. Two of these bottles had perforated tops and were used for salt and pepper. The others had glass stoppers, and held vinegar, mustard, catsup, or other relishes. Through the center of the disc ran a silver standard, or leg, which extended upward, to form a handle. This cruet stand could be easily reached by, or passed to, every one seated at the table.

It is so many years since the cruet stands were banished from general use, that the sight of one recently, in the home of a friend, almost brought tears to my eyes—tears of remembrance of happy days and faces of long, long ago. Somehow, a pang of remorse went through me, as though I had found a very dear, though long neglected friend. And I have been wondering, since, if perhaps most of our present day ills do not date from the fatal era when we decided to abandon our dignified old friend—Cruet Stand.

Year in and year out, in its stately, yet almost human way, the cruet stand seemed to give continuity and security to life. At breakfast time, it seemed to say "good morning," and to wish God speed, on the day's tasks. At noon it was there again, to minister to our tastes, like a well trained servant, while we partook of the hearty meal of the busy day. And in the evening, when the day's toil was over, and we gathered round the supper table, to relax, and discuss the day's events, it gleamed softly in the lamplight,

shedding an air of elegance and repose on all the household.

At Thanksgiving time, and Christmas, and on other occasions of state, the cruet stand was freshly polished, and shone, in all its glory, like a radiant Christmas tree. And who could fail to feel a heartfelt welcome at that table, where peace and plenty reigned?

And who, pray tell, ever heard of a divorce in a family which owned a cruet stand? Such things were unheard of and impossible. For divorce belongs to the dinette and kitchenette age—when marriage is as inconsequential and uncereemonious as a meal in a breakfast nook. The luncheon, nowadays, and dinner too, are hasty meals, hurriedly eaten, in order that each one may get to the office, the movies, the bridge club, or what not. Gone are the stately leisure, and friendly sympathy of the days of the cruet stand.

And what has become of our faithful old friend? If we should start a hunt, we should find it suffering the indignity of the highest shelf in the cupboard, or the dreary dust of a dark attic—unpolished for years, or more likely, we just wouldn't find it at all.

Personally I feel moved to start a new society—The Society for the Restoration of Worthy Cruet Stands, and will nominate for the president of this organization, the friend in whose home I recently found the dear old cruet stand, all polished and honored, as one honors a revered ancestor. My friend says she rescued this family relic last summer from the homestead attic back east. At present it occupies a place of honor and dignity on the dining room highboy—a mute reminder of days of peace and plenty, now banished, which we flung away, in the pursuit of modern gew-gaws.

Socorro South

By IRENE FISHER

The mountains lie
Like sleeping monsters
Between the plain and sky,
Companions of the gods.

Let us walk softly
In the early morning air
Upon this mesa.
The gods might care
If we should wake them.

Let us go quietly and be careful
We are so little.

And if a sleeping one should stir
Let us hide quickly
Under this blue shadow.

Song

By IRENE FISHER

I shall go on
And try to find
My highest place—
With you in my mind.

My spirit drifting
Will be no lonelier
Than fall smoke sifting
Over the river.

Had I never known
Your strength and grace
I'd fear much more
My lonely place.

Once you were here,
Your hand held my own.
Now I go on,
Not quite alone.

The Blossoming Tree

By AMY HURT

THE bright copper sun shone warmly upon the covered wagon and the milling oxen that drew it slowly between the section lines stretching for many miles along the floor of the land. Spring, warm desert Spring, was everywhere.

Brad Fuller absently slapped the rumps of the oxen with the whip. His eyes were on the horizon shimmering in the sun. He turned slowly and addressed his two companions, men rough and hardy like himself.

"Yuh know, I ben thinkin' . . . It's goin' tuh be a danged good thing if Dave Patchin does die. Addie'd be better off without 'im, that she would. She—"

"I don't know about thet, Brad," mildly protested the younger of the other two men. "Addie thinks a heap o' Dave. She's plumb crazy about 'im, Brad."

"Yeah. Yeah, she is. Jus' like a woman. Lazy, wuthless, no-'count dreamer . . . Thet's Dave. An' Addie, smart 'an a go-getter like she is, is fond of 'im," Brad said. "Three kids, a shack of a house, half th' time not enough tuh eat, an' yuh'd think tuh hear her tell it he's th' king o' this here country."

"Women are like thet," said the third man, shifting his angular old body to a more comfortable position upon the pile of cow hides in the bottom of the wagon. "Still . . . take my ole woman . . . she aint got a heap o' use fer me. Jus' th' other day she said . . ."

"Bud," Brad interrupted hurriedly, "which of us is goin' tuh break th' news tuh Addie thet Dave is bad hurt?" He knew word for word the story of old Hat's old woman.

Hat's eyes dulled sullenly. He said, "I aint, thet's sure."

"Well, I aint got a hankerin' to," Brad said.

"I'll tell Addie," offered Bud.

"She'll take it hard, young feller," warned Brad. "Fer

34] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

all she'd be better off—if she only knowed it—she'll take it hard."

"I know," the boy answered, softly.


The afternoon dragged wearily on. The copper sun, tarnished now, dipped lower and lower, rested a moment on the rim of the world, then sank behind the purple hills. A cool breeze sprang up and drove the spring warmth from the air. The oxen plodded on. The three men, dusty and chilled and silent, swayed tiredly in the rocking wagon. Stars appeared in the darkening sky. The wagon and oxen were swallowed up in the blackness of night. . . .

Addie drew water for the cows from the well. She stabled them for the night, patting their bony heads gently with her slim hands as she left them. She walked to the cabin, the breeze ruffling her fair hair. Between the chinks in the logs she could see the lamp light; it streamed out from the square little window, a beckoning finger, touching lightly the knotted branches of the stunted apple tree by the path. With a little pang Addie remembered that she had seen three blossoms, pale, tough-petaled, on the tree that morning. The voices of her children, fretful and impatient, carried out to her. Beside the stoop she paused a moment, straining her eyes in the darkness, trying to see if by chance there was a wobbling spot of light, the dim glow of Dave's lantern. A tiny fear was beginning to gnaw at her heart. He had been gone three days.

Somewhere a coyote called.

Addie shivered and entered the door.

The children scrambled toward her. The baby pulled himself up into her lap, his eyes heavy with sleep. Addie cradled his head against her breast, and drew the other little boy and the girl to her side. Rocking gently in the old chair, she talked to them quietly, sang to them until the baby's head drooped. She arose and put him to bed in the little wooden cradle. The other two then climbed



into her lap, and an arm about each she sat there for an hour, her ears strained for the creaking of David's wagon.

The children lay heavily against her, their soft, boneless bodies weary from the long day's play, and reluctantly Addie put them to bed. After a long time the oil burned low in the lamp and Addie lit another one. Its light shone full upon her children, and she stood staring down at their quiet faces. How like Dave they were with their black hair, fair skin, and their long, straight, thick lashes, she thought. In a sudden passion of tenderness she flung herself across the cot upon which the elder two lay, and she kissed them fiercely until they protested sleepily.

The cabin grew cold. Addie stepped out to the shed to get an armful of short pinon wood with which to replenish the fire. Back in the house she stuffed the stove until the lid had to be pressed down. She moved the coffee pot from the stove to the cupboard and covered the drying slices of bread, laid out for Dave's supper, with a napkin.

The wind came in little gusts outside, ruffling the rag rug spread before the door. The lamp smoked fitfully. Addie cut long strips of paper from an old weekly and forced them into the cracks around the windows with a thin kitchen knife. They made little singing sounds as the wind touched them.

A vague feeling of uneasiness began to take possession of her. Addie looked the cabin over critically. It seemed alien, unfriendly. All at once she was conscious of its poverty. Sometimes, like tonight, when Dave was not there to lend to the atmosphere the wonder of his presence, she wished for material things: rooms, many of them, furniture, carpets; all the dear possessions that go to make a home. A full larder, comforts for the children, clothes. And then she thought of her friends over in Meadow City. None was as poor as she. Addie thought of their comfortable homes, their sturdy children, their husbands. . . . She looked at her own children and gloried in their beauty.

She thought of Dave. No! No! Never could she trade her beloved treasures for their possessions. Dave, his love, their children. If only he would come. . . .

"Bring him back to me, God," she whispered. "If you only will, I'll never complain. Just bring Dave back to me."

Unmistakably, came the creak of wagon wheels. Addie rushed across the room, flung open the door and ran out to the corral, calling, "David, oh David, is that you?"

Through the darkness came a voice. "It's me, Bud Calkins, Addie. An' Brad an' Mat."

"I thought you were Dave. . ."

"No-o, not this trip, Addie. He's—he's over tuh Golden."

Bud and Brad appeared out of the darkness.

"He's at Golden? That's queer. He's never been gone so long before. I—I—have been afraid. . ." She leaned against a post. "I didn't know but what. . . Well, I got to thinking of 'California' Joe and his men. They're hiding out in the hills somewhere. Not that they'd bother Dave, I guess. He really has nothing. But you never can tell, can you? Silly of me, though, wasn't it?" She laughed a little, shakily.

There was a long silence. Addie looked at Bud intently, then with a little jerk of her head toward the house, she led the way to the door.

Hat, left behind, eased himself over the wagon wheel and threw an armful of hay before the oxen. He grumbled when Bud called back to him to water the beasts before feeding them.

Inside, Addie turned to the men. "It is good to see you," she said. "I—I have been so uneasy. Are you cold? Come closer to the fire. I hope we don't have a late frost tonight," she said, her fingers clinched together. "Our apple tree is blooming. It. . ." She broke off in terror, her eyes on their averted faces.

Hat came in and glanced from Bud to Brad, a question in his watery old eyes.

Bud said, "See here, Addie, we got bad news fer yuh. Dave is bad hurt. He—he—uh, . . ."

She looked from one to the other. The pupils of her eyes dilated until they were black. "He is dead," she stated dully.

"No. No! Addie. He's still alive. We come tuh take yuh to 'im." Bud steadied the swaying figure with his rough hand.

Addie said nothing.

Brad slipped his arm about her and held her close.

"He's not . . . dead?" She drew her breath sharply.

"Doc says he aint got a chance, Addie, old girl. 'Taint likely he'll make it. We got tuh hurry. Hat's agoin' tuh stay here with th' little fellers. Get y'ur things. Come on, now, that's a good girl," Bud said.

"What happened, Bud?" Addie asked.

"Tuh Dave? Why, he was over by Lone Gulch, lookin' for the source of the Rio Bonito, an' he got caught in a avalanche o' rock."

Addie closed her eyes. A little shudder passed over her.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Addie," Brad said.

Hat pulled off his rough coat and flung it to the floor. He seated himself beside the baby's bed; one horny finger poking at the soft little cheek. The baby stirred and thrust out his fat arms from beneath the quilt.

"Lookit, Brad. Cute, aint he? Eh, Brad? Now, if my ole woman'd a. . ."

Brad held up a warning finger and Hat subsided into resentful silence.

Blind with tears, Addie stumbled about the cabin gathering together her coat and crocheted bonnet, a handkerchief, Dave's nightshirts, her worn, slim purse. She added extra covers to the children's beds, bent and kissed their

38] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

quiet faces. Then she turned and went out into the night.

Back along the same sandy road plodded the weary oxen. Wisps of hay still hung from their jaws. Tense and silent, Addie sat beside Brad on the wagon seat, Bud hunched behind her upon the pile of cow hides. The rank odor of the hides filled the canvas-covered wagon; the air reeked with the acrid smell.

Dave dying! He might die before she reached him, she thought. She would never have another chance to tell him that she loved him. His love for her was like a shining garment, she thought fancifully, clinging to the seat as the wagon rocked in the soft sand. A shining garment, warm as the sun, strong as Dave's muscles, that enfolded her, enveloped her in all its strength and beauty. Why, without Dave she was nothing. Before he had come into her life she had not lived. She was his woman. No plea of parents, no warning of friend had deterred her when with head uplifted, eyes alight, he had told her of the West, its promises, the wonderful opportunities out there for such as they, their chance of happiness together. . . .

She had gone with him, a prairie schooner her wedding carriage, a cavalry escort of soldiers prancing along with the caravan that had followed David's lead.

Brad pulled the oxen to a stop, drew out his old pipe and filled it from the worn leather pouch, cupped his hands over the bowl of the pipe, and glanced at Addie anxiously in the flare of his lighted match. Addie stared straight ahead. She leaned forward slightly, as if by the very force of her will she could urge them all onward. After a minute Brad snapped the whip and the oxen lumbered on.

The escort had turned back at Fort Bent, Colorado, and the wagons of the caravan had dispersed, some going this way, some that. Dave had headed south, and after a few days' stay in Santa Fe had declared his intention of going on. He was seeking a newer land, he had said.

"We shall push on, Addie. There is nothing here for

me. Nothing but trading. And the land, good land, what there was of it, has all been claimed. This country is too hilly."

A sudden fear had struck Addie's heart as she saw their companions of the prairies fade with the Sangre de Cristos.

"Oh, let's go back to Santa Fe, David," she had pleaded.

"Tired of me, girl?"

"Oh, Dave. . ."

They had rounded the breast of a hill and he had stopped the wagon. Why! Brad's beasts were pulling up this same hill now. Addie gasped faintly and caught her lips between her teeth to keep from crying out. From this hill she and Dave had watched the sunset, his arms about her, his heart pounding steadily against her breast. Her lips had sought his, her arms had crept about his neck.

"You and I, Addie, just you and I," he had whispered.

"You and I, David," she had echoed, and had begrudged even the air the right to touch him.

They had camped for the night. The next morning, after an hour's ride, they had come upon the valley, the like of which David was seeking. The valley had lain below them, a broad, flat, motionless, sage-green sea. Buffalo had pawed the ground. It had still shown evidence of their occupation. Their trails had spread far and wide, crossed and criss-crossed. Buffalo chips, thin wafers, gray and dry, had been everywhere.

"There it is! There's our country! We shall settle there, Addie." His face had been bright, his voice full of exultation.

And settle they had. Their dug-out and shed were the first to be fashioned by the hands of white man. Others, already weary of the many weeks of grinding travel, had been encouraged to settle there too. In six years' time every acre was fenced, except David's. The valley was being cultivated; prosperity was coming, slowly, surely. Only David had not prospered.

David! Addie stretched forward and snatched the whip from Brad's fist. She jerked her arm and the thing snapped snake-like through the air.

"We must go faster, Brad," she said. She did not hear his answer; her thoughts were off again, content that the beasts had quickened their steps in obedience to her command.

Contempt for Dave had sprung up among the settlers. He had been the first to settle the valley, yet he now had the least. Shiftless, they called him. Oh, she knew what they thought, the things they said. Only she realized that he was a dreamer, not a doer. They waxed strong off the fat of the land, the land he had discovered and for which they gave him no credit.

"Things. Things! That's all they think about," Addie whispered angrily, and did not know that she had spoken.

The desert mirage—groves of trees, lakes, the gabled roofs of many houses, schools, railroads—was to become a reality. Already the Santa Fe was surveying the right-of-way. Addie could see the white blur of the surveyors' camp now in the pale light of the rising moon.

The wagon lurched and Addie was thrown against Brad. He threw out a hand to steady her and clutched her arm. Unconsciously, she jerked from his grasp, jealous for Dave.

Intimate, dear little scenes sprang before Addie's eyes. David's first kiss. His avowals of love. Their long trip across the prairies. His quick tempers. Dave and she, arm in arm, surveying their land. The final completion of their cabin after many months in the crude dug-out. The birth of Shelia. His tenderness during her long hours of labor, the two of them alone, waiting for the doctor who was too drunk to attend her when he finally stumbled in. David's trip to Denver when at the expense of making the long return trip by muleback, he had bought for her a blue velvet

THE BLOSSOMING TREE

[41

tea gown and little blue kid slippers to match. Later, she had made Shelia and the baby each a coat from the lovely thing. Dear Dave! And there had not been fuel enough in the cabin with which to cook their food. She had gathered buffalo chips for weeks and had fed them to the greedy stove that burned them up like so much paper. Addie smiled through her tears at the recollection. She groped for her handkerchief and was not surprised when Bud's big fist thrust into her fingers his own bandana.

And David's planting of the little apple orchard, five years ago. Everyone had laughed at him. "Apple trees in this sandy, windy country? Ha! He'd better spend his time planting beans and patching up the sheds and coops around his place," someone had said. "The door's off the cowshed, and the last wind took the roof from his chicken coop."

Addie, with Brad's help, had repaired the damage one day when David was gone. He had noticed it the first thing upon his return, and some of the glory had gone from his eyes.

One tree had lived. It was almost sacred to David. He watered it and pruned it, and watched it with anxious eyes. Addie knew that it was the only thing that had held them in the valley the past few years. A stunted little apple tree! Once it bloomed, justified his confidence in the land, they would be on their way, seeking new worlds to conquer. Stunted and gnarly though it was, it had bloomed today.

Suddenly a new thought came to Addie. The tree had released David, but Death would chain him to the valley. . .

"No! No! . . ."

"Steady, Addie." Brad laid a comforting hand on her arm.

The lights of Golden shone dimly in the distance. Addie moved feverishly about on the seat. Finally they reached the false-fronted town. They rode down the dusty street, past Pat's Place, past the post office and general

42] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

store. Around the corner from the Silver Spoon they drew up beside the corrugated iron building that served the miners as an emergency hospital.

Addie sprang from the seat just as Brad pulled the oxen to a stop. She tore across the sidewalk and opened the hospital door. She ran down the length of the corridor to a door upon which was chalked, "Quiet."

A solemn, dark-browed man, weary from a long trip by horseback and the night's vigil, met her as she opened the door. She pushed past him, her eyes upon the long row of beds, ghostly in the lamp-light. Dave was not among them. She saw a screen in the corner. Behind its shelter lay David, still and very white.

Addie threw herself down upon the floor beside him and slipped her arm beneath his head. The doctor came from around the screen and tried to draw her to her feet. She shook him off.

"David," she called softly. "David, oh, David. . ."

Slowly the heavy lids drew back, his blue eyes gazed dully into hers, brightened. His lips moved and she bent to catch his whispered, "My girl. . ."

"Don't leave me, David. I need you. See, darling, I am here. It's Addie. Addie! You are all right, David. Don't you understand?" She felt him slipping. His eyes closed.

Agony in her face, she looked up at the doctor. "Do something. Please, do something!" she begged.

The doctor shook his head pityingly.

"Bud! Brad!" she implored. They turned away.

Gently she shook the still form. "Dave, oh, my darling . . . See! The dawn has come. A new day. And, David, at home—you'll never believe it—the apple tree is blooming!"

It was her last appeal.

His eyes opened slowly; a flicker came into them. "The apple . . . tree . . . Addie?"

"Three blossoms, dear, and more buds are bursting."

"Well, I . . . declare. . ." With a contented little sigh he turned his head weakly until his cheek rested in the hollow of her hand.

Addie smiled at Bud. She drew off her bonnet, slipped the coat sleeve from her free arm, and settled herself more comfortably upon the floor.

Enigma

By JACK WILLIAMSON

Some three pounds of gray flesh
lying split apart on the laboratory table,
so that careless students may point out the pons, the
medulla, the thalamus, the Fissure of Rolando—
what a mystery and a wonder!

Its gray cells were once the mechanism of a mind;
A Presence
aware of itself
sensing the splendor and the terror of the world,
thinking,
able to balance and judge abstractions like right and jus-
tice and beauty,
vibrant with glowing emotions—
where is it now?

Lost forever in its colorless folds
is a memory;
recollection of youth's rapt wonder at a widening world,
painful intense first loves,
early triumphs that made life seem a victorious road,
the pure supernal beauty that only a child finds—
where is that memory now?

Feelings are buried in its cold convolutions—
what are they?
Tender, wistful love of home and mother?
Burning pride and stern ambition?
Love of a child?
friends?
country?
God?
Compelling sense of duty?

Compassion for fellow men.

Some of them, or all, are here, hidden in this web of neurones.

Here on the table, they tell us,
in this cold split brain that stinks of formaldehyde,
that we can lift with a callous hand, probe with the scapel;
here in our hands the machine is—
where is the mind, the man?

What Some Men Worshipped A LEGEND OF THE BLACK HILLS

By MAUDE MCFIE BLOOM

IN the Black Hills of New Mexico, the ruins of an old fortress stand on the crest of a rocky slope scarred by prospector's pick and the rotting framework of abandoned mine shafts. Legends have grown about the oldest of these tunnelings, some of which are the work of the first European settlers in New Mexico, the Spanish conquistadores. The story of Elena, the first woman with hair of gold in the Black Range, is one of these. They of that region will tell you that still, at intervals—and always as a portent of coming disaster in some of their mines,—Elena comes again, riding a white stallion at mad-pace across the high horizon . . . “Quin, my Quin . . . pray for my soul. . .”

Don Joaquín had not intended to bring the peerless Doña Elena on his expedition into the beckoning, unknown northland of Nueva España, now just beginning to be called El Nuevo Mejico. She had followed him. And easily he might have read the sign if he had been more alert, less enraptured by her charms and by his possession of her. What should he have expected of a granddaughter of a conquistador? Of a fearless, venturesome girl-child of that generation—of a woman who should have been born a man. But, love sees only its own sweet self!

Custom alone would have deterred the average wife whose lot was one of seclusion, almost of widowhood, when her husband fared forth on a campaign of no matter what duration, since he, by the laws of Spanish wedlock, was her lord and master for all time. Yet Elena, vital and magnificent, was lord of her husband although neither was conscious of it.

Campaigns were still the order of the times in the 1660's, surges to push back frontiers against protesting

Indian tribes all along the cordilleras; expeditions for greed and gain, called conquest in the name of Carlos Segundo, Spain's king, and of the Church, jornadas which lured the young bloods of valor and ambition. When to conquest and missionary zeal was added the lure of gold, in which private gain might find no limits, the impulses to enterprise became almost irresistible. Doña Elena's husband was one of those so drawn.

Yet conquest of peoples as such—of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, or the Incas of Peru, for example—made no appeal to Joaquín de Mirades, a grandee in rank of Zacatecas province whose family had been mine owners for generations. Arrogance was his attitude toward all that another had already found! A virgin enterprise alone struck fire from his flint. Therefore, instead of treasure, Don Joaquín must find the mine for the joy of it; he himself must strike the glittering, maiden ledge; he must be the first to wash the placer sands none before had glimpsed. This and this alone, had power to draw Don Joaquín from the bosom of his worshipped bride, the Doña Elena.

It had taken time to persuade Elena to consent to his adventuring, for her heart beat as high as his. But because she understood how custom forbade her accompanying him, Elena gave her consent—making, of course, her mental reservation.

Don Joaquín's frenzy to find the rumored mineral bonanzas of the wild Black Range of the new kingdom of Nuevo Mejico soon communicated itself to a score of his dependents, and they flung themselves into excited preliminaries.

Doña Elena, meantime pretending to sulk, made her secret preparations. Who could blame her since she had found that being a woman was an irksome circumstance? Child of a noble family hopelessly impoverished by the continued and costly exploits of their men until the only hope to retrieve their fortune was by money-marriage, the young Elena had found it a curse to be a daughter,—particularly

one with that most admired of Castilian perfections, a flaming mark of royal descent—her red-gold hair! It was a pride, of course, yet it was a charm that had attracted many lovers who, tempting her parents, had caused her tortures of suspense and dread. But then finally the gallant, wealthy Joaquín had settled it to everybody's delight. Her "Quin" loved her so; and now he would forgive! Everybody would, reasoned the headstrong, gorgeous Elena.

Visitors who came to condole with Doña Elena did not fail to catch a gleam in her wide gray eyes that belied her declarations of self-pity. More than one whispered significantly: "Does the lovely bride find the going of Don Joaquín a too grievous burden, think you?"

Joaquín, however, saw nothing amiss in his beloved, and at last the great day came when all was in readiness for the two-year expedition. The young husband's tenderness touched all hearts and the young wife's role had convinced both her husband's clan and her own, gathered for the final leave-taking.

Don Joaquín bent down from his *caballo* for the last sweet kiss from Doña Elena's rich lips,—to receive, instead, a mischievous grin and a tweak of his noble nose! So, that valiant caballero rode away on his pilgrimage with an unexpected ache in his heart that his angel Elena need maintain quite so brave a front to the very last. Ah, she ought to realize that it was so hard to leave!

Off rode Joaquín leading his packed mules, his oxen-drawn *carretas* loaded with equipage for the mining of metals, and his score of eager, trained dependents. Yet so near his undoing was Elena's gay tweak, that until he fell into a restless sleep that night he battled the temptation to stay sedately at home in their palace at Zacatecas. What was gold compared to her red-gold beauty? What was ambition when she turned her warm soft palm upward in his? However, Don Joaquín covered six leagues of the

three hundred before him ere the *mozos* made camp that night. Such was the tempo of the 1660's.

At daybreak a clatter of arriving caballos startled him. Joaquín threw open his embroidered tent-curtain—and into his arms fell the lovely Elena, gayer, fresher than he for all his hours of rest. Her headlong ride since night had hidden her secret flight. There was a look, too, in her brave eyes that gave him pause.

"My Elena!"

"My Quin! You shall not go alone! Only death shall part us!"

"Why do you say 'death'? It shall not come near you," he cried, straining her to him to mitigate a startling sense of fatality that she should come to him with such a word on her lips.

Elena's gray eyes dilated—for omens, premonitions move. She had said the words in a passion of love-hunger, to convince him from the first of her sincerity. Now in a flash she knew that they should both go—and both should stay. She had no fear; and she had no answer. The sun's first rays gave to her hair the sheen of a golden halo.

All day they reasoned or made pretense, deadened to all but each other's sweetness. He did not yet know the depths of her spirit. He did not know till then that a woman could match a man's courage and his fire. That night they were a single blended figure; if Elena moved he cried out; if Joaquín sighed, she woke him.

Morning came. Ho! for the trail! Adventure lay just ahead! Their strong young spirits soared and their urged caravan covered eight leagues that second day.

Many weary weeks later at the Mission of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe del passo del Rio de Norte (now called Juárez), the Mirades party drew attention by its questions about the Black Hill wilderness. It was seen to turn northwest off the Chihuahua Trail after crossing the river and, traversing the pass, to disappear on the nameless barren

western flats. The region whither they went was known only by the two rivers that sprang from the fastnesses comprehensively called the Black Range country. But it was known to be peopled by two fierce Apache tribes named for the rivers it claimed as hunting ground—the Mimbrenos and the Gileños.

Don Joaquín's inherited instinct for metals led him unerringly. Soon his men were tunneling, cutting beams, and setting joists. Almost immediately Joaquín discovered copper, silver, gold and cinnabar. All seemed well. Joaquín and Elena built a stout stone house, a fortress-like place on a hilltop somewhere in the vicinity; this because a never failing crystal spring flowed from under the great rocky hill; and the slope dominated so vast a sweep of territory. The spring was below and just out of sight—else they would have known certain things sooner.

Elena was radiantly happy. Every conceivable thing was done by her followers, who brought her strange flowers, herbs, pets, curiosities of every description. They staged contests, vied for her interest. When she lost a monogrammed, gold-braided spur, they begged a holiday that all might share in the search. She was a queen, they her devout worshippers. Her personal safety Don Joaquín entrusted to the two seasoned servitors whom she had chosen to bring with her from home, and he also rarely left her side. She was never alone and Joaquín felt that his idol was safe.

Tools were lost by the eager workers. Beaten copper buckets of Zacatecas manufacture fell into deep places. Things were done in royal fashion as befitted the Mirades', and enough could not be done to show their love for their fair-skinned, gold-haired goddess.

At first a few Indians were seen at a distance, whom the Spaniards took to be the little known Gileños because none came near. As time passed, more were sighted but they came no closer. Silent, bronze figures on surrounding

eminences watched the white men toil for gold, watched them wait upon the white-skinned woman with the hair of gold whom they all worshipped. Presently Indians came by scores, brought, as the news spread from camp to camp, to see for themselves that which the palefaces worshipped.

Joaquín grew apprehensive. "With the full moon we shall go back to Guadalupe."

"Because of those Indians, Quin?" the wife asked. "Why, they are shyer than birds, Quin! The other day I ran down to the spring for that medicinal herb, and surprised both myself and two crazy-looking old men who were gesticulating over our spring. You should have seen them run. How they screeched, Quin! I had to laugh."

"Mi alma—soul of me! Never go there again! They could poison our water!"

"Don't be alarmed, my Quin. Set the day to go back if you like; but we have been here a long time and have they ever come near even? You are so wonderful—the men too." She laughed lightly. "I suppose I like being worshipped."

"Too many of them are coming," muttered Don Joaquín, kissing her bright hair.

As was the custom, their horses were kept under a guard of half the party in the barricaded mine tunnel at night. A guard of three was stationed on the roof of the stone stronghold. But their last night saw all the men, except the usual three, sent to the mine, so valuable were the mounts.

At dawn when Don Joaquín climbed to the mine, horses and men were gone! The Apaches had struck—and were gone again. As well talk to the clouds, or the winging birds.

"When they come, Quin, parley with them. They must want something we have. We'll give it to them and start out. We are five—and I am as strong as you men at walking!"

No Indians were sighted that day. Joaquín shuddered. Under cover of darkness one of the guards stole down the bluff for water—and did not come again. Another long day they endured athirst; and still no enemy was in sight.

Desperate now, Joaquín armed the two men, one to guard the other, and at the very edge of the night sent them off to the spring. The inaction was breeding in them a madness. Neither returned.

Joaquín was half demented. But,—they should not lay hands on his Elena! He himself would release her soul at the last. They—the two Mirades—waited, ready.

Two old Indian men appeared on the slope. Closing the heavy door behind him, Joaquín walked down a few paces to meet them. But the wife, dreading to lose sight of him, opened the portal and stood watching.

“I will give you—everything,” Joaquín spoke in proud accents. “What will you?”

The old priests pointed to—Elena!

“Never alive,” vowed the husband, wheeling to regain her side—too late! Elena was surrounded by other old Indian priests. Joaquín also was overpowered as if by Indians sprung from the ground. The whole space was alive with Gileños who showed no shyness now.

“Pray for my soul, Quin, my Quin,” called his Elena. “I pray for yours, my Quin!” Many times she called to him: not once could he answer. Still she called on—

They say the golden-haired woman was tied on the back of a pale-coated stallion which had not before borne the weight of human being. And that her tresses of red-gold hair hung to the ground and streamed back like a banner of sundrenched cloud, snatched to earth from an evening sky. They say that fleetest warriors drove the white stallion until it died—she of the golden hair having, days before, breathed her last murmur to her loved one, and dropped, member by member, back to mother earth.

WHAT SOME MEN WORSHIPPED [53

Not until then did the Gileños halt their wierd chanting, which, being interpreted, asked their gods to remove forever from their country this palefaced, redhaired, female devil that white men worshipped.

They say, too, that at times Elena rides again at mad pace across the horizon in the region of the old stone fortress on the hill where the welling water has not flowed in the memory of whiteman. And that faintly there comes the moaning cry: "Quin, my Quin!"

Smoke Talk

Dear Editor of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY:

Caution is a hateful word and lethargy is worse than enthusiasm without caution. But if enthusiasm takes us places, it also sometimes takes us away from our intended goal.

One of the dangers to avoid when we find ourselves becoming enthusiastic is the danger of sentimentality and patronage concerning a cause. I mention this in connection with the danger that may creep in along with our natural interest and desire to help the native groups in New Mexico, the Spanish-Americans and the Indians. Give them an outlet through their arts, yes. Give them praise for what they create, yes,—*when the creation is a thing of beauty*, as, indeed, in many cases it is.

In the series of articles in the last NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, it seemed to me that Mr. Collier, with all his idealism, in speaking of Indian education, has recognized the need for caution somewhat more than the other contributors in this series. He says, for instance; "In turn they restrain the zeal of the innovators."

The other articles touched on the Spanish-American, remote-community education problem, describing the definite step that has been taken in establishing the San Jose school. Scholarships and extension service are doubtless a good step, and the special study of language errors and the teaching of reading according to the pupil's qualifications seem to be good.

I do question, however, a policy that says in one paragraph, "It is necessary to awaken in them an appreciation of their lingual heritage" and also, "The thought that this might contribute something to the culture of the Anglo is not seriously entertained by anyone, for Spanish as it is spoken in New Mexico, is a decidedly corrupt language." Possibly the author did not intend this unfortunate contra-

diction. Yet this statement indicates a tendency to extoll the heritage of the Spanish-American of this locality, even when we belittle this heritage in the next breath. And a similar tendency shows up in speaking of the "largeness" of our artists in rating their arts well, rather than the "keenness." Do we have to be *large* to appreciate what is good?

And so I have a doubt of the fundamental wisdom of an attitude which may tend to underlie our present sort of program. We praise elements in the heritage of these people which we do not admire, or only admire in a superior way; and we appeal to the sentiments of the old grandmother who still believes they "had many things," instead of to those of a coming generation that may be more ready to accept some of the many things they did not have.

Yet there is much in the ancestry of these peoples that we can afford to awaken pride in: the spirit of adventure; the courage of facing hardships; the poetry of the guitar with its dream of sweetness, its rhythms and dances, which indicate an appreciation of the happiness that can come from within; and, of course, some of their inherited arts. If it is up to us to encourage a restoration of the morale of these people, and it probably is, let us beware of patronizing them, and let us extoll that which is worthy in their heritage, and appreciate their simpler gifts in proportion to their particular importance.

As one of the traits of their ancestors was an ability to utilize the resources at hand, to their limit though the limit was small, let us encourage them to use their present resources, which include our heritage, to their limit, also, which is a larger limit.

HESTER JONES.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

From Sanctuary

By CAROL EGLAND

And I became afraid, dear.
I turned from you and smiled into the air.
I held our talk to sophistry,
Bright patter, smart and trivial,
To still the strange song in my heart.
My chatter played arch lady to your casual man;
I forced our harsh antiphony of sham.

Midbreath I turned again to you:
In one clear look
Our spirits fused and quickened
To my song in you, your song in me.

Book Reviews

Agarita Berry—Siddie Joe Johnson—The Southwest Press, Dallas—\$1.50.

Agarita Berry is the first volume of a tall, dark girl, Siddie Joe Johnson, whom we in Texas have been watching believingly since 1927 when, still in high school, she won the Texas prize, offered by the state poetry society. We watched her through four years at Texas Christian University. Our belief has been justified. Rarely does a first volume show so much intensity of feeling coupled with unassailable craftsmanship. Her themes are the old themes—there are few others for the lyric poet—nature, beauty, friendship, love; linked with these, joy, sorrow, hope, despair. Only war and death are missing.

A love for her own land and a quest for beauty are the most insistent notes. Her love for the Gulf country is voiced in many poems, but most individually in "The Land I Know." To quote a few stanzas:

"What shall it be?" the stars asked.
The wind keened, "What shall it be?"
I touched my lyre. "Night-song," I said,
"From one who has loved the sea."

The moon in the West was questioning
And curved to a golden stain;
The land it touched was a level land
"... and one who has loved the plain."

The oleander hedges
Bloomed red as a young girl's mouth.
"Another song and the singer the same—
But one who has loved the South."

A search for beauty threads the volume. From the dedicatory poem with its appealing final stanza,

What could I say to a mother such as she,
Who taught her child loveliness instead of right and wrong,
But thank her for the strange gifts she'd conjured up for
me,
And what could I do but pay her back in song?

[57]

58] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

to the last sonnet with its ecstasy in the flowering-plum, it runs. In unexpected places the poet finds beauty—in “the foulest street in town” and in “an old woman in a dirty old dress.” This tireless seeking is poignantly expressed in “Cruel Beauty.”

I am a girl who has never rested easy,
So has my bed been made of shell and shard;
So have my feet gone cut and torn for beauty—
Oh, I have taken it hard!

I am a girl who has thrived on thirst and hunger,
Knowing a bitter berry in my mouth;
Mumbling, for my heart's comfort, fruit of cactus
And the harsh husks of drouth.

I am a girl who has grown thin and wary,
Looking for beauty where no beauty lies;
Who has grown stooped and eager, seeking magic
In the Peon babies' eyes.

I am a girl who has never rested easy—
Beauty, a pebble in every shoe I've tried.
Oh, I have never been rid of this sting of seeking—
This thorn of song in my side!

Although *Agarita Berry* is a first volume, Miss Johnson has been known to poetry readers for many years through her works published in anthologies and magazines, among them: *The Golden Stallion*, *The Southwest Scene*, *Poetry*, *a Magazine of Verse*, *Kaleidograph*, *Tom-Tom*, *Southwest Review*, and *New York Times*. She has well earned a volume, and a volume as beautifully made as *Agarita Berry*.

Hilton Ross Greer, President of the Texas Poetry Society, has referred to Siddie Joe Johnson as the future Sara Teasdale of American poetry. Certainly here is a young poet to whom the entire Southwest can look with pride and hope.

MABEL MAJOR.

Fort Worth.

Mesa Land—Anna Wilmarth Ickes—Houghton Mifflin, 1933—\$3.00.

In spite of the fact that it is the universal complaint of the booksellers that no books are being sold, the last six months of 1933 were marked by an avalanche of new books on the Southwest. *Mesa Land* by Anna Wilmarth Ickes is the reaction of an alert and vigorous personality to the history, ethnology, and archaeology of this region. Mrs. Ickes traveled intensively and read enormously. Her book is written in a jaunty conversational manner. The specialist will quarrel with some of her interpretations and with rather too many of her facts. The chapter on history in particular is marred by numerous errors. The whole book would have profited from a more careful proof reading. There are many curious slips such as "Mendoza" for Moctezuma (p. 30), "Bandolier," for Bandelier (p. 97 and passim). Nevertheless *Mesa Land* is an agreeable introduction to the Southwest. A pleasant and valuable feature of the book is Mrs. Ickes' generous habit of guiding her reader effectively to the sources of her own information. The author is, however, at her best when she recounts her own experiences and gives the results of her own observation. The chapters on the Zuñi and Hopi are rich in details arising out of her own experiences which give them an interest and a freshness above other portions of the book.

CLYDE KLUCKHOHN

Albuquerque.

Navajo Weaving—Charles Avery Amsden—Fine Arts Press, Santa Ana, California—\$7.50.

George Wharton James and others have written of Navajo blankets. The most authoritative, comprehensive and interesting treatment of Navajo blankets and rugs, however, is the recent book called *Navajo Weaving*, by Charles Avery Amsden, with a Foreword by Frederick Webb Hodge, director of the Southwest Museum. Just to see the book makes one grab it with a feeling of elation, in which a large part is eager anticipation. The cover itself is delightful. It

portrays a Chief's blanket printed in full color upon buckram, which gives an illusion of being woven. Inside, one hundred and twenty-five full-page plates serve to illustrate every phase of Mr. Amsden's subject as he traces weaving from early, simple finger-weaving without a loom to the intricate plain, twilled, two-faced, double weaving on the Navajo loom. Six of these plates are in full color, beginning with a color plate 18 by 24 inches in size, which is beautifully reproduced in fourteen colors from hand cut rubber blocks and which shows the famous blanket of Chief White Antelope.

The volume contains an amazing amount of pertinent information, from suggestions to amateurs of how to test blankets to discern whether or not they are of aniline or vegetal dyes to a most comprehensive historical background of earlier weavers as well as of Navajos. As Dr. Hodge states in his foreword: "Born and reared on the selvage border of the Navajo tribal range, so to speak, it was not unnatural for a student of such exceptional acumen as Mr. Amsden early to acquire an interest in these Indian neighbors, and especially in that phase of their culture which was so constantly displayed before his eyes. Appreciating the need of a comprehensive study of Navajo weaving from other than its purely esthetic aspect, our author undertook his research into the technical side of the subject. . . Mr. Amsden's investigations have taken him far into the realm of Navajo history in an effort to trace the beginnings of the weaver's art. . . .

"In addition to the technic of the weaver's craft, the volume presents a résumé of our archaeological knowledge of the long career of the loom and its prototypes in the prehistoric Southwest, describes and illustrates in detail the various weaves used by the Navajo, and records the processes employed in making their native dyes. Following this will be found a discussion of Navajo weaving from the introduction of sheep by the first Spaniards, through

its earliest historical references in old Spanish documents and its brilliant 'bayeta period' to modern times when, as the author says, it was gradually transformed from a native craft of blanketry into a rug-making industry. The book closes with a chapter analyzing and tracing the growth of design and an account of the 'revival' movement now in progress.

"The illustrations are of great value in themselves. Instead of specializing in 'pretty blankets,' as previous writers have been prone to do, Mr. Amsden has made a special effort to obtain illustrations of old authentically-dated specimens . . . Many date back to the Civil War and even earlier. These with the historic old scenes and figures of early reservation days and the ample illustrations of every process in blanket-making far surpass any previous effort in that direction."

The volume is fittingly dedicated "To the memory of Washington Mathews, Major, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, sympathetic observer, unbiased student, faithful recorder, of Navajo life and ways." The book is a joy to possess as well as an invaluable help to the student who wants accurate information.

ELIZABETH WILLIS DE HUFF.

Santa Fe.

The Sun Turns West—Alice Corbin—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe—\$2.00.

This slim volume contains forty-eight poems in all, these being arranged in four parts, each part with its special title. Part One, *Things Past*, is chiefly free verse. Here one finds the best poetry in the book. "One City Only," the first poem in this section, is also, in my opinion, the finest. Informed with exact and tender observation, it is full of a nostalgia for the past. "The feel of cool linen in the cavernous bed" is a memorable line. "Old Houses" is unevenly good. It is the longest poem in the volume, eighty-two lines. One hesitates in telling such an experienced poet

as Alice Corbin that the poem, short as it is, is still too long, but I felt that the effect would have been much stronger had this poem ended with the line, "Love follows me."

Part Two, *Songs for a Book of Airs*, "To be sung to the Lute and Viols," with its echoes, or, better perhaps, its faint reminiscences of Herrick and Marvel, and even Browning, is the most lyrical portion. Some of these brief and chased lyrics are exquisite. I must quote one of these in full:

V

What dim Arcadian pastures
Have I known,
That suddenly, out of nothing,
A wind is blown,
Lifting a veil and a darkness,
Showing a purple sea—
And under your hair the faun's eyes
Look out on me?

I cannot feel that the seven sonnets forming the sequence entitled "Monica Silva," impeccably correct and polished as they are, make a notable contribution to our sonnet literature, except in one grand line from Sonnet V, "I cannot fling my curse in beauty's face." These sonnets form the major part of Section Three.

The four sonnets under the heading, "Tomorrow Death," in Part Four, are fine, as are some of the brief lyrics. I should like to have written "Walls."

Love, Death, the Past, Nature—there are the themes. Little bits of Nature, though, no sustained nor deep diapason. The mood is a sad one, the chords struck are minors. No definite philosophy of life. No great depth of emotion. Much restraint. Poems to be enjoyed for their bitter-sweet music.

The format is attractive, the flaming gold of the cover especially so. Since the words "Sun" and "West" appear in the title, one naturally looks for poems celebrating the

austere beauty of our New Mexico mesas and mountains. One looks in vain, however.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

Albuquerque.

Foretaste—Peggy Pond Church—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe—\$2.00.

I opened Peggy Pond Church's volume of verse, *Foretaste*, and was aware of light fingers picking up earth and fashioning it into winged thoughts. Here are pages with delicately-carved poems, fragrant with the sage of high mesas, light as a cirrus cloud, warm as red blood, vibrant as the strings of a violin. The reader catches glimpses, feels touches of the sensitive character of the poet, sensitive not so much to darkness as to light in all its nuances of color, movement, and design. Of acid there is not a trace. There are cloud-shadows, the flight of a fairy, altars, the turn of the earth, lilac roots, turquoise in the wind.

The author has divided her book into two parts, but the poems arrange themselves into four spheres: poems close to the earth, fantasy, sketches of children, glimpses of the native Southwest. New Mexico is symbolized in a new way: placid burros become ancient hills; chili burns with new fever; natives pray in the cool recesses of a church under an anciently carved statue of Joseph; sheep and goats whiten the rock-ribbed hills. You will enjoy "Sheep Country" and "A Miracle of Santuario" and the mystery of "Abiquiu" and walk the petalled streets of Rosario in "Admonition."

If the reader inclines toward modern poetry, he will like the way Mrs. Church brings out new thoughts and expresses them in new ways. This is brought out in "Changeling," the story of a fay who "lay like a wind against a man's shoulder" and "danced like a crisp gold leaf." In a fantastic way Mrs. Church talks about peach orchards in early spring and the mystery of a shadow made by a saffron bough in "Shadow-Madness." Rain, "a scud of color down a roadway" clears poetic thought to a filigree

64] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

mist. "The sky was a crystal bell that was cupped upon me" brings an intangible something into incandescent lines. With a delicate touch she brings atmosphere into "For an Autumn Moment," which first appeared in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, and "Open Winter." Love of sheer lyricism is increased after reading the sonnets "Evergreen," "Bridal," and "Bondage." An original characteristic of her work is the use of kennings which she has revived from the old English. Slant-winged, grass-hidden, winter-driven, earth-colored, sky-color—she fills her poems with intimate glimpses such as these—words which give a definite flavor and a freshness to her poetry. Mrs. Church writes poems that are close to the earth, which have themes ringing through them with the tone of Millay. The desire "to go back to the earth, give birth to mountains, be intimate with the tide and the rain and the seasons" is the theme of the poems "Foretaste," "I Have Looked at the Earth," "Ceremonial," and "To Certain Ones Who Do Not Understand." There is pathos giving way to thanksgiving in the starkly simple "Drought" where rain-clouds disappear "across the hard laughter of the sky."

Perhaps her rhyming verse is better than her free verse, and it is difficult to accustom the silent ear where rhyming gives way to a rugged spluttering of words as in "A Miracle of Santuario." But there will be light in the heart after reading "Five Years Old" and "A Dower for My Daughter," and there will be always tousled brown curls and a mouth as bright and as gay as a barberry after "Not Quite Three," and there will be the pang that goes with a star in "For a Birthnight" and the homey charm of "Song for Hanging Out Clothes."

If, gentle reader, you go around and around in the dull brown days of life and never see a lark burst into stars, read Peggy Pond Church's *Foretaste*.

HARVENA CONRAD RICHTER.

Albuquerque.

Atlantides—Haniel Long—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe—\$2.00.

Poetry in the twentieth century has been censured for over-subjectivity. Anarchy has prevailed in form and eccentricity in subject matter. Free verse has been the favored medium for such personalizings, and the whole modern verse coterie has been condemned for its ego-centric, self-sorrowing lyric wails. Unlike the noble poets of the nineteenth century, these moderns did not write about revolutionary principles, "liberty, fraternity, equality," nor particularize philosophic headings for the commonplace acts of every day life. Amy Lowell and the Imagists insisted that poetry must re-build life as vividly as the poet found it. But in comparison with nineteenth century poetry, the moderns were low on general ideas of the significance of experience.

Such a description is more fitted to the first two decades of the present century than to the last fourteen years. Post-war poetry has found a strong contingent of social-thinking poets, poets who are driven by depression with its misery and soul-pinching want to economic ideas and to intellectual retreats more stoic than epicurean. I do not say the War and Depression are necessary causes. A time would come when our poets would sing ideas or, let us say, think music, anyhow.

Haniel Long has written recently of society. Such poems as "Stephen Foster," "Henry George," and "Epilogue of 1933," with their references to the Fricks, the Carnegies, the Presidents, ex- and present, have broached a social philosophy generous and humanity loving. This book, *Atlantides*, is a book of personal philosophy. It draws nearer Catullus, Ovid, the Greek Anthology, than to the poetry of the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries. That courageous phrasing of experience in polished formal elements speaks once and timelessly the center of a man's life. Personal themes—"life is for the lover," "your heart sees better than your mind," "fusion with you is a thing past

66] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

all desire," "I have a loneliness need of you,"— are the strong stalks upon which the imaged world blooms. Married love is the strongest stalk in the garden; the evening hearth, the personal song and smile grow there, too. Through touch, the world is most nearly knowable. Yet this cannot express all that is known, as "Third Month Jottings," confesses:

Yes, I have been through a winter of the spirit,
and I have watched it break down slowly—
Beloved and friend, all lovers and friends,
the sun comes not alone through its own vital rays,
but there are no words for this message.

Poetry is very much a pattern of life when it voices itself in "Song":

Why should I have to take the highway
When I can go through the wood:
What would be the use of it, what would be the fun,
What would be the good?

Where I want to go the wood will take me,
Its breath in my hands, in my hair;
Why should I hurry— isn't this much better
Than getting somewhere?

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque.

Rhymes from New Mexico—Charles E. Hodgkin—Valliant Printing Company, Albuquerque—Fifty Cents.

A recent, popular book with the unpretentious title, *Rhymes from New Mexico*, is a worthy contribution to poetry of the Southwest. Aptly called by critics "the James Whitcomb Riley of the Rio Grande," Dr. Hodgkin, vice-president emeritus of the State University, poet, philosopher, humorist, romanticist, educator, has had his writings likened, also, to those of Edgar Guest. But stronger than Riley and happier than Guest are the poems by Dr. Hodgkins that express a virility, melody and philosophy that are distinctly Hodgkin-esque.

The poems, written at various times during the 48 years the author has lived in New Mexico, the "spot at last that is unsurpassed," are dedicated to the New Mexico University students since 1897. Appropriately the cover embellishment is the Zia Sun Symbol, and the eternal sunshine of the "sunshine state" illumines every page of the writings.

New Mexico, "with its strange and striking mystery of her very early history, with her mountains and their streams standing out like golden dreams" runs like a theme-song throughout the versatile compilation of poems. "October in the West," "Song to U. N. M." (official song of the University), "Ole Man Whitcomb's Camp," "When the Cequia Waters Flow," "Our Camp at Hodgotite," "A True Dog Story" (prose), "My War Garden," "The Road Runner," and the classic "La Gran Quivira" reveal the devotion of the writer to the scenes, history and people of New Mexico.

Poems of sentiment, expressing contentment, appreciation of friendship, home, love, faith in God and keen understanding faith in humans, "grant no place to grief"—and echo the music of a soul that "sings for joy" of existence. Philosophy flavors all lines. "Consolation of Philosophy," "The New Year," "The Cup of Life," "The Depression," "God's Love of Beauty," "Eben Holden," "Have Faith in God," "The Brook,"—all give to the reader a feeling of refreshment like the intake of a breath of clean, mountain air. "The Evolution of Boys," the "Monkey and Evolution," "The Circus Street Parade," "Flirtation in a Garden," "A Dream," "Sixteen to One," "A Kitchen Shower," "Sleep and Sheep," provide vehicles for native wit.

With characteristic modesty, Dr. Hodgins states "these rhymes in no sense claim the dignity of classification of modernistic poetry." Yet, when the author has gone to join the immortals these "rhymes" will be classed with the immortal writings of "Fair New Mexico." The demand for another volume of poems by Dr. Hodgins is already being

68] *The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY*

voiced by delighted readers of "*Rhymes From New Mexico*."

ANNA WILDS STRUMQUIST.

Albuquerque.

Cato the Censor on Farming—Translation by Ernest Brehaut—
Columbia University Press, 1933—\$3.75.

This translation of Cato's *De Agricultura* finds a place as Volume 17 in the Records of Civilization because it throws light on conditions and procedures of rural life in the second century B. C.

The wars in which Rome had engaged outside of Italy revolutionized agriculture in Italy. The small farmer returned from the wars to find his soil grown up with weeds, and his implements rusted. He sold out to his wealthy neighbor or urban capitalist who built up large plantations on which he used slave labor, against which the small farmer could not successfully compete. At the same time, the tithe tax on provincial produce was bringing into Rome large stores of grain. The spectacle of government owned foodstuffs induced demagogues to promise this food to the poor at reduced prices. Such legislation naturally reduced the price for home grown foodstuffs, and agriculturists turned their attention from annual crops to the vine and olive and wool raising. These crops required considerable invested capital and a long wait for returns on the investment. These four conditions brought about the revolution in agriculture.

In the face of such an economic situation, Cato wrote his treatise on Agriculture as a book of advice to prospective plantation owners and a book of specific instructions on planting, raising the olive and the vine, the manufacture and storage of their products.

Cato starts with advice on the purchase of a farm. Select one, he says, after visiting it several times in different seasons of the year. See whether the neighbors are prosperous and have long remained in the locality. Then follows advice on absentee ownership, selection of overseers, and

their duties. A farm should produce hay for work animals, willows for baskets, flowers and garden vegetables, swine, sheep, and other commodities needed for local consumption. The amount of equipment needed for a plantation is calculated to the last detail, including such items as mattresses, pillows, and towels.

Complete instructions are given for setting up and operating pulping mills and presses.

One is surprised to learn how ancient are certain of our farm practices, e. g., "air layering." Instructions in Bailey's *Cyclopedia of Horticulture re Layering* are quite similar to those given by Cato. Brine was tested for pickling by determining whether it would bear up an egg, as is still done.

The work contains some culinary recipes. One is for a holeless doughnut or fritter. There are prescriptions for various ailments, based mostly on superstition and magic.

Cato's work had great influence upon subsequent Roman writers on Agriculture—Varro, Columella, and Pliny the Elder, and no one can say how much influence it has exerted subsequently in Europe.

The language of Cato is highly technical, as the work contains names of plants, farming implements, the various parts of presses, weights and measures, etc., so that translation is no easy task. Brehaut adds scholarly and enlightening footnotes and introduction to his careful and excellent translation.

LYNN B. MITCHELL.

Albuquerque.

The QUARTERLY

in May plans a regional survey of present day American literature and life. Contributors from New England, New York City, the Middle West, Northwest, and South will evaluate the arts and letters of these districts in their social backgrounds. In August the QUARTERLY will give its readers an issue devoted to Mexico, with stories, critical articles, reviews of books, appreciative of the life of our neighboring republic, with whose past, present, and future, the Southwestern United States has so great a community of interest. Additional features:

May—"Shadows on the Sandias"—by Harvena Conrad Richter—Poem selected for first place in the Poetry Contest conducted by the Woman's Club of Albuquerque.

August—"The Street of Small Coffins"—by Mela Sedillo Brewster—a scene from the life of Mexico City.

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Fred Harvey Book Shop, Santa Fe Station.
University Book Store, 1910 East Central Avenue.
University Press, Campus.

Santa Fe:

Villagra Book Shop, Sena Plaza.
La Fonda Hotel Book Shop.
Santa Fe Book and Stationery Co.

Copies of the QUARTERLY for February, 1932, are in demand. The issue has been exhausted. This is Volume II, No. 1. If readers have copies available, the editor would appreciate word from them.

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Table of Contents

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY Authors	2
La Politica. S. Omar Barker	3
January Afternoon. <i>Poem.</i> Haniel Long	13
The College Professor and Leadership. Jay C. Knode	14
Songs of Rio Grande. <i>Poem.</i> John Gould Fletcher	19
The Southwestern Conservation League. C. M. Botts	23
Southwest. <i>Poem.</i> Alice Corbin	28
The Cruet Stand. Grace Taylor Mitchell	29
Socorro South. <i>Poem.</i> Irene Fisher	31
Song. <i>Poem.</i> Irene Fisher	32
The Blossoming Tree. <i>A Story.</i> Amy Hurt	33
Enigma. <i>Poem.</i> Jack Williamson	44
What Some Men Worshipped. <i>A Folk Tale.</i> Maude M. Bloom	46
Smoke Talk	54
From Sanctuary. <i>Poem.</i> Carol Egland	56
Book Reviews	57

Agarita Berry. Mesa Land. Navajo Weaving. The Sun Turns West. Foretaste. Atlantides. Rhymes of New Mexico Cato the Censor on Farming.

Reviewed by Mabel Major, Clyde Kluckhohn, Elizabeth De Huff, George St. Clair, Harvena Richter, T. M. Pearce, Anna Wilds Strumquist, Lynn B. Mitchell.

Contributors to this Issue

S. OMAR BARKER is the author of *Buckaroo Ballads* and of numerous Western stories and articles. He is a New Mexican author by right of birth; his present home is in Tecolotenos, New Mexico.

HANIEL LONG of Santa Fe, author of *Notes for a New Mythology*, has just published a book of verse, *Atlantides*, which is reviewed in this QUARTERLY. Poems by Long have appeared recently in *Scribner's* and the *Forum Century*.

JAY C. KNODE is Dean of Men in the University of New Mexico. As an educator and as a student of philosophy, he has been evaluating men and manners, especially upon the college campus, for a valid interval of time. In this QUARTERLY he turns his attention to his teaching colleagues as thinkers and as men of action.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER is a leader in American poetry of the twentieth century. In the tradition of Whitman, he has written verse that mirrors the contemporary horizon of America, from the sky-touching steel of New York to the placid pueblos of the Rio Grande.

C. M. BOTTS, an Albuquerque attorney, is President of the Southwestern Conservation League.

ALICE CORBIN, Santa Fe poet, is the author of *Red Earth* and of a book of poetry just published, *The Sun Turns West*, which is reviewed in this issue. The best anthology of New Mexico poetry is hers, too, *The Turquoise Trail*.

GRACE TAYLOR MITCHELL has appeared as a poet in the QUARTERLY. We referred then to her notebook. This time we draw from it something in prose.

IRENE FISHER lives in Los Griegos, a village near Albuquerque. Poetry is an avocation which she pursues with distinction.

AMY HURT is a writer of articles and fiction, who lives in Albuquerque. She has contributed to *New Mexico*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and other publications.

JACK WILLIAMSON has written weird fiction, mystery thrillers for popular magazines. He was a student in the University of New Mexico in 1933.

MAUDE M. BLOOM is a student of New Mexico folk-lore, which she has been collecting among the people of the state throughout her life. She lives in Albuquerque, where her work is helped by her historian husband, Professor Lansing Bloom.

CAROL EGLAND is one of the poetic proteges of Edwin Ford Piper. She lives in Albert Lea, Minnesota.

La Política

By S. OMAR BARKER

IF all the natural born orators of the native New Mexican villages were laid end to end, they would still rise to rousing climaxes as soon as the next *campaña política* begins to infiltrate the brisk October air. For politics and political speech-making come as natural to these American descendants of the *conquistadores* and their colonists as does their taste for *chili*. And they like both hot. Juan, Pedro, Jesús María, Toribio, Melaquías, Fulano y Tal—every *ciudadano*, every *paisano*, be he tie chopper, farmer, *peón*, *vaquero*, *borreguero*, teacher, merchant, can and does upon occasion rise in his place at the *junta* and make a speech. Extempore, of course; modestly apologetic at first but blossoming surely into the full flower of ornate and vigorous oratory as he proceeds.

Or, even should he sign his name with a mark, he can preside with perfect ease and some considerable knowledge of parliamentary practice over a precinct committee or even over that larger, more formal and more gala *junta* gathered together to listen to the message of the *comitiva de candidatos* and *oradores* sent out from country or state headquarters to spread the party gospel.

Come with me, then; and meet this gentle, friendly—but fiery—*gente* in the emotional throes of a hard fought campaign. I am running for *representante* in a county where the majority of voters, largely rural, is native, and while I shall not be obliged to kiss any babies, it behooves me to observe many other amenities quaint and folkish. But it is no burden. It is a pleasure, as you shall see.

It is about 7:30 when our *comitiva* rolls into the little mountain village of Rociada. Most of the mud houses are dark, but there is a yellow glow of lamplight from all three of the windows and the door of the inevitable village dance hall where the gathered *gente* have patiently awaited our

4] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

coming for the past half hour—the meeting having been announced for 8 o'clock! Strains of plaintive music drift out to us through the sharp night air. Obviously the stage is all set, lacking only the visiting actors.

But late (?) though we are, we do not drive directly to the lighted *sala*. There is an etiquette to be observed. Our driver, himself one of the visiting *oradores* and a Spanish-American, slows the car down to a walking speed. In this instance there has been no rendezvous agreed upon. We must loiter along until we are hailed. The delay is slight. Our headlights have been observed coming up the valley. The welcoming committee is ready. A tall, leathery faced, lean shanked young man in cowboy boots, new overalls, a pink shirt, a blue coat three shades too bright for Navy, and a weathered cowboy hat, steps into the glare of our lights. We stop. He steps to the side of the car.

"*La comitiva?*" he asks.

We signify that we are. He unbends and greets us cordially. Several of us he knows—he has been a delegate to the county conventions of our party. The rest are introduced. Handshaking all around. Handshaking? Hand-touching, rather, for unless he has caught the habit from *Los Americanos*, the rural Spanish-American does not shake hands. A gentle clasp, no more; yet none the less cordial for its lack of Nordic vigor.

"Come," he says, "our committee awaits you at the house of Don Juan Clemaco."

Presently we are escorted into a neat little parlor-bedroom with a *viga* ceiling. The room is empty of people. The whitewashed walls are plentifully adorned with lithographed Saints, sacred scenes and several tinted enlargements of members of the family, in many-curlicued gilt frames. Over the corners of these, and over the head of the bed hang drapes of heavy, hand-crocheted lace. All a little garish, perhaps, by daylight, but now the yellowness of kerosene lamplight mellows it all quaintly.

For a moment we of the *comitiva* are left alone. Then through a low door from the next room, whence comes the chicory-ish odor of coffee, there appear five men. They line up as if for a spelling match. Then one of them steps a little forward.

"Gentlemen," he pronounces, in Spanish, "as chairman of the committee of the *junta* appointed to extend our welcome to you, the honorable *comitiva*, who honor us tonight with your presence, I greet you. We have done the best that lies within our humble capabilities, and a goodly number of the people are assembled, ready to hear enlightenment upon the issues of the day from you, gentlemen, orators of the evening; but though the *junta* waits, this committee realizes that the labors of the campaign are arduous and tiring, and it is therefore fitting and proper that first you refresh yourselves, if by any chance the plain and simple offering of the good woman of this house may be found acceptable to your appetites. Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?"

Though there are but five of us, we also have, of course, a chairman. He rises. We have eaten supper before leaving town. It is early in the campaign and we are neither tired nor hungry. But does our chairman simply say: "No, thanks, we've eaten. Let's get on over to the meeting"?

No! He does not! He matches the local chairman in formal eloquence, a little more briefly perhaps, because he gets to do it oftener. He devotes his final burst to acceptance of the supper, of which we presently partake, after another round of introductions. The supper—but no, the subject of campaign eating deserves its hearing later when the evidence is all in.

Fortunately a committee of three arrives from the *sala* before the second round of *chili con frijoles* and sun-dried beef, to announce that the *junta* is ready to receive us. As we send them back to report that we, also, are ready, the five members of the welcoming committee distribute themselves among us, one to one, obviously a little embarrassed,

6] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

but determined. They stand at our elbows. In a few minutes the message committee returns, bringing along the band, consisting of two fiddles and a thumb-whanked guitar. Then, with the *música* in the lead, the procession sets out for the *sala*, some two hundred feet away. The message committee carries lanterns. The five members of the welcoming committee grasp the five left elbows of our five "orators," and thus, two by two, firmly if a little awkwardly escorted by our individual guards of honor, enthusiastically accompanied by the lively strains of "Casey Jones" (adapted), we march up the road and enter the *sala*.

Applause. From outside a few half-hearted cat-calls from young *bravos* of the opposing party, too loyal to their own to come in, but also too curious not to hang around.

The *sala* is a rough floored, oblong room, its walls lined all around with plank benches, invisible now under the packed-in bodies of the crowd. At one end is a rough table and a few chairs occupied by *la mesa*—those chosen before our arrival to preside over the meeting. The membership of *la mesa* is quite numerous for a gathering of a mere hundred or so people. At other *juntas* we shall arrive in time to observe their selection, a most ceremonious procedure requiring the choice of a *presidente*, *secretario* and from two to six *vice-presidentes*.

The crowd, for the most part, is distributed like a Quaker meeting, the men on one side and the women on the other; though apparently for better strategic control of their offspring, there are some groups where the *hombre* is seated beside his blackshawled *mujer*. There is also a sprinkling of "modernized" young folks who have preferred violation of old custom to separation from their "dates" during the speechmaking.

There are almost as many women present as men, almost as many young folks as adults, and almost as many babies and big-eyed *chiquitos* as there are laps for them to be bounced upon or knees for them to lean against.

The turn-out is gratifying. The giggling and whispered comments as we enter are not. Yet I know they do not arise from any desire to ridicule what, to a matter of fact Anglo, must seem a quite pompous entrance. One who does not know this native *gente* usually imagines, upon appearing before a crowd of them, that he is being laughed at. This is not the case at all. Native New Mexican crowds quite naturally giggle (the young ones) and whisper at such a time, whether from a half-suppressed sense of excitement or from embarrassment I do not know. Presently they will quiet down to a most respectful and silent attention, whether interested or not.

I shall not attempt to describe the garb of this Rociada gathering. Enough to say that there are among the women many fringed black shawls hooded over the head, and among the men enough toil-worn overalls and battered shoes to indicate clearly that here are sons and daughters of toil—and of the soil; poor folks, yet never too oppressed by their burdens to turn out for a *fiesta*, a *baile*, a *casorio*, a *junta política*. They are here tonight not so much from a solemn concern for the future of governmental affairs as from a perennial taste for *la política*, for political oratory, both as listeners and as perpetrators—if the opportunity offers.

Once inside the door I accept as nonchalantly as possible the increased guidance of the determined escort clutching my arm. There is a slight pause until we are all inside. Then all at once the fiddlers swing, about two chords ahead of the guitar, from "Casey Jones" into a most remarkable ear-version of "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose," leading us the while on a circling promenade of the *sala*.

Cheers from the *bancos*. From our side, bows, nods, greeting to those we happen to know as we pass them. A few assorted grins from several of my nearer ranch neighbors who have come from across the mountain. Once

8] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

around. Twice around as the volume and vigor of the *música* increase. Three times around goes our gallant *comitiva*, and then:

"*Señor Presidente, honorables vice-presidentes, secretario de la mesa.*" proclaims the chairman of the local welcoming committee, mopping a red bandana across his perspiring brow with one hand and flourishing grandly with the other. "*Tengo el honor de presentar á esta honorable mesa y á esta honorable junta, los honorables caballeros de la comitiva que nos harán el honor de usar la palabra delante esta honorable junta esta noche sobre las cuestiones del día!*"

Thus, with a most pleasant and propitious, if somewhat lengthy, flourish, our meeting opens.

Thus far everything has been in Spanish, but now the chairman calls for an interpreter to say that "for the benefit of our Anglo-American fellow citizens who have honored us with their presence tonight, all the *discursos* will be interpreted into English; and the same interpreter will assist el Honorable Señor Bark', by translating his remarks into *Castellano*."

"*El Honorable Señor Bark'*," makes me smile! Most of these people and I have known each other by our first names ever since my childhood. Many a day have I picked up potatoes behind our Chairman as he forked them out for my father on our little mountain ranch just across the mountain; and for years it never even occurred to me that he had a last name; nor had he ever used mine. But tonight mutual "*honorables*" pass between us most differentially, for this is *la política*.

The prospective interpreter, however, is disappointed. All present *intienden español*, and I for my part, prefer to speak to my old friends and neighbors in their own native language.

National issues are passed over lightly. State issues are presented briefly. But upon county issues, the full flood of the *comitiva's* oratory is loosed in high flown phrases

and words a yard long, yet perfectly understood by every unlettered *paisano* in the crowd.

Presently, following another burst of fine Castillian adjectives from the chairman, I rise to do my stuff. It is my first political speech in Spanish and I am nervous. I need not be, for while I falter and stammer somewhat and make some quite ridiculous mistakes, nobody even so much as snickers at them. It is a typical Spanish-American courtesy, and my heart warms to them for it.

For hours the various *oradores* of our *comitiva* rise to their many-gestured climaxes. Promptly at the last word of each speech *los músicos* break gaily forth, often with some jingly ear-version of a once popular American tune, but sometimes with the sweeter, plaintive strains of one of their own native songs.

Finally the last *comitiva* orator has finished. One hears the soft, windy sound of snoring babies. A lamp begins to burn low, its kerosene all but exhausted. Another smokes. It is getting late. Pink dressed, dark eyed *señoritas* begin to stir expectantly on the hard *bancos*. Young *bravos*, who have been loitering outside, edge in at the open door. The aged chairman rises. Apparently the *junta* is about over. Time now for the dance!

But hold! Back in a shadowy corner a stooped, spindle-shanked old man rises from his seat. He clears his throat—rather unsuccessfully, for when he speaks his voice is a little cracked and wheezy.

"*Señor Presidente!*" he addresses the chair, tottering forward with his cane as he speaks. The young bucks scowl a little. They want to get to danging. But the old *paisano* does not notice them. Neither does the chairman.

"*Señor Chavez!*" He promptly grants the floor.

Señor Chavez takes his time about getting to the front. His old legs are wobbly. His hair curls up in an uncombed fringe above the rusty brown collar of his antique coat. He

10] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

leans a little against the table as he turns watery eyes upon the crowd. Hoarsely, haltingly the words begin:

"*Señor Presidente*, (in Spanish) *aunque no soy orador* (although I am not an orator) compared to the distinguished and honorable gentlemen who have made use of the word here tonight, nevertheless (almost imperceptibly his voice is gaining clearness and vigor) it may be that there are a few things which an old man like myself may say upon the questions of the day. My friends and fellow citizens, for many years I have been a member of—(here he names the opposition party, and there is no doubt now about his voice clearing up!).. But I stand here tonight to tell you that the horse which will not jump the fence into another pasture when his masters have trampled down or stolen every blade from his own, is not worthy the name of a horse! He is a burro!"

Applause! More applause!

Following which Señor Chavez, in justification of his recent conversion, rises to heights of vigorous oratory that cause the best efforts of our *comitiva* to pale into mere amateur declamations. His voice has ceased to crack and quaver. It has become resonant, clear—and loud!

"*Aunque no soy orador!*" That inevitable apologetic opening! But don't you believe it! Oratory is one Spanish-American gift that age cannot wither.

The winning of Señor Chavez, be it understood, is a more considerable item of victory than you might think. It will mean at least eighteen more votes for our ticket in this precinct; for his *parientes*, his *gente*, over whom he wields a strong patriarchal political influence, number around twenty, and his delivery of their votes will hover close to 90%. It is this family bloc that must be the unit of calculation in rural New Mexico politics.

The real function of the *junta* is not so much to win votes out of hand by convincing arguments as to supply our partisans with ammunition.

"You ain't goin' to convince many in these meetin's,"

our astute Spanish-American county chairman has warned us. "What you got to do is furnish 'em with arguments they can use on their neighbors their ownelves between now and election. And *por vida de sus esposas*, if they want to make speeches, let 'em, if it takes all night!"

Strangely enough mere exposure of some neat little graft in county office, by the office holders of the opposition party, made no tremendous impression. But when we were able to show that names of various local citizens had been misused, even forged, to aid this graft, we began to get action. Even staunch partisans of the opposition who had been so used, reared their bristles. Graft was not so bad, but to be made unknowing partisans to such dishonesty would not be countenanced. A man's name was his own, its honor to be most jealously guarded.

By eleven thirty the last *orador* has had his *chanza*. It has been a good meeting, peaceable beyond our expectations. True, twice the young *bravos* outside have tossed small boulders in through an open window or contributed derisive comments or enthusiastic *vivas* at most inopportune moments. But this is nothing. Later in the campaign, at another village, we are to see some of our lights shattered by bullets and marvel at the sight of a middle-aged Anglo-American lady campaigner leaping like a startled roebuck from the middle of her address through a shattered window into the middle of the night.

But tonight the chairman pronounces adjournment upon an enthusiastic but peaceable meeting. Quite suddenly he drops his dignity. He waves a gay signal to the *músicos*.

"*Al baile!*" he cries, rushing to seize a partner. The dance is on.

If there is a Spanish-American in New Mexico between the ages of eight and eighty who does not dance, it is because he or she is suffering at the moment from a broken leg. What if the cupboard at home be bare, the flour bin empty? What if the ponies be too poor for the spring plow-

12] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

ing, half the lambs dead in a late snowstorm, or the autumn crop caught by an early one? Tonight we will be gay! *Al baile!*

Nor does our *comitiva* plead fatigue and depart. To dance with the *gente* is part of the established etiquette of politics.

First a fast two step (probably "Casey Jones" again) to warm us up; then a waltz—"Cielito Lindo" if we are lucky; and then "*El cotilio! El cotilio!*" cries some spry oldster; and I, who am not of the cotillion generation and have never danced one, step bravely forth with my shy black shawled partner and whirl and whirl and turn and turn until my dizzy stomach cries out against all politics.

And well it might. For presently we are tendered refreshments. *Chicos! Chicos* are delicious—when you are hungry. Native field corn is plucked late in the milk, boiled or steamed, hung out to dry, and when cured to the toughness of young rubber, toasted to a gentle brown, preferably in an outdoor *orno*, and served on the cob. For a man with ten hours of hard labor directly ahead of him *chicos* are quite digestible.

Somebody once asked a most successful San Miguel County politician, astute, suave, debonair, what he considered the most severe hardship of the *campana política* in New Mexico. It was early in the morning after a night of *junta*, *baile* and *chicos*. Like a flash he answered:

"*Comer chicos de noche!* (Eating *chicos* at night!)"

So we dance and eat *chicos*, lingering yet awhile afterward for "conferences"—mostly homely, neighborly talk.

It is 3 A. M. or later when we finally start home. However the votes may go, our *junta* has been a quaint, friendly, stirring experience.

La junta . . . aunque no soy orador . . . Honorable Presidente de la comitiva . . . amigos y conciudadanos míos . . . las cuestiones del día . . . música . . . los derechos de la gente

. . . *el baile . . . el cotilio . . .* nor dare we omit *chili* and
chicos!

La politica!

January Afternoon

By HANIEL LONG

The snow has the ripples wind and water leave
on fine white sand,
the worn rubbing of wood
which has known the elements a long time.
And on the graining of the snow
are bird tracks, rabbit tracks,
my own tracks—
momentary prints of the earth's creatures.
Round the dwarf trees are circles of bare ground.
I sit there in the sun
thinking of how summer and winter, love and death
are moods crossing the same face,
thinking of persons and places I have known
and their far away momentary life.

The College Professor and Leadership

By JAY C. KNODE

AMERICAN college professors, on the whole, are an interesting lot. As among individuals of any classification, there is, of course, a high degree of variation. Yet, after twenty-five years of different sorts of contacts with those occupying all manner of positions and grades within the profession and scattered from New York to California, I am persuaded that certain generalizations may be made safely.

First off, our American college professor is academically-minded. Plenty of worthy citizens will concur promptly and heartily in such a statement, with the understanding that this is a polite way of calling him a freak, but that is not the meaning here. One would prefer to use the word "intellectual," but the risk is too great. The academically-minded person prizes knowledge; he gives more weight to ideas than to things; he is impatient with slouchy mental habits, with dullness, and with indifference to knowledge; he is proud of his mastery of techniques within his own field, and severe with those who, coming to grips with them, fumble about; he is proud to be known as at least the local authority within his own branch of learning, and is greatly concerned about any of its recent developments. Every college professor is interested in a division of knowledge, and has attained a proficiency in it above that of the average student; otherwise, he would not be pursuing it. (Acts of excelling and preferring go together, and one wonders sometimes how many misfits in the educational world arrived there by way of a glow of satisfaction derived from certain examination marks.)

But an intellectual is one whose interests cannot be confined within the limits of a department; he has that kind of curiosity to which directions and bounds are anathema. His mind roves on to the limits of the universe,

if such he can find, and, knowing the greatness of the world of ideas, he learns tolerance and charity. The result is a shrinking of the importance of any one division of knowledge, and while, if a teacher, he will develop a new fondness for his first love, he will seek continuously the kinds of intercourse that extend his understanding beyond it. How many thorough-going intellectuals in this sense there are among educational people, one cannot presume to say. There are many, though probably a minority, in each college faculty, and these groups multiplied by hundreds over the country make an imposing total. And although the term "academician" carries with it in these days more opprobrium than approval, it should also be conscientiously observed that the academician in the functioning of society as a whole possesses some highly important qualities.

Again, the average college professor is ready to give of himself freely within his own sphere. He is an introspective mortal, more concerned about his inner life than about making new acquaintances of the accomplishment of objective ends in an objective world; but he has a rather keen sense of social obligation, and stands ready to bestow the fruits of his knowledge upon all those who come seriously searching for them. Of course, there are exceptions—men who live chiefly for the adulation of certain types of students, particularly of women, and others who teach because it is the only avenue they have been able to discover by which they can browbeat and intimidate people. I was delighted to hear the other day the story of a girl from Texas, who was taking work in an institution outside her state. A professor in conference one day asked her a question to which she apparently gave—to him—an irritating answer. He told her she was lying. Whereupon she slapped him smartly in the face, and proceeding to the president's office, told that harrassed dignitary of the incident and also her opinion of a part of his teaching staff. But such cases are lost among thousands of examples of

patient and unstinted devotion to the work of an institution, with demands of students and parents of students upon time that would be prized for truly scholarly activities. The average teacher is a hard worker. If his lot carries him to a small college, the demands upon him are unlimited, and if he has attained sufficient prominence to be assigned a light teaching load in a large institution, one may be sure he has done so by following Jefferson's behest that the scholar's day must be fifteen hours long. But into whatever form his activity casts itself, it will be thought of by him in terms of its broad human bearings.

This means that he is a person of integrity; he is not subject to venality. Perhaps there would be more general agreement upon this point than upon any other. Were he interested in self-aggrandizement in the ordinary sense, at least, he would not enter academic halls; the opportunities are too few. And while some of these men are capable of holding high-ranking positions in the business world, nevertheless the emoluments attached are not sufficient to overcome the lures of Athena, or of the opportunities for social constructiveness. Still, while it must be admitted that the majority of them are unfitted for the ruggedness of commerce, it must also be pointed out that they would find commerce too—materialistic!

Out of this preponderating interest in other than monetary values there develops a type of liberality with respect to partisan issues. Living outside the stress of many everyday conflicts, the college teacher can foster abstract principles of truth and justice more easily. While in the field of intellect he is apt to be a thorough aristocrat, as a man of moderate means himself, he does not ordinarily draw social distinctions by artificial rules. However, it is sometimes objected, this very tendency to abstraction, to see all sides of the question makes for his espousing no particular cause. Thomas Huxley used to insist that in order to make progress with a social problem one must seize one

horn of the dilemma in a vigorous manner; then one will come out somewhere, either on the right or the wrong side. But the true modern academician, lacking the crusading courage and the driving power of a Huxley, usually finds it more congenial to his scientific temper to ascertain his facts by slower methods. ' This scientific attitude pervades every corner of the field of scholarship, just as its application has influenced the life of the man in the street, and its effects upon the academician are important. ' His training through numbers of years and his research work following have borne down upon him the necessity for close observation, for constant rigid scrutiny of his data, the exclusion of personal prejudice in the face of these data, and the acceptance of conclusions toward which they point, until new and incontrovertible factual evidence is introduced. This general point of view leads not to aggressive assault, but to deliberation; reliable results are not obtained by mass action, but by individual or small-group concentration; the quiet unhurried atmosphere of the study or the laboratory is not only congenial—it is essential.

Talents of these sorts are of more general value for public use than is commonly assumed, and it goes without saying that in our average American communities they are not sought. ' In the "Middletown" survey it was found that public school teachers felt deeply the general community subordination which they suffered. Probably the college teacher is not so sensitive about his neglect; he is more completely immersed in his work; though he observes that his wares attract slight demand. The fact is, however, that the professions in general do not bear the same relationship to our American society which they did in earlier times. To realize the eclipse of clerical prestige it is only necessary to recall the names of John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, Roger Williams, and the Mathers. ' Law is, on the whole, in the employ of business, not directing business toward general social welfare either immediately or through

18] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

government. The same can even more truly be said of engineering. And we see business itself aspiring to the professional class.

The adequacy of business leadership, which prevailed in the United States almost unchallenged up to 1929, is not to be argued here. But one fatal defect must always inhere in it—business by its very nature is concerned with immediacies. Ultimate social objectives simply do not play a part in business life. Among the professions mentioned these objectives cannot well escape consideration. Any leadership worthy the name is that which thinks in terms of ultimates. But for accomplishment more than one kind of talent must contribute. Research for facts, the deduction of laws, creative planning, and execution require different abilities and temperaments. Perhaps the professional people of America will bethink themselves of their lost leadership. There are signs of stirring in law. The teaching group is not the one to make the final synthesis between theory and practice, to carry ideas into action. But its talents are peculiarly adapted to the first two orders of work mentioned above, perhaps the first three. Knowledge, scientific training, personal integrity, detachment, and zeal for social advance lie within its immediate reach. These people are equipped as no other group to undertake certain constructive labors in Western civilization today that could conceivably become an outstanding achievement. . . . One of the significant conclusions of Morris Markey in his recent stock-taking summary was: "I give you my country: America—a wilderness crying for a voice."

Songs of Rio Grande

"TO THE MEMORY OF GERALD CASSIDY, ARTIST"

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

I

PUEBLO SONG

Wind-chased,
Wind-harried,
With the wind the world begins—
Wind whirling the white dust
Over the desert sands:
Wind-consumed,
Wind-eaten,
Wind has brought us foolish talk;
Wind has taken away the title of our lands.

Out of the south
Came buffalo going;
Winter has lost,
The snowdrift quits the plain;
Beast breath heats up
The slopes, long frozen;
Thunder is pushing against the wall of mountain,
Spring has come again.

Wind whirling,
Wind whining,
Wind spinning up a cone of yellow dust
Beside the road.
Wind moving eastward;
The wild plum in blossom,
And the backs now more ready
To shoulder their load.

Out of the east
Rode the hard-bitten horsemen;

[19]

20] *T h e* N E W M E X I C O Q U A R T E R L Y

Rifles held ready,
Wagons creaking by.
The sage brush is trampled,
The antelope startled,
And the war-eagle
Forgets to watch his sky.

Wind quiet,
Wind lapsing,
Wind lifting no more the flap in the doorway,
Wind speaking to man no more.
Heat broods above the rooftops;
The blue-brown desert smoulders,
And the child that laughed here
Stands no longer at our door.

Out of the North
Ran howling the blizzard,
And over its fury
Came the roar of iron wheels;
And the hoot of long whistles
Through the barren hill-country:
Man's heart must be broken—
Yet the broken heart yields.

Wind howling,
Wind whooping,
Wind roaring,
Laughter without an end;
Down, down into darkness—
Like the pine cut and staggering,
Death, the sole answer,
Death, man's only friend.

Out of the west, now
Night on night the sunset;

SONGS OF RIO GRANDE

[21

Fingers of God moving
 Up through the peaks afar.
 Past without future,
 Word without an answer,
 Wind without meaning,
 Man without a star:

Wind working,
 Wind creeping,
 Wind changing
 Wind cutting the flesh to bone.
 God's breath against man's breath:
 Souls adrift on the whirlwind,
 Earth turned to desert—
 Dust and the stars, alone.

II

RIO GRANDE

Where the hummingbird hangs in the heat,
 Where the blue thundercloud settles,
 From the lips of the mountains blown forward,
 Dark fringes of rain;
 Where the dry canyon bed opens wide,
 With its dark-green stunted cedars,
 Shallow and turbid, seething and swift,
 After the rapid rains;—
 There will we wander,
 Watching the shadows drift across the peaks,
 By the Rio Grande,
 That wild west river.

Where the pale brown adobe walls
 Ranked into terraces, keep still their secret dreams;
 Where the dark people peer shyly
 Under their glossy black hair;
 Where beneath from the depths of the kiva,

22] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Comes the low chant and the loud drone of the drums,
Where through the sleepy plaza
Spin dust-whirls summoning the distant rains,
There will we dance,
As Gods holding high the world in our hearts,
By the Rio Grande,
That mad, swift river.

Where the *acequia* goes bank-full,
By the slopes of the burning grey desert,
Bearing to fields of green corn,
Tasseled and waving,
Its precious freight;
Where hollyhocks stand ranked high
Amid golden mullen, blue larkspur,
Where blue alfalfa burns deep,
Tempting bees to their honeyed fate,
There we will dream
Of a laugh, of a kiss, of a silence,
By the Rio Grande,
That dark and turbulent river.

Where the night with its wild blaze of stars
Stands still over lonely *mesas*,
And the earth is pressed close to the breast
Of the dark that abides beyond years;
Where all things are crumbling slowly,
The stone, the dream and the effort;
Where dogs from some unseen village
Bay loudly to the white moon;
There will we die,
Ebbing like flame from the Milky Way,
Blown smoke of the stars
From the breast wracked with pain,
By the Rio Grande,
The vast, immutable River.

The Southwestern Conservation League

By C. M. BORTS

THE purpose of this article will be to deal with the actual operation of the Southwestern Conservation League. Recently, Dr. J. D. Clark, secretary-treasurer of the League and one of its charter members, published a bulletin* dealing with the history, structure and essential objects of the organization. I do not wish to repeat information so adequately given by Dr. Clark. I shall assume, then, that the reader is either familiar with such facts about the League, or, if interested, can easily become so.

It is well to keep in mind that the objective of the organization, as stated in its constitution, "is to protect, preserve, restore and wisely utilize all those natural resources of the arid Southwest (particularly western Texas, New Mexico and Arizona), which do now and, if properly conserved, will in the future, make the Southwest a more desirable place in which to live, enjoy life and gain a livelihood." It is not expected that this end can be "gained at a single bound," nor do the members or officers of the League claim to have a panacea to cure the wounds, sores and diseases which Southwestern mankind has inflicted upon a long-suffering, patient Nature. We realize that we know very little, and that, to accomplish anything worth while, we must first understand our problem. We must get facts and more facts, and yet more facts.

From the data already available, it seems reasonable to conclude that the subject of conservation must be dealt with as a whole, rather than as a number of unrelated problems as has been largely the practice in the past. In fact this conclusion seems so elementary and inevitable that we wonder why we did not appreciate its soundness at the very beginning.

* University of New Mexico Bulletin, Conservation Series, vol. 1, no. 1, December 1, 1933.

To illustrate: Sportsmen have long been interested in the conservation of game. They have dealt with the problem largely as one wholly separate and apart from that of conserving other natural resources. The methods employed were at first chiefly of a prohibitory nature. Thus they advocated prohibiting hunting except in certain short, and then shorter, seasons. Later bag limits were imposed. The "prohibition" of predators was attempted. That not sufficing, affirmative measures were undertaken, such as artificial propagation for later release. These were all very well in their way, but however much shooting was prohibited, however meager the bag limit, however many predatory animals and birds were destroyed, and however much game was released, neither it nor the game normally present could survive unless there was food and cover. So sportsmen are coming to realize that, in order to conserve game, the habitat of the game must be conserved. But, while the necessary food and cover in most cases is vegetation in one form or another, that vegetation is dependent on the soil. So, in order to conserve this essential food and cover, conservation of the soil must be undertaken. Thus any program for the conservation of game must embrace conservation of soil and of plants. In short, any animal life conservation is dependent on vegetable and mineral conservation. The interrelationship of all things natural is so great that probably no one yet appreciates its full importance.

With this in mind, and having in mind also that groups and individuals directly affected must have valuable data and opinions, the League called a conference of representatives of various groups to consider its first major program—to devise and recommend such a plan of administering the public lands in the Southwest as will encourage their conservative and normal use.

To one who has given no consideration to the subject it may appear that the program selected could be of no

general interest; but a little thought makes it almost impossible to think of an individual in the Southwest who is not vitally interested, unconscious of his interest though he may be. Conservation of the public lands is a long step toward watershed conservation. The interest of the stockman is, of course, apparent. The hunter's interest is no less immediate, since the program necessarily must produce game food and cover. The fisherman has as great an interest, though he may not realize it until he finds his favorite stream ruined by silt washed down from denuded slopes. The farmer's irrigation reservoirs and ditches suffer in the same way, and will be benefitted by any program which will hold the soil where it belongs. The general public, though it may have none of these special interests, is in constant danger from floods unless the hillsides bear sufficient vegetation to hold back the rainfall until it can be absorbed by the soil. And so we might continue at length.

But to get back to our conference: It was attended by representative stockmen, sportsmen, and educators, appointed by their respective organizations. The only organization invited to participate in the conference that failed to send representatives was the Federation of Women's Clubs. In addition to the representatives of voluntary organizations, the conference was participated in by the New Mexico Commissioner of Public Lands, members of the faculty of the University of New Mexico, the President of the New Mexico Agricultural College, representatives from the United States Forest Service, the United States Biological Survey and by a special representative of the Secretary of the Interior.

This gave us a conference of various interests, viewpoints and opinions. The committee of the League undertook to act as a sort of co-ordinator of these divergent ideas, and the experience was most satisfactory, encouraging, and, I hope, indicative of results which we may expect to accomplish in the future. The group was sufficiently small

26] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

to enable us to get round the table, discuss our problems informally and speak our minds freely. It was apparent immediately that everyone there was in dead earnest. The spirit of co-operation was all that could be desired. The participants were well informed, and each was willing to look at the subject from the viewpoint of another. Though the interests were different, it was usually found that the end sought was the same. In my opinion, based very largely on the experience of this conference, more can be accomplished in this way and by one such meeting, than by most any large number of mass meetings of more or less uninformed people, listening to learned papers and less learned discussion. What the cause of conservation now most needs, after the accumulation of reliable data, is a co-ordination of the efforts of the various interests, and this the League appears to be in a position to provide.

The conference had no difficulty in reaching an agreement on the first essential step to be taken in working out the League's program. The conference dissolved with the best of feeling on the part of all participants, and with their assertion and assurance that the League has before it a wonderful opportunity for accomplishment. Great encouragement has come from the Secretary of the Interior and from his special representative at the conference.

This brings the high points in the operation of the League down to date. Interest is growing and new members are being added, though no membership drive has yet been put on. This, however, should not be taken as an indication that our organization will not welcome, as members, all who are interested in the great cause of conservation.

Let me conclude by quoting a paragraph from the Conservation Bulletin referred to earlier. The author of these remarks is Dean B. P. Fleming of the Engineering College, New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

"Along the Rio Grande are native settlements, back of which on the neighboring mesa, old timers tell us they used to cut hay. These areas now afford only the meagre pasturage for the goats of these native settlements; and, some of these settlements themselves have been partially overwhelmed by arroyos, which it stands to reason were not active when the settlement was founded. No native New Mexican ever builds a house in the path of an arroyo . . . Until . . . the public generally comes to a full realization of the menace which erosion holds for the future of the Southwest it is not likely that much may be done. It is becoming more and more evident . . . that a permanent civilization in the river valleys of the Southwest must be founded upon control of the desert, just as methodically as we have attempted to control the torrential rivers. The sooner this is realized, the sooner will the Southwest have achieved a successful reclamation policy."

28] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

Southwest

By ALICE CORBIN

Here many races make a varied sum,
A richer texture, closer to the soil;
Dances and feast-days, immemorial, come
From time to time, not separate from toil—
No rationed work-hours, and no rationed play,
But seasonal changes such as move the earth;
Each man a master of his will, to say
What corn shall spring, what moments come to birth!

What will be gained against the loss of this,
By a hard yard-stick in a rigid hand,
Parcelling play or pleasure, by applied
Unreal abstractions?—in this intimate land
Where need and nature meet, and never miss
The slow earth's turning, and the season's tide!

The Cruet Stand

By GRACE TAYLOR MITCHELL

SOME forty years ago, every well regulated family had upon the center of its dining table, a cruet stand. This (for the benefit of the newer generation) was a silver plated rack, for holding pepper, salt, and other condiments. It consisted of a revolving flat disc, perforated with about five holes, two or three inches in diameter. Into these holes were fitted glass bottles, appropriately cut, or frosted, in some chaste design. Two of these bottles had perforated tops and were used for salt and pepper. The others had glass stoppers, and held vinegar, mustard, catsup, or other relishes. Through the center of the disc ran a silver standard, or leg, which extended upward, to form a handle. This cruet stand could be easily reached by, or passed to, every one seated at the table.

It is so many years since the cruet stands were banished from general use, that the sight of one recently, in the home of a friend, almost brought tears to my eyes—tears of remembrance of happy days and faces of long, long ago. Somehow, a pang of remorse went through me, as though I had found a very dear, though long neglected friend. And I have been wondering, since, if perhaps most of our present day ills do not date from the fatal era when we decided to abandon our dignified old friend—Cruet Stand.

Year in and year out, in its stately, yet almost human way, the cruet stand seemed to give continuity and security to life. At breakfast time, it seemed to say "good morning," and to wish God speed, on the day's tasks. At noon it was there again, to minister to our tastes, like a well trained servant, while we partook of the hearty meal of the busy day. And in the evening, when the day's toil was over, and we gathered round the supper table, to relax, and discuss the day's events, it gleamed softly in the lamplight,

30] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

shedding an air of elegance and repose on all the household.

At Thanksgiving time, and Christmas, and on other occasions of state, the cruet stand was freshly polished, and shone, in all its glory, like a radiant Christmas tree. And who could fail to feel a heartfelt welcome at that table, where peace and plenty reigned?

And who, pray tell, ever heard of a divorce in a family which owned a cruet stand? Such things were unheard of and impossible. For divorce belongs to the dinette and kitchenette age—when marriage is as inconsequential and uncereemonious as a meal in a breakfast nook. The luncheon, nowadays, and dinner too, are hasty meals, hurriedly eaten, in order that each one may get to the office, the movies, the bridge club, or what not. Gone are the stately leisure, and friendly sympathy of the days of the cruet stand.

And what has become of our faithful old friend? If we should start a hunt, we should find it suffering the indignity of the highest shelf in the cupboard, or the dreary dust of a dark attic—unpolished for years, or more likely, we just wouldn't find it at all.

Personally I feel moved to start a new society—The Society for the Restoration of Worthy Cruet Stands, and will nominate for the president of this organization, the friend in whose home I recently found the dear old cruet stand, all polished and honored, as one honors a revered ancestor. My friend says she rescued this family relic last summer from the homestead attic back east. At present it occupies a place of honor and dignity on the dining room highboy—a mute reminder of days of peace and plenty, now banished, which we flung away, in the pursuit of modern gew-gaws.

Socorro South

By IRENE FISHER

The mountains lie
Like sleeping monsters
Between the plain and sky,
Companions of the gods.

Let us walk softly
In the early morning air
Upon this mesa.
The gods might care
If we should wake them.

Let us go quietly and be careful
We are so little.

And if a sleeping one should stir
Let us hide quickly
Under this blue shadow.

Song

By IRENE FISHER

I shall go on
And try to find
My highest place—
With you in my mind.

My spirit drifting
Will be no lonelier
Than fall smoke sifting
Over the river.

Had I never known
Your strength and grace
I'd fear much more
My lonely place.

Once you were here,
Your hand held my own.
Now I go on,
Not quite alone.

The Blossoming Tree

By AMY HURT

THE bright copper sun shone warmly upon the covered wagon and the milling oxen that drew it slowly between the section lines stretching for many miles along the floor of the land. Spring, warm desert Spring, was everywhere.

Brad Fuller absently slapped the rumps of the oxen with the whip. His eyes were on the horizon shimmering in the sun. He turned slowly and addressed his two companions, men rough and hardy like himself.

"Yuh know, I ben thinkin' . . . It's goin' tuh be a danged good thing if Dave Patchin does die. Addie'd be better off without 'im, that she would. She—"

"I don't know about thet, Brad," mildly protested the younger of the other two men. "Addie thinks a heap o' Dave. She's plumb crazy about 'im, Brad."

"Yeah. Yeah, she is. Jus' like a woman. Lazy, wuthless, no-'count dreamer . . . Thet's Dave. An' Addie, smart 'an a go-getter like she is, is fond of 'im," Brad said. "Three kids, a shack of a house, half th' time not enough tuh eat, an' yuh'd think tuh hear her tell it he's th' king o' this here country."

"Women are like thet," said the third man, shifting his angular old body to a more comfortable position upon the pile of cow hides in the bottom of the wagon. "Still . . . take my ole woman . . . she aint got a heap o' use fer me. Jus' th' other day she said . . ."

"Bud," Brad interrupted hurriedly, "which of us is goin' tuh break th' news tuh Addie thet Dave is bad hurt?" He knew word for word the story of old Hat's old woman.

Hat's eyes dulled sullenly. He said, "I aint, thet's sure."

"Well, I aint got a hankerin' to," Brad said.

"I'll tell Addie," offered Bud.

"She'll take it hard, young feller," warned Brad. "Fer

34] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

all she'd be better off—if she only knowed it—she'll take it hard."

"I know," the boy answered, softly.


The afternoon dragged wearily on. The copper sun, tarnished now, dipped lower and lower, rested a moment on the rim of the world, then sank behind the purple hills. A cool breeze sprang up and drove the spring warmth from the air. The oxen plodded on. The three men, dusty and chilled and silent, swayed tiredly in the rocking wagon. Stars appeared in the darkening sky. The wagon and oxen were swallowed up in the blackness of night. . . .

Addie drew water for the cows from the well. She stabled them for the night, patting their bony heads gently with her slim hands as she left them. She walked to the cabin, the breeze ruffling her fair hair. Between the chinks in the logs she could see the lamp light; it streamed out from the square little window, a beckoning finger, touching lightly the knotted branches of the stunted apple tree by the path. With a little pang Addie remembered that she had seen three blossoms, pale, tough-petaled, on the tree that morning. The voices of her children, fretful and impatient, carried out to her. Beside the stoop she paused a moment, straining her eyes in the darkness, trying to see if by chance there was a wobbling spot of light, the dim glow of Dave's lantern. A tiny fear was beginning to gnaw at her heart. He had been gone three days.

Somewhere a coyote called.

Addie shivered and entered the door.

The children scrambled toward her. The baby pulled himself up into her lap, his eyes heavy with sleep. Addie cradled his head against her breast, and drew the other little boy and the girl to her side. Rocking gently in the old chair, she talked to them quietly, sang to them until the baby's head drooped. She arose and put him to bed in the little wooden cradle. The other two then climbed



into her lap, and an arm about each she sat there for an hour, her ears strained for the creaking of David's wagon.

The children lay heavily against her, their soft, boneless bodies weary from the long day's play, and reluctantly Addie put them to bed. After a long time the oil burned low in the lamp and Addie lit another one. Its light shone full upon her children, and she stood staring down at their quiet faces. How like Dave they were with their black hair, fair skin, and their long, straight, thick lashes, she thought. In a sudden passion of tenderness she flung herself across the cot upon which the elder two lay, and she kissed them fiercely until they protested sleepily.

The cabin grew cold. Addie stepped out to the shed to get an armful of short pinon wood with which to replenish the fire. Back in the house she stuffed the stove until the lid had to be pressed down. She moved the coffee pot from the stove to the cupboard and covered the drying slices of bread, laid out for Dave's supper, with a napkin.

The wind came in little gusts outside, ruffling the rag rug spread before the door. The lamp smoked fitfully. Addie cut long strips of paper from an old weekly and forced them into the cracks around the windows with a thin kitchen knife. They made little singing sounds as the wind touched them.

A vague feeling of uneasiness began to take possession of her. Addie looked the cabin over critically. It seemed alien, unfriendly. All at once she was conscious of its poverty. Sometimes, like tonight, when Dave was not there to lend to the atmosphere the wonder of his presence, she wished for material things: rooms, many of them, furniture, carpets; all the dear possessions that go to make a home. A full larder, comforts for the children, clothes. And then she thought of her friends over in Meadow City. None was as poor as she. Addie thought of their comfortable homes, their sturdy children, their husbands. . . . She looked at her own children and gloried in their beauty.

She thought of Dave. No! No! Never could she trade her beloved treasures for their possessions. Dave, his love, their children. If only he would come. . . .

"Bring him back to me, God," she whispered. "If you only will, I'll never complain. Just bring Dave back to me."

Unmistakably, came the creak of wagon wheels. Addie rushed across the room, flung open the door and ran out to the corral, calling, "David, oh David, is that you?"

Through the darkness came a voice. "It's me, Bud Calkins, Addie. An' Brad an' Mat."

"I thought you were Dave. . ."

"No-o, not this trip, Addie. He's—he's over tuh Golden."

Bud and Brad appeared out of the darkness.

"He's at Golden? That's queer. He's never been gone so long before. I—I—have been afraid. . ." She leaned against a post. "I didn't know but what. . . Well, I got to thinking of 'California' Joe and his men. They're hiding out in the hills somewhere. Not that they'd bother Dave, I guess. He really has nothing. But you never can tell, can you? Silly of me, though, wasn't it?" She laughed a little, shakily.

There was a long silence. Addie looked at Bud intently, then with a little jerk of her head toward the house, she led the way to the door.

Hat, left behind, eased himself over the wagon wheel and threw an armful of hay before the oxen. He grumbled when Bud called back to him to water the beasts before feeding them.

Inside, Addie turned to the men. "It is good to see you," she said. "I—I have been so uneasy. Are you cold? Come closer to the fire. I hope we don't have a late frost tonight," she said, her fingers clinched together. "Our apple tree is blooming. It. . ." She broke off in terror, her eyes on their averted faces.

Hat came in and glanced from Bud to Brad, a question in his watery old eyes.

Bud said, "See here, Addie, we got bad news fer yuh. Dave is bad hurt. He—he—uh, . . ."

She looked from one to the other. The pupils of her eyes dilated until they were black. "He is dead," she stated dully.

"No. No! Addie. He's still alive. We come tuh take yuh to 'im." Bud steadied the swaying figure with his rough hand.

Addie said nothing.

Brad slipped his arm about her and held her close.

"He's not . . . dead?" She drew her breath sharply.

"Doc says he aint got a chance, Addie, old girl. 'Taint likely he'll make it. We got tuh hurry. Hat's agoin' tuh stay here with th' little fellers. Get y'ur things. Come on, now, that's a good girl," Bud said.

"What happened, Bud?" Addie asked.

"Tuh Dave? Why, he was over by Lone Gulch, lookin' for the source of the Rio Bonito, an' he got caught in a avalanche o' rock."

Addie closed her eyes. A little shudder passed over her.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Addie," Brad said.

Hat pulled off his rough coat and flung it to the floor. He seated himself beside the baby's bed; one horny finger poking at the soft little cheek. The baby stirred and thrust out his fat arms from beneath the quilt.

"Lookit, Brad. Cute, aint he? Eh, Brad? Now, if my ole woman'd a. . ."

Brad held up a warning finger and Hat subsided into resentful silence.

Blind with tears, Addie stumbled about the cabin gathering together her coat and crocheted bonnet, a handkerchief, Dave's nightshirts, her worn, slim purse. She added extra covers to the children's beds, bent and kissed their

38] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

quiet faces. Then she turned and went out into the night.

Back along the same sandy road plodded the weary oxen. Wisps of hay still hung from their jaws. Tense and silent, Addie sat beside Brad on the wagon seat, Bud hunched behind her upon the pile of cow hides. The rank odor of the hides filled the canvas-covered wagon; the air reeked with the acrid smell.

Dave dying! He might die before she reached him, she thought. She would never have another chance to tell him that she loved him. His love for her was like a shining garment, she thought fancifully, clinging to the seat as the wagon rocked in the soft sand. A shining garment, warm as the sun, strong as Dave's muscles, that enfolded her, enveloped her in all its strength and beauty. Why, without Dave she was nothing. Before he had come into her life she had not lived. She was his woman. No plea of parents, no warning of friend had deterred her when with head uplifted, eyes alight, he had told her of the West, its promises, the wonderful opportunities out there for such as they, their chance of happiness together. . . .

She had gone with him, a prairie schooner her wedding carriage, a cavalry escort of soldiers prancing along with the caravan that had followed David's lead.

Brad pulled the oxen to a stop, drew out his old pipe and filled it from the worn leather pouch, cupped his hands over the bowl of the pipe, and glanced at Addie anxiously in the flare of his lighted match. Addie stared straight ahead. She leaned forward slightly, as if by the very force of her will she could urge them all onward. After a minute Brad snapped the whip and the oxen lumbered on.

The escort had turned back at Fort Bent, Colorado, and the wagons of the caravan had dispersed, some going this way, some that. Dave had headed south, and after a few days' stay in Santa Fe had declared his intention of going on. He was seeking a newer land, he had said.

"We shall push on, Addie. There is nothing here for

me. Nothing but trading. And the land, good land, what there was of it, has all been claimed. This country is too hilly."

A sudden fear had struck Addie's heart as she saw their companions of the prairies fade with the Sangre de Cristos.

"Oh, let's go back to Santa Fe, David," she had pleaded.

"Tired of me, girl?"

"Oh, Dave. . ."

They had rounded the breast of a hill and he had stopped the wagon. Why! Brad's beasts were pulling up this same hill now. Addie gasped faintly and caught her lips between her teeth to keep from crying out. From this hill she and Dave had watched the sunset, his arms about her, his heart pounding steadily against her breast. Her lips had sought his, her arms had crept about his neck.

"You and I, Addie, just you and I," he had whispered.

"You and I, David," she had echoed, and had begrudged even the air the right to touch him.

They had camped for the night. The next morning, after an hour's ride, they had come upon the valley, the like of which David was seeking. The valley had lain below them, a broad, flat, motionless, sage-green sea. Buffalo had pawed the ground. It had still shown evidence of their occupation. Their trails had spread far and wide, crossed and criss-crossed. Buffalo chips, thin wafers, gray and dry, had been everywhere.

"There it is! There's our country! We shall settle there, Addie." His face had been bright, his voice full of exultation.

And settle they had. Their dug-out and shed were the first to be fashioned by the hands of white man. Others, already weary of the many weeks of grinding travel, had been encouraged to settle there too. In six years' time every acre was fenced, except David's. The valley was being cultivated; prosperity was coming, slowly, surely. Only David had not prospered.

David! Addie stretched forward and snatched the whip from Brad's fist. She jerked her arm and the thing snapped snake-like through the air.

"We must go faster, Brad," she said. She did not hear his answer; her thoughts were off again, content that the beasts had quickened their steps in obedience to her command.

Contempt for Dave had sprung up among the settlers. He had been the first to settle the valley, yet he now had the least. Shiftless, they called him. Oh, she knew what they thought, the things they said. Only she realized that he was a dreamer, not a doer. They waxed strong off the fat of the land, the land he had discovered and for which they gave him no credit.

"Things. Things! That's all they think about," Addie whispered angrily, and did not know that she had spoken.

The desert mirage—groves of trees, lakes, the gabled roofs of many houses, schools, railroads—was to become a reality. Already the Santa Fe was surveying the right-of-way. Addie could see the white blur of the surveyors' camp now in the pale light of the rising moon.

The wagon lurched and Addie was thrown against Brad. He threw out a hand to steady her and clutched her arm. Unconsciously, she jerked from his grasp, jealous for Dave.

Intimate, dear little scenes sprang before Addie's eyes. David's first kiss. His avowals of love. Their long trip across the prairies. His quick tempers. Dave and she, arm in arm, surveying their land. The final completion of their cabin after many months in the crude dug-out. The birth of Shelia. His tenderness during her long hours of labor, the two of them alone, waiting for the doctor who was too drunk to attend her when he finally stumbled in. David's trip to Denver when at the expense of making the long return trip by muleback, he had bought for her a blue velvet

tea gown and little blue kid slippers to match. Later, she had made Shelia and the baby each a coat from the lovely thing. Dear Dave! And there had not been fuel enough in the cabin with which to cook their food. She had gathered buffalo chips for weeks and had fed them to the greedy stove that burned them up like so much paper. Addie smiled through her tears at the recollection. She groped for her handkerchief and was not surprised when Bud's big fist thrust into her fingers his own bandana.

And David's planting of the little apple orchard, five years ago. Everyone had laughed at him. "Apple trees in this sandy, windy country? Ha! He'd better spend his time planting beans and patching up the sheds and coops around his place," someone had said. "The door's off the cowshed, and the last wind took the roof from his chicken coop."

Addie, with Brad's help, had repaired the damage one day when David was gone. He had noticed it the first thing upon his return, and some of the glory had gone from his eyes.

One tree had lived. It was almost sacred to David. He watered it and pruned it, and watched it with anxious eyes. Addie knew that it was the only thing that had held them in the valley the past few years. A stunted little apple tree! Once it bloomed, justified his confidence in the land, they would be on their way, seeking new worlds to conquer. Stunted and gnarly though it was, it had bloomed today.

Suddenly a new thought came to Addie. The tree had released David, but Death would chain him to the valley. . .

"No! No! . . ."

"Steady, Addie." Brad laid a comforting hand on her arm.

The lights of Golden shone dimly in the distance. Addie moved feverishly about on the seat. Finally they reached the false-fronted town. They rode down the dusty street, past Pat's Place, past the post office and general

store. Around the corner from the Silver Spoon they drew up beside the corrugated iron building that served the miners as an emergency hospital.

Addie sprang from the seat just as Brad pulled the oxen to a stop. She tore across the sidewalk and opened the hospital door. She ran down the length of the corridor to a door upon which was chalked, "Quiet."

A solemn, dark-browed man, weary from a long trip by horseback and the night's vigil, met her as she opened the door. She pushed past him, her eyes upon the long row of beds, ghostly in the lamp-light. Dave was not among them. She saw a screen in the corner. Behind its shelter lay David, still and very white.

Addie threw herself down upon the floor beside him and slipped her arm beneath his head. The doctor came from around the screen and tried to draw her to her feet. She shook him off.

"David," she called softly. "David, oh, David. . ."

Slowly the heavy lids drew back, his blue eyes gazed dully into hers, brightened. His lips moved and she bent to catch his whispered, "My girl. . ."

"Don't leave me, David. I need you. See, darling, I am here. It's Addie. Addie! You are all right, David. Don't you understand?" She felt him slipping. His eyes closed.

Agony in her face, she looked up at the doctor. "Do something. Please, do something!" she begged.

The doctor shook his head pityingly.

"Bud! Brad!" she implored. They turned away.

Gently she shook the still form. "Dave, oh, my darling . . . See! The dawn has come. A new day. And, David, at home—you'll never believe it—the apple tree is blooming!"

It was her last appeal.

His eyes opened slowly; a flicker came into them. "The apple . . . tree . . . Addie?"

"Three blossoms, dear, and more buds are bursting."

"Well, I . . . declare. . ." With a contented little sigh he turned his head weakly until his cheek rested in the hollow of her hand.

Addie smiled at Bud. She drew off her bonnet, slipped the coat sleeve from her free arm, and settled herself more comfortably upon the floor.

Enigma

By JACK WILLIAMSON

Some three pounds of gray flesh
lying split apart on the laboratory table,
so that careless students may point out the pons, the
medulla, the thalamus, the Fissure of Rolando—
what a mystery and a wonder!

Its gray cells were once the mechanism of a mind;
A Presence
aware of itself
sensing the splendor and the terror of the world,
thinking,
able to balance and judge abstractions like right and jus-
tice and beauty,
vibrant with glowing emotions—
where is it now?

Lost forever in its colorless folds
is a memory;
recollection of youth's rapt wonder at a widening world,
painful intense first loves,
early triumphs that made life seem a victorious road,
the pure supernal beauty that only a child finds—
where is that memory now?

Feelings are buried in its cold convolutions—
what are they?
Tender, wistful love of home and mother?
Burning pride and stern ambition?
Love of a child?
friends?
country?
God?
Compelling sense of duty?

Compassion for fellow men.

Some of them, or all, are here, hidden in this web of neurones.

Here on the table, they tell us,
in this cold split brain that stinks of formaldehyde,
that we can lift with a callous hand, probe with the scapel;
here in our hands the machine is—
where is the mind, the man?

What Some Men Worshipped A LEGEND OF THE BLACK HILLS

By MAUDE MCFIE BLOOM

IN the Black Hills of New Mexico, the ruins of an old fortress stand on the crest of a rocky slope scarred by prospector's pick and the rotting framework of abandoned mine shafts. Legends have grown about the oldest of these tunnelings, some of which are the work of the first European settlers in New Mexico, the Spanish conquistadores. The story of Elena, the first woman with hair of gold in the Black Range, is one of these. They of that region will tell you that still, at intervals—and always as a portent of coming disaster in some of their mines,—Elena comes again, riding a white stallion at mad-pace across the high horizon . . . “Quin, my Quin . . . pray for my soul. . .”

Don Joaquín had not intended to bring the peerless Doña Elena on his expedition into the beckoning, unknown northland of Nueva España, now just beginning to be called El Nuevo Mejico. She had followed him. And easily he might have read the sign if he had been more alert, less enraptured by her charms and by his possession of her. What should he have expected of a granddaughter of a conquistador? Of a fearless, venturesome girl-child of that generation—of a woman who should have been born a man. But, love sees only its own sweet self!

Custom alone would have deterred the average wife whose lot was one of seclusion, almost of widowhood, when her husband fared forth on a campaign of no matter what duration, since he, by the laws of Spanish wedlock, was her lord and master for all time. Yet Elena, vital and magnificent, was lord of her husband although neither was conscious of it.

Campaigns were still the order of the times in the 1660's, surges to push back frontiers against protesting

Indian tribes all along the cordilleras; expeditions for greed and gain, called conquest in the name of Carlos Segundo, Spain's king, and of the Church, jornadas which lured the young bloods of valor and ambition. When to conquest and missionary zeal was added the lure of gold, in which private gain might find no limits, the impulses to enterprise became almost irresistible. Doña Elena's husband was one of those so drawn.

Yet conquest of peoples as such—of the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, or the Incas of Peru, for example—made no appeal to Joaquín de Mirades, a grandee in rank of Zacatecas province whose family had been mine owners for generations. Arrogance was his attitude toward all that another had already found! A virgin enterprise alone struck fire from his flint. Therefore, instead of treasure, Don Joaquín must find the mine for the joy of it; he himself must strike the glittering, maiden ledge; he must be the first to wash the placer sands none before had glimpsed. This and this alone, had power to draw Don Joaquín from the bosom of his worshipped bride, the Doña Elena.

It had taken time to persuade Elena to consent to his adventuring, for her heart beat as high as his. But because she understood how custom forbade her accompanying him, Elena gave her consent—making, of course, her mental reservation.

Don Joaquín's frenzy to find the rumored mineral bonanzas of the wild Black Range of the new kingdom of Nuevo Mejico soon communicated itself to a score of his dependents, and they flung themselves into excited preliminaries.

Doña Elena, meantime pretending to sulk, made her secret preparations. Who could blame her since she had found that being a woman was an irksome circumstance? Child of a noble family hopelessly impoverished by the continued and costly exploits of their men until the only hope to retrieve their fortune was by money-marriage, the young Elena had found it a curse to be a daughter,—particularly

one with that most admired of Castilian perfections, a flaming mark of royal descent—her red-gold hair! It was a pride, of course, yet it was a charm that had attracted many lovers who, tempting her parents, had caused her tortures of suspense and dread. But then finally the gallant, wealthy Joaquín had settled it to everybody's delight. Her "Quin" loved her so; and now he would forgive! Everybody would, reasoned the headstrong, gorgeous Elena.

Visitors who came to condole with Doña Elena did not fail to catch a gleam in her wide gray eyes that belied her declarations of self-pity. More than one whispered significantly: "Does the lovely bride find the going of Don Joaquín a too grievous burden, think you?"

Joaquín, however, saw nothing amiss in his beloved, and at last the great day came when all was in readiness for the two-year expedition. The young husband's tenderness touched all hearts and the young wife's role had convinced both her husband's clan and her own, gathered for the final leave-taking.

Don Joaquín bent down from his *caballo* for the last sweet kiss from Doña Elena's rich lips,—to receive, instead, a mischievous grin and a tweak of his noble nose! So, that valiant caballero rode away on his pilgrimage with an unexpected ache in his heart that his angel Elena need maintain quite so brave a front to the very last. Ah, she ought to realize that it was so hard to leave!

Off rode Joaquín leading his packed mules, his oxen-drawn *carretas* loaded with equipage for the mining of metals, and his score of eager, trained dependents. Yet so near his undoing was Elena's gay tweak, that until he fell into a restless sleep that night he battled the temptation to stay sedately at home in their palace at Zacatecas. What was gold compared to her red-gold beauty? What was ambition when she turned her warm soft palm upward in his? However, Don Joaquín covered six leagues of the

three hundred before him ere the *mozos* made camp that night. Such was the tempo of the 1660's.

At daybreak a clatter of arriving caballos startled him. Joaquín threw open his embroidered tent-curtain—and into his arms fell the lovely Elena, gayer, fresher than he for all his hours of rest. Her headlong ride since night had hidden her secret flight. There was a look, too, in her brave eyes that gave him pause.

"My Elena!"

"My Quin! You shall not go alone! Only death shall part us!"

"Why do you say 'death'? It shall not come near you," he cried, straining her to him to mitigate a startling sense of fatality that she should come to him with such a word on her lips.

Elena's gray eyes dilated—for omens, premonitions move. She had said the words in a passion of love-hunger, to convince him from the first of her sincerity. Now in a flash she knew that they should both go—and both should stay. She had no fear; and she had no answer. The sun's first rays gave to her hair the sheen of a golden halo.

All day they reasoned or made pretense, deadened to all but each other's sweetness. He did not yet know the depths of her spirit. He did not know till then that a woman could match a man's courage and his fire. That night they were a single blended figure; if Elena moved he cried out; if Joaquín sighed, she woke him.

Morning came. Ho! for the trail! Adventure lay just ahead! Their strong young spirits soared and their urged caravan covered eight leagues that second day.

Many weary weeks later at the Mission of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe del passo del Rio de Norte (now called Juárez), the Mirades party drew attention by its questions about the Black Hill wilderness. It was seen to turn northwest off the Chihuahua Trail after crossing the river and, traversing the pass, to disappear on the nameless barren

western flats. The region whither they went was known only by the two rivers that sprang from the fastnesses comprehensively called the Black Range country. But it was known to be peopled by two fierce Apache tribes named for the rivers it claimed as hunting ground—the Mimbrenos and the Gileños.

Don Joaquín's inherited instinct for metals led him unerringly. Soon his men were tunneling, cutting beams, and setting joists. Almost immediately Joaquín discovered copper, silver, gold and cinnabar. All seemed well. Joaquín and Elena built a stout stone house, a fortress-like place on a hilltop somewhere in the vicinity; this because a never failing crystal spring flowed from under the great rocky hill; and the slope dominated so vast a sweep of territory. The spring was below and just out of sight—else they would have known certain things sooner.

Elena was radiantly happy. Every conceivable thing was done by her followers, who brought her strange flowers, herbs, pets, curiosities of every description. They staged contests, vied for her interest. When she lost a monogrammed, gold-braided spur, they begged a holiday that all might share in the search. She was a queen, they her devout worshippers. Her personal safety Don Joaquín entrusted to the two seasoned servitors whom she had chosen to bring with her from home, and he also rarely left her side. She was never alone and Joaquín felt that his idol was safe.

Tools were lost by the eager workers. Beaten copper buckets of Zacatecas manufacture fell into deep places. Things were done in royal fashion as befitted the Mirades', and enough could not be done to show their love for their fair-skinned, gold-haired goddess.

At first a few Indians were seen at a distance, whom the Spaniards took to be the little known Gileños because none came near. As time passed, more were sighted but they came no closer. Silent, bronze figures on surrounding

eminences watched the white men toil for gold, watched them wait upon the white-skinned woman with the hair of gold whom they all worshipped. Presently Indians came by scores, brought, as the news spread from camp to camp, to see for themselves that which the palefaces worshipped.

Joaquín grew apprehensive. "With the full moon we shall go back to Guadalupe."

"Because of those Indians, Quin?" the wife asked. "Why, they are shyer than birds, Quin! The other day I ran down to the spring for that medicinal herb, and surprised both myself and two crazy-looking old men who were gesticulating over our spring. You should have seen them run. How they screeched, Quin! I had to laugh."

"Mi alma—soul of me! Never go there again! They could poison our water!"

"Don't be alarmed, my Quin. Set the day to go back if you like; but we have been here a long time and have they ever come near even? You are so wonderful—the men too." She laughed lightly. "I suppose I like being worshipped."

"Too many of them are coming," muttered Don Joaquín, kissing her bright hair.

As was the custom, their horses were kept under a guard of half the party in the barricaded mine tunnel at night. A guard of three was stationed on the roof of the stone stronghold. But their last night saw all the men, except the usual three, sent to the mine, so valuable were the mounts.

At dawn when Don Joaquín climbed to the mine, horses and men were gone! The Apaches had struck—and were gone again. As well talk to the clouds, or the winging birds.

"When they come, Quin, parley with them. They must want something we have. We'll give it to them and start out. We are five—and I am as strong as you men at walking!"

No Indians were sighted that day. Joaquín shuddered. Under cover of darkness one of the guards stole down the bluff for water—and did not come again. Another long day they endured athirst; and still no enemy was in sight.

Desperate now, Joaquín armed the two men, one to guard the other, and at the very edge of the night sent them off to the spring. The inaction was breeding in them a madness. Neither returned.

Joaquín was half demented. But,—they should not lay hands on his Elena! He himself would release her soul at the last. They—the two Mirades—waited, ready.

Two old Indian men appeared on the slope. Closing the heavy door behind him, Joaquín walked down a few paces to meet them. But the wife, dreading to lose sight of him, opened the portal and stood watching.

“I will give you—everything,” Joaquín spoke in proud accents. “What will you?”

The old priests pointed to—Elena!

“Never alive,” vowed the husband, wheeling to regain her side—too late! Elena was surrounded by other old Indian priests. Joaquín also was overpowered as if by Indians sprung from the ground. The whole space was alive with Gileños who showed no shyness now.

“Pray for my soul, Quin, my Quin,” called his Elena. “I pray for yours, my Quin!” Many times she called to him: not once could he answer. Still she called on—

They say the golden-haired woman was tied on the back of a pale-coated stallion which had not before borne the weight of human being. And that her tresses of red-gold hair hung to the ground and streamed back like a banner of sundrenched cloud, snatched to earth from an evening sky. They say that fleetest warriors drove the white stallion until it died—she of the golden hair having, days before, breathed her last murmur to her loved one, and dropped, member by member, back to mother earth.

WHAT SOME MEN WORSHIPPED [53

Not until then did the Gileños halt their wierd chanting, which, being interpreted, asked their gods to remove forever from their country this palefaced, redhaired, female devil that white men worshipped.

They say, too, that at times Elena rides again at mad pace across the horizon in the region of the old stone fortress on the hill where the welling water has not flowed in the memory of whiteman. And that faintly there comes the moaning cry: "Quin, my Quin!"

Smoke Talk

Dear Editor of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY:

Caution is a hateful word and lethargy is worse than enthusiasm without caution. But if enthusiasm takes us places, it also sometimes takes us away from our intended goal.

One of the dangers to avoid when we find ourselves becoming enthusiastic is the danger of sentimentality and patronage concerning a cause. I mention this in connection with the danger that may creep in along with our natural interest and desire to help the native groups in New Mexico, the Spanish-Americans and the Indians. Give them an outlet through their arts, yes. Give them praise for what they create, yes,—*when the creation is a thing of beauty*, as, indeed, in many cases it is.

In the series of articles in the last NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, it seemed to me that Mr. Collier, with all his idealism, in speaking of Indian education, has recognized the need for caution somewhat more than the other contributors in this series. He says, for instance; "In turn they restrain the zeal of the innovators."

The other articles touched on the Spanish-American, remote-community education problem, describing the definite step that has been taken in establishing the San Jose school. Scholarships and extension service are doubtless a good step, and the special study of language errors and the teaching of reading according to the pupil's qualifications seem to be good.

I do question, however, a policy that says in one paragraph, "It is necessary to awaken in them an appreciation of their lingual heritage" and also, "The thought that this might contribute something to the culture of the Anglo is not seriously entertained by anyone, for Spanish as it is spoken in New Mexico, is a decidedly corrupt language." Possibly the author did not intend this unfortunate contra-

diction. Yet this statement indicates a tendency to extoll the heritage of the Spanish-American of this locality, even when we belittle this heritage in the next breath. And a similar tendency shows up in speaking of the "largeness" of our artists in rating their arts well, rather than the "keenness." Do we have to be *large* to appreciate what is good?

And so I have a doubt of the fundamental wisdom of an attitude which may tend to underlie our present sort of program. We praise elements in the heritage of these people which we do not admire, or only admire in a superior way; and we appeal to the sentiments of the old grandmother who still believes they "had many things," instead of to those of a coming generation that may be more ready to accept some of the many things they did not have.

Yet there is much in the ancestry of these peoples that we can afford to awaken pride in: the spirit of adventure; the courage of facing hardships; the poetry of the guitar with its dream of sweetness, its rhythms and dances, which indicate an appreciation of the happiness that can come from within; and, of course, some of their inherited arts. If it is up to us to encourage a restoration of the morale of these people, and it probably is, let us beware of patronizing them, and let us extoll that which is worthy in their heritage, and appreciate their simpler gifts in proportion to their particular importance.

As one of the traits of their ancestors was an ability to utilize the resources at hand, to their limit though the limit was small, let us encourage them to use their present resources, which include our heritage, to their limit, also, which is a larger limit.

HESTER JONES.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

From Sanctuary

By CAROL EGLAND

And I became afraid, dear.
I turned from you and smiled into the air.
I held our talk to sophistry,
Bright patter, smart and trivial,
To still the strange song in my heart.
My chatter played arch lady to your casual man;
I forced our harsh antiphony of sham.

Midbreath I turned again to you:
In one clear look
Our spirits fused and quickened
To my song in you, your song in me.

Book Reviews

Agarita Berry—Siddie Joe Johnson—The Southwest Press, Dallas—\$1.50.

Agarita Berry is the first volume of a tall, dark girl, Siddie Joe Johnson, whom we in Texas have been watching believingly since 1927 when, still in high school, she won the Texas prize, offered by the state poetry society. We watched her through four years at Texas Christian University. Our belief has been justified. Rarely does a first volume show so much intensity of feeling coupled with unassailable craftsmanship. Her themes are the old themes—there are few others for the lyric poet—nature, beauty, friendship, love; linked with these, joy, sorrow, hope, despair. Only war and death are missing.

A love for her own land and a quest for beauty are the most insistent notes. Her love for the Gulf country is voiced in many poems, but most individually in "The Land I Know." To quote a few stanzas:

"What shall it be?" the stars asked.
The wind keened, "What shall it be?"
I touched my lyre. "Night-song," I said,
"From one who has loved the sea."

The moon in the West was questioning
And curved to a golden stain;
The land it touched was a level land
"... and one who has loved the plain."

The oleander hedges
Bloomed red as a young girl's mouth.
"Another song and the singer the same—
But one who has loved the South."

A search for beauty threads the volume. From the dedicatory poem with its appealing final stanza,

What could I say to a mother such as she,
Who taught her child loveliness instead of right and wrong,
But thank her for the strange gifts she'd conjured up for
me,
And what could I do but pay her back in song?

[57]

58] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

to the last sonnet with its ecstasy in the flowering-plum, it runs. In unexpected places the poet finds beauty—in “the foulest street in town” and in “an old woman in a dirty old dress.” This tireless seeking is poignantly expressed in “Cruel Beauty.”

I am a girl who has never rested easy,
So has my bed been made of shell and shard;
So have my feet gone cut and torn for beauty—
Oh, I have taken it hard!

I am a girl who has thrived on thirst and hunger,
Knowing a bitter berry in my mouth;
Mumbling, for my heart's comfort, fruit of cactus
And the harsh husks of drouth.

I am a girl who has grown thin and wary,
Looking for beauty where no beauty lies;
Who has grown stooped and eager, seeking magic
In the Peon babies' eyes.

I am a girl who has never rested easy—
Beauty, a pebble in every shoe I've tried.
Oh, I have never been rid of this sting of seeking—
This thorn of song in my side!

Although *Agarita Berry* is a first volume, Miss Johnson has been known to poetry readers for many years through her works published in anthologies and magazines, among them: *The Golden Stallion*, *The Southwest Scene*, *Poetry*, *a Magazine of Verse*, *Kaleidograph*, *Tom-Tom*, *Southwest Review*, and *New York Times*. She has well earned a volume, and a volume as beautifully made as *Agarita Berry*.

Hilton Ross Greer, President of the Texas Poetry Society, has referred to Siddie Joe Johnson as the future Sara Teasdale of American poetry. Certainly here is a young poet to whom the entire Southwest can look with pride and hope.

MABEL MAJOR.

Fort Worth.

Mesa Land—Anna Wilmarth Ickes—Houghton Mifflin, 1933—\$3.00.

In spite of the fact that it is the universal complaint of the booksellers that no books are being sold, the last six months of 1933 were marked by an avalanche of new books on the Southwest. *Mesa Land* by Anna Wilmarth Ickes is the reaction of an alert and vigorous personality to the history, ethnology, and archaeology of this region. Mrs. Ickes traveled intensively and read enormously. Her book is written in a jaunty conversational manner. The specialist will quarrel with some of her interpretations and with rather too many of her facts. The chapter on history in particular is marred by numerous errors. The whole book would have profited from a more careful proof reading. There are many curious slips such as "Mendoza" for Moctezuma (p. 30), "Bandolier," for Bandelier (p. 97 and passim). Nevertheless *Mesa Land* is an agreeable introduction to the Southwest. A pleasant and valuable feature of the book is Mrs. Ickes' generous habit of guiding her reader effectively to the sources of her own information. The author is, however, at her best when she recounts her own experiences and gives the results of her own observation. The chapters on the Zuñi and Hopi are rich in details arising out of her own experiences which give them an interest and a freshness above other portions of the book.

CLYDE KLUCKHOHN

Albuquerque.

Navajo Weaving—Charles Avery Amsden—Fine Arts Press, Santa Ana, California—\$7.50.

George Wharton James and others have written of Navajo blankets. The most authoritative, comprehensive and interesting treatment of Navajo blankets and rugs, however, is the recent book called *Navajo Weaving*, by Charles Avery Amsden, with a Foreword by Frederick Webb Hodge, director of the Southwest Museum. Just to see the book makes one grab it with a feeling of elation, in which a large part is eager anticipation. The cover itself is delightful. It

portrays a Chief's blanket printed in full color upon buckram, which gives an illusion of being woven. Inside, one hundred and twenty-five full-page plates serve to illustrate every phase of Mr. Amsden's subject as he traces weaving from early, simple finger-weaving without a loom to the intricate plain, twilled, two-faced, double weaving on the Navajo loom. Six of these plates are in full color, beginning with a color plate 18 by 24 inches in size, which is beautifully reproduced in fourteen colors from hand cut rubber blocks and which shows the famous blanket of Chief White Antelope.

The volume contains an amazing amount of pertinent information, from suggestions to amateurs of how to test blankets to discern whether or not they are of aniline or vegetal dyes to a most comprehensive historical background of earlier weavers as well as of Navajos. As Dr. Hodge states in his foreword: "Born and reared on the selvage border of the Navajo tribal range, so to speak, it was not unnatural for a student of such exceptional acumen as Mr. Amsden early to acquire an interest in these Indian neighbors, and especially in that phase of their culture which was so constantly displayed before his eyes. Appreciating the need of a comprehensive study of Navajo weaving from other than its purely esthetic aspect, our author undertook his research into the technical side of the subject. . . Mr. Amsden's investigations have taken him far into the realm of Navajo history in an effort to trace the beginnings of the weaver's art. . . .

"In addition to the technic of the weaver's craft, the volume presents a résumé of our archaeological knowledge of the long career of the loom and its prototypes in the prehistoric Southwest, describes and illustrates in detail the various weaves used by the Navajo, and records the processes employed in making their native dyes. Following this will be found a discussion of Navajo weaving from the introduction of sheep by the first Spaniards, through

its earliest historical references in old Spanish documents and its brilliant 'bayeta period' to modern times when, as the author says, it was gradually transformed from a native craft of blanketry into a rug-making industry. The book closes with a chapter analyzing and tracing the growth of design and an account of the 'revival' movement now in progress.

"The illustrations are of great value in themselves. Instead of specializing in 'pretty blankets,' as previous writers have been prone to do, Mr. Amsden has made a special effort to obtain illustrations of old authentically-dated specimens . . . Many date back to the Civil War and even earlier. These with the historic old scenes and figures of early reservation days and the ample illustrations of every process in blanket-making far surpass any previous effort in that direction."

The volume is fittingly dedicated "To the memory of Washington Mathews, Major, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, sympathetic observer, unbiased student, faithful recorder, of Navajo life and ways." The book is a joy to possess as well as an invaluable help to the student who wants accurate information.

ELIZABETH WILLIS DE HUFF.

Santa Fe.

The Sun Turns West—Alice Corbin—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe—\$2.00.

This slim volume contains forty-eight poems in all, these being arranged in four parts, each part with its special title. Part One, *Things Past*, is chiefly free verse. Here one finds the best poetry in the book. "One City Only," the first poem in this section, is also, in my opinion, the finest. Informed with exact and tender observation, it is full of a nostalgia for the past. "The feel of cool linen in the cavernous bed" is a memorable line. "Old Houses" is unevenly good. It is the longest poem in the volume, eighty-two lines. One hesitates in telling such an experienced poet

62] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

as Alice Corbin that the poem, short as it is, is still too long, but I felt that the effect would have been much stronger had this poem ended with the line, "Love follows me."

Part Two, *Songs for a Book of Airs*, "To be sung to the Lute and Viols," with its echoes, or, better perhaps, its faint reminiscences of Herrick and Marvel, and even Browning, is the most lyrical portion. Some of these brief and chased lyrics are exquisite. I must quote one of these in full:

V

What dim Arcadian pastures
Have I known,
That suddenly, out of nothing,
A wind is blown,
Lifting a veil and a darkness,
Showing a purple sea—
And under your hair the faun's eyes
Look out on me?

I cannot feel that the seven sonnets forming the sequence entitled "Monica Silva," impeccably correct and polished as they are, make a notable contribution to our sonnet literature, except in one grand line from Sonnet V, "I cannot fling my curse in beauty's face." These sonnets form the major part of Section Three.

The four sonnets under the heading, "Tomorrow Death," in Part Four, are fine, as are some of the brief lyrics. I should like to have written "Walls."

Love, Death, the Past, Nature—there are the themes. Little bits of Nature, though, no sustained nor deep diapason. The mood is a sad one, the chords struck are minors. No definite philosophy of life. No great depth of emotion. Much restraint. Poems to be enjoyed for their bitter-sweet music.

The format is attractive, the flaming gold of the cover especially so. Since the words "Sun" and "West" appear in the title, one naturally looks for poems celebrating the

austere beauty of our New Mexico mesas and mountains. One looks in vain, however.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

Albuquerque.

Foretaste—Peggy Pond Church—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe—\$2.00.

I opened Peggy Pond Church's volume of verse, *Foretaste*, and was aware of light fingers picking up earth and fashioning it into winged thoughts. Here are pages with delicately-carved poems, fragrant with the sage of high mesas, light as a cirrus cloud, warm as red blood, vibrant as the strings of a violin. The reader catches glimpses, feels touches of the sensitive character of the poet, sensitive not so much to darkness as to light in all its nuances of color, movement, and design. Of acid there is not a trace. There are cloud-shadows, the flight of a fairy, altars, the turn of the earth, lilac roots, turquoise in the wind.

The author has divided her book into two parts, but the poems arrange themselves into four spheres: poems close to the earth, fantasy, sketches of children, glimpses of the native Southwest. New Mexico is symbolized in a new way: placid burros become ancient hills; chili burns with new fever; natives pray in the cool recesses of a church under an anciently carved statue of Joseph; sheep and goats whiten the rock-ribbed hills. You will enjoy "Sheep Country" and "A Miracle of Santuario" and the mystery of "Abiquiu" and walk the petalled streets of Rosario in "Admonition."

If the reader inclines toward modern poetry, he will like the way Mrs. Church brings out new thoughts and expresses them in new ways. This is brought out in "Changeling," the story of a fay who "lay like a wind against a man's shoulder" and "danced like a crisp gold leaf." In a fantastic way Mrs. Church talks about peach orchards in early spring and the mystery of a shadow made by a saffron bough in "Shadow-Madness." Rain, "a scud of color down a roadway" clears poetic thought to a filigree

64] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

mist. "The sky was a crystal bell that was cupped upon me" brings an intangible something into incandescent lines. With a delicate touch she brings atmosphere into "For an Autumn Moment," which first appeared in the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY, and "Open Winter." Love of sheer lyricism is increased after reading the sonnets "Evergreen," "Bridal," and "Bondage." An original characteristic of her work is the use of kennings which she has revived from the old English. Slant-winged, grass-hidden, winter-driven, earth-colored, sky-color—she fills her poems with intimate glimpses such as these—words which give a definite flavor and a freshness to her poetry. Mrs. Church writes poems that are close to the earth, which have themes ringing through them with the tone of Millay. The desire "to go back to the earth, give birth to mountains, be intimate with the tide and the rain and the seasons" is the theme of the poems "Foretaste," "I Have Looked at the Earth," "Ceremonial," and "To Certain Ones Who Do Not Understand." There is pathos giving way to thanksgiving in the starkly simple "Drought" where rain-clouds disappear "across the hard laughter of the sky."

Perhaps her rhyming verse is better than her free verse, and it is difficult to accustom the silent ear where rhyming gives way to a rugged spluttering of words as in "A Miracle of Santuario." But there will be light in the heart after reading "Five Years Old" and "A Dower for My Daughter," and there will be always tousled brown curls and a mouth as bright and as gay as a barberry after "Not Quite Three," and there will be the pang that goes with a star in "For a Birthnight" and the homey charm of "Song for Hanging Out Clothes."

If, gentle reader, you go around and around in the dull brown days of life and never see a lark burst into stars, read Peggy Pond Church's *Foretaste*.

HARVENA CONRAD RICHTER.

Albuquerque.

Atlantides—Haniel Long—Writers' Editions, Santa Fe—\$2.00.

Poetry in the twentieth century has been censured for over-subjectivity. Anarchy has prevailed in form and eccentricity in subject matter. Free verse has been the favored medium for such personalizings, and the whole modern verse coterie has been condemned for its ego-centric, self-sorrowing lyric wails. Unlike the noble poets of the nineteenth century, these moderns did not write about revolutionary principles, "liberty, fraternity, equality," nor particularize philosophic headings for the commonplace acts of every day life. Amy Lowell and the Imagists insisted that poetry must re-build life as vividly as the poet found it. But in comparison with nineteenth century poetry, the moderns were low on general ideas of the significance of experience.

Such a description is more fitted to the first two decades of the present century than to the last fourteen years. Post-war poetry has found a strong contingent of social-thinking poets, poets who are driven by depression with its misery and soul-pinching want to economic ideas and to intellectual retreats more stoic than epicurean. I do not say the War and Depression are necessary causes. A time would come when our poets would sing ideas or, let us say, think music, anyhow.

Haniel Long has written recently of society. Such poems as "Stephen Foster," "Henry George," and "Epilogue of 1933," with their references to the Fricks, the Carnegies, the Presidents, ex- and present, have broached a social philosophy generous and humanity loving. This book, *Atlantides*, is a book of personal philosophy. It draws nearer Catullus, Ovid, the Greek Anthology, than to the poetry of the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries. That courageous phrasing of experience in polished formal elements speaks once and timelessly the center of a man's life. Personal themes—"life is for the lover," "your heart sees better than your mind," "fusion with you is a thing past

66] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

all desire," "I have a loneliness need of you,"— are the strong stalks upon which the imaged world blooms. Married love is the strongest stalk in the garden; the evening hearth, the personal song and smile grow there, too. Through touch, the world is most nearly knowable. Yet this cannot express all that is known, as "Third Month Jottings," confesses:

Yes, I have been through a winter of the spirit,
and I have watched it break down slowly—
Beloved and friend, all lovers and friends,
the sun comes not alone through its own vital rays,
but there are no words for this message.

Poetry is very much a pattern of life when it voices itself in "Song":

Why should I have to take the highway
When I can go through the wood:
What would be the use of it, what would be the fun,
What would be the good?

Where I want to go the wood will take me,
Its breath in my hands, in my hair;
Why should I hurry— isn't this much better
Than getting somewhere?

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque.

Rhymes from New Mexico—Charles E. Hodgkin—Valliant Printing Company, Albuquerque—Fifty Cents.

A recent, popular book with the unpretentious title, *Rhymes from New Mexico*, is a worthy contribution to poetry of the Southwest. Aptly called by critics "the James Whitcomb Riley of the Rio Grande," Dr. Hodgkin, vice-president emeritus of the State University, poet, philosopher, humorist, romanticist, educator, has had his writings likened, also, to those of Edgar Guest. But stronger than Riley and happier than Guest are the poems by Dr. Hodgkins that express a virility, melody and philosophy that are distinctly Hodgkin-esque.

The poems, written at various times during the 48 years the author has lived in New Mexico, the "spot at last that is unsurpassed," are dedicated to the New Mexico University students since 1897. Appropriately the cover embellishment is the Zia Sun Symbol, and the eternal sunshine of the "sunshine state" illumines every page of the writings.

New Mexico, "with its strange and striking mystery of her very early history, with her mountains and their streams standing out like golden dreams" runs like a theme-song throughout the versatile compilation of poems. "October in the West," "Song to U. N. M." (official song of the University), "Ole Man Whitcomb's Camp," "When the Cequia Waters Flow," "Our Camp at Hodgotite," "A True Dog Story" (prose), "My War Garden," "The Road Runner," and the classic "La Gran Quivira" reveal the devotion of the writer to the scenes, history and people of New Mexico.

Poems of sentiment, expressing contentment, appreciation of friendship, home, love, faith in God and keen understanding faith in humans, "grant no place to grief"—and echo the music of a soul that "sings for joy" of existence. Philosophy flavors all lines. "Consolation of Philosophy," "The New Year," "The Cup of Life," "The Depression," "God's Love of Beauty," "Eben Holden," "Have Faith in God," "The Brook,"—all give to the reader a feeling of refreshment like the intake of a breath of clean, mountain air. "The Evolution of Boys," the "Monkey and Evolution," "The Circus Street Parade," "Flirtation in a Garden," "A Dream," "Sixteen to One," "A Kitchen Shower," "Sleep and Sheep," provide vehicles for native wit.

With characteristic modesty, Dr. Hodgins states "these rhymes in no sense claim the dignity of classification of modernistic poetry." Yet, when the author has gone to join the immortals these "rhymes" will be classed with the immortal writings of "Fair New Mexico." The demand for another volume of poems by Dr. Hodgins is already being

68] *The* NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

voiced by delighted readers of "*Rhymes From New Mexico*."

ANNA WILDS STRUMQUIST.

Albuquerque.

Cato the Censor on Farming—Translation by Ernest Brehaut—
Columbia University Press, 1933—\$3.75.

This translation of Cato's *De Agricultura* finds a place as Volume 17 in the Records of Civilization because it throws light on conditions and procedures of rural life in the second century B. C.

The wars in which Rome had engaged outside of Italy revolutionized agriculture in Italy. The small farmer returned from the wars to find his soil grown up with weeds, and his implements rusted. He sold out to his wealthy neighbor or urban capitalist who built up large plantations on which he used slave labor, against which the small farmer could not successfully compete. At the same time, the tithe tax on provincial produce was bringing into Rome large stores of grain. The spectacle of government owned foodstuffs induced demagogues to promise this food to the poor at reduced prices. Such legislation naturally reduced the price for home grown foodstuffs, and agriculturists turned their attention from annual crops to the vine and olive and wool raising. These crops required considerable invested capital and a long wait for returns on the investment. These four conditions brought about the revolution in agriculture.

In the face of such an economic situation, Cato wrote his treatise on Agriculture as a book of advice to prospective plantation owners and a book of specific instructions on planting, raising the olive and the vine, the manufacture and storage of their products.

Cato starts with advice on the purchase of a farm. Select one, he says, after visiting it several times in different seasons of the year. See whether the neighbors are prosperous and have long remained in the locality. Then follows advice on absentee ownership, selection of overseers, and

their duties. A farm should produce hay for work animals, willows for baskets, flowers and garden vegetables, swine, sheep, and other commodities needed for local consumption. The amount of equipment needed for a plantation is calculated to the last detail, including such items as mattresses, pillows, and towels.

Complete instructions are given for setting up and operating pulping mills and presses.

One is surprised to learn how ancient are certain of our farm practices, e. g., "air layering." Instructions in Bailey's *Cyclopedia of Horticulture re Layering* are quite similar to those given by Cato. Brine was tested for pickling by determining whether it would bear up an egg, as is still done.

The work contains some culinary recipes. One is for a holeless doughnut or fritter. There are prescriptions for various ailments, based mostly on superstition and magic.

Cato's work had great influence upon subsequent Roman writers on Agriculture—Varro, Columella, and Pliny the Elder, and no one can say how much influence it has exerted subsequently in Europe.

The language of Cato is highly technical, as the work contains names of plants, farming implements, the various parts of presses, weights and measures, etc., so that translation is no easy task. Brehaut adds scholarly and enlightening footnotes and introduction to his careful and excellent translation.

LYNN B. MITCHELL.

Albuquerque.

The QUARTERLY

in May plans a regional survey of present day American literature and life. Contributors from New England, New York City, the Middle West, Northwest, and South will evaluate the arts and letters of these districts in their social backgrounds. In August the QUARTERLY will give its readers an issue devoted to Mexico, with stories, critical articles, reviews of books, appreciative of the life of our neighboring republic, with whose past, present, and future, the Southwestern United States has so great a community of interest. Additional features:

May—"Shadows on the Sandias"—by Harvena Conrad Richter—Poem selected for first place in the Poetry Contest conducted by the Woman's Club of Albuquerque.

August—"The Street of Small Coffins"—by Mela Sedillo Brewster—a scene from the life of Mexico City.

Subscriptions for the year or for these two numbers may be mailed to the QUARTERLY, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY may be purchased in the following cities and of the following dealers:

Albuquerque:

New Mexico Book Store, 230 West Central Avenue.
Fred Harvey Book Shop, Santa Fe Station.
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University Press, Campus.

Santa Fe:

Villagra Book Shop, Sena Plaza.
La Fonda Hotel Book Shop.
Santa Fe Book and Stationery Co.

Copies of the QUARTERLY for February, 1932, are in demand. The issue has been exhausted. This is Volume II, No. 1. If readers have copies available, the editor would appreciate word from them.